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THE
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THE TRIVMPHES OF GODS REVENGE

Against The Cryinge, & Execrable Sinne, of Willfull, & premeditated Murther Expressed In Thirtye Severall, Tragicall Historyes Digested into Sixe Bookes wch. contayne great variety of Mournefull, & Memorable Accydents Amorous, Morall, & Divine The whole Worke nowe Compleatlye finished

Written By Iohn Reynolds

LONDON Printed for W. Lee and are to be sould at the Turks head in Fleetstreet ouer against Fetter lane.

Io: Payne sculps:

An° Do^ni 1657

4764

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING and EXECRABLE SINNE OF (WILFUL and PREMEDITATED) MURTHER.

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With His Miraculous Diſcoveries, and Severe Puniſhment thereof.

In Thirty ſeveral TRAGICAL HISTORIES.

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(Digeſted into ſix Books) committed in divers Countreys beyond the SEAS,

Never Publiſhed or Imprinted in any other Language.

Hiſtories which contain great variety of mournful and Memorable Accidents, Hiſtorical, Moral, and Divine very neceſſary to reſtrain and deter us from the bloody Sin, which in theſe our days makes ſo ample, and large a Progreſſion.

With a TABLE of all the ſeveral Letters and Challenges contained in the whole ſix Books.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.

PSAL. 9. 16.

The Lord is known in executing Judgement, and the wicked is ſnared in the works of his own hand.

PROV. 14. 27.

The fear of the Lord is a well-ſpring of life, to avoid the ſnares of death.

The Third Edition,

Hereunto are added, the lively Pourtraictures of the ſeveral perſons, and reſemblances of other Paſſages mentioned therein, engraven in Copper Plates.

LONDON:

Printed by *Sarah Griffin*, for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Fleetſtreet*, at the ſign of the Turks-Head, neer the Mitre Tavern. 1657.

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TO MY

Sacred Soveraign

CHARLES

KING of Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*,

Defendor of the Faith, &c.

SIR,

AS Rivers though in their paſſing they fall into many Neighbour Currents, yet finally empty themſelves into the Sea, ſo let theſe my poor Labours (though formerly Dedicated to divers Illuſtrious Peers of this your Realm be ſuffered at laſt to terminate in the Ocean *of your Princely* Greatneſs *and* Goodneſs, *whereinto all vertuous indeavours (as ſo many lines in their Centre) deſire to be united.*

What privat reſpects might challenge of me towards their Honours, the ſame towards your Majeſty, *will claim the Publike Bond of common Allegiante, whereby I am more eminently, and more univerſally obliged, I am not ſo overweening of my weak Endeavours as to think them worthy of your* Majeſties *view, much leſs able to add any thing to your Royall Vertues; Rivers add nothing to the Main yet thither they naturally ſend the Tribute of their Streams, and if my loyalty teach me to do the like, it will not (I hope) be conceived as don out of an opinion of Merit, but only out of a deſire to diſcharge the duty of a Subject to your* Majeſty.

And I am the rather imboldened to this Confidence, becauſe I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdom, I (about eleven years ſince) preſented a Tran-

ſlation of a work of Monſieur de Refuges, *intituled* A Treatiſe of the Court; *the Gracious and Undeſerved Acceptance wherof, if it hath inſpired me with farther courage, to preſent You (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater Increaſe of mine own labour, your* Majeſty *will not (I hope) condemn me of groundleſs Preſumption.*

The former three Books had the Honour and Happineſs to be peruſed by the Judicious Eye of King James, *your renowned Father (of happy Memory) In whoſe incomparable Judgement they failed not of Approbation, though dedicated to Inferiour Names; the more am I now encouraged to Inſcribe and Intitle the whole Six to your Sacred* Majeſty *as being no leſs Heir of His Vertues, then of* His Crown and Dignity.

And one thing more (ariſing from the Conſideration of the Subject it ſelf) made me think it a Preſent not altogether unworthy of your Regall Eſtate; for the Contents of it being the Execution of Juſtice, *upon the unnaturall ſin of* Murther, *where can it be more fitly addreſſed, then to the Great Patron of* Iuſtice *among us (God's immediat Vice-gerent) by whoſe Sword (as the Miniſter of Heaven) ſuch odious Crimes are to be chaſtiſed, and Innocent Bloud juſtly expiated with Guilty.*

And it may more fitly ſute with your Majeſty, *who as you excell in the carefull adminiſtration of* Juſtice *upon all Offenders, ſo eſpecially upon thoſe (moſt hainous of all others) the violaters of Gods ſacred Image, in the perpetration of wilfull* Murther, *towards whom* Clemency *even changeth her nature, and becomes* Cruelty *to the* Weal-publick. *Never had any Land leſſe cauſe to complain of too much Indulgency this way, then ours, as may well appear, both by the rareneſs of ſuch Occurrences in your Kingdom, and the ſevere vindication of them, whenſoever they happen, or by whom, or howſoever performed.*

Theſe Hiſtories therefore, which may ſerve as a Looking-glaſſe to all Nations, ſhall to theſe of Yours be a ſpeciall Ornament and Mirrour of their felicity, and ſet forth and publiſh Your Praiſe, in the peaceable and quiet Government of your People, whoſe Climat (ſeldom or never) affords ſuch Tragedies; *nor will do, whiles Your Chriſtian reſolution ſhall continue to prevent them in the Spring, and to puniſh the lighter degrees of Bloudineſs with due relation. The great* Author *of* Juſtice (*who is* Goodneſs *and* Iuſtice *it ſelf*) *long preſerve your* Majeſty *to Vs, and the Happineſs we enjoy in your Sacred Perſon, ſo neer reſembling Him whoſe Authority and Image You bear. So prayeth*

Your Majeſties *moſt humbly devoted*

in all Dutifull Allegiance.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE AUTHOR HIS *PREFACE* to the *READER*:

CHriſtian Reader, we cannot ſufficiently bewail the iniquity of theſe laſt and worſt days of the world, in which the crying and ſcarlet ſin of Murther makes ſo ample, and ſo bloody a progreſſion: for we now ſcarce turn our ear or eye any where, but we ſhall be enforced, either to hear with pity the mournful effects, or to ſee with grief the lamentable Tragedies thereof: as if we now ſo much degenerated from our ſelves, or our hearts from our ſoul s, to think that *Chriſt were no longer our ſhepherd: or we the ſheep of his Paſture*: or as if we were become ſuch wretched and execrable Athieſts, to believe, *There were no heaven, toward the righteous: or hell, to puniſh the ungodly*. But, if we will divert our hearts from earth to heaven, and raiſe and erect our ſouls from Satan to God, we ſhall then not onely ſee what engendereth this diabolical paſſion in us, but alſo finde the means to deteſt and root it out from amongſt us. Pſal. 23. 1. Pſal. 100. 3. Mat. 25. 33, 41

To which end it is requiſite, we firſt conſider, thar our enemies, who oppoſe our tranquillity in this life, and our felicity in that to come, are neither ſo few in number, nor ſo weak in power, that we ſhould think our ſelves able to vanquiſh, ere we fight with them, for we have to fight with the bewitching world, the alluring Fleſh, and the inticing Devil: not with three ſimple Souldiers or poor Pigmies, but with three valiant and puiſſant Chief-tains, ſubtil to incamp, dangerous to aſſail, and powerful to fight.

The world, that it may bewitch us to its will, aſſails us with Wealth, Riches, Dignities, Honors, Preferments, Sumptuous houſes, perfumed Beds, Veſſels of gold and ſilver, pompous apparel, delicious fare, variety of ſweet Muſick, Dancing, Maſks, and Stage-plays, delicate Horſes, rich Coaches, and infinite Attendants, with a thouſand other inticements and allurements.

The Fleſh preſents us with Youth, Beauty, *The luſt of the eye, and the pride of life, with inordinate affection and laſcivious deſires*, with a piercing eye, a vermillion cheek, golden hair, and a ſlender waſte: and although it diſcover us not all theſe perfections of nature in one perſonage: yet, he ſhews us moſt of them in divers, and then if any thing want to captivate our affections, we ſhall hear them marry their *Syren* voyce, to their own Lutes and Vials, or their dancing feet to thoſe of others: or if this will not ſuffice, then Perfuming, Powdering, Criſping, Painting, Amorous kiſſes, Sweet ſmiles, Sugered ſpeches, wanton embracings, and Laſcivious dalliance, will undertake to play a world in love. On the other ſide, Strength, Nimbleneſs, Agility of body, Sloth, 1 Joh. 2. 16. Col. 3. 5.

and ſo cruelly imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of their Chriſtian brethren; and although the murthers of *Abel* by *Cain* out of Envy, of *Vriah* by *David* for Adultery, of *Abner* by *Ioab* for Ambition, of *Naboth* by *Iezebel* for malice, and of *Iehu*'s ſons by *Athaliah* for Revenge (with their ſeveral puniſhments which God inflicted on tehm for theſe their hainous and horrible crimes) are preſidents enough fearful and bloody, to make any Chriſtian heart diſſolve into pity, and regenerate ſoul melt into tears, yet ſith new examples ingender and produce freſh effects of ſorrow and compaſſion, and as it were, leave and imprint a ſenſible memory thereof in our hearts and underſtanding, therefore I thought it a work as worthy of my labor (as that labour of a Chriſtian) to collect thirty ſeveral Tragical Hiſtories, which for thy more eaſe and perfect memory, I have digeſted into ſix ſeveral Books; that obſerving, and ſeeing herein, as in a Chriſtal mirrour, the variety of the Devils temptations, and the allurements of ſin, wherewith theſe weak Chriſtians (the Authors and Actors hereof) ſuffered themſelves to be carried away and ſeduced: Conſidering, I ſay, the foulneſs of their facts in procuring the deaths of their Chriſtian brethren, ſome through blood, others through poyſon, as alſo Gods miraculous detection and ſevere puniſhment thereof, in revenging blood for blood, and death for death: yea many times repaying it home with intereſt, and rewarding one death with many, that the conſideration of theſe bloody and mournful Tragedies, may by their examples, ſtrike aſtoniſhment to our thoughts, and amazement to our ſenſes, that the horror and terror thereof may hereafter retain and keep us within the liſts of Charity towards men, and the bounds of filial and religious obedience towards God, who tells us by his Royal Prophet, that *Whoſoever maketh a pit for others, ſhall fall into it himſelf: for his miſchief will return upon his own head, and his cruelty fall upon his own pate.* Which we ſhall ſee verified in theſe, who ſeduced partly by ſin, but chiefly by Satan, who is the author thereof, forgot the counſel of the Apoſtle, *If any one be afflicted, let him pray*; and grieved, *to pour forth their hearts before God*: not conſidering the efficacy thereof, *nor how Moſes made the bitter waters of Marah ſweet thereby*: yea they builded not their faiths on God, and his promiſes, on Chriſt and his Church, on his Goſpel and his Sacrament, but ſpurned at all theſe Divine comforts, and ſpiritual bleſſings yea, and trampled that ſweet ſmelling Sacrifice of prayer under their feet, which is the antidote and preſervative of the ſoul againſt ſin, and the Bulwark to expel all the fiery and bloody darts of Satans temptations; yea, the very ladder whereby both aſpirations and ejaculations of our ſouls mount unto God, and his benefits and mercies deſcend unto us; and this, and onely this, was both the Prologue to their deſtruction, and their deſtruction it ſelf: the which I preſent unto the view, not onely of thine eyes, but of thy heart and ſoul, becauſe it is a vertue in us to look on other mens vices with hatred and deteſtation, imitating herein the wiſe and skilful Pilot, who mourns to ſee the Rocks, whereon his neighbors have ſuffered ſhipwrack: and yet again rejoyceth, that by the ſight thereof he may avoid his own; which indeed is the true way, both to ſecure our ſafety, and to prevent our deſtruction, as well of the Temporal life of our bodies in this World, as the Spiritual of our ſouls in that to come.

Gen. 4. 8. 2 Sam. 11. 17. and 3. 27. 1 King. 21. 13. and 21. 1.

Pſal. 7. 14, 15

James 5. 13. Pſal. 61. 8. Exod. 15. 15.

I muſt farther advertiſe thee, that I have purpoſely fetced theſe Tragical Hiſtories from foreign parts, becauſe it grieves me to report and relate thoſe that are too frequently committed in our own Countrey, in reſpect the misfortune of the dead may perchance either afflict, or ſcandalize their living friends; who rather want matter of new conſolation, then cauſe of reviving old ſorrows, or becauſe the iniquity of the times is ſuch, that it is as eaſie to procure many enemies, as difficult to purchaſe one true friend: In which reſpect

ſpect, I know that divers, both in matters of this, and of other natures; have been ſo cautious to diſguiſe and maſk their Actors, under the vails of other names; and ſometimes been inforced to lay their Scenes in ſtrange and unknown Countreys.

For mine own part, I have illuſtrated and poliſhed theſe Hiſtories, yet not framed them according to the model of mine own fancies, but of their paſſions, who have repreſented and perſonated them: and therefore if in ſome places they ſeem too amorous, or in other too bloody, I muſt juſtly retort the imperfection thereof on them, and not thy ſelf on me; ſith I onely repreſent what they have acted, and give that to the publike, which they obſcurely perpetrated in private.

My intent, deſire, and prayer is, that if thou art ſtrong in Chriſt, peruſing and reading of theſe Hiſtories may confirm thy faith, and thy defiance of all ſins in general, and of murther in particular; or if thou art but weak in the rules of Chriſtian fortitude and piety, that hereby it may encourage and arm thee againſt the allurements of the World and the Fleſh; but eſpecially againſt the ſnares and enticements of the Devil, which may ſtir thee up either to Wrath, Deſpair, Revenge, or Murther: that by the contemplation thereof, thou maiſt reſemble the Bee, and not the Spider, and ſo draw honey from all flowers, but poyſon from none.

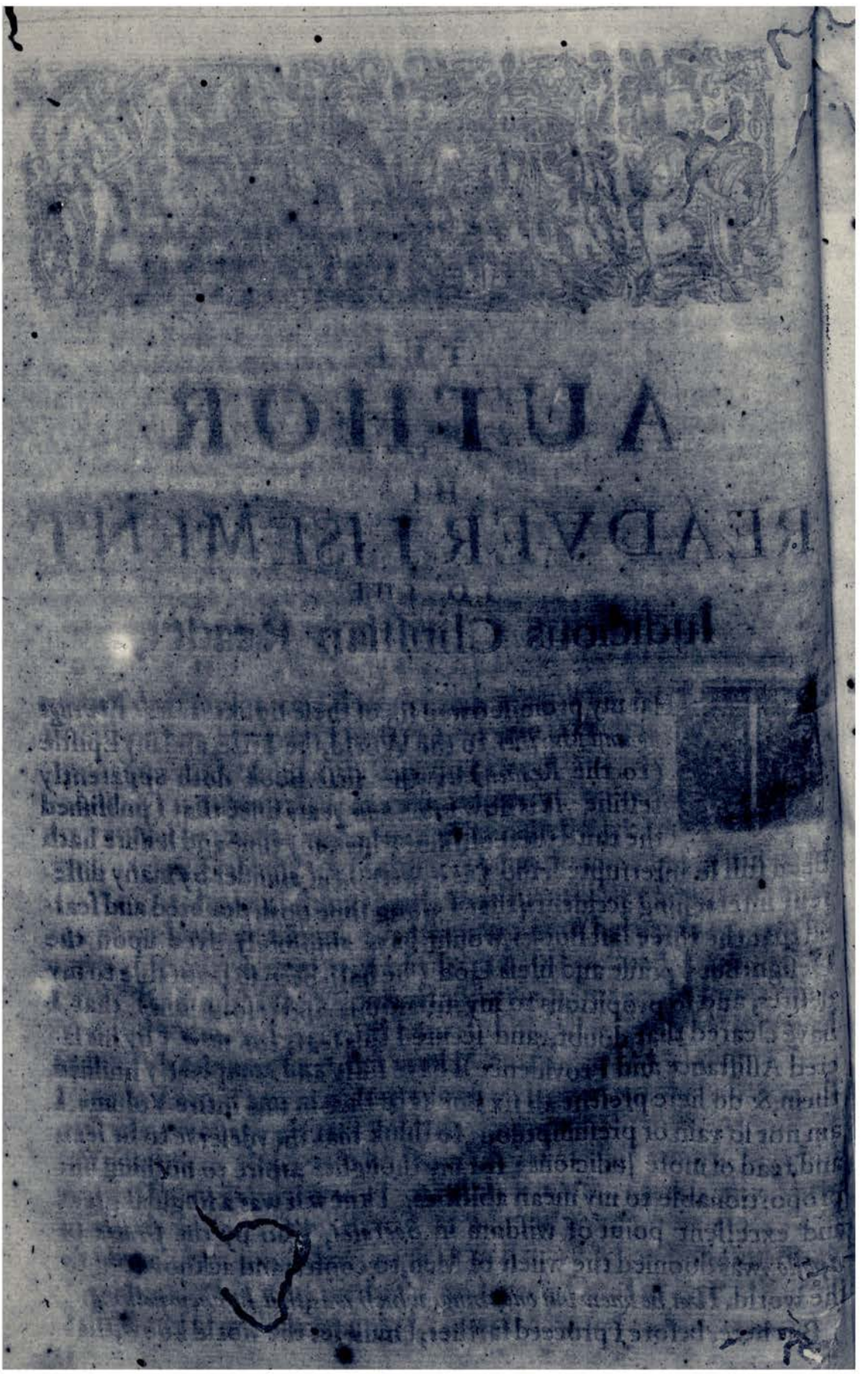
It ſhall be the felicity of my thoughts, and the glory of my content and labor, if by the ſight of theſe Hiſtories, thou reap any ſpiritual comfort or encouragement in thy *Chriſtian Warfare* againſt the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, our three profeſſed and fatal enemies: or if thou wilt be ſo willfully negligent of thine own good, as to ride poſt by other mens ſins and vices, yet with leiſure take a curious and exact ſurvey of thine own, and in ſeeing them, not onely endevour, but ſtrive to reform them.

If this firſt Book of my Tragical Hiſtories work any good effect in thee, in cauſing thee to aſſume and take on a reſolution to hate thine own ſins in thy ſelf, and to deteſt them in others; then the five other parts which I owe to my promiſe, and the frontiſpeece to thee, ſhall not be kept back, or withheld thee, but in due time ſucceed this their elder ſiſter: having purpoſely enlarged thee this my Preface, becauſe this one ſhall ſerve for all ſix books, at leaſt, if the reſt be ſo happy to ſee the world, or I ſo fortunate, that the world may ſee them. In the mean time, hoping that thy courteſie and charity will wink at ſome defects and imperfections, which may herein have ſlipt either from my Pen, or the Preſs, and whereof the malice of ſome, or peradventure the ignorance of others may accuſe themſelves; by condemning me; I recommend theſe my labors, from their paſſion, to thy friendſhip; from their cenſure, to thy judgement: and us all to the protection of God, *Who is our life, and the ſtrength of our days. To whom be glory for evermore.*

Deut. 30.20. Pſal. 104.31.

Thine Chriſtian Friend,

JOHN REYNOLDS.



THE AUTHOR HIS READVERTISEMENT TO THE Iudicious Chriſtian Reader.

THat my promiſe owed ſix of theſe Books of *Gods Revenge againſt Murther* to the World, the Title, and my Epiſtle (to the *Reader*) of the firſt Book doth apparently teſtifie: It is now ſome ten years ſince that I publiſhed the third thereof, ſince when, my time and leiſure hath been ſtill ſo interrupted, and (as it were) cut aſunder by many different intervening accidents, that I along time both doubted and feared that the three laſt Books would have abſolutely dyed upon the Deſign: But I praiſe and bleſs God (he hath been ſo favorable to my deſires, and ſo propitious to my intentions and reſolutions) that I have cleared that doubt, and ſecured this fear; for now (by his ſacred Aſſiſtance and Providence) I have fully and compleatly finiſhed them, & do here preſent all ſix Books to thee in one intire Volume. I am not ſo vain or preſumptuous, to think that they deſerve to be ſeen and read of more Judicious; for my thoughts aſpire to nothing unproportionable to my mean abilities. I knew it was a ſingular great and excellent point of wiſdom in *Socrates*, who by the *Oracle* of *Apollo*, was doomed the wiſeſt of Men, to confeſs and acknowledg to the world, *That he knew but one thing, which was, that he knew nothing.*

But here, before I proceed farther, I muſt let the world know, that

The Readvertiſement

I underſtand there are a generation of people, who have been ſo ſtrangely ignorant, as to give out that theſe my *Hiſtories* are not *Originals*, but *Tranſlations*, either from *Italian* or *French*; all which (with equal Truth and Modeſty) I firmly contradict and deny, whether they regard *Matter*, *Manner*, or *Method*, or *Phraſe*, *Place*, or *Perſons*, for contrariwiſe I found out the grounds of them in my Travels, and (at mine own leiſure) compoſed and penned them, according to the rule of my weak Fancy and Capacity, they being ſo far from *Tranſlations*, that as I have hitherto refuſed to imitate any therein, but my ſelf, ſo had I been ſo ambitious or vain-glorious to have given way, or conſent to it, ſome friends of mine in *Paris*, had ſo long ſince done the three firſt Books into *French*, from my firſt *Original* thereof: But knowing Humility to be the faireſt Ornament of a Writer, and Modeſty beſt to become Vertuous Mindes, I have hitherto prevented it, and do ſtill reſolve ſo to do.

Now becauſe as *Idleneſs* makes ſome too curious, and *Curioſity* makes others too idle, ſo it hath likewiſe pleaſed ſome (not ſo diſcreet as forward) to condemn and tax ſome of my *Hiſtories* for being too long, and others for being too ſhort, as if I were bound to obſerve and pleaſe their fancy, more then the truth, or mine own judgment, or that in the contriving and penning thereof, I were obliged to delight and content them before my ſelf. No, no, as long as I know men are as different in their opinions and cenſures, as in their countenances and complexions, I ſhall rather connive, and not regard their (worthy to be pitied) ignorance, and reſolve and content my ſelf to contemn and paſs by, rather then to eſteem or grieve at it. They will firſt *I* hope read, before they underſtand, and let me then requeſt them alſo, that they will firſt underſtand, before they either cenſure, or tax any part of what they read, and ſo *I* doubt not, but they will both ſee, and finde, that in the penning and publiſhing of theſe *Hiſtories* (if *I* am not worthy of their *Love*, yet (at leaſt) their unjuſt *Envy* and *Detraction* is every way unworthy of me, and that although many Books of theſe our time are not particularly approved and liked of for the preſent, yet it is not impoſſible for the future both to reſpect and honor them; and ſo *I* leave theſe uncharitable *Zoyliſts* to ſleep, ſtanding in the ſimplicity of their ignorance, if they will not be rectified and reformed by warnieg. And *I* will now divert my pen to the wiſe and religious Chriſtian *Readers*, who will know what ſingular good effects it worketh in their hearts, firſt to read with underſtanding, and then to apply with charity and prudence,

for

for whoſe ſakes ſolely I have now added theſe my three laſt Books of *Gods Revenge againſt the Crying Sin of wilful Murther* to the three former; for I ſend them to the publick good, whereunto all our Endeavors ſhould tend, to the Propagation of *Chriſtian Love* and *Charity* amongſt men, whereat all our Enterprizes ſhould aim, and to the flouriſhing advancement of Gods honor and glory, to which all the thoughts of our Hearts, and Faculties of our Souls ſhould chiefly aſpire and level.

And becauſe *Scaliger* affirms, *That nothing ſo ſoon allures or draws a Reader to peruſe and read, as a ſtrange Theam and Argument*, Therefore this Path being ſeldom (if ever) troden or beaten by any other, I am ſo far from deſpairing as I am confident, at leaſt, of thy Acceptance; if not of thy approbation of theſe my labours, and the ſooner, becauſe as thou haſt heretofore disburthened my *Stationer* of the three firſt of theſe Books, ſo he (in contemplation thereof) hath now drawn the three laſt of them from me to the *Preſs*, with a more then common and uſual importunity; and I ſhall bear this content to my grave, and I hope from thence to Heaven, that in penning of them all, I ſhall leave no pernicious Heir behind me, to infect Youth with Scurrility, or corrupt their Manners and Inclinations with Incentives to Lewdneſs nnd Vanity; which as it is the ſhame of this our Age, ſo it ought to be the care of every good Man, to ſhun that which ſo many of our lewd and laſcivious Pamphlets do not. In writing hereof, I have conſecrated my Pen rather to Inſtruction then Eloquence, and to Charity rather than Curioſity, and have made it my chiefeſt Care, Ambition, and Conſcience, to profit thy Soul, rather then to pleaſe thine Ear, and to ſavour more of Heaven than Earth; Yea, I will affirm (with equall Truth and Boldneſs) that I have written it with ſo innocent a Pen, that the pureſt and moſt unſtained Virgin ſhall not need to make her beautifull Cheeks guilty of the leaſt Bluſh in peruſing it all over.

It is with no ſmall Coſt and Labour, that I firſt procured, then penned theſe *Hiſtories*, and have now poliſhed and prepared them to the *Preſs*, as well for the extirpating of that *Execrable Sin of Murther* (which cryes ſo loud to Heaven for Vengeance) as alſo to ſhew thee Gods ſacred Juſtice, and righteous Judgements in the Vindication of the inhumane Authors thereof, to the end, that (by the knowledge and reading of them) thou maiſt become more charitable, and more hate cruelty, by their wretched and lamentable examples, having herein endeavored (as much as in me lies) to make my *Reader*

a Spectator, firſt of theſe their foul and bloody Crimes, and then of their condign and exemplary Puniſhments, which (as a diſmal ſtorm and terrible tempeſt from heaven) fell on them on Earth, when they leaſt dreamt or thought thereof.

And here to conclude this my *Readvertiſement* to thee, I religiouſly from my heart intreat thee to reſpect the Matter, not the Words, and the Importance and Conſequence, more then the Dreſſing of theſe Thirty ſeveral *Tragical Hiſtories*, whiles, I will account and eſteem it a far greater Happineſs for my ſelf, to learn true Charity, and the true fear of God in writing them, then to preſume of my Ability to inſtruct and teach others by reading them, becauſe I may juſtly and truly ſay with *Lipſius* That my aim and deſire in publiſhing of them, *Is not that I might be made greater, but better thereby, and (if it pleaſe God) others by me.*

Wat Spiritual Fortitude, or Benefit, thou reapeſt by their knowledge and contemplation, I exhort thee, in ſtead of giving me any Thanks, to reſerve and give them wholly to God, who is the giver of all good things, yea, the Father of Mercy, and the God of all Comfort and Conſolation, to whoſe Grace I commit thee, deſiring thee to aſſiſt me with thy favorable opinion, and daily prayers to his Throne of grace, as I ſhall ever be ready to requite thee with mine.

Thy Chriſtian Friend,

John Reynolds.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD MARQUIS of *BUCKINGHAM*, &c.

Right Honourable,

About ſome two years ſince, I (from beyond the Seas) preſumed to ſend your Honor two ſeveral pregnant teſtimonies, as well of my affection to your ſervice, as of my zeal to your proſperity; not that I performed thoſe then, or remember them now, in regard of your fortunes, but of your vertues; for I know, that to flatter, is to betray Greatneſs: a vice moſt ignoble in it ſelf, and therefore moſt improper for your Honours receit, or acceptance, ſith your actions ſtill make it apparent to our Sacred Soveraign, *and his moſt* Excellent Majeſtie *to all the World, that you are truly Honorable, truly Noble: And now to ſecond my two former acknowledgements of zeal and duty to your Honor, with this third, I, though in a leſs ſerious, yet more publick maner) preſume to make you the Worthy and Noble Patron of the firſt Book of my* Tragical Hiſtories, *(ſome of the mean obſervations and collections of my ſlender Travels) wherein* The Triumphs of Gods Revenge againſt the crying and execrable ſin of Murther, *are ſo eminent and conſpicuous, that (except my hopes betray my* judgement) *they are made obvious to the ſight, and conſequently profitable to the ſoul of a Chriſtian; and not to prophane either your Honors ears, or my pen, with the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow of an untruth, my preſumption had not been ſo ambitious, to have committed theſe Hiſtories to the Preſs, except*

with a deſire, that in ſome ſort they might thereby repreſs that helliſh ſins againſt which they ſolely conteſt and fight, and which in theſe our days (with as much pity as grief) makes ſo bloody, and ſo lamentable a progreſſion, thereby to ſerve as ſtops and preventions, in our England, *in imitation of the Catarracts of* Nylus, *which kept* Egypt *from being ſubmerg'd with her Inundation: Nor had I aſpired to ſhelter them under the wings of your Honours Patronage and Protection, but that thereby they might finde the ſurer paſſage, in converſing with the different opinions, and the ſafer, in meeting with the ſelf-pleaſing Cenſures of the world; and if your Honor pleaſe, ſelect ſome few houres from your more ſerious and weighty affairs, and vouchſafe imploy them on the different Accidents theſe Hiſtories report and relate, I (with as much humility as confidence) preſume, that you will eſteem them, if not profitably lent, yet not prodigally, nor viciouſly caſt away, in the peruſal and contemplation thereof. Howſoever, they proceed from his* Pen, *whoſe heart not onely admires and honours your Vertues, but rejoyceth in the Reward thereof, your Fortunes; for I live not, if in the ſincerity and candor of my ſoul, I wiſh not that your* Honor *may ſtill remain firm to theſe, and theſe eternally fixed and conſtant to you; and from your* Honor, *ſucceſſively to your* Poſterity, *tranſcendently to your* Name.

Your Honors

in all duty and Service,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

HAving been ſo often importuned for a third Edition of this Book, I may ſeem to owe little further ſatisfaction to the world, but to procure what is deſired, and anſwer a publike expectation. Yet ſeeing that thoſe that have done well in their former actions, have made themſelvs debtors to the world, and muſt for their future render a ſeverer account upon the ſcore of their old merit: I ſhall not excuſe myſelf from giving the reaſons of this new Edition in folio, becauſe the two firſt were received with univerſal approbation. The which when they firſt came out, the ſparkling vein which ran through them, the ſublimeneſs of ſome parts, where ſuitable paſſions were to be expreſſed, joyned with the rareneſs of the narrations, and perhaps the compaſſion of ſome perſons, which made them wiſh they might not be true, began to create ſuſpicion in ſome as if they wanted truth, the ſoul of Hiſtory: Upon which the Lord Abbot, formerly Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, not willing ſo great a part of Gods Government in the world ſhould be ſuſtained upon painted pillars, knowing the Auxiliaries, falſehood ſupplies truth with, are dangerous, and always call'd back in her greateſt occaſions, did very diligently enquire of the Author concerning moſt of the particulars, and was by him ſo amply ſatisfied, that that excellent perſon, who was then ſo great a part of the publike conſcience, did judge the Gentlemans travels moſt profitably undertaken, and his pains plac'd for the beſt advantage; which he did declare to the world by his licenſe and approbation. Beſides, as a further proof of their truth, I have ſpoken with ſeveral Gentlemen, who have had acquaintance with ſome of the chiefeſt Actors. So that thoſe Ladies whoſe perfect goodneſs delights to

ſhare in the *ſufferings of Caſſandra, and pay their ceremonies of grief to emptie tombs*, may let fall that celeſtial dew upon thoſe ſweet flowers & lillies, wch here grow about the graves ſomtimes of unfortunate faith, and clear innocence. That all this may appear more lively, *I* have added the ſeveral Brazen Cuts, which repreſent the moſt conſiderable actions, and offer a varietie, which *I* queſtion not but will be agreeble: for that which is more ſlowly deduced through the courſe of a larger narration, will at once be preſented to the view, and make the impreſſion ſtrike the deeper: For as Naturaliſts obſerve, that the blood of that beaſt which dies the purple, does then give the trueſt ſtain, when he is killed at one blow: ſo tragical ſtories put into ſuch order, that they may at once touch the ſenſe, doe moſt paſſionately move the affections, which being the main end of this new Edition, and the trueſt benefit the publique can receive, to create a horror in men of a ſin which is purſued by God by thoſe puniſhments, which are viſible, and not adjourned to the great day *I* ſhall reſt aſſured of the acceptation of the candid Reader, and remain,

Yours to ſerve you,

W. L.

A TABLE

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The Contents of the Firſt Book.

HISTORY I.

HAutefelia *cauſeth* La Freſnay *an Apothecary to poyſon her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewiſe the cauſe that her ſaid Brother kills* de Malleray *her own Husband in a Duel.* La Freſnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape, on the ladder confeſſeth his two former Murthers, and ſays that* Hautefelia *ſeduced and hired him to perform them:* Hautefelia *is likewiſe apprehended. And ſo for theſe cruel murthers they are both put to ſevere and cruel deaths.* page 1.

HIST. II.

Piſani *betrayeth* Gaſperino *of his Miſtreſs* Chriſteneta. Gaſperino *challengeth* Piſani *for this diſgrace, and kills him in the field: He after continueth his ſuit to* Chriſtineta. *She diſſembles her malice for* Piſani *his death. She appoints* Gaſparino *to meet her in a Garden; and there cauſeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him. They are all three taken and executed for the ſame.* p. 12.

HIST. III.

Mortaigne, *under the promiſe of Marriage, gets* Joſſelina *with childe, and after converting his love into hatred, cauſeth his Lackey* La Verdure *and* La Palma *to murther both her and her yound ſon. The jealouſie of* Iſabel *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cauſe of the Diſcovery hereof. They are all three taken and executed for the ſame.* p. 23.

HIST. IV.

Beatrice-Joana, *to marry* Alſemero, *cauſeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonſo Piracquo, *who was a ſuiter to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in Adultery, kills them both.* Tomaſo Piracquo *challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brothers death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field, and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body thrown into the ſea: At his execution he confeſſeth, that his Wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonſo Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, then burnt, and their aſhes thrown into the ayre.* p. 34.

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HIST. V.

Alipius *murthereth his Wife* Merilla: *he is diſcovered, firſt, by* Bernardo, *then by* Emelia *his own Daughter: ſo he is apprehended and hanged for the fact.* p.47.

The Contents of the ſecond Book.

HIST. VI.

Victoryna *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtab and murther her firſt husband* Souranzo, *and ſhe her ſelf poyſeneth* Fortino *her ſecond: ſo they both being miraculouſly detected, and convicted of theſe their cruel murthers, he is beheaded, and ſhe hanged and burnt for the ſame.* p.61.

HIST. VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her waiting-maid* Anſilva, *two ſeveral times to attempt to poyſon her own ſiſter* Berinthia. *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Emperick, termed* Sarmiata, *poyſon her ſaid maid* Anſilva, Catalina *is killed with a Thunder bolt, and* Sarmiata *hanged for poyſoning* Anſilva; Antonio *ſteals* Berinthia *away by her own conſent: whereupon her Brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kills him in a Duel:* Berinthia, *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother* Sebaſtiano: *ſhe is adjudged tobe immured twixt two walls, and there languiſheth and dyes.* p.75.

HIST. VIII.

Belvile *treacherouſly murthereth* Polygny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta, Polygny's *Myſtris, betrayeth* Belvile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtol, when aſſiſted by her waiting-maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Poniard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken and hanged, and burnt for the ſame.*

HIST. IX.

Jacomo de Caſtelnovo, *luſtfully falls in love with his daughter in Law* Perina, *his own ſon* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *wife: whom to enjoy, he cauſeth* Jerantha *firſt to poyſon his own Lady* Fidelia. *and then his ſaid ſon* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo; *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his bed.* Jerantha *ready to dye in travel of childe, confeſſeth her two murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetual impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dies.* p.107.

HIST. X.

Bertolini *ſeeks* Paulina *in marriage, but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelf: he prays her Brother* Brellati *his dear friend, to ſollicet for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail: whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgraceful ſpeeches, both againſt her honor and his reputation, for which* Brellati *challengeth the field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, and he flies for the ſame.* Sturio *ſeeks to marry her, but his Father will not conſent thereunto, and conveys him away ſecreetly: for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dyes for ſorrow.* Sturio *findes out* Bertolina, *and ſends him a challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt: he afterwards very treacherouſly kills* Sturio *with a Petronel in the ſtreet from a window: he is taken for this ſecond murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.* p.122.

The Contents of the Third Book.

HIST. XI.

DE Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duel;* La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange; De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent*

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conſent that he marry her, ſleeth him in his bed, and then takes her to Wife; ſhe turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuſeth her of this bloody fact and himſelf for murthering his Father Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hanged to the Gallows, then burnt.* La Hay *confeſſeth this murther, and likewiſe that he cauſed* Michaelle, *to poyſon* La Frange: *ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive,* Michaelle *is broken on the wheel, and his dead body thrown into the fire* 141

HIST. XII.

Albemare *cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *firſt ſought to marry: He cauſeth his man* Valerio *to poyſon* Pedro *in priſon, and by a Letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceives that her husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſed* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt love* Baretano: *which Letter ſhe reveals to the Judge; ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for theſe their bloody crimes.* 161

HIST. XIII.

La Viſſelay *poyſoneth her waiting-maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, ſhe cauſeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a wood, and then marries him in requital. The ſaid* La Villete *a year after riding thorow the ſame Wood, his horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him; when he confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his Wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof: ſo for theſe their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.* 178

HIST. XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleone, *with their two Lackies,* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their father Captain* Benevente, *which they perform. Monteleone and his Lacky* Anſelmo *are drowned.* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf,* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallows confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off;* Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.* 194

HIST. XV.

Maurice *like a bloody villain, and damnable ſon, throws his Mother* Chriſtina *into a well, and drowns her: the ſame hand and arm of his wherewith he did it, rots away from his body; and being diſcrazed of his wits in priſon, he there confeſſeth this foul and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.* 208

The Contents of the fourth Book.

HIST. XVI.

IDeaques *cauſeth his ſon* Don Ivan *to marry* Marſillia, *then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her; ſhe makes her father in law* Ideaques *to poyſon his old wife* Honoria, *and likewiſe makes her own Brother* de Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Ivan *afterwards kills* de Perez *in a Duel;* Marſillia *hath her brains daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt;* Ideaques *is beheaded, his body conſumed to aſhes, and thrown into the aire.* 225

HIST. XVII.

Harcourt *ſteals away his Brother* Vimorves *wife,* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery: ſhe hireth* Tivoly (*an Italian Mountebank*) *to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *Wife:* Harcourt *kills his brother* Vimory, *and then marries his Widow* Maſſerina: Tivoly *is hanged for a robbery, and at his execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged:* Noel (*who was* Harcourts *man*) *on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter, for killing of his Brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a wheel for the ſame.* 241

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HIST. XVIII.

Romero (*the Lacky of* Borlary) *kills* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Felisanna *in the street, and is hanged for the same*; Borlary *afterwards hireth* Castruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyson her husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Castruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.* 260

HIST. XIX.

Beaumarays, *and his Brother* Montaigne, *kill* Champigny, *and* Marin (*his second*) *in a Duel*; Blancheville (*the Widow of* Champigny) *in revenge thereof hireth* Le Valley (*who was servant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his said Master with a Pistol, the which he doth, for the which* Le Valley *is broken on a Wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the same,* 277

HIST. XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *he some twenty years after* (*as altogether unknown*) *robbeth his* (*and her*) *son* Thomaso, *who likewise* (*not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father*) *doth accuse him for that robbery, for the which he is hanged.* 291

The Contents of the Fifth Book.

HIST. XXI.

Babtistyna *and* Amarantha *poyson their eldest sister* Jaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *causeth her servants,* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to stifle her elder sister* Babtistyna *in her bed,* Bernardo *flying away, breaks his neck with a fall off his horse,* Pierya *is hanged for the same, so likewise is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt:* Bernardo *being buried, his body is again taken up, and hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his ashes thrown in the River.* 309

HIST. XXII.

Martino *poysoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the street: he afterwards grows mad, and in his confession reveals both these murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghostly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was widow to* Monfredo, *and sister to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath first his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the same.* 327

HIST. XXIII.

Alphonso *poysoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after shoots and kills* Cassino (*as he was walking in his Garden*) *with a short Musket* (*or Carabine*) *from a window. He is beheaded for those two murthers, then burnt, and his ashes thrown into the River.* 346

HIST. XXIV.

Pont Chausey *kills* La Roche *in a Duel.* Quatbrisson *causeth* Moncallier (*an Apothecary to poyson his own Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after falls, and breaks his neck from a pair of stairs.* Quatbrisson *likewise causeth his Fathers Miller* Pierot *to murther, and strangle* Marieta *in her bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and* Quatbrisson *first beheaded, then burnt for the same.* 375

HIST. XXV.

Vasti *first murthereth his Son* George, *and next poysoneth his own wife* Hester, *and being afterwards almost killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth these his two murthers, for the which he is first hanged, and then burnt.* 377

The Contents of the ſixth Book.

Hist. XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhe bears to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato) *to ſtifle to death her old husband* Palmerius *in his bed:* Moroſini *misfortunately letting fall his gloves in* Palmerius *his chamber that night which he did it; They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knows them to be* Moroſinies, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Uncle. So they, together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.* p.395

Hist. XXVII.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inn-keeper, poyſon* de Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father* Juſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they flie upon the ſame, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.* 418

Hist. XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chambermaid* Deniſa *poyſoneth her husband* Roderigo; Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her own new born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged; on the Ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſary, with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning of her husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.* 433

Hist. XXIX.

Sanctifiore (*upon promiſe of marriage*) *gets* Urſina *with childe, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marries* Bertranna: Urſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſeth her ſelf in a Friers habit, and with a caſe of Piſtols kills* Sanctifiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which ſhe is hanged,* 445

Hist. XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly kills* Palura *in a Duel with two Piſtols: His Lady* Bellinda, *with the aid of her Gentleman Uſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her husband* De Mora, *and afterwards ſhe marrieth and murthereth her ſaid husband* Ferallo *in his bed; ſo ſhe is burnt alive for this her laſt murther, and her aſhes thrown into the air for the firſt.* 448

The Triumphs of Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY I.

Hautefelia *cauſeth* La Freſnay *an Apothecary, to poyſon her Brother* Grand Pre *and his Wife* Mermanda, *and is likewiſe the cauſe that her ſaid Brother kills* De Malleray *her own Husband in a Duel:* La Freſnay *condemned to be hanged for a Rape; on the Ladder confeſſeth his two former Murthers, and ſayes that* Hautefelia *ſeduced and hired him to perform them;* Hautefelia *is likewiſe apprehended, and ſo for the cruell Murthers, they are both put to ſevere and cruell deaths.*

IF our contemplation dive into elder times, and our curioſity turn over the variety of ancient and modern Hiſtories, (as well Divine as Humane) we ſhall find that Ambition, Revenge, and Murther, have ever proved fatall Crimes to their undertakers: for they are vices which ſo eclipſe our

judgements, and darkens our underſtandings, as we ſhall not only ſee with grief, but find with repentance, that they will bring us ſhame for glory, affliction for content, and miſery for felicity. Now as they are powerfull in men, ſo they are (ſometimes) implacable in women, who (with as much vanity as malice) delight in theſe ſinnes: as if that could adde grace to their bodies, that deforms their ſouls, or luſtre and proſperity to their dayes, that makes ſhipwrack both of their fortunes and lives. It is with grief and pitty (yea not with paſſion, but compaſſion) that I inſtance this in a Gentlewoman, who was born to honour, and not to ſhame, had not theſe three aforeſaid vices (like ſo many infernall furies) lain her glory in the duſt, and dragged her body to an untimely and infamous grave. It is a Hiſtory that hath many ſorrowfull dependances, and which produceth variety of diſaſterous and mournfull accidents: wherein (by the juſt judgement of God) we ſhall ſee Ambition bitterly ſcourged, Revenge ſharply rewarded, and Murther ſeverely puniſhed; by whoſe example, if all that profeſſe Religion, become leſſe impious, and more truly religious, we ſhall then lead the whole courſe of our lives in ſuch peacefull and happy tranquillity, as (arming our ſelves with reſolution to live and dye in the favour of Heaven) we need not fear either what earth, or hell can do unto us. The Hiſtory is thus.

NEer *Auxone* (a ſtrong and antient Town upon the Frontiers of *Burgundy*, and the free County) dwelt an aged grave Gentleman (nobly deſcended, and of a very fair demaynes) named *Monſieur de Grandmont*, who had to his Wife a virteous Lady, termed *Madammoyſelle de Carnye*, the only Daughter of *Monſieur de Buſerat*, a worthy Gentleman of the City of *Dole*. This married couple for a long time lived in the greateſt height of content, that either earth could afford, or their hearts deſire; for as one way they grew opulent in Lands and Wealth, ſo another way they were indued with three hopefull Sons, *Grand Pre*, *Vileneuſe*, and *Maſſeron*, and with two Daughters, *Madamoyſelles de Hautefelia*, and *de Creſſye* a fair Poſterity; they bleſt in their Parents, and their Parents hoping themſelves bleſt in them; ſo as (to the eye of the world) this one Family promiſed to make many, (eſpecially ſith the youngeſt of the five had already attained its tenth year) but God in his providence ordained the contrary.

Grand Pre (as the firſt and chiefeſt pillar of the Houſe) craves leave of his Father that he might ſerve his Apprentiſhip in the Wars, under the command of that incomparable Captain, *Grave Maurice*, then Earl of *Naſſaw*, ſince Prince of *Orange*; *Vileneuſe* delighting in Books, his Father thought fit to ſend to *Pont-au Mouſſon*; and thinking to retain *Maſſeron* with him, he for his beauty was begg'd a Page, by that valourous Marſhall of *France*, who ſo willingly and unfortunately loſt his Head in the *Baſtile* of *Paris*.

As for their two Daughters, *Hautefeila* lived with her Parents; and *de Creſſye* they preſented to a great Lady of *Burgundy*, who was long ſince the moſt afflicted and ſorrowfull Wife and Mother to the Barons of *Lux*, Father and Son, who were both ſlain by that generous and brave *Lorayn* Prince, the Knight of *Guyſe*.

But behold the inconſtancy of Fortune, or rather the power and pleaſure of Heaven, which can ſoon metamorphoſe our mirth into mourning, our joyes into tears, and our hopes into deſpair: for within the compaſſe of one whole year, we ſhall ſee three of theſe five Children laid in their graves, and of three ſeverall deaths; for *Vileneuſe* was drowned at *Pont-au Mouſſon*, as he bathed himſelf in the River; *Maſſeron* was killed in a Duel at *Fontain bleau* by *Roſſat* a *Gaſcon*, being Page to the Duke of *Eſpernon*; and *Hautefelia* dyed at home of a burning Feaver with her Parents; a triple loſs, which doth not only afflict their hearts and ſouls, but alſo ſeems to drown their eyes with a deluge of mournfull and ſorrowfull tears.

Gandmont and *de Carny* his Wife, being thus made unfortunate and wretched by the death of three of their Children, they reſolve to call home their other two, to be comforts and props to their old age; but their hopes may deceive them. Firſt, from the Baroneſs of *Lux* comes *de Creſſye*, who ſucceeding her Siſter, we muſt now term by the name (or rather by the title) of *Hautefelia*; who hath a great and bloody part to act upon the Theatre of this Hiſtory: after her very ſhortly comes *Grand Pre* from *Holland*, where (in divers ſervices) he left many honourable and memorable marks of his proweſs and valour behind him.

Upon his arrivall to his Fathers Houſe, the flowr of all the Nobility and Gentry of the Country come to condole with him, for the death of his Brothers and Siſter, as alſo to congratulate his happy return (an office and complement which expreſſeth much affection and civility) They find *Grand Pre* a brave compleat Gentleman, not in outward pride, but in inward generoſity and vertue, not in the vanity of faſhions and apparell, but in the perfections and endowments of his mind and body; he is wholly addicted to the exerciſe of War, and not to the art of courting Ladies; his delights are in the Camp of *Mars* and *Bellona*, and not in the Palace of *Venus* and *Cupid*, well knowing that the one will breed him honour and glory, and the other ſhame and repentance; his paſtimes are not criſping

and

and powdering of his hair, quarrelling with his Taylor for the faſhion of his Cloaths, dancing in Velvet pumps, and tracing the Streets in a neat perfumed Boots with jangling Spurs; yea, he reſembleth not young ſpruce Courtiers, who think no Heaven to brave Apparell, nor Paradiſe to that of their Miſtris beauty: for he only practiſeth riding of great Horſes, Tilting, running at Ring, diſplaying the Colours, toſſing the Pike, handling the Musket, ordering of Rank and File, thereby to make himſelf capable to conduct and embattail an Army, and to environ, fortifie, or beſiege a City or Caſtle, or the like; yea, he ſpurns at the Lute and Viall, and vows there is no Muſick to the rattling of the Drum and Trumpet, and to the thundring of the Musket and Cannon; but this warlike and Marſhall humour of his ſhall not laſt long. Wherein we may obſerve the vanity of our thoughts, the inconſtancy of our delights, and the alteration and mutability of our reſolutions; for now we ſhall ſhortly ſee *Grand Pre* hate that he loved, and love that he hated; yea, we ſhall ſee him ſo plunge and drown himſelf in the beauty of a fair and ſweet Gentlewoman, as he ſhall leave *Holland* for *Burgundy*, Warre for Peace, Arms for Love, and Enemies for a Miſtris: but time muſt work this alteration and metamorphoſis.

The old Gentleman his Father, ſeeing *Grand Pre*'s martiall diſpoſition, fears leſt this ambitious and generous humour of his will induce him to ſeek Wars abroad, ſith he finds none at home; and therefore, deſirous of his company and preſence, in that it will ſweeten his former afflictions, and give life to his future hopes and content, he profers him the choice of many a rich and fair young Gentlewoman for his Wife, of the beſt and moſt ancient Families in and neer *Auxone*: but *Grand Pre* is deaf to theſe requeſts and motions, and thinks it a diſparagement and blemiſh to his valour, if he ſhould any way liſten, or give ear thereto; the which his Father perceiving and underſtanding, he bethinks himſelf of a further invention, and ſo reſolves at Winter to leave the Country, and to reſide in the City of *Dijon*, (famous for the ancient Seat of the Dukes of *Burgundy*, and for the preſent Court of Parliament) hoping that there amongſt the multitude of ſweet Ladies and Gentlewomen, wherewith that City is adorned, his Son *Grand Pre* might at laſt eſpye ſome Paragon of Nature, whoſe beauty might have power to ſubdue and captivate his affections; and indeed (as the ſequell will ſhew) the event anſwereth his expectation.

For on a Sunday morning in Lent, as *Grand Pre* went to the Royall Chapell to hear Father *Juſtinian* (a Capuchin Fryer) preach, he oppoſite to him eſpies a moſt delicate and beautifull young Lady, ſlender of body, tall of ſtature, fair of taint and complexion, having a quick and gracious eye, with pure and delicate hair of a flaxen colour, being infinitely rich in Apparell, yet farre richer in the perfections and excellencies of a true and perfect beauty; in a word, ſhe was ſo amiable and ſo lovely, ſo ſweet, and ſo pleaſing to his eyes, as at her very firſt ſight *Grand Pre* could not refrain from bluſhing, as being raviſhed with the ſweetneſs of ſo fair an object, ſo as his heart panted and beat within him, as being not accuſtomed to encounter with ſuch beauties, or with ſuch ſudden paſſions and alterations.

Now by this time this young Gentlewoman (whoſe name we ſhall anon know) could not but perceive with what earneſtneſs and delight *Grand Pre* beheld her, and ſeeing him to be a proper young Gallant, and richly apparelled and followed, ſhee could not refrain from dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermilion bluſh, which gave ſuch grace to her beauty, and ſo inflamed our poor *Grand Pre*, as he could no longer reſiſt the influence of ſuch amorous aſſaults; and now it is that his thoughts ſtrike ſail to affection, and his heart doth homage to beauty, ſo as he revokes his former opinion conceived againſt the power and dignity of Love, which he now holds erronious, and in his heart vows that there is no ſuch felicity in the world, as to injoy the Lady of his deſires, whom his eyes and ſoul chiefly honour and adore: But if he be inſnared and impriſoned in the fetters of her beauty, no leſſe is ſhe in thoſe of his perſonage, onely ſhe is more coy and preciſe in the exterior demonſtration thereof; for as he cannot keep his eyes from gazing on her; ſo ſhe ſeems but to look on him by ſtealth, or if ſhe tranſgreſſe that Decorum, ſhe immediately, in outward appearance, checks her eyes from ranging beyond the liſts of modeſty and diſcretion.

But by this time, to the grief of our new Lovers, the Sermon is ended, and all prepare to depart, ſo their eyes with much diſcontent and unwillingneſſe, for that time take leave each of other; and here *Grand Pre* making a turn or two in the Church, is doubly tormented and perplexed, firſt with grief, that he is deprived of his Miſtris ſight, and then with ſorrow, that he neither knows her, nor her name: But as Love refines our wits, and gives an edge to our intentions, ſo he ſhews her to his Page, and ſends him to make ſecret enquiry what ſhe is. His Page ſpeedily returns, and informs him, that ſhe is *Madamoyſell Mermanda*, eldeſt daughter to *Mounſier de Creſſonville*, one of the chiefeſt Preſidents of the Court of Parliament. *Grand Pre* extremely rejoyceth to know what ſhe was, and farre the more, in reſpect he ſees it no diſparagement either to himſelf or his Houſe to marry her: and therefore omitting all other deſigns and reſolutions (and bidding farewell to the Warres) he reſolves to ſeek her in marriage; to which end, the next day, he of ſet purpoſe, with a Gentleman

or

or two of his intimate and familiar friends, inſinuates himſelf into her Fathers Houſe, who being abſent, whiles they entertain the Mother, he (under colour of other conference) courts the Daughter: yea, now his affection is to her by many degrees redoubled, becauſe he ſees the excellency of her mind is anſwerable to that of her perſon; and now ſhe comming likewiſe to know him, is as it were wrapt up in the contemplation of a thouſand ſweet contents, which ſo work on her affection, (or rather on her heart) as if he thinks himſelf happy in ſeeking ſuch a Miſtris, ſhe eſteems her ſelf bleſt in finding ſuch a Servant.

Grand Pre finds his firſt entertainment from *Mermanda* to be reſpective and pleaſing; and ſo authorized by her courteſie and advice, he taking time at advantage, goes to the old Preſident her Father, and bewrayes him his affection to his Daughter, and the deſire he hath to obtain her for his Wife: ſo having begun his ſute, he leaves his Father *Grandmont* to finiſh it, and continually frequents the company of his beautifull Miſtris *Mermanda*.

Her Father *Creſſonville* diſlikes not this Match, but deems it both agreeable and honourable; only he knows that *Grandmont* hath likewiſe one onely Daughter, and himſelf one onely Son; ſo he infinitely deſires to make this a double Match, thereby to contract a more firm and ſtricter league betwixt their two Houſes: this is propoſed and debated, as well between the younger folks, as the old Parents, and at laſt it takes effect; ſo as purpoſely omitting, firſt the conference, then the Letters ſent from *Grand Pre* to *Mermanda*, and from *Mermanda* to *Grand Pre*; from *De Malleray* (*Creſſonvilles* Son) to *Hautefelia*, and from *Hautefelia* to *De Malleray*; becauſe the inſerting thereof would make this brief Hiſtory ſwell into an ample volume; Theſe marraiges, to the joy of the Parents, and the ſweet content of their Sons and Daughters, are pompouſly ſolemnized in *Dijon*, with all variety of Feaſting, Dancing, and Masking, anſwerable to their degrees and dignities. But theſe Marriages ſhall not prove ſo fortunate as is hoped, and expected, neither was *Hymenæus* invited thereunto, or if he were, he refuſed to come; and therefore *Lucina* will likewiſe ſave her labour, becauſe ſhe knows that neither of theſe two young married Gentlewomen ſhall live to make uſe of her aſſiſtance.

And here before I proceed farther, I wiſh the event of this Hiſtory could give the lye to this enſuing poſition, That there is no pride nor malice to that of a woman; but I have more reaſon to fear, than hope to beleeve the contrary; for no ſooner have our two young couples reaped the fruits of Marriage, and the felicity of their deſires, but we ſhall ſee the Sun-ſhine of their joy overtaken with a diſmall ſtorm of grief, ſorrow, and misfortune; whereby we may obſerve and learn, that there is no perfect nor permanent felicity under the Sun, but that all things in this world, yea, the world it ſelf is ſubject to revolution and change. The manner is thus:

Hautefelia envies her Siſter in Law *Mermanda's* advancement, and contemnes her own; ſhe likes not to give the hand to her, whom ſhe knows is by deſcent her inferiour, and to ſpeak true, preferres a Scarlet Cloak before a Black, and a Sword-man before a Pen-man; theſe ambitious conceits of hers, proceeding from Hell, will breed bad bloud, and produce mournfull effects; yea, peradventure ſtrangle her, who imbraceth and practiſeth them.

Mermanda is of a gracious and milde nature, *Hautefelia* of an imperious and revengefull; never any married couple live more contented, nor paſt more pleaſant dayes, than did *Grand Pre* and his fair *Mermanda* for the ſpace of one whole year; wherein ſhe bore her ſelf ſo loving and courteous towards him, and he ſo kind and pleaſant to her, as their ſweet carriage, and honourable and vertuous behaviour, was of all the world (*Hautefelia* only excepted) highly praiſed and applauded. But *Hautefelia* envying *Mermanda's* proſperity and glory, becauſe ſhe could neither parallel the one, nor equall the other, and ſeeing with no other eyes than thoſe of ambition and envy, bethinks her ſelf how ſhe might act her diſgrace, and eclipſe the ſplendor of her vertues and glory. When remembring that the Baron of *Betanford* (dwelling not farre from *Auxone*) ſometimes viſited her Brother *Grand Pre*, as alſo that he very lately had done her two unkind offices; the one, by buying a Jewell from her, which ſhe was in price with, of a Gold-ſmith at *Dijon* Fair; and the other, for retaining a little fine white *Frizeland* Dog, which his Page had ſtole from her: ſhe thinks to give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and at one time to be revenged both of the Baron and of her Siſter in Law *Mermanda*.

Judge, Chriſtian Reader, what ſimple reaſons and trivial motives this inconſiderate Gentlewoman hath for her malice, but ſhe is reſolute therein, and as ſhe hath laid the foundation, ſo ſhe will perfect the edifice of her malicy and revenge; which to effect, ſhe ſends a Servant of hers purpoſely neer *Auxone*, to her Brother *Grand Pre*, and writes him a Letter to this effect: She intreats him to come ride over to her, for ſhe hath a ſecret of importance to reveal him, which ſhe holds not fit to commit to pen, and withall adviſeth him to frame ſome other excuſe towards her Husband for his ſudden comming.

Grand Pre arrived at *Dijon*, and is welcomed of his Brother and Siſter, but he diſcovers her to be more ſorrowfull than accuſtomed; he is ignorant what theſe clouds of her diſcontent import, or from whence they ariſe; but he ſhall know too ſoon, and his curioſity ſhall pay dear to underſtand it.

r. Supper ended, they fetch a walk in the Garden, and ſo he is conducted to his Chamber, where his Brother in Law *De Malleray* giving him the good night, his Siſter *Hauteſelia* with tears in her eyes informs him, that ſhe knows for certain, the Baron of *Betanford* is too familiar with his Wife *Mermanda*, yea, beyond the bounds of honeſty, the which ſhe muſt needs reveal him, becauſe his honor is hers, which, as ſhe is bound by nature, ſhe will cheriſh and preſerve as her own life.

Grand Pre amazed at this ſtrange and unlooked-for news, is like one lunatick, or rather ſtark mad, he ſtamps with his foot, throws away his hat, now caſting himſelf on the bed, then on the floor; yea, and had not his Siſter prevented him, he had killed himſelf with his own Sword: theſe are the wretched paſſions of jealouſie, which tranſport our ſelves beyond our ſelves; and our reaſons beyond the limits of reaſon: and now this vile and malicious Siſter of his, (more out of policy than charity) uſeth many prayers and perſwaſions, brings him again to himſelf, and they conclude to keep it ſecret from all the world, but withall *Grand Pre* vows ſharply to be revenged both of his Wife, and the Baron of *Betanford*.

Hauteſelia having thus broached her inveterate and implacable malice (laughing hereat like a Gypſie) betakes her ſelf to her reſt, leaving her Brother not to ſleep, but to drive out the night in watchfulneſſe and jealouſie: who the next morn (ſooner than his accuſtomed hour) riſeth, takes his leave of his Brother and Siſter, and ſo very penſive and ſorrowfull rides home.

Mermanda finds her Husband ſad, and enquires the cauſe thereof; ſhe prayes him, that if any grief or misfortune have befalln him, ſhe may participate and bear the one half thereof, as ſhe doth of his joy and proſperity: and as ſhe was wont to do, profereth to kiſſe him; but he ſleights her, and with much unkindneſſe and diſdain puts her off; whereat ſhe is amazed, as not acquainted with ſuch diſcourteſie. After Supper (jealouſie being his chiefeſt diſh; and grief, hers) he makes three or four ſolitary turns in the Court, and then ſends his Page for his Wife, who betwixt comfort and grief, hope and deſpair, preſently comes to him. He demands of her whether ſhe will walk with him; ſhe anſwereth, that his pleaſure ſhall ever be hers; and that ſhe will moſt joyfully and willingly wait on him where he pleaſeth: he brings her to a ſolitary Grove, and there having choler in his looks, and fire in his tongue, he chargeth her of diſhoneſty with the Baron of *Betanford*.

Poor *Mermanda*, as it were peirced to the heart with the thunder-bolt of this news, falls to the ground in a fainting ſwoon: yea, *Grand Pre* her Husband hath much adoe to recover her, when, comming again to her ſelf, ſhe with many volleyes of ſighs, and rivolets of tears, purgeth her ſelf of that imputation and ſcandall; ſhe blames his credulity and jealouſie, terms her accuſers devills and witches, invokes heaven and earth to bear witneſſe of her innocency; and withall clears the Baron of *Betanford*, vowing and proteſting by her part and hope of heaven, that he never attempted nor opened his mouth to make her the leaſt ſhadow of ſo unchaſt a motion.

Grand Pre weighing her words, and ſeeing her bitter and ſorrowfull tears, believes his Wife, and ſo frees both her ſelf and the Baron; prayes her to pardon him, and vows that he will love her dearer than before, and for ever forget & bury the memory thereof in perpetual oblivion and forgetfulneſs.

But his Wife *Mermanda*, notwithſtanding this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation of her Husband, is ſtill vexed in mind, as finding it eaſie to admit grief, but difficult to expell it: ſhe knows not what to do, nor of whom to take advice how ſhe ſhould bear her ſelf in this ſtreight and perplexity; for well ſhe knows, that if the Baron of *Betanford* ſhould come to viſit her Husband, as formerly he was accuſtomed to do, it would revive and confirm his jealouſie, although they were both as innocent as innocency it ſelf. Now ſhe reſolves to write the Baron a Letter to refrain her houſe: but then ſhee thinks it too much indiſcretion and preſumption to attempt it, or that the Letter might be intercepted, or her Husband have news thereof; but again, fearing his comming, and encouraged through her innocency, ſhe reſolves to write unto him: which ſhe doth to this effect.

IT is not with bluſhes, but tears, that I preſume to write unto you; for indeed it grieves me to publiſh my Husbands folly, which by duty I know I am bound to conceal; neither had I attempted it, but that grief and neceſſity throws me on this exigent: for ſo it is, that my unſpotted chaſtity is not capable to defend him from jealouſie, which makes me as much triumph in mine own loyalty, as I grieve at his ingratitude: and not content to wrong me, his folly, or rather his frenſie hath reflection on you, whom he takes to be both the object and cauſe thereof: but as your innocency can juſtly warrant and defend mine honour, and your honour my innocency from the leaſt ſhadow of that crime; ſo that we may both indeavour, rather to quench than enflame this his irregular paſſion; I moſt humbly beſeech you to refrain our houſe, and neither to viſit me, nor be familiar with him, and ſo peradventure, time may wear away from his thoughts, that which at preſent truth and reaſon cannot. Your reticent vertues and true generoſity aſſure me of this curteſie, the which I will repay with thanks, and requite with prayers, that your dayes may be as infinite as your perfections, and your fame as glorious as your merits.

MERMANDA.

The Baron receives this Letter, praiſeth *Mermanda*'s diſcretion, and laughs at *Grand Pre*'s folly, extolleth her innocency, and condemns his jealouſie: he will be careſull to preſerve a Ladies honor, eſpecially one ſo truly chaſt and honourable as *Mermanda*: he before had a purpoſe to ſee *Paris*, ſo now this occaſion doth both crown and confirm his reſolution; he makes ready his preparatives and baggage, and ſo takes Coach for that great City, which abounds with the greateſt part of the Nobility of the whole Kingdom; but before his departure, he returns *Mermanda* this Anſwer.

YOur vertues and my conſcience, make us as unworthy of your Husbands jealouſie, as he of ſo chaſt a Wife as Mermanda, *and ſo true a friend as* Betanford: *but as your affection to him hath ſtill ſhined in your loyalty, ſo it muſt now in your patience; ſith he in this baſe-paſſion of his ſeeking his own ſhame, will at laſt aſſuredly find out your glory. Had his folly revealed me ſo much as your diſcreet Letter, I would have exchanged my Pen to a Sword, and with the hazard of my life, and loſſe of my deareſt blood, made known as well to him as to the whole world, the truth, both of your chaſtity and honour, and of mine honour and innocency: in the mean time I will both imbrace and obey your requeſt, and will mannage it with ſuch obſervance to your Husband, ſuch reſpect to your vertues, and ſuch regard to mine own reputation, as I hope he ſhall reſt ſatisfied of your chaſtity towards himſelf, and of mine to you; otherwiſe I prize Ladies of your perfections at ſo high a rate, and ſet Cavaliers of his humour and inclination at ſo low an eſteem, that I well know how to anſwer his choler with contempt, and to requite your diſcretion both with admiration and praiſe.*

BETANFORD.

Mermanda very joyfully receives this Letter: but hers to the Baron produceth effects contrary to her hopes; for *Grand Pre* underſtanding of the Baron of *Betanford*'s ſudden departure for *Paris* (as jealouſie is full of eyes) he fears a Plot betwixt him and his Wife, and ſo confirms his former ſuſpition of her diſloyalty; he therefore converts his love into hatred towards her, and now (to ſhew the fruits and effects of his jealouſie) refuſeth her his Bed, than which, to a chaſte and vertuous Wife nothing can be more diſtaſteſull.

At this ingrateſull diſcourteſie, poor *Mermanda* tears her hair, ſigheth, weepeth, mourneth, and lamenteth in ſuch pittifull ſort, that it ſeems nothing in the world is capable to comfort her: but ſhe conceals her grief as ſecretly as ſhe may; only her pale cheeks and diſcontented looks, as the outward heralds of her inward affection, do ſilently diſcover and bewray it.

Her Husbands Father and Mother, *Grandmont*, and *de Carnye*, all this while know nothing of this diſcontent between *Grand Pre* and *Mermanda*; but their malicious and wretched Daughter *Hauteſelia* (whoſe malice never ſleeps) hath ſpies in every corner of her Fathers Houſe, who adverti ſe her thereof; whereat ſhe infinitely triumpheth and rejoyceth. But this joy of hers ſhall be but as a breath on ſteel, or as ſmoke before the wind.

Grand Pre this mean time boyles with inveterate rage, and his jealouſie carries him to ſuch extreams, as he vows to be revenged, firſt of *Betanford*, then of his Wife, to which effect he pretends buſines to *Chaalons* (as what will malice leave unpretended?) and taking a choice Horſe, a Page and two Lackeies with him, he paſſeth a contrary way, and comes firſt to *Troy*, then to *Brie-count Robert* (a dayes journey from *Paris*) where being very private in his Inne, he writes a Challenge, and taking aſide his Page, delivers it him, and commands him, at break of day to poaſt with all expedition for *Paris*; where being arrived, to go to the Crown of *France* in Saint *Honories* Street, and ſecretly to deliver it to the Baron of *Betanford*, to take his anſwer, and to return the ſame night.

The Page to obey his Maſters command, ſeems rather to flie, than poaſt; he fitly finds out the Baron, and very fairly delivers him the Letter, who breaking up the Seal, therein finds theſe words:

GRAND PRE, *to the Baron of* BETANFORD.

YOu need no other witneſſe than your ſelf to inform you in how high a nature you have wronged me, and herein your falſe glory hath made my true ſhame ſo apparent, as I had rather dye than live to digeſt it: for not to diſſemble you my malice, as you have done me your friendſhip, I can ſooner forget all other offences, than pardon this: therefore find it not ſtrange that I requeſt you to meet me on Thurſday *morning next, at five or ſix, either with your Sword or Rapier on Horſe-back, or a foot at* Carency, *half a league from* Brie-count Robert, *where the Bearer hereof ſhall expect you, to conduct you ſafely to a fair Medow, where without Seconds I will attend you. It is impoſſible for me to receive any other ſatisfaction; for to write you the truth, nothing but your life, or mine, is capable to decide this difference.*

GRAND PRE.

At the reading hereof, the Baron is ſo farre from the leaſt ſhew or apprehenſion of fear, as he is pleaſant and jocund; yea, he cauſeth *Grand Pre's* Page to dine with him, and after dinner, takes him aſide, and ſpeaks to him thus: *Tell thy Maſter, that I will not fail to meet him on Horſe-back without a Second, at the hour and place appointed.* The next morn he diſpeeds away a choice Horſe, which his Lackey leads, and about ten of the clock, only with his Chirurgion, and Page, takes Coach, and comes that night to *Carency*, where he lodgeth.

The next morning being Thurſday (the day appointed to fight) *Grand Pre*, pretending to go to the Church, ſends away his Page to *Carency*, to await and attend the Baron, and ſo only with his Chirurgion hies himſelf to the field; which he firſt entered, and immediately (before he had fully made four turns) in comes *Betanford*, whom *Grand Pre's* Page had met at *Carency*, and now conducted thither, having only his Chirurgion with him, and having left his Coach, Page, and Lackey, a furlong off, with command not to ſtirre, till they heard from him.

The Chirurgions (in ſtead of two Gentlemen for their Seconds) diſpoſe themſelves according to the Order and Ceremonies of Duels) to ſearch the Combatants for Coats of Male, or the like: but they might have eaſed themſelves of this labour and curioſity; for both the Gentlemen were too honourable, to have their valours tainted with this bate point of cowardize or treachery; yea, in meer contempt thereof, they both of purpoſe had left their Dublets behind them. And now begins a Combate, as memorable as bloudy, yea performed with ſuch valour, dexterity, and reſolution, that as theſe times infinitely admire it, ſo ſucceeding ages will very difficulty believe it.

They come into the Field with a ſoft trot, and each having his Enemy in front, and being neer ſix ſcore paces diſtant, they give ſpurres to their Horſes, and part like two flaſhes of lightning. At their firſt meeting, *Grand Pre* runs *Betanford* thorow the left ſhoulder, and *Betanford* onely wounds *Grand Pre* in the right cheek, cloſe under the eye; and being excellent Horſe-men, they turn ſhort, and ſo again fall to it with bravery and courage: in which incounter *Betanford* receives a wide wound upon the brawn of his right arm, and *Grand Pre* another thorow his left ſide, which undoubtedly had proved mortall, and ſo ended the Combat with his life, had not his Sword glanced on a rib, and ſo ran outwards; and now they both retire to take breath, reſolving to advance with more fury; they part again, *Betanford* runs *Grand Pre* thorow the neck, and he *Betanford* thorow the ſmall of the arm, where meeting with the ſinewes and arteries, it cauſeth the Sword to fall out of his hand, whereat he is extreamly perplexed and amazed.

Here perchance ſome baſe Fellow (who had never been trained up in the School of Honour, and therefore not deſerved the title of a Gentleman) would have wrought upon the misfortune of this accident, and deſired no better advantage to diſpatch his Adverſary: But *Grand Pre*, whoſe generoſity in this I commend, as much as I deteſt his jealouſie, doth highly diſdain to ſtain his honour and courage with this infamy, and ſo puts *Betanford* out of his apprehenſion and fear with theſe words; Baron, be couragious and chearfull, for I will rather dye, than diſgrace my ſelf ſo much, to fight with an unarmed man, and ſo commands his Chirurgion to deliver him his Sword again. *Betanford* is thankfull to him for this courteſie, and vows he will never forget it.

Now although their wounds do rather ingrain, than imbroder their Shirts with blood, yet their youth is ſo vigorous, their courage ſo inflamed, and their hearts ſo reſolute and magnanimous, as they neither can, nor yet will reſt ſatisfied: in a word, they mannage their Horſes bravely, and act wonders with their Swords; for by this time they having run four ſeverall Careres: *Betanford* hath received ſeven wounds, and given *Grand Pre* ten: but the loſſe of all this blood, (which now iſſued from their bodies rather by ſpowts than drops) is not capable to cool their courages: and ſo although with duſt, ſweat, blood, and wounds, they rather look like Furies than men, yet they will not refrain fighting.

And now their Chirurgions grieving and pittying to ſee them, as it were drowned in their blood, and well knowing that they had performed more than they thought poſſible for men, they both agree, and ſo running with their Hats in their hands, humbly pray them to deſiſt and reſt ſatisfied, by ſhewing them that their Swords and Courages had already acted wonders beyond belief, and that it was pitty that Parents, Prince, and Country, ſhould be deprived of ſuch reſolute and valorous Cavaliers, than whom, the world (upon ſo unfortunate an accident) hath ſeldome ſeen braver: but they ſpeak to the wind, and receive no other thanks, but this check from them both, that they are baſe Fellows, and know not what belongs to their function and duty; and ſo rating and commanding them away, they once more divide themſelves, and with freſh reſolution and courage, again ſet ſpurres to their Horſes; but this incounter proves more happy to *Betanford*, and more dangerous to *Grand Pre*: for as he makes a thruſt to *Betanford*, which miſt and paſt under his right arm, without doing any other harm than piercing and cutting thorow his Shirt, *Betanford* (with all the courage and dexterity he had) run *Grand Pre* thorow the belly into the reynes, with which unfortunate wound,

wound, as alſo with a falſe pace, his horſe then mad, he fell from the ſaddle to the ground ſpeechleſſe, ſprawling and ſtrugling, as if he were upon the point to take his laſt farewell of the world: but he was not ſo happy, for he ſhall be cured of his wounds, and hereafter dye a more mournfull and lamentable end.

Betanford ſeeing *Grand Pre* fall, doubted that his wounds were mortall, and ſo alights: whereat his Chirurgion with a loud voice, cryed out, *Diſpatch him, Diſpatch him*; but he calls him villain for his labour, when remembering the former courteſie he had received of *Grand Pre*, in regiving him his Sword, he like a true noble Gentleman vows now to requite it, and ſo throwing it and his hat away, he with out-ſpred arms ran to imbrace and aſſiſt him; yea, he prefers *Grand Pre*'s life before his own, and with all poſſible ſpeed commands his Chirurgion to bring and haſt thither his Coach, and to his beſt power doth aſſiſt *Grand Pre*, in ſetting him up, in ordering and binding up his wounds; his Coach being come, he cauſeth him to be laid in ſoftly, and ſo he in one Boot, and the two Chirurgions in the other, their Pages and Lackeyes attending them, they drive away to the very next Country-Houſe, where they huſh themſelves up privately, and here *Betanford* reſembling himſelf, conjureth both the Chirurgions to uſe their beſt art and chiefeſt skill upon *Grand Pre*, and before he would have his own wounds looked unto, he cauſeth his to be opened; they do it, and both concurre in opinion, that his laſt wound is mortall; he ſees them dreſſe him, and vows he will not forſake him in this extremity, but will be more careſull of him than of himſelf. Reciprocall and ſingular demonſtrations of courteſie and honour in theſe two Cavaliers, which will make their memories famous to Poſterity.

Betanford ſeeing *Grand Pre* committed to ſleep, cauſeth his own wounds to be ſpeedily ſearched and dreſſed, which are not found dangerous, and then takes order in the houſe, that *Grand Pre* be furniſhed with all things neceſſary, as Chamber, curious attendance, and the like; yea, he ordereth matters ſo, that all things might be done with great ſecreſie and ſilence, not permitting any of his own, or *Grand Pre*'s Servants to be ſeen forth the houſe, to the end that the news of theſe their accidents might not be bruted or vented.

About noon, *Grand Pre*'s ſpeech by little and little comes to him, and likewiſe his memory, when *Betanford* abſenting all from his Chamber, with his Hat in his hand, came to his bed-ſide, and having curteouſly ſaluted and comforted him, prayes and conjures him, as he is a Gentleman of Honour, to tell him why and wherefore he fought with him. Ah Baron (quoth *Grand Pre*) firſt ſwear to me on thin: Honour, thou wilt deliver me the truth of a queſtion I will demand of thee, and then I will ſhew thee. By my honour and fidelity, replies *Betanford*, and as I hope for Heaven, I will. Then Baron (quoth he) diddeſt thou never wrong me and mine Honour, in being too familiar with my Wife *Mermanda*? The Baron with many ſolemn proteſtations and religious oaths, clears both himſelf and *Mermanda*, and vows that his heart never thought it, much leſſe his tongue ever attempted it. Whereat *Grand Pre* very humbly intreats him to excuſe and pardon him, ſith he underſtood and beleeved the contrary, which was the only cauſe of his diſcontent and challenge: adding withall, that he will, till death, eſteem him as his moſt honourable friend, and as long as he lives, will affect and love his Wife dearer than ever he had before. It is as great a happineſſe to repair and reform errours, as a miſery to commit them.

The Baron of *Betanford* ſtayes very ſecretly ten dayes with *Grand Pre* at the Country-houſe, when ſeeing his wounds hopefully cured and recovered, they reſolve to depart. *Grand Pre* kindly thanks *Betanford* for his life, and all other courteſies he hath received of him, and he as courteouſly doth the like to *Grand Pre*, for giving him his Sword wherewith he preſerved his own, and ſo like honourable and intimate friends, they take leave each of other: the Baron taking horſe for *Paris*, and freely lending *Grand Pre* his Coach to return to *Auxone*. Thus we ſee courteſie alwayes returneth with intereſt.

Grand Pre at his comming home, kiſſeth and fawneth on his Wife *Mermanda*, acquaints her with the occaſion and event of the Combat, condemneth his own folly, and extolleth her chaſtity, prayes her to forgive him again this once for all, and vows, that there lives not a braver Noble man in the world than the Baron of *Betanford*: and to ſpeak truth, ſhe deſerves this ſubmiſſion and reconciliation, and he that praiſe.

At the knowledge hereof, I know not whether *Mermanda* (like a gracious and courteous Wife) do more grieve at her Husbands wounds, than rejoyce at his recovery and life: and now he repenting and deteſting his former errour, renews his love, affection, and friendſhip to her, the which he confirmeth and uniteth with a perpetuall and indiſſoluble Gordion knot: nevertheleſſe the variety of her afflictions, and the exceſſe of her grief and diſcontent, breeds her much weakneſſe and ſickneſſe, which withereth the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty.

But come we from *Mermanda*'s heavenly vertues to *Hautefelia*'s devilliſh vices, which cannot be paralleld or compared, except by *Antitheſis*: for as *Mermanda* repoſeth her ſelf under the ſhadow of her

her own innocency, and lives in perfect love and charity with the whole world, ſo her wretched Siſter-in-Law *Hautefelia*, ſeeing her hopes and purpoſes prevented, will not ſleep in her malice, but ſets her wits and revenge upon the Tenter-hooks, to find out another expedient, to be rid of *Mermanda*, who (in her wicked conceit) ſhe thought was Enemy to her content, and an eye-ſore to her ambition and greatneſſe.

We no ſooner flye from God, but the Devill follows us; and it proves alwayes a miſerable folly to be wiſe in wickedneſſe and ſin. *Hautefelia* is reſolute in her rage, and cannot or rather will not ſee heaven for hell, ſhe bethinks her ſelf of another invention to ſend *Mermanda* into another world, and ſo ſtrikes a bargain with *La Freſnay* an Apothecary for two hundred crowns to poyſon her, who like a limb of the Devill doth undertake and promiſe it, the which (Ah grief to think thereon) he in leſſe than two moneths performeth, and ſo this vertuous and harmleſſe young Gentlewoman is moſt unnaturally and treacherouſly bereaved of her life, and brought to a mournfull and lamentable end. Which inhumane murther, we ſhall ſee, God in his due time will miraculouſly detect, and ſeverely revenge and puniſh.

Her Husband *Grand Pre* exceedingly bewailes her death, as alſo her parents and friends; yea, ſo infinite were her vertues, and ſo ſweet her behaviour and carriage, as all that knew *Mermanda* lamented her deceaſe, yet no way ſuſpecting or knowing the violent and extraordinary cauſe thereof.

Now, whiles others mourn, *Hautefelia* exceedingly triumphs and rejoyces hereat: but this bloudy victory ſhall coſt her dear. In the mean time *Mermanda*'s ſingle death can neither quench her revenge, nor ſatisfie her ambition; for as ſhe liked not the Siſter, ſo ſhe (as before we have partly underſtood) never loved the Brother, her own Husband *de Malleray*; whom ſhe hath obſerved, very bitterly wept and grieved at his Siſter *Mermanda*'s death; ſhe therefore, reſolute to adde ſin to ſin, reſolves to caſt the apple of diſcord between *Grand Pre* her Brother, and *de Malleray* her Husband, knowing that if the firſt were ſlain, ſhe were ſole Heir to her Father; if the ſecond, ſhe would have a Noble Husband; a policy, whoſe invention is as diabolicall, as the execution thereof dangerous.

To which effect ſhe informs her Husband, that her Brother *Grand Pre* had killed his Wife *Mermanda* with his jealouſie, that he held her to be the Baron of *Betanford*'s ſtrumpet, with whom for the ſame cauſe he had fought at *Brie-count Robert*, and which was more, it was ſhrewdly ſuſpected he had poyſoned her, the which ſhe once thought for ever to have concealed, but that ſhe knew her Husband was, and ought to be neerer to her than her Brother. Good God, how far will the malice of this wretched Woman extend, or to what a monſtrous height will it grow?

De Malleray grieved to the heart for this heart-killing news, becauſe he ever loved his Siſter as dearly as his own life, without conſidering & weighing whether his Wives words were droſs or gold, believes her; and ſo reſolves very ſecretly to acquaint the Preſident his Father herewith, thereby thinking and preſuming that he would by Order of Law call *Grand Pre* in queſtion for the fact.

But old *Creſſonville* (having as well his head in eyes, as his eyes in his head:) ſeeing that this ſuſpition and accuſation had no firm grounds, that it was an intricate buſineſſe to find out, that it would breed a ſcandall to his Family, and eſpecially to his deceaſed Daughters reputation, ſith it is the nature of calumny to aim at the moſt vertuous perſons, as *Cantharides* do at the faireſt flowers; that it would take up the duſt of her tombe, and withall breed him an infinite number of potent and powerfull Enemies: Therefore grounding his judgement upon theſe reaſons, and his reſolutions upon this his judgment, he holds it beſt to ſmother it in ſilence, and ſo to brook his Daughters death as patiently as he may.

De Malleray ſeeing his Father ſo cold in this buſineſſe, began to be all in fire himſelf, vowing that he would maintain the honour, and revenge the death of his only Siſter *Mermanda*; and his Wife *Hautefelia*, with her impetuous and implacable malice, blows the coals, and ſets an edge to this his reſolution: when that very inſtant underſtanding his Brother *Grand Pre* was that Evening arrived at *Dijon*, he (conſulting with Nature, but not with Grace) by a Gentleman of his familiar acquaintance, ſends him this Challenge.

DE MALLERAY to GRAND PRE.

I Should degenerate both from my honour and bloud, if I were not ſenſible of thoſe wrongs and diſgraces you have offered your Wife and my Siſter; they are of that nature, that I know not whether her innocency deſerve more pity, or your jealouſie contempt and revenge: her death and your conſcience make me as juſtly challenge you, as you have unjuſtly done the Baron of Betanford: *Therefore to morrow at five of the clock after dinner, at the foot of* Talon-fort, *in the meadow ranked with Walnut-Trees, bring either a ſingle Rapier, or Rapier and Ponyard, and I will meet you without Seconds; the equity of my cauſe, and the unjuſtice of yours, make me confident in this hope, that as you loſt your blood neer* Brie-count Robert, *you ſhall now leave your life in the ſight of* Dijon; *Judge how earneſtly I deſire to try the temper of your heart and ſword, ſith already I not only count hours, by minutes.*

DE MALLERAY.

Grand

Grand Pre, though newly recovered of his late wounds accepts this Challenge, but not without extreme wonder to ſee *De Malleray* ſo paſſionate and reſolute; he makes choice of ſingle Rapier, and and ſo they meet, where, without any other ceremony they throw off their doublets, and gave them to their Chirurgions, whom they command to ſtay without the next hedge, and not ſtir from thence, till the death of the one proclame the other victor.

The Sun (that great and glorious Lamp of Heaven) ſwiftly poaſts away from our Horizon to the *Antipodes*, of purpoſe not to ſee, or be acceſſary to this bloody Tragedie, when our Champions unſheath their Swords, and diſpoſe themſelves to fight, both with judgment and reſolution; *De Malleray* comes up fairly, profers the firſt thruſt, and gives *Grand Pre* a wound in his left thigh, and in exchange receives another from him in the neck, which he aimed fully at the breſt, but that he bore it up with his Rapier. *Grand Pre* at the firſt gives back, but ſeeing *de Malleray* inſult and preſſe on him, he reſolutely advanceth, and runs him thorow the ſide: but the wound was ſo favourable, as though it cauſed much blood, yet it brought no danger. They make a ſtand and take breath, and ſo they very reſolutely to it again: *De Malleray* having hitherto the worſt, doth now reſolve to manage his buſines with leſſe violence and more judgment; when *Grand Pre* driving home to him, he wards bravely, and taking time at advantage, thruſts him in the left ſhoulder with a wide and deep wound, but himſelf is hurt in the left arm with a wound, which ran from his wriſt to him elbow.

By this time their ſhirts are deeply beſprinkled and gored with their blood; but this will not appeaſe their courages, they will try again; for they never think enough as long as they can ſtand, and this encounter proves as fortunate for *Grand Pre*, as fatall for *De Malleray*: for he receives a deep wound under his left pap, which carries his life and ſoul from this world to another; ſo as without ſpeaking one word, he falls dead to the ground.

Grand Pre ſeeing *De Malleray* dead, gives thanks to God for his victory, and ſo mounts on horſe-back, and with his Chirurgion poaſts towards *Dole*, a Parliament City of the free County, belonging to the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, leaving *De Malleray*'s Chirurgion, not to cure, but to bury his Maſter, or at leaſt to convey his dead body to *Dijon*, for Preſident *Creſſonville* his Father to perform that office.

Who is no ſooner advertiſed of his Sons death, but with tears he gives the Parliament to underſtand thereof, and craves juſtice for the Murther. The Parliament decrees a power to apprehend *Grand Pre*; but he is not deſirous to loſe his head on a Scaffold: for by this time he hath recovered *Dole*, where having ſtayed ſome three moneths, his parents and friends (by the favour of that generous and true-noble Gallant, *Mounſieur le Grand*, his Majeſties Lieutenant of the Province of *Burgundy*) procured and ſent him his Pardon.

But in this mean time come we to his Siſter *Hautefelia* (the diſgrace of her Sex, and the fire-brand of Hell) who no ſooner underſtood the death of her Husband, and the flight of her Brother, ſhe having hardly the patience to ſee him laid in his grave, and reſolving rather to break her neck with malice, than her heart with ſorrow, being ſure of her Dowry, packs up her Jewells, Plat, and chiefeſt Baggage, and ſo leaves *Dijon*, and goes home to her Father neer *Auxone*, where during the age of her Father and Mother, and the abſence of her Brother, ſhe moſt imperiouſly ſwayes and commands all.

But this her authority laſteth not long; for now home comes *Grand Pre* from *Dole*, at whoſe return ſhe finds matters altered, and her greatneſſe and power diminiſhed, and to her grief ſees that ſhe cannot ſo abſolutely domineer as before; and which was far worſe, her Brother in his abſence at *Dole*, having ſmelt and underſtood her malice and inveterate hatred, both to *Mermanda*, the Baron of *Betanford*, *De Malleray* her Husband, and likewiſe to himſelf (though nothing ſuſpecting or dreaming of her poyſoning humour) he is ſo farre from acknowledging or reſpecting her for his Siſter, as he will neither indure her company or ſight; which ſhe making no ſhew to perceive, but like a Fury of Hell, as ſhe is, diſſembling her malice and revenge, ſhe is ſtill conſtant, and perſeveres in her humor of blood and murther, and hath again recourſe to her execrable Apothecary *La Freſnay*, and to the Devill her Doctor likewiſe, to make away her Brother *Grand Pre* with poyſon, as he had already *Mermanda* his Wife, and gives him three hundred Crowns to effect it. This damnable Apothecary loving money well, and (as it ſeems) the Devil better, doth ingage himſelf ſpeedily to perform it, and wretched villain as he is, within two moneths he accompliſheth and finiſheth it: and ſo as *Mermanda* ran equall fortune with him in life, he doth the like with her in death; for one deadly Drug, one bloody Siſter, and one deviliſh Apothecary gives a miſerable and lamentable end to them both.

And now his blood-thirſty Siſter *Hautefelia* (the Author of theſe cruell Murthers and Tragedies) thinking her ſelf freed of all her Enemies, and of all thoſe who ſtood in the way of her advancement and preferment, ſhe (neither thinking either of her conſcience or ſoul, of heaven or hell) domineers far more than before; yea, builds Caſtles in the ayr, and flatters her ſelf with this falſe ambition, that ſhe now muſt be a Dutcheſſe, or at leaſt a Counteſſe; but ſhe reckons without God.

We have ſeen, nay we have here glutted our eyes with ſeverall Murthers, whereof we have beheld this wretched Gentlewoman *Hautefelia*, to be the horrible and cruell Author, and this execrable *La-*

Freſnay

Freſnay to be the bloudy Actor: theſe crimes of theirs, and the ſmoke of theſe their impious and diſpleaſing ſacrifices, have peirced the clouds, and aſcended the preſence of God, to ſue and draw down vengeance and confuſion on their heads; for although Murther be for a time concealed, yet the finger of God will in due time detect and diſcover it; for he will make inquiſion for blood, and will ſeverely and ſharply revenge the death of his children.

But Gods Providence and Juſtice in the diſcovery thereof, is as different as miraculous; for ſometimes he protracts and deferres it of purpoſe, either to mollifie or to harden our hearts, as ſeems beſt to his inſcrutable will, and divine pleaſure; or as may chiefly ſerve and tend to his glory: yea, ſometimes he makes the Murtherer himſelf as well an inſtrument to diſcover, as hee hath been an actor to commit murther; yea, and many times he puniſheth one ſin by and in another, and when the Murtherer ſits moſt ſecure, and thinks leaſt of it, then he heaps coals of fire on his head, and ſuddenly cuts him off with the revenging ſword of his fierce wrath and indignation.

And now that great and ſoveraign Judge of the world, who rides on the Winds in triumph, and hath Heaven for his Throne, and Earth for his Foot-ſtool, will no longer permit *Hauteſelia* and *La Freſnay* to go unpuniſhed for theſe their execrable Murthers: for the innocent and dead bodies of *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*, out of their Graves cry to him for revenge, which like an impetuous ſtorm, or a terrible thunder-clap, doth in this manner ſuddenly befall and overtake them.

Some ſix weeks after *Grand Pre*'s Funeralls were ſolemnized, whereat his Siſter *Hauteſelia* (the better to cloak her villany) wept bitterly, and was obſerved to be the chiefeſt Mourner, this helliſh Apothecary *La Freſnay*, having gotten his money ſo eaſily, thought to ſpend it as prodigally; and ſo on a time, being in his cups at a Tavern at *Dijon*, and his brains ſwelling and ſwimming with ſtrong Wine (as Drunkenneſſe is the Bawd and Uſher to other ſins) he ſtealing from the reſt of his company, committed a Rape upon one *Margaret Pivot*, a Girle of twelve years old, being the Vintners Daughter of the Tavern wherein he ſat tippling.

This young Girle, with millions of tears, throws her ſelf to the feet of her Parents, and accuſeth *La Freſnay* for the fact, who do the like to thoſe fatnous Senators of the Court of Parliament: ſo he is apprehended, and being examined, with many vehement and bitter aſſeverations denyeth it: he is adjudged to the Rack, and at the ſecond torment confeſſeth it, and ſo is condemned to bee hanged.

Two *Capuchin* Fryers prepare him for his end; they exhort him not to charge and burthen his ſoul with concealing any other crimes, adding, that if he reveal and repent them on earth, God will remit them in heaven: theſe exhortations of theirs produce good effects; for though he have formerly lived like a Devill, he will now dye like a Chriſtian; and ſo with many tears revealeth, that at the inſtigation of *Hauteſelia*, and for the lucre of five hundred Crowns (which at two ſeverall times ſhe gave him) he had poyſoned *Mermanda* and her Husband *Grand Pre*.

All the world is amazed, and the Parliament acquainted herewith, they alter their firſt Sentence, and ſo for his triple villanies condemn *La Freſnay* to be broken alive upon the Wheel, and there to languiſh and dye, without being ſtrangled; which in *Dijon* is accordingly executed to the full ſatisfaction of Juſtice.

A Provoſt likewiſe is forthwith diſpatched from *Dijon* to *Grandmont*'s Houſe, to apprehend his Daughter *Hauteſelia*, and God would have it that ſhe was ignorant of *La Freſnay*'s apprehenſion, and more, of his death. The Proveſt finds her dancing in her Fathers Garden, in company of many Gentlemen and Ladies; he ſets hands on her, and ſo exchangeth her mirth into mourning, and her ſongs into teares: ſhe is brought to *Dijon*, and examined by a Preſident, and two Counſellors of the Parliament. She impudently and boldly denies both Murthers; ſaith *La Freſnay* is her mortall and profeſſed Enemy, and therefore not to be believed. But the Devill, who hath ſo long bewitched and deluded her, either will not, or rather now cannot ſave her with this poor evaſion; ſhe is adjudged to the Rack, and at the firſt torment confeſſeth it.

The Criminall Judges of this great and illuſtrious Parliament, in deteſtation of theſe her execrable and bloody crimes of Murther, pronounce ſentence on her: ſo, after ſhe had repented her ſins, and prepared her ſelf to dye, her paps are ſeared, and torn off with red hot Pincers, then ſhe is hanged, her body burnt, and her aſhes thrown into the air.

Now to gather ſome profit by reading this Hiſtory, or indeed, rather by the memory of the Hiſtory it ſelf, let us obſerve, nay let us imprint in our hearts and ſouls how buſie the devill was by ambition, covetouſneſſe, malice, and revenge, to ſeduce and perſwade *Hauteſelia* and *La Freſnay* to commit theſe Murthers; and alſo how juſt God was in the detection and puniſhment thereof, that the fear of the one may terrifie us from imbracing and attempting the other; to the end, that as they lived in ſin, and dyed in ſhame; ſo we may live in righteouſneſſe, and dye in peace, thereby to live in eternall felicity and glory.

GODS

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY II.

Piſani *betrayeth* Gaſparino *of his Miſtriſſe* Chriſteneta. Gaſparino *challengeth* Piſani *for this diſgrace, and kills him in the Field: he after continueth his ſute to* Chriſteneta; *ſhe diſſembles her malice for* Piſani *his death; ſhe appoints* Gaſparino *to meet her in a Garden, and there cauſeth* Bianco *and* Brindoli *to murther him; they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

WHere affection hath reaſon for guide, and vertue for object, it is approved of Earth, and applauded of Heaven; but where it exceeds the bounds of Charity, and the liſts of Religion, Men pitty it, Angels lament it, and God himſelf contemns it; for if we are croſſed in our love, why ſhould diſcontent make us deſperate? or to what end ſhould we fly Reaſon to follow Rage, except we deſire to ride poaſt to Hell, and to end our dayes on a ſhameſull and infamous Scaffold here on earth? It is an excellent felicity to grow from Vertue to Vertue, and a fatall miſery to run from Vice to Vice; Love and Charity are alwayes the true marks of a Chriſtian, and Malice and Revenge, thoſe of an Infidell, or rather of a Devill; but to imbrue our hands in innocent blood, and to ſeek the death of others, is to deprive our ſelves of our own life, as the ſequell of this Hiſtory will declare, which I relate with pitty and compaſſion, ſith I ſee the Stage whereon theſe Tragedies are acted and repreſented, not only ſprinkled, but goared with great variety and effuſion of blood.

In *Pavia* (the ſecond City of the Dutchy of *Millan*) the very laſt year that *Count Fuentes* (under the King of *Spain*) was Vice-roy of that State, *Signior Thomaſo Vitari*, a noble Gentleman of that City, had one onely Child, a Daughter of the age of fifteen years, named *Dona Chriſteneta*, who

was

was exceeding fair and beautifull, and indued with many excellent qualities and perfections, requiſite in a Gentlewoman of her rank: ſhe was ſought in marriage by many Gallants of the City; but a Cavalier of *Cremona* muſt bear her a way, or at leaſt her affection: The Hiſtory is thus.

Signieur Emanuel Gaſparino, a noble young Gentleman of *Cremona*, hearing of *Vituri* his wealth, and of his Daughter *Chriſteneta*'s Beauty and Vertues (the Adamants and Load-ſtones to draw mens affections) reſolveth with himſelf to ſeek her for his Wife: he acquaints none herewith, but an intimate dear freind of his, a young Gentleman of the ſame City, named *Signior Ludovicus Piſani*, by deſcent a *Venetian*, whom he prayes to aſſiſt and accompany him to *Pavia*, in ſeeking and courting the fair *Chriſteneta* his Miſtreſſe. *Piſani* terms himſelf much honoured and obliged to *Gaſparino*, and very willingly grants his requeſt; and ſo they prepare for their journey.

They come to *Pavia*: *Vituri* bids *Gaſparino* welcome, and entertains him reſpectfully and courteouſly, as alſo *Piſani*; he thanks *Gaſparino* for the honour he doth him in ſeeking his Daughter, and like a carefull Father takes time to conſult hereon: but for *Chriſteneta*, ſhe looks not ſo pleaſing nor pleaſantly on him as he expecteth. He is deeply in love both with her beauty and other perfections, but he finds her cold in her diſcourſe and anſwers, and very melancholy and penſive: he courts her often (and after the *Italian* faſhion, with variety of Muſick, Ditties, and Ayrs) but ſtill he finds her averſe, and contrary to his deſires, as if her thoughts were otherwiſe fixed. *Gaſparino* knows not how to win her affection, nor how to bear himſelf herein; he conſuls with *Piſani*, and prayes him to conferre with *Chriſteneta*, and to ſound her affection: But it proves often dangerous, ſtill indiſcretion, to truſt a Friend in this caſe.

Piſani promiſeth to perform the Office of a Friend, and to conferre effectually with *Chriſteneta*; he ſeeks opportunity and place, and finds both; he ſets out to her *Gaſparino*'s merits, and paints forth his praiſes, and in a word, leaves nothing untouched, which he thinks may any way advance his Friends content and affection: but he finds *Chriſteneta*'s mind perplexed and troubled; for ſhe often changeth colours, now red, then pale, and then pale, now red again; yet he obſerves that her eyes are ſtill ſtedfaſtly fixed on him; he prayes her that ſhe will return a pleaſing anſwer for him to carry to his friend, and her Lover *Gaſparino*.

Chriſteneta would willingly ſpeak, but cannot, for her heart and paps beat and pant, and her ſighs very confuſedly interrupt her words; but at laſt, dying her Lilly cheeks with a Vermillion bluſh, ſhe tells him that ſhe is not ignorant of *Gaſparino*'s merits, who deſerves farre her better, but that ſhe cannot conſent to love him, in reſpect ſhe hath fixed, but not ingaged her affection on another. *Piſani* ſtill extolleth his Friend *Gaſparino* to the ſky, and for all honourable parts preferres him before any Gentleman of *Lombardy*; and withall, with much induſtry and inſinuation, endeavours to requeſt and draw *Chriſteneta* to name him her Servant, which ſhe once thought to have done, had not Modeſty (the ſweeteſt and moſt precious ornament of a Virgin) for that time withheld her, when after two or three deep ſighs (the outward Heralds of her inward paſſions) ſhe told him thus.

Piſani, It is a dear and neer friend of yours, who is the firſt that I have, and the laſt that I will affect; but I will not at preſent name him, only if you pleaſe to meet me ſecretly to morrow, at eight of the clock in the morn, in the Nunnes Garden at Saint *Clare*, I will there inform you who it is; but in the mean time, and ever, forbear to ſollicit me any more for *Gaſparino*, ſith he ſhall not be my Servant, nor will I be his miſtreſſe: and ſo for that time they part, and he confidently promiſeth to meet her.

Gaſparino demands *Piſani* how he finds his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*; He anſwers faithfully according as ſhe told him; but conceals their appointed meeting in the Nunnes Garden: and now becauſe he ſeeth it labour loſt to reſearch *Chriſteneta*, he will not be obſtinate in his ſute, but will give a Law to his paſſions and affections, rather than they ſhall preſcribe any to him, and ſo reſolves to take leave of her, becauſe as well by her ſelf, as by her Father and Mother, and now chiefly by *Piſani*, he ſees ſhe is otherwiſe bent and affected, to which end he leaves *Pavia*, and returns to *Cremona*. Leave we therefore *Gaſparino* to his thoughts, and come we to thoſe of *Piſani* and *Chriſteneta*, to ſee what their Garden conference will bring forth.

Piſani cannot imagine what Friend of his it ſhould be that *Chriſteneta* loveth, but ſhe knows enough for them both; and it may be, too much for her ſelf: ſhe knows it at leaſt an immodeſt, if not a bold part for her to court *Piſani*, who ought rather to court her: but ſhe thinks it both wiſdom and duty to give way to that which ſhe cannot avoid and prevent, and ſo preferres the zeal of her affection before the reſpect of her modeſty, but that which makes her ſo reſolute in the execution of this her amorous attempt is, to ſee that *Gaſparino* hath found *Piſani* to ſolicite for him to her, and ſhe can find none but her ſelf to ſolicit for her ſelf to *Piſani*: therefore bold in this her reſolution, ſhe bears ſo deep and ſo dear an affection to *Piſani*, that ſhe thinks every moment an hour, and every hour an age, before ſhe ſee *Piſani*, that one perſon of the World, whom ſhe loves more

dear than all the world. Thus wiſhing night day, her Houſe the Nunnery, and her Chamber the Garden; ſhe with much impatient patience awaits the hour of eight, which ſhe knows will bring her her joy or her torment, her felicity or her miſery, her life or her death.

The clock ſtrikes eight; *Chriſteneta* takes her Prayer-Book, and her Waiting-Maid, and ſo trips away to the Nunnery; but ſhe doth now diſpenſe with her devotion, to give content to her eyes, or rather to her heart, in ſeeing and injoying the deſired company of *Piſani*, whom ſhe eſteems the life of her content, and the content of her life, and ſo forſakes the Church, to go to the Garden: *Piſani*, who never failed of his hour and promiſe to men, doth now diſdain to miſſe thereof to a Lady: for *Chriſteneta* hath ſcarce made three paces in the Walks of the Garden, but ere the fourth be finiſhed, ſhe ſees *Piſani* enter; ſhe bluſhes at his ſight, and he grows pale at her bluſhes; he finds her in a Bower of Sycamors, Cypreſſes, and Vines, decked within with Roſes, Lillyes, and Gilly-flowers, he gives her the good-morrow and the ſalute, the which, with a modeſt and ſweet courteſie, ſhe receives and returns; he tells her he is come to perform his promiſe, and if it pleaſe her, to receive hers. She would fain anſwer him, but her cheeks give bluſhes, where her tongue ſhould words; but at laſt, darting a ſweet look on him (which was the Embaſſadour and Herald of her heart) ſhe diſcovereth her ſelf to him thus.

The perſon (*Piſani*) no whom I have fixed and ſettled my affection, doth exceedingly reſemble you, is of your own blood, & of your neareſt and deareſt acquaintance. *Piſani* preſſeth her to know his name; when after many glances, ſighs, and bluſhes, ſhe tells him, his name is *Piſani*, and himſelf the man, prayes him to pardon her boldneſſe, and to give an honourable interpretation and conſtruction to her affection, adding withall, that when ſhe firſt ſaw him, ſhe loved him; and now prayes him to be pleaſed, that *Chriſteneta* may be a Solicitor for her ſelf to *Piſani*, and not *Piſani* to *Chriſteneta* for *Gaſparino*; yea, ſhe confirms her words with many ſighs, and again her ſights with many tears, which trickle down her beautiful cheeks, like pearled drops of dew upon bluſhing damask roſes.

Piſani wonders at this unexpected news, and knows not how to bear himſelf in a buſineſſe of this nature; he ſees that her beauty deſerves love, and her deſcent and vertues reſpect: but withall, he is not ſo diſhonourable to betray his Friend. He wonders at her affection, and is not ignorant that ſhe deſerves a more noble Husband than himſelf; but ſeeing her languiſh for an anſwer, he returns her this: *Although I acknowledge my ſelf infinitely bound to you for that affection of yours, wherewith you pleaſe to honour me, yet as honour is to be preferred before affection, ſo* Chriſteneta *muſt excuſe* Piſani, *ſith he cannot be a Servant to her, but he muſt be a Traitor to* Gaſparino; *and that reſpect excepted, in requitall of your favour, I will eſteem my ſelf happy if I may loſe my life for your ſervice.*

Yet he is not ſo unkind, but gives her a kiſſe or two at farewell, which as much delights *Chriſteneta*, as his refuſall doth afflict her: ſo they part. The reſt, time muſt bring forth.

Now although *Gaſparino* have left *Pavia*, yet he cannot forſake his affection to *Chriſteneta*, but cherriſheth her memory, & in heart adoreth her Idæa; yea he loves her deeply & dearly, and indeed her perfections & beauty deſerve love: but ſuch is *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani*, as ſhe can take no truce of her thoughts, but deſpight of diſcretion and modeſty (which perſwade and counſell her to the contrary) ſhe within ten dayes after purpoſely ſends a confident Meſſenger to him, to *Cremona*, with this Letter.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

FInd it not ſtrange, that I ſecond my laſt ſpeech with this my firſt Letter, and think, that were not my affection intire and conſtant, I ſhould not thus attempt to reveal it to you in lines, which bluſh not, as my cheeks do, when I write them. I ſhould offer too palpable violence and injury to the truth, if I tell you not that it is impoſſible for Chriſteneta *to love any but* Piſani, *whom I no ſooner ſaw, but deeply admired and dearly affected. Now ſith my zeal to you is begun in vertue, and ſhall be continued in honour, it makes me flatter my ſelf with hope, that you will not enforce me to deſpair: for if I am not ſo happy to be yours, I muſt be ſo unfortunate never to be mine own. Judge what your abſence is to me, ſith your preſence is my chief felicity: which makes me both deſire and wiſh, that you were either in* Pavia *or I in* Cremona. *I can preſcribe and give bounds to my Letter, though not to my affection. Hate not her, who loves you dearly, otherwiſe, whatſoever you think, I know, your unkindneſſe to me will be meer cruelty.*

CHRISTENETA.

Piſani receiveth this Letter; he wonders at her affection, and now conſults betwixt *Chriſteneta's* love to him, and his reſpect to *Gaſparino*; he at firſt holds it in civility not to anſwer her Letter, and yet is very unwilling, in doing her right to wrong his Friend: but at laſt peruſing her Letter again, he finds it ſo kind, as he deems it not onely ingratitude, but a degree of inhumanity for him not to return her an anſwer, and therefore taking Pen and Paper, he writes to her thus.

PISANI.

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

YOu diſcover me as much affection as I ſhould treachery to my friend, either to accept or requite it; and were it not for that conſideration, which muſt tend as well to mine own honour, as to your content, I would not ſtick to ſay, that Piſani *loves* Chriſteneta, *becauſe ſhe deſerves to be beloved; only give me leave to inform you, that as you are too fair to be refuſed, ſo I am too honeſt to betray my friend, eſpecially ſuch a one who is as confident of my fidelity, as I aſſured of his. Could time reconcile theſe difficulties with my reputation, my heart would inſtantly command my pen to ſignifie you, that I deſire to give you hope, and take away your deſpair; and withall, that* Pavia, *is more pleaſing to me than* Cremona, *ſith* Chriſteneta *lives in it, and* Piſani *in her. I was never heretofore cruell to any, neither do I reſolve to be unkind to you: for how can I, ſith I as truely vow to honour you, as you profeſſe to love me? live you in this aſſurance, and I will dye in the ſame.*

PISANI.

Time with a ſwift foot vaniſheth and paſſeth away, but *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani* cannot; ſhe in his Letter perceives a glimmering light of hope break forth thorow the obſcure clouds of her deſpair; but fear doth as ſoon eclipſe and ſtrangle, as propagate and produce it; onely, deſpight all apprehenſion and oppoſition, her thoughts do ſtill gaze and look on *Piſani*, as the needle of the compaſſe doth to the North; ſo as ſhe can reſt in no true tranquillity of mind, before ſhe writs to him again; the which, ſome fifteen dayes after, ſhe doth to this effect.

CHRISTENETA to PISANI.

I May paſſe the bounds of diſcretion, but will not exceed thoſe of honour; I have ever learn'd to retain this Maxim, that affection which receives end had never beginning: If then I live, I muſt breath the air of your love, as well as this of my life, ſith it is the prime and ſole cauſe thereof, as the Sun is of the light. Your Letter I find ſo full of doubts and ambiguities, as I know not wherefore to hope, or why not to deſpair; could you dive as deeply into my heart, as I have into your merits, if nature do not, pitty would inform you, that you ought to preferre the love of a Lady before the reſpect of a Gentleman, eſpecially ſith he may carry his heart from you, and I deſire to bring and preſent mine to you: and how can your abſence either rejoyce or comfort me, ſith your preſence will not? Think what you pleaſe, either of me, or of your ſelf; only give me leave to tell you, that I find doubt a ſtep and degree to deſpair, as deſpair is to death: I write rather with tears than Inke. If you will not live my Saint, I muſt dye your Martyr.

CHRISTENETA.

At the receipt of this ſecond Letter (which was ſo ſweetly pleaſing, and pleaſingly ſweet to his thoughts) he found the Bulwarks and defences of his reſpect to *Gaſparino* razed and beaten down, and a fair breach made and laid open for *Chriſteneta* to enter and take poſſeſſion of the Caſtle of his heart: ſo now at one inſtant he performs two ſeverall attempts; for the farther he flies from his friend *Gaſparino*, the nearer he approacheth to his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*; and therefore now wholly imparadiſing his thoughts in the Garden of her pure beauty, and taking the chiefeſt light of his content and felicity from the relucent luſtre of her eyes, he thinks it high time, no longer to bear out his Flag of Defiance, but to ſtrike ſail, and do homage to the ſoveraign of his thoughts, the which he doth in this Letter, that he purpoſely ſends her in anſwer of hers by his Page.

PISANI to CHRISTENETA.

YOur vertue and beauty is enough powerfull to prevail with me; but your affection, which adds grace to either, and either to it, makes me forget my reſpect to Gaſparino, *to remember my love to* Chriſteneta; *but that which gives life to this my reſolution, is, that it is impoſſible for him to hate me as much as you love me; and in this hope I both rejoyce and triumph, that you ſhall not be my Martyr, but my Miſtris, and I will be both your Saint and your Servant: for as you deſire to live in my favour, ſo my chiefeſt ambition and zeal is to dye in your affection: that which heaven makes me affirm, earth ſhall not enforce me deny. I will ſhortly follow, and ſecond this my Letter; till when, you can never ſo much lament my abſence, as I deſire your preſence, yet this be your true conſolation, ſith it is my ſole delight and chiefeſt felicity.*

PISANI.

If *Piſani* his firſt Letter overthrew *Chriſteneta's* deſpair, this his ſecond revives and confirms her

hopes; ſo that whereas heretofore ſhe condemned her preſumption in writing to *Piſani*, ſhe now not only applauds her reſolution therein, but alſo bleſſeth the hour that ſhe attempted it; yea, ſhe buildeth ſuch Caſtles of delight and content in her heart, and her heart in her ſoul, to think that ſhe ſhould be his Wife, and he her Husband, that ſhe anticipateth the hours, and blames the dayes for not preſenting her with the ſight and preſence of her ſweet *Piſani*, whom, above all earthly contents, ſhe chiefly deſireth.

Now if *Chriſteneta* were thus perplexed with the abſence of her *Piſani*, no leſſe is he with that of his *Chriſteneta*: for remembring the freſhneſſe of her youth, and the ſweetneſſe of her beauty, he in conceipt hateth *Cremona*, which before he loved, and now loveth *Pavia*, which before he hated: it is as great a grief to him to be with his other affairs without her, as it would rejoyce him to be with her without them; yea, ſhe runs ſo deeply in his thoughts, and they on her beauty, as (if it were not immodeſty) he either wiſheth himſelf impaled in her arms, or ſhe incloyſtered in his. And now to perform as much as his Letter hath promiſed, he, without thinking or reſpecting of his old friend *Gaſparino*, prepares all things ready to go ſee his new Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*.

He comes to *Pavia*, accompanied with three or four of his neereſt and deareſt friends, viſiteth *Chriſteneta*, whom he ſaluteth and courteth with all kind, honourable and amorous complements. She is joyfull, yea raviſhed with his arrivall; he doth aſſure her of his perpetuall affection, and reciprocally himſelf of hers; yea, ſhe ſo infinitely delights in his preſence, and he ſo extremely in hers, that ſhe now freely gives her ſelf to *Piſani*, and he in exchange, as abſolutely takes himſelf from *Gaſparino*, to give himſelf to *Chriſteneta*; ſo as ſhe rejoycing in her purchaſe, and he triumphing in his victory, they attend the time, wherein heaven and earth hath ordained of two bodies to make them one.

But it is not enough for *Piſani* to be poſſeſſed of *Chriſteneta*'s favour; for he muſt likewiſe obtain that of her parents, before either he can enjoy his wiſhes, or ſhe her deſires, and ſo he goes honourably and ſecretly to work with them: but he finds them not ſo tractable as *Chriſteneta* hoped, or himſelf deſired; for old *Vituri* her Father preferring wealth before honour, and riches before vertues, diſlikes this motion, alleging that *Piſani*'s Father dyed exceedingly in debt; that his chiefeſt Lands were ingaged and morgaged; that he had many great Legacies to pay to his Siſters; but which was worſt of all, that *Piſani* himſelf loved the Court better than the Country, and that in his expences and apparell he was extremely prodigall, and frugall in neither; which conſiderations ſo ſwayed the judgement and opinion of *Vituri*, that knowing he might every day provide and procure a better Match for his Daughter, he gives *Piſani* to underſtand, that as yet he hath no intent to marry his Daughter, alleging her few years, and the like triviall reaſons and excuſes, whereby *Piſani* might plainly perceive, that he had no intent to give him his Daughter.

This refuſall of *Vituri* doth wonderfully grieve *Piſani*, and afflict *Chriſteneta*, ſo as they ſee their hopes nipt in their bloſſoms, and their deſires not in the way to reap ſuch effects as they expected. *Piſani* diſtruſting his own power, ſets his Parents and chiefeſt Friends to draw *Vituri* to hearken unto reaſon: but his age cannot be deceived in that, which his judgment, and not his paſſion, ſuggeſteth him: they have diverſe conferences, but every day, inſtead of bringing hopes, produceth more difficulties and deſpair; and now that *Piſani* may ſee that his ſute and reſearch is diſpleaſing to *Vituri*, he looks not on him with ſo courteous an eye as accuſtomed; and which is worſe, *Chriſteneta* is forbidden his company, and he her Fathers Houſe.

This goes to the hearts of our two Lovers, but they brook it as patiently as they may, and hope that time will give end to theſe their diſcontents and afflictions. In the mean while, as fire ſuppreſſed doth often flame forth with more violence, ſo ſith they cannot perſonally viſit one the other, they entertain their affections by their Letters, who are ſo many in number, as I hold it fit rather to ſuppreſſe than divulge them. Thus whiles *Piſani* comforts himſelf, that there are no roſes without prickles, and that hopes long expected are beſt welcome, but chiefly relying upon the affection and conſtancy of his Miſtriſſe; he will not ſtain his valour with this point of Cowardize, to be put off with the firſt repulſe of *Vituri*, but reſolveth to continue as conſtant in his affection, as he doth in his refuſall; and ſo after he had ſtayed a moneth or two in *Cremona*, he bethinks himſelf of an invention whereby it is not impoſſible for him to obtain his Miſtreſſe of her Father.

Piſani being inriched with the treaſure of *Chriſteneta*'s favour and affection, writes to her, that if ſhe can obtain her Mothers conſent, ſhe peradventure may eaſily procure that of her Husband; who hearkening and reliſhing this advice with much zeal, puts it a foot; and as in few dayes ſhe gained her Mother, ſo a moneth was not fully paſt, before ſhe had likewiſe drawn her Husband to approve and conſent to this Match. So now our Lovers are again revived, and comforted; for the rubs being taken away, the difficulties removed, and the Parents of both ſides fully ſatisfied, all things now ſeem in ſo fair a forwardneſſe and preparation, as if our two Lovers were ſhortly to injoy each other in marriage, or to injoy the fruits of marriage, which ſo earneſtly and infinitely both affected and deſired.

To which end, that their Nuptialls might bee ſolemnized with the greater pomp and glory, they provide themſelves of variety of rich and ſumptuous Apparell, the day is appointed, and all the Nobility of *Pavia* and *Cremona* (as well their Kinsfolks as others) are invited to the Wedding: But their Parents ſhall come ſhort of their Deſigns, and theſe our two Lovers of their hopes; for this Marriage being not begun in Heaven, ſhall never be finiſhed nor conſummated in earth.

We have here ſo much ſpoken of *Piſani*, that it ſeems we have quite forgotten *Gaſparino*, as if he had no farther part to act in this Hiſtory; but he is not ſo fortunate: for this proceeding of *Piſani* to *Chriſteneta* is not ſo ſecretly managed, but he hath news thereof, who knowing there can be no greater Treaſon, after that of a Subject to his Soveraign, than for a Friend to betray his Friend, he grieves, and is extremely incenſed at *Piſani*, to ſee he hath betrayed him of his Miſtreſſe; the which he takes ſo bitterly and paſſionately, that he vows he will make him repent it. Jealouſie and Revenge are alwayes bad Counſellors, and therefore can never prove good Judges: But ſuch is his love to *Chriſteneta*, and ſo deeply is her beauty imprinted and engraven in his heart, as ſhutting his judgement to Charity, and opening it to Revenge, he is reſolved, at what price ſoever, to call *Piſani* to a ſtrict account for this affront and diſgrace, and is reſolved rather to dye, than live to ſee himſelf thus abuſed, by one whom God and Nature hath made his inferiour. Were wee as apt to doe good as evill, wee ſhould be Angells, not Men; but reſembling our ſelves (or rather harkening too much to the Prince of Darkneſſe) wee flye reaſon to follow rage, and many times procure our own deſtruction, in ſeeking that of others.

Gaſparino having thus his eyes and ſences o're-clouded and veiled with the miſt of Revenge, is tranſported with ſuch bloody paſſions and reſolutions, as he is ſometimes reſolved to piſtoll *Piſani*, either in the Street, or in his Bed, and other times to hire two or three Ruffians to murther him the next time he rides into the Countrey: but at laſt caſting his eyes from Hell to Heaven, and from Satan to God, he trampleth thoſe execrable reſolutions under his feet, and baniſheth them from his heart and thoughts, eſteeming them as unworthy of him, as he were of the World, if he ſhould commit them; and ſo for that time enters into a reſolution with himſelf, no more to think on *Chriſteneta*, and leſſe to be revenged of *Piſani*, for betraying her from him.

Had *Gaſparino* continued in this peaceable and Chriſtian-like mind, he had not expoſed himſelf to ſo many dangers and miſ-fortunes, nor given himſelf as a prey to feed the malice and revenge of his bloody Enemies: but now underſtanding that all *Cremona* and *Pavia* prated and laughed at his diſgrace, in ſeeing him thus baffled and abuſed by *Piſani*, he thinks that not only himſelf, but his honour is diſparaged, and wronged herein, and that he ſhall be extremely condemned of Cowardize, if in a Duell he call not *Piſani* to right him, and give him ſatisfaction: yea, the only conſideration of this point of honour (which many times is bought and ſold at ſo dear a price, as the perill and loſſe both of body and ſoul) did ſo violently perſwade and prevail with him, that as revenge admits of no oppoſition, nor hearkens to any advice, ſo enquiring for *Piſani*, and underſtanding him to be in *Pavia*, he the more incouraged and inflamed hereat, taking with him a reſolute and confident Gentleman, and one onely Lackey, ſets Spurres to his Horſe, and ſo hyes thither, reſolving with himſelf to gain his honour in the ſame City, where he had received his diſgrace.

Being arrived at *Pavia*, he is aſſured that *Piſani* is in the City, and inquiring more curiouſly after him, he underſtands, that, that very inſtant he is with his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*, which ſo galled his thoughts, and inflamed his heart, as he was once reſolved that very inſtant to ſend him a Challenge, and the ſooner, becauſe *Chriſteneta* might be an eye-witneſſe of the delivery thereof: but to ſpeak truth, Paſſion could not find a better oportunity, nor Judgment a worſe, for him to draw his malicious contemplation into bloody and impious action; and therefore reſpecting *Chriſteneta*, although ſhe had refuſed to reſpect him, and fearing if ſhe had the leaſt notice or inkling thereof, ſhe loved her *Piſani* ſo dearly, as ſhe would hinder and prevent him from running into ſo imminent a danger, he all that day hush'd himſelf up privately in his Inne, deferring the ſending thereof till the morning, when delivering it to his Couſin *Sebaſtiano* (the Gentleman that came with him from *Cremona*) he prayes him inſtantly to find out *Piſani*, and to deliver it to him as ſecretly and as fairly as he could.

Sebaſtiano being no novice in theſe occaſions and accidents, repairs to *Piſani* his Lodging, and finds him as he was iſſuing forth his Chamber, whom he ſalutes, and delivers *Gaſparino's* Challenge faſt ſealed. *Piſani* with a conſtant carriage, and firm countenance, receives it, and breaking off the Seals, ſteps aſide and reads theſe Lines.

GASPARINO to PISANI.

YOu have given the firſt breach to our friendſhip: for ſith you have treacherouſly bereaved me of my Miſtris, you muſt now both in honour and juſtice, either take my life, or yeeld me yours in requitall. If you conſider your own ingratitude, you cannot tax, much leſſe condemn this my reſolution: the Place, the Weſt end of the Park; the hour, four or five after Dinner; the manner, on foot, with Seconds; the Weapon, if you pleaſe, two ſingle Rapiers, whereof bring you one, and I the other, and I will be content to take the refuſal, to give you the choyce. If your courage anſwer your infidelity, you will not refuſe to meet me.

GASPARINO.

Piſani having received and peruſed this Challenge (like an Italianated Gallant, preferring his honour before his life) very cheerfully, without any motion or ſhew of alteration, either in his ſpeeches or countenance, turns to *Sebaſtiano*, and ſpeaks to him thus, Sir, I pray tell *Gaſparino* from me, that my ſelf and Second will with Single Rapiers meet him and his, at the hour and place appointed.

Sebaſtiano returns: and *Piſani* having accepted the Challenge, bears it ſo ſecretly, as *Chriſteneta* (the other half of his heart) underſtands not hereof; he finds out his dear and intimate friend *Sfondrato*, a valiant young Gentleman, iſſued of a very noble Family of *Millan*, who accompanied him from *Cremona*, to whom he relates the whole effect of this buſineſſe, ſhewing him *Gaſparino*'s Challenge, and requeſting him to honour him ſo much as to ſecond him in this quarrell. *Sfondrato* very cheerfully and freely offereth, and engageth himſelf; and ſo about noon *Sebaſtiano* and himſelf, like honourable friendly enemies, meet to provide and match the Rapiers; but bear it ſo ſecretly and diſcreetly, as none whatſoever could once perceive their intents, or gather their reſolutions. The hour approaching, they all take Horſe, and that day *Piſani*, becauſe he would be no way prevented and hindred, doth purpoſely refrain to viſit his Miſtriſſe *Chriſteneta*. They poaſt to the Park as to a Wedding, being the place of Rendezvous of their meeting (ſo famous for the Defeat of the *French*, and taking Priſoner of their King *Francis* the Second, by the Forces of the Emperor *Charls* the Fifth.)

Gaſparino and *Sebaſtiano* are firſt in the Field; but *Piſani* and *Sfondrato* are not long after; ſo they all tye up their Horſes to the hedge, pull off their Spurres, and cut away the timber-heels of their Boots, that they might not trip, but ſtand firm in their play: But ere they begin, the Seconds ſearch the Principalls, and they the Seconds, ſo they throw off their Dublets, and appear all in their ſhirts, not as if they feared death, but rather as if they were reſolved to make death fear them.

By this time *Gaſparino* and *Piſani* draw; they make their approaches, and at the firſt incounter *Piſani* is hurt in the out-ſide of the left arm, and *Gaſparino* in the right flank, the blood whereof appeared not, but fell into his hoſe; they again ſeparate themſelves, and now try their fortunes a freſh; here *Piſani* receives two wounds, the one glancing on his ribs, the other in the brawn of his right arm, and *Gaſparino* one deep one in his left ſhoulder; but theſe ſlight hurts they only eſteem as ſcarres, not as wounds, and therefore ſeeing their ſhirts but ſprinkled, not dyed with their bloods, they couragiouſly come on again; but this bout proves favourable to them both, for *Gaſparino* wards *Piſani*'s thruſts from him, and only runs *Piſani* thorow the hoſe, without doing him any other harm: and ſo they cloſe, which *Piſani* doth purpoſely to exchange ground, thereby to have the Sun in his back, which was before in his eyes, and now they conclude to take breath.

Their Seconds withdraw not from their ſtations, neither can they yet imagine to whoſe ſide fortune will incline, they being well-near as equall in wounds as courage; and now *Piſani* and *Gaſparino* dreſſing their Rapiers, and wiping off the blood from them, begin again to make tryall on whom Victory is reſolved to ſmile, but they alter the manner of the Fight; for now *Gaſparino* fights with judgment, and not with fury, and *Piſani* with fury, and not with judgment, whereas heretofore they both did the contrary. They traverſe their grounds, *Piſani* is ſo violent, as he hath almoſt put himſelf out of breath; but *Gaſparino* is ſo wary and cautelous, as he contents himſelf to break his thruſts, and reſolves not to make any but to the purpoſe, and upon manifeſt advantage; the iſſue anſwereth his hopes and expectation: for at the very next incounter, as *Piſani* runs *Gaſparino* in the neck, he runs *Piſani* thorow the body, a little below the left pap; and his Sword meeting with *Cava Vena* (which leads directly to the heart) makes a perpetuall divorce betwixt his body and his ſoul, and ſo he falls ſtark dead to the ground. *Gaſparino* knowing him diſpatched, ſheaths up his Rapier; But *Sfondrato* and his Chirurgion run to his aſſiſtance; but the affection of the one, and the art of the other were in vain; for *Piſani* his life had forſaken his body, and his ſoul was already fled from this world to another.

Whilſt *Sfondrato* and the Chirurgion were ſtretching out the dead body of *Piſani*, and covering it

up

up with their Cloak; *Sebaſtiano* runs to *Gaſparino* and congratulates with him for his victory, extolling his valour to the sky; But *Gaſparino* tells him, that theſe praiſes appertain not to him, but to a higher providence, and withall prayes him to be carefull, and to mannage his life both with courage and diſcretion; and for himſelf, finding his wounds no way deſperate nor dangerous, he is reſolved not to ſuffer his Chirurgion to bind them up, till he ſee the iſſue of the Combat betwixt his faithful friend *Sebaſtiano* and *Sfondrato*.

By this time *Sfondrato* thinks it high time to begin, and being no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his friend *Piſani*, but rather incouraged and reſolved to ſell it dearly on the life of *Sebaſtiano*, he draws, and with his Rapier in his hand comes towards him. *Sebaſtiano* meets him half way with a very freſh and cheerful countenance, and ſo they approach one to the other; at their firſt incounter, *Sebaſtiano* gives *Sfondrato* a large and wide wound on his right ſide, but receives another from him thorow the left arm, a little below the elbow; but that of *Sfondrato* poured forth more blood; and to be brief, they both give and take divers wounds, and perform the part of valorous Gentlemen.

But in the end, God, who would not give all the victory to one ſide, but will make both parties loſers, to ſhew that he is diſpleaſed with theſe their bloody actions, and uncharitable reſolutions, which though Honour ſeem to excuſe, yet Religion cannot; after they had three ſeverall times taken breath, *Sebaſtiano* advancing a fair thruſt to *Sfondrato's* breſt, which only peirced his ſhirt, and ravelled his skin; *Sfondrato* requited him with a mournfull intereſt, for he ran him thorow at the ſmall of the belly, and ſo nailed him to the ground, bearing away his life on the point of his Rapier.

Thus our four Combatants, being now reduced to the number of two, *Sfondrato* expected that *Gaſparino* would have exchanged a thruſt or two with him; the which certainly he had performed: But *Gaſparino* finding that the loſſe of ſo much blood made him then weak, and that it was now more than time for him to have his wounds bound up, they having taken order for the decent tranſporting of their dead friends that night to *Pavia*; they, without ſpeaking word one to the other, commit themſelves to their Chirurgions, and ſo their wounds being bound up, they take them with them, and to ſave themſelves from the danger of the Law, they take Horſe, and poaſt away, *Gaſparino* to *Parma*, and *Sfondrato* to *Florence*, from whence they reſolve not to ſtir, before their friends have procured and ſent them their Pardons.

Leave we them there; and to follow the ſtream of this Hiſtory, come we to *Cremona* and *Pavia*, which rings with the news of the iſſues of theſe lamentable and tragicall Combates; *Piſani* and *Sebaſtiano* are infinitely bewailed of their Parents, and lamented of their Friends, yea of their very enemies themſelves, and generally of all the world, who either knew them, or heard of their untimely and unfortunate ends.

But all theſe tears are nothing, in compariſon of thoſe which our fair *Chriſteneta* ſheds for the death of her ſweet *Piſani*; for her griefs are ſo infinitely bitter, as ſhe tears her hair, diſfigureth her face, weeps, mourns, howls, and cryes ſo extremely, that ſorrow her ſelf would grieve to ſee her ſorrow; yea, ſhe forſakes and abandoneth all company, throws off all her rich and glittering Garments, and takes on mournfull and ſad Apparrell; ſo as all the perſwaſions of the world are not capable to give her the leaſt ſhaddow of conſolation; for as ſhe affirms, ſhe neither will, nor can be comforted; only amidſt her tears, if ſhe admit, or permit any paſſion to take place in her heart or thoughts, it is choler and revenge againſt *Gaſparino*, who had bereaved her of her only joy, of her dear and ſweet *Piſani*, whom ſhe loved a thouſand times more dear and tenderly than her ſelf, and of him ſhe vows to be revenged in the higheſt degree: Whereby we may here in *Chriſteneta* ſee the old phraſe made good, and verefied; That there is no affection nor hatred to that of a Woman; for where they love, they love dearly; and where they hate, hate deadly: But leave we her to her ſorrows, and come we again to *Gaſparino*, who in ſhort time, having obtained his Pardon, returns from *Parma* to *Cremona*, where he is joyfully received of his Parents and Friends.

He is no ſooner arrived, but the remembrance of *Chriſteneta's* beauty doth flouriſh and revive in his heart; for although ſhe had loved another, yet he could affect none but her ſelf: when letting paſſe ſome ſix or eight moneths, and hoping that time, (which is ſubject to nothing, and all things to it) might wipe off her tears, and blow away her ſighs for the death of *Piſani*; he reſolves to renew his old ſute to her, to which end he viſits her firſt by friends, next by letters, and then in perſon. *Chriſteneta* (like a counterfeit Fury) diſſembles her love to *Piſani*, and her hatred to him, and withall triumpheth and taketh a pride to ſee how diſcreetly and cloſely ſhe bears her malice: But our wiſedom in ſin proves meer folly in the eyes of God, which though ſhe will not now acknowledge, yet ſhe ſhall hereafter be inforced to do it with repentance, and peradventure when it is too late. So being reſolute in her inveterate indignation, her malice doth ſo out-brave her charity, and her revenge her Religion, as ſhe cannot find any reſt in her thoughts, or tranquillity in her mind, before ſhe ſee the death of *Gaſparino* make amends and ſatisfaction for that of *Piſani*.

Gaſparino

Gaſparino having the eyes of his judgement hood-winked, and not fore-ſeeing how dangerous it is to repoſe and relye on the favour of an incenſed Enemy (as our judgements are never cleareſt when we approach our ruine) is very importunate with *Chriſteneta*, that he may meet and conferre privately with her, which indeed is the onely opportunity that in heart ſhe hath ſo long deſired; and now it is that ſhe conſpires his ruine, and plots his deſtruction, wherein (peradventure) ſeeking his death, ſhe may procure her own.

Diſſembling Wretch as ſhe is, ſhe ſeems to be vanquiſhed with his importunity; and therefore to ſhew her ſelf courteous and kind to him, ſhe appoints him to meet her in the Nunnes Garden at ſix of the clock in the morning. But what courteſie, what kindneſſe is this, to have honey in the tongue, and poyſon in the heart? For ſhe preſently agrees with two wretched Ruffians, *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, for twice fifty Duckets to murther him. See here the implacable and damnable malice of this young Gentlewoman, who forgetting her Soul and her God, becomes the Author of ſo execrable and lamentable a Murther.

Gaſparino, drowning his ſences and underſtanding in the contemplation of the content he ſhould receive in injoying his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta's* Company, thinks the night long ere the day appear, and although the evening were fair and clear, yet in the morn, *Aurora* had no ſooner leapt from the watry bed of *Neptune*, but the Skies were over-caſt and veiled with ob ſcure clouds, which impriſon the Sun and his golden beams, purpoſely not to behold ſo bloody a Tragedie, as was then to be acted.

Chriſteneta (who could not ſleep for revenge) is ſtirring in the morn betimes, and ſo is *Bianco* and *Brindoli*. They all meet in the Nunnes Garden, ſhe walking in the Alleyes, and they hiding themſelves out of ſight: At laſt the clock ſtrikes ſix, and immediately in comes *Gaſparino*, with his Hat in his hand, and his Rapier by his ſide; he courts and ſalutes *Chriſteneta* with many amorous ſpeeches, and ſweet complements; ſhe prepares to receive him: but in ſtead of courteous entertainment, gives him a bloody welcome; her words (or rather her watch-words) are theſe; *Gaſparino* (quoth ſhe:) *this Garden is the place where I had my firſt conference with* Piſani, *and where I purpoſe to have my laſt with you.* At which words, *Bianco* and *Brindoli* ruſh forth of a Bower, and with many wounds kill him dead at their feet; but he had firſt the leiſure to draw, and for a while very valiantly defended himſelf, giving each of them ſeverall wounds. *Chriſteneta* ſeeing *Gaſparino* felled to the ground, fearing that he was not fully dead, and to prevent his crying, ſhe runs to him, thruſts her Handkercher into his mouth, and to ſhew her ſelf more like a Tyger than a Woman, and a Devill than a Chriſtian, ſhe with a ſmall Ponyard, or Stelleto, ſtabs him many times thorow the body, and ſpurning him with her feet, utters this revengeful and bloody ſpeech; *This I ſacrifiſe to the memory of my dear Love Piſani.* And ſo *Bianco* and *Brindoli* take this murthered body of *Gaſparino*, and tying a great ſtone to it, threw it into the Well of the Garden; and the better to conceal this damnable act, they flye by a Poſtern-door; and *Chriſteneta* thinking to cover and ſhrowd her ſin, under the cloak of piety and devotion, forſakes the Garden; and ſo, unſeen of any earthly eye, betakes her to the Nunnes Church, where ſhe falls on her knees; but with ſo prophane a devotion, as ſhe did no way repent, but rather triumph at this Murther; But this her hypocriſie ſhall coſt her dear.

We have here ſeen this horrible and cruell Murther committed and acted, and the Murtherers themſelves by this time all fled, and gotten to their homes; yea, *Chriſteneta* gloryeth in her revenge, and *Bianco* and *Brindoli* in their money; ſo as they now think themſelves free, and paſt all danger: but they ſhall be deceived in their hopes, for Divine providence hath decreed otherwiſe. And here we come to the detection and puniſhment of this Murther; wherein Gods mercy and juſtice, his providence and his glory, do moſt miraculouſly ſhine and appear.

The Nunnes being in their Cells at their Oraiſons, hear the clynking of Swords, and ſo they advertiſe their Abbeſſe or Governeſſe thereof, who gives the Alarum in the Houſe. They deſcend to the Garden, to ſee what this rumour might be; they find the Poſtern open, and the Alleyes very much ſprinkled and gored with blood; they ſuſpect Murther, but neither find nor ſee any, either living or dead; they ſend to acquaint the Prefect and Provoſt of the City herewith, who repair to the Garden, and (as before) find much blood, but ſee no body; they make ſtrict inquiry and ſearch in the ditches, hedges, thickets, and vaults of the Garden, but find nothing, only they forgot to ſearch the Well: Then to find what thoſe Fighters were, they think of a Policie, as worthy of them, as they of their office, they give a ſecret charge to all the Chirurgions of the City to reveal them, if any having new wounds, came that night, or the next morning to them, to be cured; whereupon *Rhanutio*, one of the chiefeſt Chirurgions, informs them, that he, about an hour ſince had dreſſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* (two Souldiers of the City) of nine ſeverall wounds, which they newly received. The Prefect and Provoſt advertiſed thereof, cauſe them to be brought before them, whom they found both together, where (no doubt) they had conſulted. They enquire who wounded them; They anſwer, They had a quarrell betwixt themſelves, and ſo they fought it out. Being demanded again,

where,

where, and when they fought, they looked each on other, and knowing that *Chriſteneta* was ſafe at home, and *Gaſparino* cloſe in the Well, they inſtantly replyed, it was in the Nunnes Garden at *Saint Mayre*, and at ſix of the clock in the morning, which agreeing to the Nunnes relation, gave end to their buſineſſe, for that time eſpecially. But though they delude and blind the eyes of men, yet they cannot, nor ſhall not thoſe of God; And now, although theſe Murtherers have thus eſcaped, yet they prepare to forſake and leave *Pavia*, for fear to be afterwards diſcovered. But they ſhall be prevented in their ſubtleties, for the hand of God will ſpeedily arreſt them.

Now we muſt obſerve, that *Gaſparino* being found wanting two whole nights from his Lodging, and his Lackey gathering no news of him at *Vituri's* Houſe, where he uſually frequented to viſit and court his Miſtreſſe *Chriſteneta*, he informs the Hoſt of the houſe thereof; and he like an honeſt man, doubting the worſt (after the cuſtome of *Italy*) acquainted the Prefect and Provoſt thereof, who, like judicious and wiſe Magiſtrates, examined *Gaſparino's* Lackey when he laſt ſaw his Maſter, and where. The Lackey anſwers, He parted from his Chamber yeſterday morning betwixt five and ſix, with his Prayer-Book in his hand, as if he were going to Church, but commanded him not to follow him; and ſince (he ſaith) he ſaw him not. And now, by the providence of God, the Lackeyes relation gives a little glimpſe and glimmering light to the diſcovery of this Murther; for the Magiſtrates ſee, that the hour of *Gaſparino's* departure from his Chamber, and that of *Bianco* and *Brindoli's* fighting do agree, as alſo his Book and the Nunnes Church bear ſome ſhew of coherence and probability.

Whereupon they (guided as it were by the very immediate finger of God) reſolve and determine to apprehend, and forthwith to impriſon both *Bianco* and *Brindoli*, who the very next day had thought to have ſlipt down the River to *Ferara*, and ſo to *Venice*.

They are examined concerning *Gaſparino*; they vow he is a Gentleman they have neither known nor ſeen. The Magiſtrates hold it fit they ſhould be put to the Rack; which is as ſpeedily performed: but theſe ſtout Villains firmly and conſtantly maintain their firſt ſpeech; and although they make ſute to be freed and releaſed, yet the Prefect holds it neceſſary to continue them in priſon; and withall, to make a more narrow and exacter ſearch in the Nunnes Garden.

Chriſteneta, being at the firſt advertiſed that *Bianco* and *Brindoli* were dead, is thereat aſtoniſhed and amazed, and ſo reſolves to flye, but being advertiſed they had already ſuffered torments, and revealed nothing, ſhe again reſolves to ſtay, which indeed ſhe doth; but it is the Juſtice and Mercy of God that keeps this bloody Bird within her Neſt.

The Prefect and Provoſt (as being inſpired from Heaven) continue conſtant in their reſolutions, to make a ſecond ſearch in the Garden for Murther; which they do, and very curiouſly, leaving no place unſearched: at laſt it pleaſed the Lord to put into the Provoſts mind to ſearch the Well, which the day before they had omitted. He acquaints the Prefect herewith, who with much alacrity approves hereof, and ſo cauſing it to be ſearched, they at laſt in their hooks bring up ſome pieces of wrought black Taffeta, which by the Lackey was affirmed, and known to be the ſame that his Maſter *Gaſparino* wore the laſt time he ſaw him: whereat they were more eagerly encouraged to ſearch again moſt exactly; which they do, and at laſt bring up the dead body of *Gaſparino*, when ſtripping off his cloaths, they find his body peirced with thirteen ſeverall wounds: at the mournfull ſight whereof, the whole Aſſembly, but eſpecially his Lackey, cannot refrain from tears, and yet all glorifie God for finding his body, as alſo for the diſcovery of the Murtherers, who now they confidently believe are *Bianco* and *Brindoli*.

But ſee the farther mercies of God; for *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are but the hands which executed this Murther, and not the head which plotted it: therefore the Magiſtrates being ſure of them, do now reſolve how to hye to priſon, and to give them double torment, thereby to diſcover out of what Quiver the firſt Arrow of this Murther came. But behold the mercy and juſtice of God! they are eaſed of this labour, and the name of the Malefactor brought them by a moſt miraculous and unheard of accident; for when the Magiſtrates and whole Company had often viſited *Gaſparino's* naked body, and ſeen nothing but wounds, a little Boy ſtanding by (of ſome ten years of age) eſpyed a linnen cloth in his mouth, which he ſhewed the Company, which the Prefect cauſing to be pulled out, found it to be a Cambrick Handkercher, and withall, a name in red ſilk Letters in one corner, which was the very true name of *Chriſteneta*.

See, ſee, the goodneſſe, Oh let us ſtand amazed and wonder at the mercies of God, to ſee what means and inſtruments he ordaineth for the diſcovery of Murthers.

The Prefect and Provoſt ſend away ſpeedily to apprehend her; ſhe is taken in the midſt of her pleaſures and paſtimes, yea, from the arm of her Mother, and feet of her Father, to whom ſhe fled for ſafety, but in vain; for ſhe is inſtantly committed cloſe Priſoner, from whence we ſhall not ſee her come forth, till ſhe come to her condign puniſhment, on a ſhameſull Scaffold, for this her horible offence of Murther.

And

And now the Preſect and Provoſt go themſelves to the Priſon, where *Bianco* and *Brindoli* are; they accuſe them peremptorily for the Murther of *Gaſparino*, whoſe body, they inform them, they have taken out of the Well; but they again deny it. They give them double torment, and conjure them to reveal this their Murther; but they are ſo ſtrong of courage, or rather the Devill ſo ſtrong in them, as they deny all, and neither accuſe themſelves, nor any other.

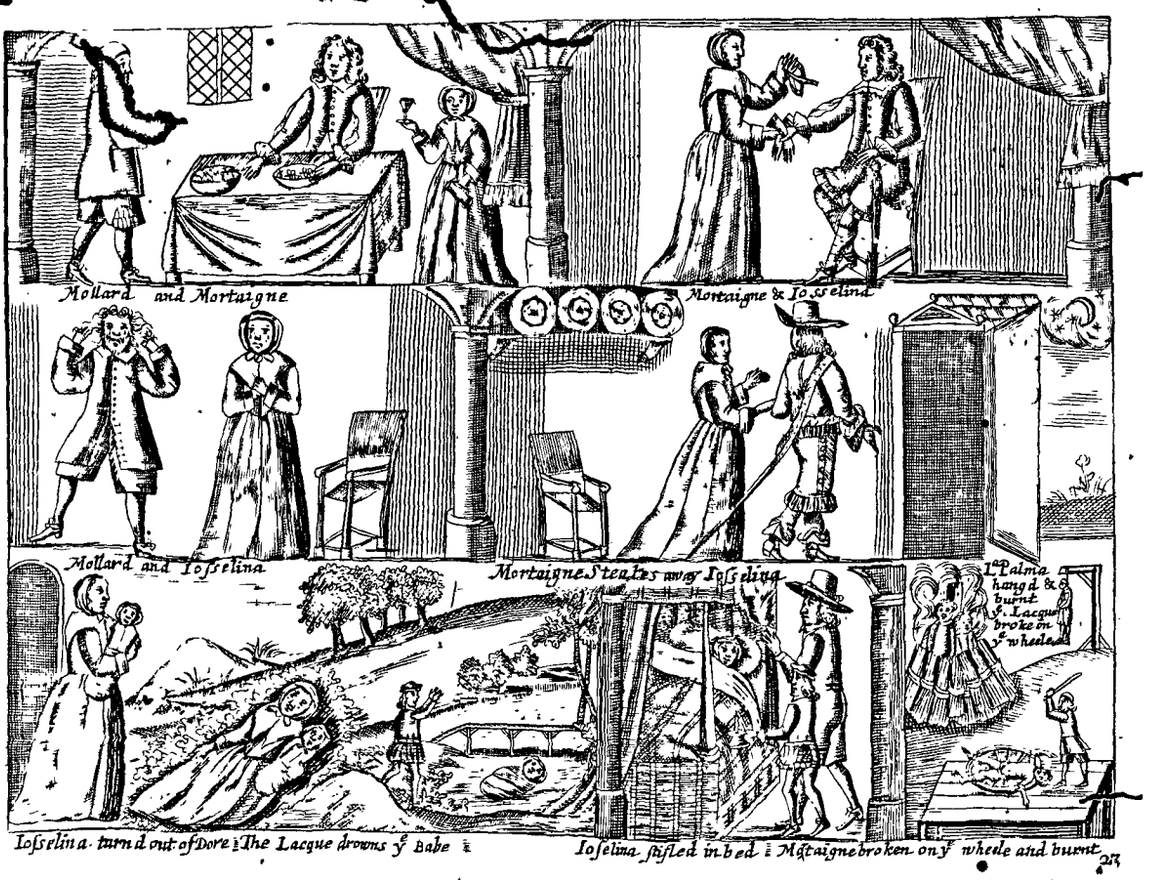
The Preſect and Provoſt, although they ſaw all circumſtances concurre, that undoubtedly *Chriſteneta* had a deep hand in this Murther, yet they examine her fairly, and promiſe her much favour, and their beſt friendſhip and aſsiſtance, if ſhe will reveal it; but ſhe, as her two Confederates, denies all. They adjudge her to the Rack, whereunto ſhe very patiently permits her ſelf to be faſtened; but her dainty body and delicate limbs cannot indure the cruelty of this torment; and ſo ſhe confeſſeth all, that in revenge of *Piſani's* death, ſhe had cauſed *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to murther him in the Nunnes Garden, as we have formerly underſtood.

And now comes Gods ſentence from Heaven, pronounced againſt theſe Murtherers, by the mouth of his Magiſtrates on earth, who for reparation and expiation of their horrible crimes of Murther, committed on *Gaſparino*, adjudge *Bianco* and *Brindoli* to have their right hands cut off, then to be hanged, and their bodies thrown into the River *Po*; And *Chriſteneta* (notwithſtanding all the ſolicitation which her Father and Friends made for her) to be firſt hanged, then burned, and her aſhes thrown into the air: Which to the full ſatisfaction of Juſtice, before an infinite number of Spectators (who aſsiſted at their mournfull ends) was accordingly executed, who yet could not refrain from teare, but as much approved and applauded *Chriſteneta's* affection to *Piſani*, as they deteſted and abhorred her inhumane and bloody revenge to *Gaſparino*.

Bianco and *Brindoli*, as they lived unrighteouſly, ſo they dyed deſperately, and could not be drawn to repent themſelves of this their bloody fact: But as I have underſtood, *Chriſteneta* was extremely ſorrowfull for her ſins, but eſpecially for this Murther, whereof at her laſt breath ſhe infinitely and exceedingly repented her ſelf: yea, I have been informed, that ſhe delivered a godly and religious ſpeech upon the Ladder, but I was not ſo fortunate to recover it.

May all true Chriſtians read this Hiſtory with profit, and profit in reading it, that ſo God may receive the glory, and their ſouls the eternall comfort and conſolation. *Amen.*

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY III.

Mortaign, *under promiſe of Marriage, gets* Ioſſelina *with Child, and after, converting his love into hatred, cauſeth his Lackey* La Verdure, *and* La Palma, *to murther both her and her young Son; the jealouſie of* Iſabella *to her Husband* La Palma *is the cauſe of the diſcovery hereof: they are all three taken and executed for the ſame.*

IT is a juſt reward for the vanity of our thoughts, and a true recompence for the errours of our youth, that we buy pleaſure with repentance, and the ſweetneſſe of ſin with the bitterneſſe of affliction: but if we violate the Laws of Chriſtianity, and abandon our ſelves to luſt and fornication, then we ſhall ſee with ſhame, that men will not pitty us, and find with griefe, that God will puniſh us. In is an excellent vertue in Maidens, not to liſten to the lewd temptations of men; and in men not to hearken to the ſugred charms of the Devil; for commonly that folly gives the one ſhame, and this madneſſe brings the other deſtruction: but if we firſt forget our ſelves, and then our God, by adding and heaping ſin upon ſin, as firſt, to perpetrate Fornication, and after Murther, then aſſuredly our eſtate is ſo miſerably wretched, and ſo wretchedly miſerable, as we have no hope left for better fortunes, nor place for worſe. And becauſe Example is both pleaſing to our memory, and profitable to our judgement, this mournfull enſuing Hiſtory ſhall make good, and confirm it to us: therefore let us ſhut the door of our thoughts againſt the power of ſin, and that of our hearts againſt the malice of Hell, and we ſhall not only make our fortunes immoveable in this World, but our felicity eternall in that to come.

In the South-eaſt part of *France*, within a dayes journey of the famous City of *Lyons*, at the foot of the Mountain of *Tarara*, upon the border and boſome of that ſweet River *Ligion*, ſo famouſed by the Minion of Honour, and the Darling of the Muſes, the Marqueſſe of *Vrſe*, in his beautifull and Divine *Aſtrea*, neer *Dareny* (a certain ſmall Village) there dwelt a poor Countrey Farmer

named

named *Andrew Mollard*, who of late burying his Wife, had one only Child left him by her, being a very fair young Girl, about the age of twelve years old, named *Ioſſelina*, whom he hoped ſhould prove the ſtaff and prop of his age, and reſolved when ſhe grew up in years, and came to womans eſtate, to marry her to ſome of his neighbours Sons, and at his death, to give her all that little which either his Parents, or his own labour and induſtry had left or procured him.

Two or three years ſliding away, in which time *Mollard* increaſing in wealth, and his Daughter in years, ſhe was, and was juſtly reported to be the faireſt Nymph of thoſe parts, and by all the ruſtick Swains termed the fair *Ioſſelina*, eſteeming themſelves happy, if they might ſee her, much more, if they might injoy her preſence.

Now within a little League of *Mollards* houſe, dwelt an ancient and wealthy Gentleman, named *Mounſieur de Coucie*, who had many Children: but among the reſt, his eldeſt Son, termed *Mounſieur de Mortaign*, was a very hopefull and brave Gentleman, who was firſt a Page to that generous Noble-man *Mounſieur de la Guiche*, ſometimes Governour of *Lyons*, and ſince his death, a chief Gentleman to *Monnſier de Saint Ierrant*, now a Marſhall of *France*.

This *Mortaign* having lived ſome years in *Paris*, with his Lord the Marſhall, where he followed all honourable exerciſes, as Riding, Fencing, Dancing, and the like (whereby he purchaſed himſelf the honourable title of a moſt perfect and accompliſhed Gentleman) was at laſt deſirous to ſee his Father, partly, becauſe he underſtood he was weak and ſickly; but eſpecially to be at the Nuptialls of a Siſter of his, termed *Madamoyſelle de la Hay*, who was then to be married to a Gentleman of *Avergne*, termed *Mounſieur de Caſſalis*.

This Marriage being ſolemnized, *Mortaign* having conducted his Siſter into *Avergne*, and now ſeeing his Father ſtrong and luſty, he begins to diſlike the Country, and to wiſh himſelf again in *Paris*, where the rattling of Coaches, and the infinity of fair Ladies did better delight and pleaſe him: he craves leave of his Father and Mother to return, which (becauſe he is the chiefeſt ſtay and comfort of their age) they unwillingly grant him, and ſo he prepares for his return to *Paris*. But an unlooked-for accident ſhall ſtop his Journey for the preſent, and another, but farre more fatall, ſeconding and ſucceeding that, ſhall ſtop and hinder him from ever ſeeing it.

For the night before the morning he was to depart, *de Coucye* his Father is moſt dangerouſly taken with a burning Feaver, and ſo neither he nor his Mother will permit him to depart. Living thus in the Country, and few Gentlemen dwelling neer his Fathers houſe, he gives himſelf to Hunting and Hawking, Paſtimes and Exerciſes, which though before he loved not, yet now he exceedingly delights in: Now amongſt other times, he one day hunting in his Fathers Woods (hollowing for his Dog which he had loſt in a Thicket) by chance ſprung a Pheaſant, who flying to the next Woods, he ſends for his Hawk, with an intent to flye at him; and ſo being not ſo happy as again to ſet ſight of him, he ranged ſo farre, and withall ſo faſt, that he was very thirſty, but ſaw no houſe neer him, that he might call for Wine; till at laſt he happened on that of *Andrew Mollard*, of whom we have formerly made mention. *Mortaign*, ſeeing a man walking in the next Vineyard, demanded if he were the man of the houſe, and prayed him to afford him a draught of Wine, alleging that he was very thirſty; *Mollard* knowing this young Gentleman by the Modell of his face, preſumed to demand him if he were not one of *Mounſieur de Coucie*'s Sons: He anſwered, Yes, and that his name was *Mortaign*. *Mollard* preſently calling to mind that he was his Fathers Heir, very courteouſly (in his faſhion) prayes him to enter his Houſe, and ſo being ſet down, he ſends his Daughter *Ioſſelina* for Wine, which ſhe fetched, and they both drink; where honeſt *Mollard* thinking his houſe bleſſed with ſo great (and as he thought, ſo good) a Gentleman, very chearfully profers him Pears, Grapes, Walnuts, and ſuch homely dainties as his poor Cottage could afford. But we ſhall ſee *Mortaign* requite this courteſie of *Mollard*, with an extream ingratitude.

Mortaign, whoſe eye was ſeldom on *Mollard*, and never from his Daughter, admires to ſee ſo ſweet a beauty in ſo obſcure a place; he cannot refrain from bluſhing, to behold the delicacy of her pure complexion: for though ſhe were poor in cloaths, yet he ſaw her rich in beauty, which made not only his eyes, but his heart conclude, that ſhe was wonderfull faire; ſith it is ever the ſign of a true and perfect beauty, where the face graceth the apparell, and not the apparell the face. And now comparing *Ioſſelina*'s tayne, to that of the gallant Ladies of *Paris*, he finds that the truth of nature exceeds the falſhood of their Art: for thorow the Alabaſter of her Front, Neck, and Paps, he might perceive the azure of her veins, which like the windings of *Meander*'s ſtreams, ſwiftly range, and ſweetly preſents it ſelf to his eye. And for her eyes, or rather the Diamonds and Stars of her face, their ſplendor was ſo clear, and their influence ſo peircing, as they not only captivate his thoughts with love, but wounded his heart with affection and admiration. But if *Mortaign* gaze on the freſhneſſe and ſweetneſſe of *Ioſſelina*'s beauty, no leſſe doth ſhe on the properneſſe and perfection of his youth, only his eyes tilt at her with more liberty, and hers on him with modeſty, reſpect, and ſecrecy; which *Mortaign* well eſpying, he vows to obtain her favour, or to loſe his life in reſearch

there.

thereof: but the end of ſuch laſcivious reſolutions ſeldome proſper.

But ſee how all things favour *Mortaign's* affection, or rather his luſt to *Ioſſelina*! for *Mollard* tells him, he holds a ſmall Tenement neer adjoyning to his Father, who hath now put him in Sute of Law for two Herriots, and therefore beſeecheth him for his good word, and favour to his Father in his behalf. *Mortaign*, glad of this occaſion to ſerve for a pertext and cloak for him to have acceſſe to his Houſe and Daughter, promiſeth him to deal effectually with his Father for him, and the next time he paſſeth that way, to acquaint him what he hath done therein: and ſo ſtealing a kiſſe or two from *Ioſſelina*, as her Father went into the Court, and withall ſwearing to her, that he lovec her dearly; and would come often to ſee her; he thanking *Mollard* for his good chear, for that time departed.

But the further he goes from *Mollards* houſe, the neerer his heart approacheth his Daughte *Ioſſelina*. So his thoughts being ſtedfaſtly and continually fixed on her, he begins to diſtaſt his Fathers houſe, yea, forſakes all company, and many times pretending to walk in th Park and Woods, he ſteals away privately to ſee his new Miſtreſſe. He viſits her often; bu eſpecially when her Father is at Market, and gives her Gloves, Lawn, and Silk-Girdles yea, he never comes to her, but brings her ſome gift and preſent, thinking thereby th ſooner to obtain his deſire; but as yet he is ſtill deceived: for although ſhe be humble an ſimple, yet ſhe is chaſte, and will not hearken to his allurements and inticements. Ha *Ioſſelina* continued conſtant in this reſolution, her life would have proved more happy, an her death leſſe mournfull.

Mortaign perceiving *Ioſſelina's* coyneſſe and obſtinacy, is thereat no way the leſſe, bu rather farre the more inſnared and inflamed with her beauty; and now perceiving, tha all his Viſits, Gifts, Speeches, and Prayers, work no deſired effect, he hath recourſe to tha old fallacy and ſubtill invention, whereby ſo many ſilly Maids are abuſed and deceived; h vows, that if ſhe will permit him to enjoy his deſire, he will marry her, notwithſtanding tha their Birth and Quality were ſo unequall and different: and this, and onely this batter and allurement, was that which vanquiſhed *Ioſſelina's* Chaſtitie, who, poor Girl, caugh with this ſnare, in hope to bee a Gentle-woman, ſhook hands with her Maiden-head which ſhee ſhould have prized and eſteemed farre more precious than her life: but ſhe ſhall pay dear for this her folly; for ſhee ſhall live *Mortaign's* Strumpet, and never dy his Wife.

Mortagin hath now his deſire of *Ioſſelina*; and for the fruit of this their unchaſte plea ſure, in ſhort time her belly ſwells. *Mollard* her Father diſcovers the Pad in the ſtraw; he grieves hereat, tears his white hairs, and vows his Daughters infamy will ſhorte his dayes. Hee torments her with reproachings and threatenings, ſo as ſhee can find no reſt, or tranquillity in his Houſe; ſhee advertiſeth *Mortaign* hereof, and requeſts hi aſſiſtance, in this her affliction; *Mortaign* by night ſteals her away, and ſends her te Leagues off from *Durency*, placing her in a poor Kinſmans houſe of his, where ſhee i delivered of a young Son: But ſhee ſhall ſhortly ſee (with repentance) what it is to hav a Childe ere a Husband. In the mean time ſhee feeds her ſelf with hope, that *Mortaig* will ſhortly marry her; but he reſolves nothing leſſe: for the Gallants of theſe times (whc build their triumphs upon the ſhipwrack and ruines of Maidens honour) will promiſe an thing, ere they enjoy their deſire, but perform nothing, when they have obtained it, bu rather ſpurn at thoſe pleaſures, as at Noſe-gayes which they delight in in the morn, an throw away ere night.

Calintha, (*Mortaign's* Mother) all this while knows nothing of theſe occurrences betwix her Son and *Ioſſelina*, and deſires to ſee him married, that ſhe might have the felicity to ſe her ſelf a Grand-mother: to which end, ſhe reſolves to ſeek a Wife for him; and makes a motion to *Mounſieur de Vaſſy*, the *Seneſhall* of *la Paliſſe*, to match her Son with *Madamoyſelle la Varina* his only Daughter. *De Vaſſy* diſlikes not this motion, the young folks ſee and love: ſo as in all humane ſence, and outward appearance, it ſeems a ſhort time will finiſh and conclude this Match; But it was otherwiſe determined in Heaven.

This news doth amaze and terrifie *Ioſſelina*; but as miſ-fortune ſeldome comes alone ſhee likewiſe that very inſtant underſtands that *Mollard* her Father (for very grief of her foul fact) is dead, and hath diſ-inherited her, leaving her nothing but the memory of her ſhame, for her Portion and Dowry, and onely repentance to comfort her: And this indeed is the fore-runner of her future miſery; Wherefore now, if ever, it is for her to look to her ſelf

and welfare, to which end ſhe reſolves to write *Mortaign* a Letter, to put him in mind of his promiſe, and to take compaſſion of her povetry, being already reduced to this miſery, that ſhe hath not wherewithall to maintain her ſelf and Child: her ſaid Letter (word for word) I thought good to inſert here, becauſe the ſubſtance and peruſall thereof deſerve both pitty and compaſſion.

IOSSELINA to MORTAIGN.

YOu have bereaved me of mine honour, the which (had I as much grace as vanity) I ſhould have eſteemed farre dearer and precious than my life. Your promiſe to make me your Wife, was the only lure which drew me to conſent to that errour and folly, at the remembrance whereof I grieve with ſhame, and ſhame with repentance, eſpecially ſith I ſee you are ſo far from performing it, as you hate me, inſtead of loving me; let the ſweetneſs of my youth, and the freſhneſs of my beauty (which with many oathes you proteſted you both admired and adored) judge whether I have deſerved this diſcourteſie of you: but it is a juſt puniſhment for my ſin, and now I find too late, though formerly I would not believe, that the fruits of pleaſure are bitter, reſembling thoſe Pils that ſeem ſweet to the Palat, but prove poyſon to the Stomack; and may all Maidens beware by my example. If you will not advance my fortunes, yet ſeek not to make ſhipwrack of my life, as you have done of my chaſtity. You know, my Father is dead, and with him all the means which in this World I can either hope or expect, as well for the maintenance of my ſelf, as of your Son, except from your ſelf, the which with millions of ſighs and tears, I begge and beſeech you afford us, and if not for love to me, at leaſt for pitty to him; if you will not grant me the honour to be a peece of your ſelf, yet in nature, you cannot deny but your little Son is not only your Picture, but your Image: therefore if you will not affect me for his ſake, at leaſt do him for mine, and think, that as it will be an extreme ingratitude in you, not to give her mainenance, who hath given you a Son, ſo it will be extreme cruelty, not to allow that poor Babe wherewithall to live, ſith he hath received both his being and life of you. But I hope you will prove more naturall to him, and more charitable to my ſelf: otherwiſe reſt aſſured, that ſuch diſreſpect and unkindneſs will never go long, either unpittied of men, or unpuniſhed of God.

IOSSELINA.

Ioſſelina having penned this Letter to *Mortaign*, ſhe deſirous to draw hope and aſſiſtance from all parts, thinks it fit likewiſe to write another to *Calintha* his Mother, to the ſame effect: the which ſhe doth, and ſends it by a confident Meſſenger, with expreſſe charge to deliver them ſeverally; the tenor thereof is thus.

IOSSELINA to CALINTHA.

I Know not in what terms either to relate you my misfortune, or reveal you my miſery, eſpecially ſith my own folly and undiſcretion gave life to the firſt, as your Son Mortaign's *ingratitude doth to the ſecond; had I been as wiſe, as now ſorrowfull, or as chaſt, as now repentant, or which is more, had I not then loved him, as much as he now hates me, I need not bluſh as I do, to write to you, that his promiſe to make me his Wife, hath made me the unfortunate Mother of a young ſon, whereof he is the unkind Father: I may well term my ſelf unfortunate, ſith I no ſooner loſt mine honour; but my Father, for his diſpleaſure of my ſhame and folly, gave all his means from me, which before right and nature had promiſed me; and I may juſtly term your ſon* Mortaign *unkind, ſith he not onely refuſeth to marry me, but alſo to allow maintenance, either for my ſelf or his*

child

Child. It is therefore to you, wanting [illegible]ſiring of all other means, friends, and hopes, that with many bluſhes and tears, I preſume to acquaint you with the poverty of my fortune, and the richneſs of my miſery, the which I humbly requeſt you both to pitty and relieve; at leaſt if you will not, that your Son may, who is the cauſe thereof. My love to him hath not deſerved your hatred to me: and therefore in excuſing my folly, or rather if you pleaſe, my youth, I hope you will be ſo charitable to the poor Babe my Son, that I ſhall not want for his ſake, nor he for his Fathers; or if you will frown, and not ſmile on me, but rather triumph to ſee me languiſh and faint under the burthen of my poverty, yet vouchſafe to excuſe his innocency, though you condemn mine errour: and ſo, if I muſt dye miſerably, at leaſt let me carry this one content to my grave, that I may be ſure he ſhall live happy. Nature cannot deny this Charity, and Grace will not excuſe that Cruelty.

IOSSELINA.

Whiles *Ioſſelina* flatters her ſelf with hope, that theſe Letters will procure her her deſire and comfort, *Mortaign* and *Calintha* his Mother receive them. As for *Mortaign*, he like a baſe Gentleman (whoſe courteſie was now turned into inhumanity) as much triumphs in his own ſin, as rejoyceth in *Ioſſelina*'s fooliſh ambition and poverty. It is a felicity to him to think, that he hath abuſed her youth, and betrayed her chaſtity: and therefore he now reſpecteth her ſo little, or rather diſ-reſpecteth her ſo much, as her ſhame is his glory, her miſery his happineſs, and her affliction his content; yea he no more thinks of her, but with diſdain and envy; for the beauty of *Varina* hath quite defaced and blotted out that of *Ioſſelina*. Neither doth this cruelty of *Mortaign* end in her, but it begins in the pretty Babe his Son: for he ſo farre degenerateth from the Laws and Principles of Nature, as he not only hates the Mother for the Childs ſake, but the Child for his Mothers ſake; yea he is ſo farre from giving either of them maintenance, or both content, as he ſcorns the Mother, and will no way either own or relieve the Child; and ſo burning his Letter, and forgetting the contents thereof, he very ingratefully and cruelly reſolves to anſwer it with ſilence, and this is the beſt comfort which *Ioſſelina* and the poor young Babe her Son receive from *Mortaign*. But I fear the worſt is to come.

If *Ioſſelina* and her Babe receive ſuch diſ-reſpect, and inhumanity from *Mortaign*, it is to be feared and doubted, that they will meet with little better from his Mother *Calintha*, who no ſooner received and read her Letter, but full of wrath and indignation, ſhe in diſdain throws it away from her: yea, her diſcontent and malice is ſo inflamed againſt *Ioſſelina* and her Child, as fearing it may prove a blurre and block to *Mortaign*'s marriage with *Varina*, ſhe not onely refuſeth to relieve them, but is ſo cruell and inhumane, as ſhee wiſheth them both in another world, as unworthy to live in this. But her choler is too paſſionate, and her paſſions too unnaturall and cruell; for if ſhe would not relieve *Ioſſelina* whom her Son *Mortaign* had abuſed, yet in pitty, yea in nature, ſhe ſhould have taken order for the maintenance of the Child whom her Son had begotten: for if the Mother had deſerved her hatred, yet this poor Babe was innocent thereof, and rather merited her compaſſion than her envy; or at leaſt, if there had been any ſpark of humanity, grace, or good nature in her, if ſhe would not have been ſeen courteous and harborous to them her ſelf, yet ſhe might diſpence with her Son, and wink if he had performed it. But nothing leſſe, for her malice is ſo great, and her rage ſo outragious and unreaſonable, as ſhe refuſeth it her ſelf, and commands him to the contrary: ſo as being once reſolute, not to caſt away ſo much time to return *Ioſſelina* an anſwer, ſhe at laſt in a humour, wherein diſdain triumped over pitty, and humanity over charity, calls for Pen and Paper, and returns her this bitter and cruell anſwer.

CALINTHA to IOSSELINA.

HAving been ſo graceleſſe to abuſe my Son, I wonder how thou dareſt be ſo impudent, as to offend me with thy Letter, the which I had once thought rather to have burnt than read: but I find it not ſtrange, that being defective of thy body, thou art ſo of thy judgement, to think, that ſith thine own father gave all from thee, that I, who am

a meer ſtranger to thee (as I wiſh thou had'ſt been to my Son) ſhould afford, or give thee any thing. Neither doth this reſolution of mine proceed from contempt, but charity: for as thou art a woman, I pitty thee, but as a ſtrumpet, hold it no pitty to relieve thee. Now then, deſpairing of any hope for thy ſelf, thou pleadeſt for thy Brat; but ſith he is the object of thy ſhame, as thou art that of my Son, and withall the cauſe, why ſhould I look on the Child with compaſsion, ſith I neither can, nor will ſee the Mother but with diſdain and envy? Thou complaineſt of thy misfortune and miſery, without conſidering that the ſtars and Horeſcope of thy baſe birth never pointed thee out for ſo high an eſtate, as of a Clowns Daughter, to become a Gentlemans Wife: but thou muſt adde ambition to thy diſhoneſty, as if one of theſe two Vices were not enough powerfull to make thee miſerable. Thou doeſt likewiſe tax my ſon of unkindneſſe towards thee, without conſidering that his love to thee, hath been cruelty to himſelf: for as thou art like to buy his familiarility with tears, ſo for ought I know, may he thine with repentance. If thou expect any comfort, thou muſt hope for no other than this, that as my ſon diſdains to marry thee, ſo do I, that either my ſelf or he relieve thee: look then on thy ſelf with ſhame, on thy Child with repentance, whiles my ſon and I will remember ye both with contempt, but neither with pitty.

CALINTHA.

Poor *Ioſſelina* having received and peruſed *Calintha*'s Lerter, and ſeeing withall *Mortaign* ſo inhuman, as he diſdains to write to her, for meer grief, and ſorrow, ſhe, with her Babe at her breaſt, falls to the ground in a ſwoon, and had not the noiſe thereof advertiſed thoſe in the next room to come to her aſſiſtance, ſhe had then and there ended her miſery with her life, and not afterwards lived to ſee and indure ſo many ſharp afflictions, and lamentable wants and misfortunes.

Alas, alas! ſhe hath now no power to ſpeak, but to weep; yea, if her tears are not words, I am ſure her wotds are ſighs; for being abandoned of *Mortaign*, and hated of his Mother, ſhe is ſo pierced to the heart with the conſideration of that cruelty, and the remembrance of this diſdain, as ſhe tears her hair, repents her ſelf of her former folly, and curſeth the hour that *Mortaign* firſt ſaw her Fathers Houſe, or ſhe him: but this is but one part of her ſorrows and afflictions. Lo, here comes another, that is capable to turn her diſcontent into deſpair, her deſpair into rage, and her rage into madneſſe.

For by this time *Calintha* underſtanding by her Son, where *Ioſſelina* reſided and ſojourned, ſhe ſo ordered the matter, as when *Ioſſelina* leaſt thought thereof, ſhe and her Babe in a dark and cold night is moſt inhumanly turned out of the Houſe where ſhe was; yea, with ſo great barbariſm and cruelty, as ſhe was not ſuffered to reſt, either in the Hay-loft, Barn or Stable, or any other place within door; but inforced to lye in the open Field, where the bare ground was her Bed, a Mole-hill her Pillow, the cold air her Coverlet, and the Firmament her Curtains and Canopie. And now it is, and never before, that her eyes guſh forth whole Rivers of tears, and her heart and breaſt ſends forth many volleyes of deep-fetched ſighs; yea, having no other Tapers but the Starres of Heaven to light her, ſhe looks on her poor Babe for comfort, whoſe ſight, God knows, doth but redouble her ſorrows and afflictions, becauſe it lyes crying at her breaſt for want of Milk, which (poor woman) ſhe had not to give it; when, being in this miſerable caſe, and accompained with none but the Beaſts of the Field, and the Birds of the Air, who yet were farre happier than her ſelf, becauſe they were gone to their reſt, and ſhe could receive none, ſhe after many bitter ſighs, groans, and tears, uttered theſe ſpeeches to her ſelf.

Alas, alas, poor *Ioſſelina*! It is thy folly, and not thy fortune, that hath brought thee to this miſery; for hadſt thou the grace to uſe, and not to abuſe thy beauty, thou mighteſt have ſeen thy ſelf as happy, as now thou art wretched and miſerable: but ſee what a double loſſe thou receiveſt for thy ſingle pleaſure; for the loſſe of thy chaſtity to *Mortaign*, was that of thy Father to thee; and now being deprived of both, what wilt thou do, or whither canſt thou flye for comfort? But alas, this is not all the miſery; for as thy loſſe is double, ſo is thy grief: for now thou muſt as well ſorrow for thy Child, as for thy ſelf; yea *Ioſſelina*, for get to grieve for thy ſelf,

and

and remember to do it for thy Babe, ſith thou haſt brought it into the world, and haſt not wherewith to maintain it. And then not able to proceed farther, ſhe takes it up and kiſſes it, and rains tears on its cheeks, though ſhe cannot ſtream milk in its mouth; when again recovering her ſpeech, ſhe continues thus:

Ay me, *Ioſſelina*, thou art both the Author and the cauſe of thine own miſery, and therefore thou muſt not blame Heaven, but thank thy ſelf for it; for thy afflictions are ſo great, as whereſoever thou turneſt thy thoughts or eyes, thou findeſt nothing but grief, nothing but ſorrow: for if thou think on *Mortaign*, he looks on thee with diſdain, if on his Mother *Calintha*, ſhe with envy; yea, thou canſt not behold the world without ſhame, thy poor Infant without ſorrow, nor thy ſelf without repentance. Nay, conſider further with thy ſelf, what thou haſt gotten by caſting (or rather by caſting away) thy affection on *Mortaign*; he found thee a Maid, and hath left thee a Strumpet; thou haſt a Child, and yet no Husband; then thou wert ſo happy as to have a Father, and now thy Son is ſo miſerable, as he can find none; yea, then thou wert a friend to many, but now thou findeſt not one that will be ſo to thee: and which is worſe, thou haſt not wherewithall to be ſo to thy ſelf. Alas, alas, thou haſt no houſe to go to, no friend to truſt to, no meat for thy ſelf, nor milk for thy Child: therefore poor *Ioſſelina* (quoth ſhe) how happy ſhould we both be, if thou wert buried, and he unborn!

She would have finiſhed her ſpeech, but that tears interrupted her words, and ſighs cut her tears in pieces.

By this time her Babe falls aſleep, but her griefs are ſo great, and her ſorrows ſo infinite, as ſhe cannot cloſe her eyes, nor yet be ſo much beholding either to *Morpheus* or *Death* to do it for her; which perceiving, as alſo that the Moon was inveloped in a cloud, and that the Starres begin to deny her the comfort and luſtre of their ſight, ſhe fearing to be overtaken with rain, and perceiving a thick Wood a pretty way off from her, ſhe takes her Babe, and as faſt as her weak and wearied legs could perform (bitterly weeping and ſighing) hies thither for ſhelter; but Heaven proves more kind to her than Earth; for loe, both the Moon and Starres aſſiſt and comfort her in this her ſorrowfull Journey. Being come to the Wood (which indeed was farther off than ſhe thought) ſhe began to be weary, and there making a bed of leaves (which at that ſeaſon of the year fell abundantly from the Trees) ſhe thereon for a whiles reſted her ſelf, but ſleep ſhe could not: and now if any thing in the world afforded her comfort, it was to ſee that her Infant ſlept prettily, though not ſoundly: but here if her eyes craved reſt, ſo her ſtomack craved meat; for it was now mid-night, and ſhe had eaten nothing ſince noon: ſo pulling off her upper coat, ſhe wraps and covers her Child as hot as ſhe could, who being faſt aſleep, and laying it on the Bed of Leaves, ſhe goes from Tree to Hedge, and gathers Black-berries, Slows, and wilde Cheſſenuts, wherewith inſtead of better Viands, ſhe ſatisfied her hunger; and now ſhe ſees her ſelf on the top of a Hill, at whoſe foot ſhe perceived a River, and a great ſtony Bridge over it, the which ſhe knew, as alſo that there was a little Village neer about a mile beyond it, which indeed in the midſt of her miſeries afforded her ſome comfort. So back ſhe hies to her Child, which ſhe finds out by its crying, it wanting not onely his nipple but his Nurſe, and ſo with many kiſſes takes it up in her arms, and hyes towards the Bridge, and from thence to the Village, which ſhee now remembers is termed *Villepont*, where ſhee arrives at five of the Clock in the morning, and lodged her ſelf in a verry poor Inne, being extremely glad, and infinitely joyfull that ſhe had recovered ſo good a harbour.

But money ſhe hath none to pay her expences, and to lye in Innes upon credit, is to be ill attended, and worſe look'd on: ſo ſhe is inforced, yea, fain to ſell away her Quaives, her Bands, and her Upper-Coat, to diſcharge her preſent occaſions. Poor *Ioſſelina*, how happy hadſt thou been, if thou hadſt had as much wit and chaſtity, as beauty, or rather more chaſtity, and leſſe beauty! But it is now too late to remedy it, though never to repent it.

Ioſſelina knowing *Villepont* to be but ſeven Leagues from *Durency* (the Pariſh where ſhe was born) is irreſolute whether to ſtay here, or to go thither. Want of means perſwades her to the firſt: but knowing that *Mortaign*'s love was turned to hatred, and that it was dangerous for her to be near his incenſed Mother, ſhe reſolves to ſtay in *Villepont*, and to write to her Kinſfolks and Friends to aſſiſt her in this her miſery and neceſſity. In the mean time ſhe is inforced to content her ſelf with a poor little out-Chamber, where there is neither Chimney nor Window, but only a ſmall loop, whereinto the Sun ſcarce ever entred, and yet ſhe is extremely well contented and glad hereof.

But wealth finds many friends, and poverty none: and yet, ſith diverſity of fortunes is the true Touch-ſtone of friendſhip, we may therefore more properly and truely term thoſe our friends, who aſſiſt us in our neceſſity, and not who ſeem to pleaſure us in our proſperity: for thoſe are reall friends, but theſe verball; thoſe will perform more than they promiſe, and theſe promiſe much, and perform nothing.

But *Ioſſelina* is ſo wretched and unfortunate, as ſhe finds neither the one nor the other to aſſiſt her in this miſery; yea ſo far ſhe is to receive either means or promiſes, as nothing is ſent her, nor none will ſee her; ſo as miſerable neceſſity inforceth her to report and divulge the misfortune of her fortune, and to complain to all the world of *Mortaign*'s treachery, and of his Mother *Calintha*'s cruelty; yea ſhe threatens to ſend him his Son, ſith he will not afford her wherewith to maintain it.

This is not ſo ſecretly carried in *Villepont*, but *De Vaſſye* and *Varina* his Daughter have news hereof in *La Paliſſe*; which occaſioned her to grow cold in her affection, and he in his reſpect to *Mortaign*, ſo as all things decline, and there is little hope or appearance, that this Match ſhall go forward. *Mortaign* is too clear-ſighted, to be blind herein, yea he preſently knows, from what point of the Compaſſe this wind commeth, and is fully poſſeſſed, that *Ioſſelina* is the cauſe of theſe alterations and ſtorms: he is exceedingly inraged and inflamed hereat, and gives ſuch way to his paſſion and choler, as theſe obſtacles muſt be removed, and he vows to deſtroy both *Ioſſelina* and her Son. A bloody reſolution, not beſeeming either a Chriſtian, or a Gentleman: for was it not enough for him to rob *Ioſſelina* of her honour, and to put a rape on her Chaſtity and Vertue, but he muſt likewiſe bereave her of her life, and ſo adde Murther to his luſt? Alas, what a baſe Gentleman is this? yea, how farre degenerates he from true Gentility, to be ſo cruell to her that hath been ſo kind to him? But the Devill ſuggeſteth to his thoughts, and they to his heart, that *Varina* is fair, and that there is no way nor hope left to obtain her, before *Ioſſelina* and her Brat be diſpatched. Now if grace could not perſwade him from being ſo cruell to *Ioſſelina*, (yet me thinks) nature ſhould have with-held him from being ſo inhuman to his own Son: But his faith is ſo weak towards God, and the Devill is ſo ſtrong with him, that he cannot be removed or withdrawn from his bloudy reſolution, only he altereth the manner thereof: for whereas he reſolved firſt to deſtroy the Mother, then the Child, now he will firſt diſpatch the Child, then the Mother. O Heavens, why ſhould earth produce ſo bloudy and prodigious a Monſter!

Now the better to diſſemble his malice, he thinks to reclaim and pacifie *Ioſſelina*, and ſo gives order that ſhe and her Child be lodged in a better Inne in the ſame Village of *Villepont*, and ſignifies her that he hath gotten a Nurſe, and hath provided maintenance for his Son, and that ſhortly he will ſend his Lackey for him, but withall, that ſhe muſt keep this very ſecret, becauſe he will not have his Mother *Calintha* acquainted therewith. *Ioſſelina* rejoyceth, and ſeems to be revived at this pleaſing news; yea, ſhe begins to forget her former miſery, and flatters he ſelf with this hope, that fortune will again ſmile on her. So within three dayes, *Mortaign* ſends his Lackey *La Verdure*, to her for the Babe; the which with many kiſſes and tears ſhe delivereth him, hoping that *Mortaign* his Father would be carefull of his maintenance, and not ſo much as once dreaming, or conceiving that he had any intent to murther it. But ſhe ſhall find the contrary; for henceforth ſhe ſhall never ſee her Babe, nor her Babe her.

La Verdure (the Lackey) following his Maſters command, is not four Leagues from *Villepont*, before, like a damnable Miſcreant, he ſtrangles it, and wrapping it in a Linnen Cloth (which he had purpoſely brought with him) throws it into the River *Lignon*; but he ſhall pay dear for murthering of this ſweet and innocent Babe.

But it is not enough; for *Mortaign*'s devilliſh malice and revenge will not be quenched or ſatisfied, till he ſee the Mother follow the fortune of the Son: to which end he agrees with her Hoſt *La Palma*, and his aforeſaid Lacky *La Verdure*, to ſtifle her in her bed. The which, for two hundred Franks they perform, and bury her in his Garden, ſhe being ſoundly ſleeping, and poor ſoul, not ſo much as once dreaming of this her mournfull and lamentable end. What Tygers or Monſters of nature are theſe, to commit ſo damnable a Murther, as if there were no God in Heaven to detect them, nor earth or hell to puniſh them?

But we ſhall ſee the contrary; yea, we ſhall ſee both the Murther, and the Murtherers revealed and diſcovered by an extraordinary means; wherein Gods Providence and glory will moſt miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

As ſoon as *La Verdure* and *La Palma* had murthred our harmleſſe *Ioſſelina*, they both poaſt away

away to *Durency*, as well to acquaint *Mortaign* herewith, as alſo to receive their money (whereof the one half was paid them, and the other [illegible] This news is ſo pleaſing to him, as he chearfully layes down his promiſe: and ſo they both frollike it in the Village, *La Verdure* making no haſt home to his Maſter *Mortaign*, nor *La Palma* to his old Wife *Iſabella*.

In the mean time (a moneth being paſt away) *Mortaign*, hoping the way clear, and all the rubs removed, that hindred him from obtaining his fair Miſtris *Varina*, he procures his Father *De Coucye*, and other of his friends to ride to *La Paliſſe*, hoping to finiſh the match betwixt *La Varina* and himſelf: But he and they are inforced to ſee themſelves deceived of their hopes. For *De Vaſſy* and his Daughter having heard that *Ioſſelina* and her Son were conveyed away, and could not be heard of, they (ſuſpecting, and fearing that which indeed was faln out) in plain terms, give *Mortaign* the refuſal, who galled to the heart herewith, doth now hang down his head, and ſee his former bloudy errours and crimes; but it is too late, for the Lord hath bent his bow, and his arrow is ready to revenge them.

La Palma underſtanding of *Mortaign*'s arrivall from *La Paliſſe*, thinks it high time for him to leave *Durency*, and ſo returning home to *Villepont* to his Wife *Iſabella*, who being an old woman and he a young man, was not onely impatient, but jealous of his long ſtay (which was well neer five weeks) and the rather, for that he departed, as ſhe thought, in the company of *Ioſſelina*: who becauſe ſhe was young and fair, ſhe vehemently ſuſpected, he had ſince entertained and ſtayed with. But this jealouſie of hers, God makes his inſtrument to diſcover this execrable murther.

For *La Palma* comming home, his Wife *Iſabella* (as we have heard) being incenſed with anger, and inflamed with jealouſie, gives him this bitter intertainment and welcome: *La Palma* (quoth ſhe) *you were very unkind, ſo ſoon to forſake your Whore* Ioſſelina. *La Palma* being peirced to the quick with this bitter ſpeech of his Wife, like a lewd fellow, gave her firſt the lye, and then termed her Whore in ſpeaking it. She hath fire in her looks, and he thunder in his ſpeeches. So after many bitter and ſcandalous injuries banded one to the other, ſhe addes rage to her words, and he a box on the ear to his choler, wherewith he fell'd her as dead to the ground; yea, the Servants, and all that beheld it, cry out amain, as if her ſoul had already taken her laſt farewell of her body. At this tumult the neighbours aſſemble, and deeming *Iſabella* dead, they lay hands on *La Palma* her Husband, and carry him before the Procurer *Fiſcall* of *La Paliſſe*, who was then in their Village of *Villepont*, who without further examination commits him to priſon, and ſo goes in perſon to viſit *Iſabella*, who by this time is a little recovered, but not freed from the danger of death: She relates him all that had paſt betwixt her Husband and her ſelf; as alſo of his departure with *Ioſſelina*, and of his long ſtay in *Durency*; adding withall, that he hath heretofore many times beaten her, and now ſhe hopes, that this blow will not go unpuniſhed; yea, her rage or rather Gods providence carries her ſo farre, as ſhe conſtantly averres to the Magiſtrate, that if *Ioſſelina* be not her Husbands Strumpet, ſhe conſtantly believes he is her Murtherer; & to conclude, ſaith, that her ſervant-maid *Iaqueta* can ſay more.

Iaqueta examined, ſaith, that the night before her Maſters departure for *Durency*, he was at mid-night in *Ioſſelina*'s Chamber, together with one *La Verdure* a Lackey, and that ſince *Ioſſelina* was neither ſeen nor heard of; and being farther demanded, if ſhe knew whoſe Lackey *La Verdure* was, ſhe anſwered, he was *Mounſieur Mortaign*'s Lackey, who was Son to *Mounſieur De Coucy*. The Procurer *Fiſcall*, conſidering their ſeverall depoſitions, doth ſhrewdly ſuſpect there was more in the wind than is yet diſcovered; he leaves *Iſabella*, and goes to her Husband in priſon, and after he had ſharply checked him for beating his Wife, he inquires and chargeth him with theſe two points; Firſt, why he and *La Verdure* were in *Ioſſelina*'s Chamber at mid-night; and ſecondly, what was become of her, ſith ſince that time ſhe hath neither been ſeen nor heard of.

La Palma is terrifyed and amazed with theſe demands (and farre the more, becauſe hee leaſt expected them) the which apparently appeared in the alteration of his colour and complexion, which commonly bewrayes an inward perturbation of the minde and heart. Hee anſwereth not punctually to thoſe points demanded of him: but runs on with many bitter invectives againſt the rage and jealouſie of his Wife; and then being by the Procurer, bid anſwer to thoſe two points he formerly demanded of him: he, after many frivolous and extravagant ſpeeches, denies that either he or *La Verdure* were in *Ioſſelina*'s Chamber, and that he neither ſaw her departure, nor knew what was become of her, and withall prayes the Procurer *Fiſcall* to free and releaſe him of his impriſonment: but he ſhall not eſcape at ſo cheap a rate.

For

For the Procurer, being very familiar with *Mounſieur de Vaſſye* his Collegue and fellow-Judge of *La Paliſſe*, remembred that hee had formerly heard him ſpeak of this *Mounſieur Mortaign*, who lately ſought his Daughter *La Varina* in Marriage; as alſo of his entertaining and rejecting this *Ioſſelina*, a Farmers Daughter of *Durency*, by whom hee had a baſe Son: and now conſidering that at ſuch an unreaſonable hour his Lackey *La Verdure* ſhould bee in her Chamber in *La Palma*'s Houſe, and *La Palma* himſelf in his Company, and ſhe never ſince ſeen or heard of, he thinks there is ſome fire hid and covered in theſe embers, and there is ſome deeper myſtery in this buſineſſe, which as yet was now revealed.

Wherefore, like a wiſe Magiſtrate, he holds it fit, the ſame night to ſend *La Palma* privately to *La Paliſſe*, as alſo his Wife *Iſabella* and *Iaqueta* for Witneſſes, and rides thither himſelf, to ſit upon his Proceſſe, with whom the Lieutenant of that Juriſdiction joyned; but for *Mounſieur de Vaſſie* the Seneſchall, he (for the regard he bore to *Mortaign*, becauſe he vehemently ſuſpected he had a deep and chief hand in this buſineſſe) would not bee preſent, but purpoſely abſented himſelf at a Houſe of his in the Countrey: the next morning *La Palma* is examined, as alſo the two Witneſſes, and *Iaqueta* is confronted with him, who ſtands firm to her former diſpoſition: But hee flatly denies all. The Procurer and the Lieutenant adjudged him to the Rack. He indureth the firſt torment, but at the ſecond he confeſſeth that he and *La Verdure* had ſtifled, and murthered *Ioſſelina* in her Bed, in his own Houſe, and had buried her in his Garden, and that they were ſet a work and hired to do it by *Mounſieur Mortaign*, who gave them two hundred Franks to effect it.

Loe here by the Mercy and Providence of God, *La Palma*'s malice to his Wife *Iſabella*, and her jealouſie to him, hath diſcovered and brought to light this cruell and bloudy Murther, which was ſo ſecretly contrived, and ſo cunningly and devilliſhly acted upon the body of *Ioſſelina*: But hers being diſcovered, let us likewiſe ſee how that of her harmleſſe and innocent Babe is likewiſe brought to light. The two Judges themſelves ride all night to *Villepont*, they ſearch the Garden, and find the dead body of *Ioſſelina*, having no other Winding-ſheet but her own ſmock. They ſend away the Provoſt to apprehend *Mortaign* and his Lackey for this murther, who meets *La Verdure* by the way, and ſeizes *Mortaign* in his Bed.

They are ſeverally brought to *La Paliſſe*, and firſt *La Verdure* is confronted with *La Palma*, who denies all: but they preſent his feet to the fire, and then he confeſſeth not only the Murther of *Ioſſelina*, but likewiſe that of her Infant Son, whom he firſt ſtrangled, and then threw into the River *Lignon*; and this, ſaid he, he did at the requeſt of his Maſter *Mortaign*, of whom for his part and labour, he received one hundred Franks.

We have here found two of theſe Murtherers; and now what reſteth there, but that the third, who is the Author, and as it were the capitall great Wheel of theſe bloody Tragedies, be produced and brought to this Arraignment? The Procurer and Lieutenant repair again to the priſon, and charge *Mortaign* with theſe two bloody murthers: he knows it is in vain to deny it, ſith he is ſure his two execrable Agents have already revealed it; therefore he aſhamed at the remembrance of his cruell and unnaturtll crimes, doth with many tears very ſorrowfully and penitently confeſſe all.

It is a happineſſe for him to repent theſe Murthers; but it had been a farre greater, if he had never contrived and committed them: yea, the Judges are amazed to hear the cruelty hereof, and the people to know it, and both ſend their praiſes and thankfulneſſe to God, that he hath thus detected and brought them to light on earth.

And now comes the Cataſtrophe of their own Tragedies, wherein every one of theſe Malefactors receives condign puniſhment for their ſeverall offences.

La Palma is condemned to be hanged and burnt; *La Verdure* to be broken on the Wheel, and his body to be thrown into the River *Lignon*; and *Mortaign*, though the laſt in rank, yet firſt in offence, to be broken on the Wheel, his body burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the air: which Sentence, in the ſight of a great multitude of Spectators, was on a Market day accordingly executed and performed in *La Palis*.

And this was the bloody end of *Mortaign*, and his two Helliſh Inſtruments, for murthering innocent *Ioſſelina*, and her ſilly and tender Infant: May all Maidens learn by her example to preſerve their Chaſtities; and men, by *La Verdur*'s and *La Palma*'s, not to be drawn to ſhed innocent blood for the lucre of wealth and money; and by *Mortaign*'s,

to

to bee leſſe laſcivious, inhuman, and bloody; thereby to prevent ſo execreable a life and ſo infamous a death.

One thing I may not omit; *La Palma* on the Ladder extremely curſed the malice of his Wife *Iſabella*, who (he ſaid) was the Author of his death; and no leſſe did *La Verdure* on the Wheel by his Maſter *Mortaign*: but both of them were ſo deſperately irreligious, as neither of them conſidered that it was their former ſins, and the malice of the Devill, to whom they gave too much ear, that was the cauſe thereof.

And for *Mortaign*, after he had informed the World, that he was extremely grieved that his Judges had not given him the Death of a Gentle-man, which was to have been Beheaded, hee with many tears bewailed his infinite ingratitude, cruelty, and unnaturalneſſe, both towards *Ioſſelina*, as alſo his and her young Son: yet he prayed the world in generall to pray that God would forgive it him; and likewiſe requeſted the Executioner to diſpatch him quickly out of this life; becauſe he confeſſed he was unworthy to live longer.

Now let us glorifie our Creator and Redeemer, who continually makes a ſtrict inquiſition for blood, and a curious and miraculous inquiry for Murther: yea, let us both fear him with love, and love him with fear, ſith he is as impartiall in his Juſtice, as in diſtributing his mercies.

Gods

The Triumphs of Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY IV.

Beatrice-Joana, *to marry* Alſemero, *cauſeth* de Flores *to murther* Alonſo Piracquo, *who was a Suti to her.* Alſemero *marries her, and finding* de Flores *and her in adultery, kills them both.* Thomas Piracquo *challengeth* Alſemero *for his Brothers death.* Alſemero *kills him treacherouſly in the field and is beheaded for the ſame, and his body thrown into the Sea. At his execution he confeſſeth, that h Wife and* de Flores *murthered* Alonſo Piracquo: *their bodies are taken up out of their graves, the burnt, and their aſhes thrown into the air.*

SIth in the day of Judgement we ſhall anſwer at Gods great Tribunall, for every lewd thought our hearts conceive, and idle word our tongues utter, how then ſhall we dare appear (much leſſe think to ſcape) when we defile our bodies with the pollution of Adultery, and taint our ſoul with the innocent blood of our Chriſtian Brethren? when, I ſay, with beaſtly luſt and adultery, w unſanctifie our ſanctified bodies, who are the receptacles and Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, and wit high and preſumptuous hands, ſtabbe at the Majeſty of God, by murthering man, who is his image This is not the ladder to ſcale Heaven, but the ſhorteſt way to ride poaſt to hell: for how can we giv our ſelves to God, when in the heat of luſt and fume of revenge we ſell our hearts to the Devil? Bu did we either love God for his Mercy, or fear him for his Juſtice, we would then not onely hate thei ſins in our ſelves, but deteſt them in others; for theſe are crying and capitall offences, ſeen in Heaven and by the Sword of his Magiſtrates brought forth and puniſhed here on earth. A lamentable an mournfull example whereof I here produce to your view, but not to your imitation: may we a read it to the reformation of our lives, to the comfort of our ſouls, and to the eternall glory of tha moſt Sacred and Individuall Trinity.

In *Valentia* (an ancient and famous City of *Spain*) there dwelt one *Don Pedro de Alſemero*, a nobl youn

young Cavalier, whoſe Father (*Don Iuan Alſemero*) being ſlain by the *Hollanders* in the Sea-Fight at *Gibraltar*, he reſolved to addict himſelf to Naval and Sea Actions, whereby to make himſelf capable to revenge his Fathers death: a brave reſolution, worthy the affection of a Son, and the Generoſity of a Gentleman!

To which end, he makes two Voyages to the *Weſt-Indies*, from whence he returns flouriſhing and rich, which ſo ſpread the ſails of his Ambition, and hoyſted his fame from top to top gallant, that his courage growing with his years, he thought no attempt dangerous enough, if honourable, nor no honour enough glorious, except atchieved and purchaſed by danger. In the Actions of *Alarache* and *Mamora*, he ſhewed many noble proofs and teſtimonies of his valour and proweſſe, the which he confirmed and made good by the receit of eleven ſeverall wounds; which as marks and Trophees of Honour made him famous in *Caſtile*. Boyling thus in the heat of his youthfull bloud, and contemplating often on the death of his Father, he reſolves to go to *Validolyd*, and to imply ſome Grando either to the King, or the Duke of *Lerma*, his great Favourite, to procure him a Captains place, and a Company under the Arch-Duke *Albertus*, who at that time made bloudy Warres againſt the *Netherlanders*, thereby to draw them to obedience: But as he began this ſuit, a generall truce of both ſides laid aſide Arms; which (by the mediation of *England* and *France*) was ſhortly followed by a Peace, as a Mother by the Daughter; which was concluded at the *Hage*, by His Excellency of *Naſſaw*, and Marqueſſe *Spinola*, being chief Commiſſioners of either party. *Alſemero* ſeeing his hopes fruſtrated, that the Keyes of Peace had now ſhut up the Temple of Warre, and that Muskets, Pikes, and Corſlets, that were wont to grace the Fields, were now ruſting by the Walls, he is irreſolute what courſe to take, reſembling thoſe Fiſhes who delight to live in cataracts and troubled waters, but dye in thoſe that are ſtill and quiet; For he ſpurns at the pleaſures of the Court, and refuſeth to haunt and frequent the companies of Ladies: And ſo not affecting, but rather diſdaining the pomp, bravery and vanitie of Courtiers, he withdraws himſelf from *Validolyd* to *Valentia*, with a noble and generous intent to ſeek Warres abroad, ſith he could find none at home; where being arrived, although he were often invited into the companies of the moſt noble and honourable Ladies both of the City and Country; Yet his thoughts ran ſtill on the Warres, in which Heroick and illuſtrious profeſſion, he conceived his chiefeſt delight and felicity: and ſo taking order for his Lands and Affairs, he reſolves to ſee *Malta*, that inexpugnable Rampier of *Mars*, the glory of *Chriſtendome*, and the terrour of *Turkey*, to ſee if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Iſland, or in their Gallies; or if not, he would from thence into *Tranſilvania*, *Hungary*, and *Germany*, to inrich his judgement and experience, by remarking the ſtrength of their Caſtles and Cities, their Orders and Diſcipline in Warre, the Potency of their Princes, the Nature of their Laws and Cuſtomes, and all other matters worthy the obſervation both of a Travellor and a Souldier: and ſo building many Caſtles in the air, he comes to *Alicant*, hoping to find paſſage there for *Napels*, and from thence to ſhip himſelf upon the *Neapolitan* Gallies for *Malta*.

There is nothing ſo vain as our thought, nor ſo uncertain as our hopes, for commonly they deceive us, or rather wee our ſelves in relying on them; not that God is any way unjuſt (for to think ſo, were impiety) but that our hopes take falſe objects, and have no true foundation; and to imagine the contrary, were folly: the which *Alſemero* findes true: for here the winde doth oppoſe him, his thoughts fight and vanquiſh themſelves; yea, the Providence of God doth croſſe him in his intended purpoſes, and gives way to that he leaſt intendeth.

For comming one morning to our Ladies Church at *Maſſe*, and being on his knees, in his Devotion, he eſpies a young Gentle-woman likewiſe on hers next to him, who being young, tender, and fair, hee thorow her thin veil diſcovered all the perfections of a delicate and ſweet Beauty, ſhe eſpies him feaſting on the dainties of her pure and freſh cheeks; and tilting with the inviſible lances of his eyes, to hers, he is inſtantly raviſhed and vanquiſhed with the pleaſing object of this Angelicall Countenance, and now he can no more reſiſt either the power or paſſion of Love.

This Gentle-woman (whoſe name as yet we know not) is young and fair, and cannot refrain from bluſhing, admiring to ſee him admire and bluſh at her. *Alſemero* dyes in conceit with impatiency, that he cannot injoy the happineſſe and means to ſpeak with her; but he ſees it is in vain to attempt it, becauſe ſhe is ingaged in the company of many Ladies, and he of many Cavaliers: But Maſſe being ended, he enquires of a good fellow Prieſt, who walked by, what ſhe was, and whether ſhe frequented that Church, and at what hour. The Prieſt informs him, that ſhe is *Don Diego de Vermandero's* Daughter; he being Captain of the Caſtle of that City, that her name was *Dona Beatrice-Joana*, and that ſhe is every morning in that Church and Place, and neer about the ſame hour.

Alſemero

Alſemero hath the ſweetneſſe of her beauty ſo deeply ingraven in his thoughts, and imprinted in his heart, that he vows *Beatrice-Joana* is his Miſtreſſe, and he her Servant: yea, here his warlike reſolutions have end, and ſtrike ſail. And now he leaves *Bellona*, to adore *Venus*, and forſakes *Mars*, to follow *Cupid*: yea, ſo fervent is his flame, and ſo violent is his paſſion, as he can neither give nor take truce of his thoughts, till he be again made happy with her ſight, and bleſſed with his preſence.

The next morn (as Lovers love not much reſt) *Alſemero* is ſtirring very timely, and hoping to find his Miſtreſſe, no other Church will pleaſe him but our Ladies, nor place, but where he firſt and laſt ſaw her; but ſhe is more zealous than himſelf; for ſhe is firſt in the Church, and on her knees at her Devotion, whom *Alſemero* gladly eſpying, he kneels next to her, and having hardly the patience to let paſſe one poor quarter of an hour (he reſolving as yet to conceal his name) like a fond Lover, whoſe greateſt glory is in complements and courting his Miſtris, he boards her thus:

Fair Lady, it ſeems, that theſe two mornings my devotions have been more powerfull and acceptable than heretofore, ſith I have had the felicity to be placed next ſo fair and ſo ſweet a Nymph as your ſelf, whoſe excellent beauty hath ſo ſuddainly captivated mine eyes, and ſo ſecretly raviſhed my heart, that he which heretofore rejected, cannot now reſiſt the power of love; and therefore, having ended my devotion, I beſeech you excuſe me, if I begin to pray you to take pitty of me, ſith my flame is ſo fervent, and my affection is ſo paſſionate, as either I muſt live yours, or not dye mine own.

Beatrice-Joana could not refrain from bluſhing under her veil, to ſee an unknown Cavalier board her in theſe terms in the Church; and as ſhe gave attentive ear to his ſpeech, ſo ſhe could not for a while refrain from glancing her eye upon the ſpruceneſſe of his perſon, and the ſumptuouſneſſe of his Apparell: but at laſt, accuſing her own ſilence, becauſe ſhe would give him no cauſe to condemn it, ſhe with a modeſt grace, and a graceſull modeſty, returns him this anſwer:

Sir, as your devotions can neither be pleaſing to God, nor profitable to your ſoul; if in this place you account it a felicity to enjoy the ſight of ſo mean a Gentlewoman as my ſelf, ſo I cannot repute it to affection but flattery, that this poor beauty of mine (which you unjuſtly paint forth in rich praiſes) ſhould have power either to captivate the eyes, or which is more, to raviſh the heart of ſo noble a Cavalier as your ſelf. Such Victories are reſerved for thoſe Ladies, who are as much your equall, as I your inferiour: and therefore directing your zeal to them, if they find your affection ſuch as you profeſſe to me, no doubt, regarding your many vertues and merits, they will in honour grant you that favour, which I in modeſty am conſtrained to deny you.

Alſemero (though a Novice in the Art of Love) was not ſo ignorant and cowardly to be put off with her firſt repulſe and refuſall, but rather ſeeing that the perfections of her mind correſponded with thoſe of her beauty, he reſolves now to make a triall of his wit and tongue, as heretofore he had done of his courage and ſword; and ſo joyns with her thus:

It is a pretty Ambition in you, ſweet Lady, to diſparage your beauty, that thereby it may ſeem the fairer; as the Sun, who appears brighter by reaſon of the nights obſcurity; and all things are beſt, and more perfectly diſcerned by their contraries: but I cannot commend, and therefore not excuſe your policy, or rather your diſreſpect, to ſlight and poaſt me over from your ſelf, whom I love, to thoſe Ladies I neither know nor deſire, which in effect is to give me a cloud for *Juno*. No, no, it is only to you and to no other that I preſent and dedicate my ſervice; and therefore it will be an ingratitude as unworthy my receiving, as your giving, that I ſhould be the object of your diſcourteſie, ſith you are that of my affection.

To theſe ſpeeches of *Alſemero*, *Beatrice-Joana* returns this reply:

It is not for poor Gencle-women of my rank and complexion, either to be ambitious, or politick, except it be to keep themſelves from the ſnares of ſuch Cavaliers as your ſelf, who (for the moſt part) under colour of affection, aim to erect the trophees of your deſires upon the tombs of our diſhonours; only I ſo much hate ingraritude, as you being to me a ſtranger, charity and common courteſie commands me to thank you for the profer of your ſervice, the which I can no way either deſerve or requite, except in my devotions and prayers to God for your glory and proſperity on earth.

As ſhe had ended this her ſpeech, the Prieſt ends his Maſſe; when *Alſemero* ariſing, advanced to lift her up from kneeling, and ſo with his Hat in his hand (ſequeſtring her from the crowd of people, who now began to depart the Church) he ſpeaks to her to this effect:

Fair Lady, as I know you to be the Lady *Beatrice-Joana*, Daughter to the noble Knight *Don Diego de Vermanderos*, Captain of the Caſtle of this City; ſo I being a ſtranger to you, I admire

that you offer ſo voluntary an injury to your judgement and my intents, as to pervert my affection and ſpeeches to a contrary ſenſe: but my innocency hath this conſolation, that my heart is pledge for my tongue, and my deeds ſhall make my words reall. In the mean time, ſith you will give me no place in your heart, I beſeech you lend me one in your Coach, and be at leaſt ſo courteous, as to honour me, in accepting my company to conduct you home to your fathers Caſtle.

Beatrice-Joana, calling to mind the freeneſs of her ſpeeches, and the ſharpneſs of his anſwer, not bluſhing for joy, but now looking pale for ſorrow, repents her ſelf of her errour, the which ſhe ſalves up the beſt ſhe could in this Reply.

Noble Sir, when I am acquainted as well with your heart as with your ſpeeches, I ſhall then not onely repent, but recant mine errour, in judging your ſelf by others; in the mean time, if I have any way wronged your merits and virtues, to give you ſome part of ſatisfaction, if you pleaſe to grace me with your company to the Caſtle (although it be not the cuſtom of *Alicant*) I do moſt kindly and thankfully accept thereof: when *Alſemero* giving her many thanks, and kiſſing his hand, he takes her by the arm, and ſo conducts her from the Church to her Coach.

It is both a grief and a ſcandal to any true Chriſtians heart, that the Church, ordained for thankſgiving and prayer unto God, ſhould be made a Stews, or at leaſt, a place for men to meet and Court Ladies; but in all parts of the Chriſtian world, where the Roman Religion reigneth, this ſinful cuſtome is frequently practiſed, eſpecially in *Italy*, and *Spain*, where, for the moſt part, men love their Courtizans better than their God; and it were a happineſſe for *France*, if her Popiſh Churches were freed of this abomination, and her people of this impiety. But again to our Hiſtory.

We will purpoſely omit the conference which *Alſemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* had in the Coach, and allow them by this time arrived to the Caſtle; where firſt her ſelf, then the Captain her Father, thank him for his honour and courteſie; in requital whereof, he ſhewed him the rarities and ſtrength of his Caſtle; and after ſome ſpeeches and complements between them, he was ſo happy as to kiſſe *Beatrice-Joana*, but had not the felicity to entertain her; and ſo he departs, his Lackey attending him with his Gennet to the Counter-ſcarſe. So home he rides to his lodging, where, whiles the wind holds contrary, we will a little leave him to his thoughts, and they to reſolve in what ſort he might contrive his ſute for the obtaining of his new and fair Miſtris *Beatrice-Joana*; and likewiſe her ſelf, to muſe upon the ſpeeches and extraordinary courteſies, which this unknown Cavalier afforded her, and begin to ſpeak of *Don Alonſo Piracquo*, a rich Cavalier of the City, who unknown to *Alſemero*, was his rival and competitor, in likewiſe ſeeking and courting *Beatrice-Joana* for his Miſtris and Wife.

This *Piracquo* being rich both in Lands and Money, and deſcended of one of the chiefeſt and nobleſt Families of *Alicant*, by Profeſſion a Courtier, and indeed (to give him his due) a Cavalier indued with many rare qualities and perfections, was ſo highly beloved, reſpected, and eſteemed in that City, as the very faireſt and nobleſt young Ladies, were, with much reſpect and affection, profered him in Mariage by their Parents; but there was none either ſo precious or pleaſing to his eye, as was our *Beatrice-Ioana*, whom he obſerved for beauty to excel others, and for Majeſty and grace to ſurpaſs her ſelf: and indeed he could not refrain from loving her, nor be perſwaded, or drawn to affect any other; ſo as he ſettled his reſolution either to have her to his wife, or not to be the husband of any. Yea, he is ſo earneſt in his ſute, as ſcarce any one day paſſeth, but he is at the Caſtle.

Vermandero thinks himſelf much honoured of him, in ſeeking his Daughter; yea, he receives him lovingly, and entertains him courteouſly; as knowing it greatly for her preferment, and advancement; and ſo gives *Piracquo* many teſtimonies of his favour, and many hopes that he ſhall prevail and obtain his Miſtris. But *Beatrice-Ioana* ſtands not ſo affected to him, rather ſhe receives him coldly; and when he begins his ſute to her, ſhe turns her deaf ear, and never anſwereth him, but in general tearms; onely not peremprorily to diſobey her Parents, ſhe ſeems to be pleaſed with his company, and yet ſecretly in her heart wiſheth him farther from her.

But *Piracquo* flattering himſelf in his hope, and as much doting on *Beatrice-Ioana's* beauty, as he relies on her fathers conſtant affection to him, he is ſo far from giving over his ſute to her, as he continueth it with more earneſtneſs and importunity, and vows that he will forſake his life ere his Miſtris: But ſometimes we ſpeak true, when we think we jeſt: yet he finds her one and the ſame; for although ſhe were not yet acquainted with *Alſemero*, yet ſhe made it the thirteenth Article of her Creed, that the ſupreme power had ordained her another husband, and not *Piracquo*; yea, at that very inſtant the remembrance of *Alſemero* quite defaced that of *Piracquo*, ſo that ſhe wholly reſus'd her heart to the laſt, of purpoſe to reſerve and give it to the firſt; as the ſequel will ſhew.

Now by this time *Vermandero* had notice, and was ſecretly informed of *Alſemero*'s affection to his daughter, and withall, that ſhe liked him far better than *Piracquo*; which news was indeed very diſtaſtful, and diſpleaſing to him, becauſe he perfectly knew that *Piracquo*'s means far exceeded that of *Alſemero*. Whereupon, conſidering that he had given his conſent, and in a manner ingaged his promiſe to *Piracquo*; he, to prevent the hopes, and to fruſtrate the attempts of *Alſemero*, leaves his Caſtle to the command of *Don Hugo de Valmarino*, his Son, and taking his Daughter *Beatrice-Ioana* with him, he in his Coach very ſuddenly and ſecretly goes to *Briamata*, a fair houſe of his, ten leagues from *Alicant*, where he means to ſojourn, until he had concluded and ſolemnized the Match betwixt them: But he ſhall never be ſo happy, as to ſee it effected.

At the news of *Beatrice Joana*'s departure, *Alſemero* is extremely perplexed and ſorrowful, knowing not whether it proceeded from her ſelf, her father, or both; yea, this his grief is augmented, when he thinks on the ſuddenneſs thereof, which he fears may be performed for his reſpect and conſideration: the ſmall acquaintance and familiarity he hath had with her, makes him that he cannot condemn her of unkindneſs; yet ſith he was not thought worthy to have notice of her departure, he again hath no reaſon to hope, much leſs to aſſure himſelf of her affection towards him. He knows not how to reſolve theſe doubts, nor what to think or doe in a matter of this nature and importance; for thus he reaſoneth with himſelf, if he ride to *Briamata*, he may perchance offend the Father; if he ſtay at *Alicant*, diſpleaſe the Daughter; and although he be rather willing to run the hazzard of his envy than of her affection, yet he holds it ſafer to be authorized by her pleaſure, and to ſteer his courſe by the compaſs of her commands: He therefore be-thinks himſelf of a means to avoyd theſe extremes, and ſo findes out a Channel to paſs free betwixt that *Sylla* and this *Carybdis*; which is, to viſite her by Letters: he ſees more reaſon to embrace, than to reject this invention, and ſo providing himſelf of a confident Meſſenger, his heart commands his pen to ſignifie her theſe few lines.

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

AS long as you were in Alicant, *I deemed it a heaven upon earth, and being bound for* Malta, *a thouſand times bleſſed that contrary wind which kept me from imbarquing and ſailing from you; yea, ſo ſweetly did I affect, and ſo dearly honour your beauty, as I entred into a reſolution with my ſelf, to end my voyage ere I began it, and to begin another, which I fear will end me. If you demand, or deſire to know what this ſecond voyage is, know, fair Miſtris, that my thoughts are ſo honourable, and my affection ſo religious, that it is the ſeeking of your favour, and the obtaining of your ſelf to my Wife, whereon not only my fortunes, but my life depends. But how ſhall I hope for this honour, or flatter my ſelf with the obtaining of ſo great a felicity, when I ſee you have not only left me, but which is worſe, as I underſtand, the City for my ſake? Fair* Beatrice-Joana, *if your cruelty will make me thus miſerable, I have no other conſolation left me, to ſweeten the bitterneſs of my grief and misfortunes, but a confident hope, that death will as ſpeedily deprive me of my daies, as you have of my joyes.*

ALSEMERO.

I know not whether it more grieved *Beatrice-Joana* to leave *Alicant*, without taking her leave of *Alſemero*, than ſhe doth now rejoyce to receive this his Letter; for as that plunged her thoughts in the hell of diſcontent, ſo this raiſeth them to the heaven of joy; and as then ſhe had cauſe to doubt of his affection, ſo now ſhe hath not onely reaſon to flatter, but to aſſure her ſelf thereof: and therefore, though ſhe will not ſeem at firſt to grant him his deſire, yet ſhe is reſolved to return him an anſwer, that may give as well life to his hopes, as praiſe to her modeſty. Her Letter is thus.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS I have many reaſons to be incredulous, and not one to induce me to beleeve, that ſo poor a beauty as mine ſhould have power to ſtop ſo brave a Cavalier (as your ſelf) from ending ſo honourable a Voyage, as your firſt, or to perſwade you to one ſo ſimple as your ſecond; ſo I cannot but admire, that you in your Letter ſeek me for your Wife, when in your heart, I preſume, you leaſt deſire it: and whereas you allege your life and fortunes depend on my favour, I think you write it purpoſely, either to make trial of your own wit, or of my indiſcretion, by endeavouring to ſee whether I beleeve that which exceeds all belief. Now as it is true, that I have left Alicant, *ſo it is as true, that I left it not any way to afflict you, but rather to obey my father: for this I pray beleeve, that although I cannot be kind, yet I will never be cruel to you. Live therefore your own friend, and I will never dye your enemy.*

BEATRICE-JOANA.

This

This Letter of *Beatrice-Joana* gives *Alſemero* much deſpair, and little hope; yet though he have reaſon to condemn her unkindneſs, hee cannot but approve her modeſty and diſcretion, which doth as much comfort as that afflict him: ſo his thoughts are irreſolute, and withall ſo variable, as he knows not whether he ſhould advance his hand, or withdraw his pen again, to write to his Miſtreſs. But at laſt, knowing that the excellencie of her Beauty, and the dignity of her Virtues deſerve a ſecond Letter; he hoping it may obtain and effect that which his firſt could not, calls for Paper, and thereon traceth theſe few lines:

ALSEMERO to BEATRICE-JOANA.

YOu have as much reaſon to aſſure your ſelf of my affection, as I to doubt of yours: and if Words and Letters, Tears and Vows, are not capable to make you beleeve the ſincerity of my zeal, and the honour of my affection; what reſteth, but that I wiſh you could dive as deeply into my heart, as my heart hath into your beauty, to the end you might be both Witneſs and Judge, if under heaven I deſire any thing ſo much on earth as to be crowned with the felicity to ſee Beatrice-Joana *my Wife, and* Alſemero *her Husband? But why ſhould I ſtrive to perſwade that, which you reſolve not to beleeve, or flatter my ſelf with any hope, ſith I ſee I muſt be ſo unfortunate to deſpair? I will therefore henceforth ceaſe to write, but never to love: and ſith it is impoſſible for me to live, I will prepare my ſelf to die, that the World may know, I have loſt a moſt fair Miſtreſs in you, and you a moſt faithfull and conſtant Servant in me.*

ALSEMERO.

Beatrice-Joana ſeeing *Alſemero*'s conſtant affection, holds it now rather diſcretion, than immodeſty to accept both his ſervice and ſelf, yea, her heart ſo delights in the greeableneſs of his perſon, and triumphs in the contemplation of his virtues, that ſhe either wiſheth her ſelf in *Alicant* with him, or he in *Briamata* with her: but conſidering her affection to *Alſemero* by her Fathers hatred, and her hatred to *Piracquo*, by his affection; ſhe thinks it high time to inform *Alſemero* with what impatiencie they both endeavour to obtain her favour and conſent, hoping that his diſcretion will interpoſe, and find means to ſtop the progreſs of theſe their importunities, and to withdraw her Fathers inclination from *Piracquo*, to beſtow it on himſelf: But all this while ſhe thinkes her ſilence is an injury to *Alſemero*, and therefore no longer to be uncourteous to him, who is ſo kind to her, ſhe very ſecretly conveighs him this Letter.

BEATRICE-JOANA to ALSEMERO.

AS it is not for Earth to reſiſt Heaven, nor for our wills to contradict Gods providence, ſo I cannot deny, but now acknowledge, that if ever I affected any man, it is your ſelf; for your Letters, proteſtations, and vows, but chiefly your merits, and the hope, or rather the aſſurance of your fidelity, hath wonne my heart, from my ſelf to give it you: but there are ſome important conſiderations and reaſons, that inforce me to crave your ſecreſie herein, and to requeſt you, as ſoon as conveniently you may, to come privately hither to me; for I ſhall never give content to my thoughts, nor ſatisfaction to my mind, till I am made joyfull with your ſight, and happy with your preſence. In the mean time, manage this affection of mine with care and diſcretion; and whiles you reſolve to make Alicant *your* Malta, *I will expect and attend your comming with much longing and impatiency to* Briamata.

BEATRICE-JOANA.

It is for no others but Lovers to judge how welcome this Letter was to *Alſemero*, who a thouſand times kiſſed it, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote it. He had, as we have formerly underſtood, been twice in the *Indies*; but now, in his conceit, he hath found a far richer treaſure in *Spain*, I mean his *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he eſteems the joy of his life, and the life of his joy; but ſhe will not prove ſo. He is ſo inamoured of her beauty, and ſo deſirous to have the felicitie of her preſence, as the Wind comming good, the Ship ſets ſayl for *Malta*, and he (to give a colour for his ſtay) feigns himſelf ſick, fetcheth back his Trunks, and remaineth in *Alicant*; and ſo burning with deſire to ſee his ſweetly dear, and dearly ſweet Miſtreſs, he diſpatcheth away his confident Meſſenger to *Briamata* in the morning, to advertiſe her, that he will not fail to be with her that night at eleven of the clock.

Beatrice-Joana is raviſhed with the joy of this news, and ſo provides for his coming. *Alſemero* takes the benefit of the night, and ſhe gives him the advantage of a Poſtern-door, which anſwers to a Garden, where *Diaphanta* her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends his arrival. He comes, ſhe

conducts him ſecretly thorow a private Gallery, into *Beatrice-Joana*'s Chamber; where (richly apparelled) ſhe very courteouſly and reſpectfully receives him. At the beginning of their meeting they want no kiſſes; which they ſecond with cõplements, and many loving conferences, wherein ſhe relates him *Piracquo*'s importunate ſute to her, and her Fathers earneſtneſs; yea, in a manner, his conſtraint, to ſee the Match concluded betwixt them; hee being for that purpoſe there, in her Fathers houſe. Again, after ſhe had alleged, and ſhewn him the intireneſs of her affection to himſelf, with whom ſhe is reſolved to live and dye, ſhe lets fall ſome dark and ambiguous ſpeeches, tending to this effect, that before *Piracquo* be in another world, there is no hope for *Alſemero* to injoy her for his Wife in this. Lo here the firſt plot and deſign of a lamentable and execrable Murther; which we ſhall ſhortly ſee acted and committed.

There needs but half a word to a ſharp and quick underſtanding. *Alſemero* knows it is the violence of her affection to him, that leads her to this diſreſpect and hatred to *Piracquo*, and becauſe her content is his, yea, rather it is for his ſake, that ſhe will forſake *Piracquo*, to live and dye with him, Paſſion and Affection blinding his judgement, and beauty triumphing and giving a law to his Conſcience, He freely profereth himſelf to his Miſtris, vowing, that he will ſhortly ſend him a Challenge, and fight with him; yea, had he a thouſand lives, as he hath but one, hee is ready, if ſhe pleaſe, to expoſe and ſacrifice them all at her command and ſervice. *Beatrice-Joana* thanks him kindly for his affection and zeal, the which ſhe ſaith ſhe holds redoubled by the freeneſs of his profer; but being loath that he ſhould hazard his own life, in ſeeking that of another, ſhe conjures him by all the love he bears her, neither directly, nor indirectly to intermeddle with *Piracquo*, but that he repoſe and build upon her affection and conſtancy; not doubting, but ſhe will ſo prevail with her Father, that he ſhall ſhortly change his opinion, and no more perſwade her to affect *Piracquo*, whom ſhe reſolutely affirmes, neither life nor death ſhall enforce her to marry. And to conclude, although ſhe affirm, that his preſence is dearer to her than her life, yet the better, and ſooner to compaſs their deſires, ſhe prayes him to leave *Alicant*, and for a while to return to *Valentia*, not doubting but time may work that, which perchance haſte; or importunity may never. Thus paſſing over their kiſſes, and the reſt of their amorous conference, he aſſured of her love, and ſhe of his affection, he returns for *Alicant*, packs up his baggage, which he ſends before, and within leſs than four daies, takes his journey for *Valentia*; where we will leave him a while, to relate other accidents and occurrences; which (like Rivers into the Ocean) fall within the compaſs of this Hiſtory.

This meeting, and part of *Alſemero*'s and *Beatrice-Joana*'s conference at her Fathers houſe of *Briamata*, was not ſo ſecretly carried and concealed, but ſome curious, or treacherous perſon near him, or her, over-hear and reveal it; which makes her Father *Vermandero* fume, and bite the lip; but he conceals it from *Piracquo*: and they ſhill continue their intelligence and familiarity; *Vermandero* telling him plainly, that a little more time ſhall work and finiſh his deſire; and that ſith his requeſt cannot prevail with his Daughter, his commands ſhall. But he ſhall miſs of his aim.

There is not ſo great diſtance from *Briamata* to *Alicant*, but ſome of the nobleſt of the City are advertiſed thereof; and one among the reſt, in great zeal and affection to *Piracquo*, ſecretly acquaints *Don Thomaſo Piracquo* his younger Brother therewith, being then in the City of *Alicant*; who hearing of this news, whereof he imagined his brother was ignorant, loath that he ſhould any longer perſevere in his preſent errour, and to prevent his future diſgrace, he like a faithful and honeſt Brother, takes occaſion from *Alicant* to write him this enſuing letter to *Briamata*.

THOMASO to ALONSO PIRACQUO.

BEing more jealous of your proſperity than of mine own; and knowing it many times falls out, that Lovers loſe the clearneſs and ſolidity of their judgement, in gazing and contemplating on the Roſes and Lillies of their Miſtreſſes beauties, I deſirous to prevent your diſgrace, thought my ſelf bound to ſignifie you, that I here underſtand by the report of thoſe, whoſe ſpeeches bear their perſwaſions with them, that your ſute to Beatrice-Joana *is in vain, and ſhe unworthy of your affection, becauſe ſhe hath already contracted her ſelf to* Alſemero *your Rival: I am as ſorry to be the Herald of this news, as glad and confident, that as ſhe hath matched your inferiour, ſo you are reſerved for her better. Wherefore, Sir, recall your thoughts, tempt not impoſſibilities, but conſider, that the ſhorteſt errours are beſt: and though you love her well, yet think that at your pleaſure you may find varietie of Beauties, whereunto hers deſerves not the honour to doe homage. I could give no truce to my thoughts, till I had advertiſed you hereof, and do hope either the name of a Brother, or your own generoſitie, will eaſily procure pardon for my preſumption.*

THOMASO PIRACQUO.

Piracquo, notwithstanding this his Brothers Letter of counsel and advice, is so far from retiring in his suit, as he rather advanceth with more violence and zeal; and as many mens judgements are dazled and obscured a little before their danger, and misfortune, when indeed they have most need to have them sound and clear; so he is not capable to be diswaded from reseaching his Mistresse; but rather resembleth those Saylors, who are resolute to endure a storm, in hope of fair weather: but he had found more security, and less danger, if he had embraced and followed the counsel that his Brother gave him: For, *Beatrice-Joana* seeing she could not obtain her [illegible] *Alsemero* e'r *Piracquo* were removed, doth now confirm that which formerly she had resolved on, to make him away, in what manner, or at what rate soever. And now after she had [illegible], and run over many bloody designs, the Devil, who never flies from those that follow him, profers her an invention as execrable as damnable. There is a gallant young Gentleman, of the Garison of the Castle, who follows her Father, that to her knowledge doth deeply honour, and dearly affect her: yea, she knows, that at her request, he will not stick to murther *Piracquo*: his name is *Signiour Antonio de Flores*: she is resolute in her rage, and approves him to be a fit instrument to execute her will.

Now as soon as *Vermandero* understands of *Alsemero*'s departure to *Valentia*, he with his daughter and *Piracquo*, returnes from *Briamata* to *Alicant*: where, within three dayes of their arrival, *Beatrice-Joana*, boyling still in her revenge to *Piracquo*, which neither the air of the Country nor City could quench or wipe off, she sends for *de Flores*, and with many flattering smiles, and sugred speeches, acquaints him with her purpose and desire, making him many promises of kindnesse and courtesies, if he will perform it.

De Flores having a long time loved *Beatrice-Joana*, is exceeding glad of this news; yea, feeding his hopes with the air of her promises, he is so caught and intangled in the snares of her beauty, that he freely promises to dispatch *Piracquo*; and so they first consult, and then agree upon the manner how, which forthwith we shall see performed: to which end, *de Flores* insinuates himself fairly into *Piracquo*'s company and familiarity as he comes to the Castle; where watching his hellish opportunity, he one day hearing *Piracquo* commend the thickness and strength of the Walls, told him, that the strength of that Castle consisted not in the Walls, but in the *Casemates*, that were stored with good Ordnance to scour the ditches. *Piracquo* very courteously prayes *De Flores* to be a means that he may goe down and see the *Casemates*. *De Flores* like a bloody Faulkner, seeing *Piracquo* already come to his lure, tels him it is now dinner time, and the Bell upon ringing; but if he please, he himself will after dinner accompany him, and shew him all the strength and rarities of the Castle. He thanks *De Flores* for this courtesie, and accepts hereof, with promise to go. So he hies in to dinner, and *De Flores* pretending some business, walks in the Court.

Whiles *Piracquo* is at dinner with *Vermandero*, *de Flores* is providing of a bloody banquet in the East *Casemate*, where, of purpose he goes, and hides a naked sword and Ponyard behind the door. Now dinner being ended, *Piracquo* finds out *de Flores*, and summons him of his promise; who tels him he is ready to wait on him: so away they goe from the Walls to the Ravelins, Sconces, and Bulwarks, and from thence by a Postern to the Ditches; and so in again to the *Casemates*, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the Theater, whereon wee shall presently see acted, a mournful and bloody Tragedy. At the descent hereof, *De Flores* puts off his Rapier, and leaves it behinde him, treacherously informing *Piracquo*, that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the policy and villany of this devillish and treacherous miscreant.

Piracquo, not doubting, nor dreaming of any Treason, follows his example, and so casts off his Rapier: *De Flores* leads the way, and he follows him; but, alass, poor Gentleman, he shall never return with his life. They enter the Vault of the *Casemate*; *De Flores* opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his Sword and Ponyard: He stoopes and looks thorow a Port-hole, and tels him, that that Peece doth thorowly scoure the Ditch. *Piracquo* stoopes likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) *De Flores* steps for his Weapons, and with his Ponyard stabs him thorow the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kils him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that *Casemate* was built. Lo here the first part of this mournful and bloody Tragedy.

De Flores (like a graceless villain) having dispatched this sorrowful business, speedily acquaints *Beatrice-Joana* herewith; who (miserable wretch) doth hereat infinitely rejoyce, and thanks him with many kisses; and the better to conceal this their vild and bloody Murther, as also to cast a mist before peoples conceit and judgements, she bids him, by some secret means to cause reports to be spread, first, that *Piracquo* was seen gone forth the Castle-gate; then, that in the City he was seen take Boat, and went (as it was thought) to take the air of the Sea. But this wit of theirs shall prove

 folly.

tolly: for though men as yet ſee not this Murther, yet God in his due time will both detect and puniſh it.

By this time *Piracquo* is found wanting, both in the City and Caſtle: ſo theſe aforeſaid reports run for current, all tongues prattle hereof, *Vermandero* knows not what to ſay, nor *Piracquo*'s Brother and Friends what to doe herein; they every hour and minute expect news of him, but their hopes bring them no comfort, and amongſt the reſt, our devilliſh *Beatrice-Joana* ſeems exceedingly to grieve and mourn in great. *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, with the reſt of his friends, ſearch every corner of the City, and ſend Scouts both by Land and Sea, to have news of him. *Vermandero* the Captain of the Caſtle doth the like, and vows, that next his own Son, he loved *Piracquo* before any man of the world: yea, not onely his friends, but generally all thoſe who knew him, exceedingly weep and bewail the abſence and loſs of this Cavalier; for they think he is drowned in the Sea.

Now in the middeſt of this ſorrow, and of theſe teares, *Beatrice-Joana* doth ſecretly advertiſe her Lover *Alſemero* hereof, but in ſuch palliating terms, that thereby ſhe may delude and carry away his judgement from imagining that ſhe had the leaſt ſhadow or finger herein; and withall prayes him to make no longer ſtay in *Valentia*, but to come away to her to *Alicant*. *Alſemero* wonders at this news, and to pleaſe his fair Miſtris, believes part thereof, but will never believe all: but hee is ſo inflamed with her beauty, as her remembrance wipes away that of *Piracquo*; when letting paſſe a little time, he makes his preparation for *Alicant*; but firſt he ſends the chiefeſt of his Kindred to *Vermandero*, to demand his daughter *Beatrice-Joana* in Mariage for him, and then comes himſelf in perſon, and in diſcreet and honourable manner courts her Parents privately, and makes ſhew to ſeek her publickly.

In fine, after many conferences, meetings, and complements, as *Alſemero* hath heretofore wonne the affection of *Beatrice-Joana*, ſo now at laſt he obtains likewiſe the favour and conſent of *Vermandero* her Father. And here our two Lovers, to their exceeding great content, and infinite joy, are united, and by the bond of Mariage, of two perſons made one; their Nuptials being ſolemnized in the Caſtle of *Alicant*, with much Pomp, State, and Bravery.

Having heretofore heard the conference that paſt betwixt *Alſemero* and *Beatrice-Joana* in the Church; having likewiſe ſeen the amorous Letters that paſt betwixt them, from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, and from *Briamata* to *Alicant*; and now conſidering the pomp and glory of their Nuptials, who would imagine that any averſe accident could alter the ſweetneſs and tranquillity of their affections, or that the Sun-ſhine of their joyes ſhould ſo ſoon be eclipſed, and overtaken with a ſtorm? But God is as juſt as ſecret in his decrees.

For this married couple had ſcarce lived three moneths in the pleaſures of Wedlock (which if virtuouſly obſerved, is the chiefeſt earthly joy) but *Alſemero*, like a fond Husband, becomes jealous of his Wife; ſo as he curbs and reſtrains her of her liberty, and would hardly permit her to confer or converſe with, yee, far leſs, to ſee any man: But this is not the way to teach a woman chaſtity; for, if fair words, good examples, and ſweet admonitions, cannot prevail, threatnings and impriſoning in a chamber will never; yea, the experience thereof is daily ſeen, both in *England*, *France*, and *Germany*, where generally the Women uſe (but not abuſe) their liberty and freedom, granted them by their husbands, with much civility, affection, and reſpect.

Beatrice-Joana bites the lip at this her husbands diſcourteſie; ſhe vows ſhe is as much deceived in his love, as he in his jealouſie, and that ſhe is as unworthy of his ſuſpition, as he of her affection: he watcheth her every where, and ſets ſpies over her in every corner; yea, his jealouſie is become ſo violent, as he deems her unchaſt with many, yet knows not with whom: But this Tree of Jealouſie never brings forth good fruit. She complaines hereof to her Father, and prayes him to be a means to appeaſe and calm this tempeſt, which threatens the Shipwrack, not onely of her content, but (it may be) of her life. *Vermandero* bears himſelf diſcreetly herein; but he may as ſoon place another Sunne in the Firmament, as root out this fearful frenzie out of *Alſemero*'s head; for this his paternal admonition is ſo far from drawing him to hearken to reaſon, as it produceth contrary effects; for now *Alſemero*, to prevent his ſhame, and ſecure his fear, ſuddenly provides a Coach, and ſo carries home his wife from *Alicant* to *Valentia*. This ſudden departure grieves *Vermandero*, and galls *Beatrice-Joana* to the heart, who now looks no longer on her husband with affection, but with diſdain and envy. Many daies are not paſt, but her Father reſolves to ſend to *Valentia*, to know how matters ſtand betwixt his daughter and her husband: he makes choice of *De Flores* to ride thither, and ſends letters to them both.

De Flores is extreamly joyful of this occaſion, to ſee his old Miſtris, *Beatrice-Joana*, whom he loves dearer than his life: he comes to *Valentia*, and finding *Alſemero* abroad, and ſhe at home, delivers her her Fathers Letter, and ſalutes and kiſſeth her, with many amorous embracings and dalliances (which modeſty holds unworthy of relation) She acquaints him with her husbands ingratitude: [illegible] father

[illegible] grieves hereat, and now revives his old sute, and red[illegible] h[illegible] the [illegible] hath done for her service, and joyning therewith her h[illegible] and [illegible] not only [illegible] to him for the time present, but for the future, and bid him visit her often. B[illegible] [illegible] dear for their familiarity and pleasure.

Alsemero c[illegible]s home, receives his Fathers Letter, sets a pleasing fac[e] on his discontented heart, [illegible] him welcome: And so the next day writes back to his Father *Fernandero*, and dispatcheth [illegible]; who for that time takes his leave of both, and returns for *Alica[nt]*.

He is no sooner departed, but *Alsemero* is by one of his Spies, a Waiting-gentlewoman of his Wife, [wh]om he had corrupted with money, advertised that there past many amorous kisses, and dalliances [bet]ween her Mistresse and *De Flores*: yea, she reveals all that ever she saw or heard; for, she past not to be false to her Lady, so she were true to her Lord and Master. And indeed this Waiting-[gentle]woman was that *Diaphanta*, of whom we have formerly made mention, for conducting of *[Al]semero* to her Ladies chamber at *Briamata*. *Alsemero* is all fire at this news, he consults not with judgment, but with passion; and so rather like a devil than a man, flies to his Wifes chamber, wherin furiously rushing, he with his sword drawn in his hand, to her great terrour and amazement, delivers these words.

Minion (quoth he) upon thy life tel me what familiarity there hath now past betwixt *De Flores* and thy self? whereat she, fetching many sighs, and shedding many tears, answers him, that by her part of heaven, her thoughts, speeches, and actions have no way exceeded the bounds of honour and chastity towards him; and that *De Flores* never attempted any curtesie, but such as a brother may shew to his own natural sister. Then, quoth he, whence proceeds this your familiarity? Whereat she grows pale, and withall silent. Which her husband espying, Dispatch, quoth he, and tell me the truth, or else this sword of mine shall instantly find a passage to thy heart. When lo, the providence of God so ordained it, that she is reduced to this exigent and extremity, as she must be a witnesse against her self, and in seeking to conceal her Whordom, must discover her Murther; the which she doth in these words; Know, *Alsemero*, that sith thou wilt inforce me to shew thee the true cause of my chast familiarity with *De Flores*, that I am much bound to him, and thy self more; for he it was, that at my request, dispatched *Piracquo*, without which (as thou well knowest) I could never have injoyed thee for my husband, nor thou me for thy wife: And so she reveals him the whole circumstance of that cruel Murther, as we have formerly understood; the which she conjures, and prayes him to conceal, sith no lesse than *De Flores* and her own life depended thereon, and that she will dye a thousand deaths before consent to defile his bed, or to violate her oath and promise given him in Mariage.

Alsemero both wondering and grieving at this lamentable news, sayes little, but thinks the more; and though he had reason and apparence to believe, that she who commits Murther, will not stick to commit Adultery, yet upon his Wifes solemn oaths and protestations, he forgets what is past; only he strictly chargeth her, no more to see, or admit *De Flores* into her company; or if the contrary, he vows he will so sharply be revenged of her, as he will make her an example to all posterity.

But *Beatrice-Joana*, notwithstanding her husbands speeches, continueth her intelligence with *De Flores*; yea, her husband no sooner rides abroad, but he is at *Valentia* with her; and they are become so impudent, as what they did before secretly, they now in a manner doe publickly, or at least, with Chamber-doors open. *Diaphanta* knowing this to be a great scandal, as well to her Masters honour, as house, again informs him thereof; who vows to take a sharp revenge of this their infamy and indignity; as indeed he doth; for he bethinks himself (thereby to effect it) of an invention, as worthy of his jealousie, as of their first crime of Murther, and of their second of Adultery: He injoyneth *Diaphanta* to lay wait for the very hour that *De Flores* arrives from *Alicant* to *Valentia*, which she doth; when instantly pretending to his Wife a journey in the Country, hee very secretly, and silently, having his Rapier and Ponyard, and a Case of Pistols ready charged in his [po]cket [illegible] to take Horse) husheth himself up privatly in his study, which was next adjoyning, and within his bed-chamber.

Beatrice-Joana, thinking her Husband two or three Leagues off, sends away for *De Flores*, who [co]mes [illegible] to her: they fall to their kissings and embracings; she rejoycing extreamly for his [ar]rival, and [for] her husband *Alsemero's* departure: she relates him the cruelty and indignity her husband [illegible] shewed and offered her, the which *De Flores* understands with much contempt and [illegible], as also with many threats. *Alsemero* hears all, but doth neither speak, cough, neeze, nor [stir]. So from words they fall to their beastly [illegible], when *Alsemero* no longer [illegible] contain himself, [illegible] lesse to be accessary to his shame, and their villany, throws off the door, and violently rusheth forth; when finding them on his Bed, in the [midst] of their Adultery, he first dischargeth his Pistols on them, and then with his Sword and Ponyard runnes them thorow, and stabs them [with] [illegible] many deep and wide wounds, that they have not so much power or time to speak

a word, but there lye weltring and wallowing in their blood, whiles their ſouls fly to another world; to relate what horrible and beaſtly crimes their bodies have committed in this. Thus by the providence of God, in the ſecond Tragedy of our Hiſtory, we ſee our two Murtherers murthered, and *Piracquo's* innocent blood revenged in the guiltineſs of theirs.

Alſemero, having finiſhed this bloody buſineſs, leaves his Piſtols on the Table, as alſo his Sword and Ponyard all bloody as they were; and without covering or removing the breathleſs bodies of theſe two wretched miſcreants, he ſhuts his Chamber door, and is ſo farre from flying for the fact; as he takes his Cloak, and goes directly to the Criminal Judge himſelf, and reveals what he had done; but conceals the Murther of *Piracquo*. The Judge is aſtoniſhed and amazed at the report of this mournful and pittiful accident; he takes *Alſemero* with him, returns to his houſe, and finds thoſe two dead bodies freſh ſmoaking, and reeking in their blood. The news hereof is ſpread in all the City. The whole people of *Valentia* flock thither to be eye-witneſſes of theſe two murthered perſons; where ſome behold them with pitty, others with joy, but all with aſtoniſhment and admiration; and no leſſe do thoſe of *Alicant*, where this news is ſpeedily poſted; but all their griefs is nothing to thoſe of *Don Diego de Vermandero's* (*Beatrice-Joana's* father) who infinitely and extreamly grieves; partly for the death, but eſpecially for the crime of his daughter.

The Judge preſently commits *Alſemero* priſoner in another of his own Chambers, and ſo examining *Diaphanta*, upon her oath, concerning the familiarity betwixt *de Flores* and *Beatrice-Joana*; ſhe affirms conſtantly, that now, and many times before, ſhe ſaw them commit Adultery; and that ſhe it was that firſt advertiſed *Alſemero* her Maſter hereof. Whereupon, after a ſecond examination of *Alſemero*, they, upon mature deliberation, aquit him of this fact; ſo he is freed, and the dead bodies carried away and buried.

But although this earthly Judge have acquitted *Alſemero* of this fact, yet the Judge of Judges, the great God of heaven, who ſeeth not onely our heart, but our thoughts, not onely our actions, but our intents, hath this, and ſomething elſe to lay to his charge; for he (in his ſacred providence, and divine Juſtice) doth both remember and obſerve, firſt how ready and willing *Alſemero* was to engage himſelf to *Beatrice-Joana* to kill *Piracquo*; then, though he conſented not to the Murther, yet how he concealed it, and brought it not to publick arraignment and puniſhment, wherby the dead body of *Piracquo* might receive a more honourable, and Chriſtian-like Sepulchre: and if theſe crimes of his be not capable to deſerve revenge and chaſtiſement, Lo, he is entering into a new, wilfull, and premeditated Murther, and doth ſo diſhonourably and treacherouſly perform it, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee him loſe his life upon an infamous Scaffold, where he ſhall find no heart to pitty him, nor eye to bewail him.

If we would be ſo ignorant, we cannot be ſo malicious, to forget that loving and courteous Letter, which *Don Thomaſo Piracquo* wrote his Brother *Alonſo Piracquo* from *Alicant* to *Briamata*, to withdraw himſelf from his ſute to *Beatrice-Ioana*; and although his affection and jealouſie to prevent his Brothers diſgrace, was then the chief occaſion of that his Letter, yet ſith he was ſince diſaſtrouſly and misfortunately bereaved of him, of that dear and ſweet Brother of his, whom he ever held and eſteemed far dearer than his life, his thoughts, like ſo many lines, concur in this Centre, from whence he cannot be otherwiſe conceited or drawn, but that *Beatrice-Joana* and *Alſemero* had a hand, and were at leaſt acceſſaries, if not authors of his loſs: upon the foundation of which belief he raiſeth this reſolution, that he is not worthy to be a Gentleman, nor of the degree and title of a Brother, if he crave not ſatisfaction for that irreparable loſs which he ſuſtaineth in that of his Brother; and the ſooner is he drawn thereunto, becauſe he believes, that as *Alſemero* was ordained of old to chaſtize *Beatrice-Joana*, ſo he was by the ſame Power reſerved to be revenged of *Alſemero*. Wherupon, although it be not the cuſtom of *Spain* to fight Duels (as deſiring rather the death of their enemies than of their friends) he reſolves to fight with him; and to that end, underſtanding *Alſemero* to be then in *Alicant*, ſends him this Challenge.

THOMASO PIRACQUO to ALSEMERO.

IT is with too much aſſurance, that I fear Beatrice-Joana's *vanity, and your raſhneſs, hath bereaved me of a Brother, whom I ever eſteemed and prized far dearer than my ſelf: I were unworthy to converſe with the world, much leſs to bear the honour and degree of a Gentleman, if I ſhould not ſeek ſatisfaction for his death, with the hazard of mine own life: for if a friend be bound to perform the like courteſie and duty to his friend, how much more a Brother to his Brother? Your Sword hath chaſtiſed* Beatrice-Joana's *errour, and I muſt ſee whether mine be reſerved to correct yours. As you are your ſelf, meet me at the foot of* Glifferan *hill to morrow, at five in the morning, without Seconds, and it ſhall be at your choice, either to uſe your Sword on Horſe-back, or your Rapier on foot.*

THOMASO PIRACQUO

Alſemero accepts this Challenge, and promiſeth that he and his Rapier will not fail to meet him: yet as he one way wondereth at *Piracquo*'s valour and reſolution, ſo another way he conſidereth the great loſs he hath received in that of his Brother, and the juſtneſs of his quarrel againſt him; who although he were not acceſſary to his Murther, yet he is, in concealing the cruelty thereof; and indeed this villany makes him loſe his accuſtomed courage, and think of the moſt baſe cowardize, and treacherous ſtratagem: But this diſhonourable reſolution and deſign of his ſhall receive an infamous recompence, and a reward and puniſhment as bitter as juſt.

They meet at the hour and place appointed; *Piracquo* is firſt in the field, and *Alſemero* ſtayes not long after; but he hath two ſmall Piſtols charged in his pockets, which in killing his Enemy ſhall ruin himſelf. They draw, and as they approach, *Alſemero* throws away his Rapier, and with his hat in his hand, prayes *Piracquo* to hear him in his juſt defence, and that he is ready to joyn with him to revenge his Brothers Murtherers. *Piracquo* being as courteous as couragious, and as honourable as valiant, likewiſe throws away his Rapier, and with his Hat in his hand comes to meet him: but it is a folly to unarm our ſelves in our Enemies preſence; for it is better and fitter that he ſtand to our curteſie, than we to his: When *Piracquo* fearing nothing leſs than Treaſon, *Alſemero* draws out his Piſtols, and diſchargeth them; the firſt thorow his head, the ſecond thorow his breaſt; of which two wounds, he ſpeaking onely thus, *O Villain! O Traitor!* falls down dead at his feet. Lo here the third bloody part of this Hiſtory.

It is a lamentable part for any one to commit Murther; but for a Gentleman to deſtroy another in this baſe and cruel manner, this exceeds all baſeneſs and cruelty it ſelf: yea, it makes him as unworthy of his honour, as worthy of a halter.

The news of this bloody fact rattles in the ſtreets of *Alicant*, as Thunder in the firmament: *Piracquo*'s Chirurgion being an eye-witneſs hereof, reports the death of his Maſter, and the treachery of *Alſemero*; All *Alicant* is amazed hereat, they extol *Thomaſo Piracquo*'s valour, and his ſingular affection to his dead Brother, and both deteſt and curſe the treachery and memory of *Alſemero*. The criminal Judges are advertiſed hereof, who ſpeedily ſend poſt after him: but he is mounted on a ſwift Gennet, and like *Bellerophon* on his winged *Pegaſus*, doth rather flie than gallop: but his haſte is in vain; for the juſtice of the Lord will both ſtop his Horſe, and arreſt him. He is not recovered half way from *Alicant* towards *Valentia*, but his Horſe ſtumbles, and breaks his fore-leg, and *Alſemero* his right arm; he is amazed, perplexed, and inraged hereat, and knows not what to do, or whither to fly for ſafety; for he ſees no buſh nor hedg to hide him, nor lane to ſave him; and now he repents himſelf of his fact, but it is too late. His Horſe failing him, he truſteth to his legs, and ſo throwing off his cloak, runs as ſpeedily as he may: but the foulneſs of his fact doth ſtil ſo affright him, and terrifie his conſcience, as he is afraid of his own ſhadow; looks ſtill back, imagining that every ſtone he ſees is a Sergeant come to arreſt him; yea, his thoughts, like ſo many Blood-hounds, purſue and follow him, ſweating exceedingly, partly through his labour, but eſpecially through the affliction and perturbation of his mind; yea, every point of a minute, he expecteth and fears his apprehenſion.

Neither is his fear or expectation vain: for lo, he at laſt perceives four come galloping after him, as faſt as their Horſes can drive. So they finding firſt his poor horſe, and now eſpying his miſerable ſelf, he ſees he is invironed of all ſides, and thinks the earth hath brought forth *Cadmean* men to apprehend him; yet remembring himſelf a Gentleman, and withall a Souldier, he reſolves rather to ſell his life dearly in that place, than to be made a Spectacle upon an infamous Scaffold: but this courage and reſolution ſhall neither prevail or reſcue him.

He to this effect draws his Rapier, the which the four Sergeants will him to yeeld, and render up to the Kings Laws and Juſtice; but he is reſolute to defend himſelf. They threaten him with their Piſtols; but their ſight doe as little amaze him, as their report, and bullets: ſo they alight from their Horſes, and environ him with their Swords, and having hurt two of them, and performed the part of a deſperate Gladiator, the third joyning with him, they breake his Rapier within a foot of the Hilt, whereat he yeelds himſelf. *Alſemero* thus taken, is the ſame night brought back to *Alicant*, in whoſe Gates and Streets a wonderfull concourſe of people aſſembled to ſee him paſs, who as much pitty his perſon, as execrate and condemn his fact.

The Senate is aſſembled, and *Alſemero* brought to appear, who conſidering the hainouſneſs of his treacherous and bloody fact, which the Devil had cauſed him to commit, he ſtayes for no witneſſes, but accuſeth himſelf of this Murther, the which from point to point hee confeſſeth; and ſo they adjudge him to loſe his head: but this is too honourable a death for a Gentleman who hath ſo treacherouſly and baſely diſhonoured and blemiſhed his Gentility. As he is on the Scaffold, preparing himſelf to dye, and ſeeing no farther hope of life, but the image of death before his eyes, knowing it no time now either to diſſemble with God, or to fear the Law, he

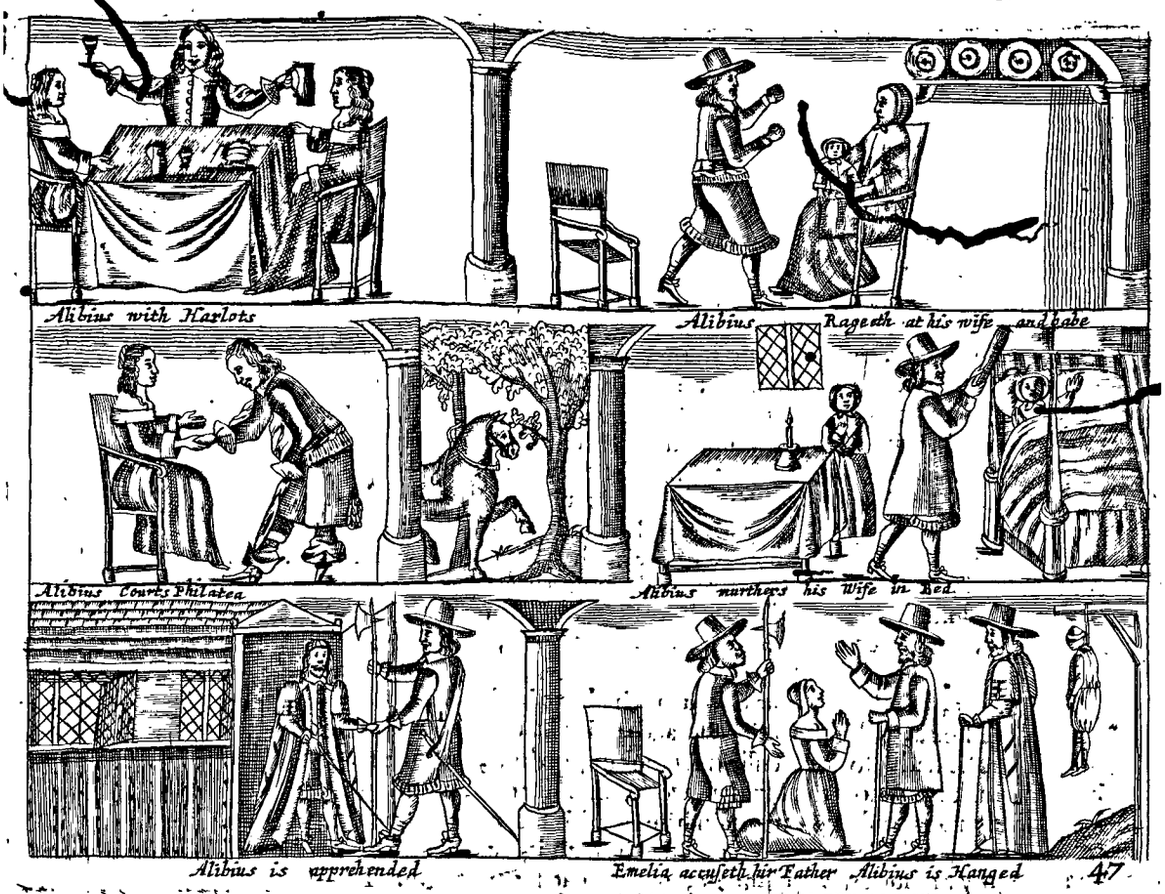
to

to the amazement of all the world, tells the people, that though he killed *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, yet he had no hand in the Murther of his Brother *Don Alonſo*, whom (he ſaid) *De Flores* at the inſtigation of his wicked and wretched Wife *Beatrice-Joana*, had Murthered, and buried in the Eaſt *Caſemate* of the Caſtle: and withall affirmed, that if he were guilty in any thing concerning that Murther, it was only in concealing it, which he had done till then, and whereof (he ſaid) he now moſt heartily repented himſelf, as being unwilling any longer to charge his ſoul with it, ſith he was ready to leave this world, and to goe to another; and ſo beſought them all to pray unto God to forgive him, whoſe ſacred Majeſty he confeſſed he had highly and infinitely offended; and wiſhed them all to beware, and flie the temptations of the Devil, and to become better Chriſtians by his example.

The Judges advertiſed hereof, cauſe his head to be ſtricken off for Murthering of *Don Thomaſo Piracquo*, and his body to be thrown into the ſea, for concealing that of *Don Alonſo*; which was accordingly executed: and from the place of Execution they immediatly goe to the Caſtle, and ſo to the Eaſt *Caſemate*, where cauſing the ſtones to be removed, they find the mournful murthered body of *Don Alonſo Piracquo*, which they give to his Kinſfolks, to receive a more honourable Burial, according to his rank and degree; and from thence they return to the Churches, where the bodies of *De Flores*, and *Beatrice-Joana* were interred (after they were brought back from *Valentia*) the which for their horrible Murther, they at the common place of Execution cauſe to be burned, and their Aſhes to be thrown into the Air, as unworthy to have any reſting place on Earth, which they had ſo cruelly ſtained and polluted with innocent blood.

Lo here the juſt puniſhment of God againſt theſe devilliſh and bloody Murtherers! at the ſight of whoſe Executions, all that infinite number of people that were Spectators, univerſally laud and praiſe the Majeſty of God for purging the earth of ſuch unnatural and bloody Monſters.

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY V.

Alibius *murthereth his wife* Merilla: *he is diſcovered, firſt by* Barnardo, *then by* Emelia *his own Daughter: ſo he is apprehended, and hanged for the fact.*

HOw far are they from having peace with God, and all his creatures, when they lay violent hands on their own Wives; yea, when they murther them in their beds, inſtead of repoſing their ſecrets and affections in their boſoms? Theſe are helliſh reſolutions, and infernal ſtratagems, that Nature neither allows, nor Grace approves. For, beſides the Union betwixt God and his Church, there is none ſo perfect and abſolute on Earth, as is that of Man and Wife: For, as this world hath made them two perſons, ſo God hath conjoyned, and made them one; and therefore, what madneſs, nay, what cruelty is it to be ſo cruel to thoſe, who (if not our ſelves) are at leaſt our ſecond ſelves? Charity (the daughter of Heaven) teacheth us to love all the world, but eſpecially thoſe who are our Kinſfolks or Friends. Religion (the mother of Charity) ſteps a degree farther, and enjoyneth us to love thoſe who hate us; yea, theſe likewiſe are not onely the rules of Nature, but the Precepts of Grace: therefore, to kill thoſe who love us, and to deprive thoſe of life, who (did occaſion preſent) are ready to ſacrifice their's for the preſervation of ours, it muſt needs proceed rather from a monſter than a man; or rather from a devil than a monſter; but ſuch devils, and ſuch monſters are but too rife and common in theſe our ſinfull times. And amongſt others, I here produce one for example, who for that cruel, and inhumane fact of his, by the juſtice of God, was juſtly rewarded with a Halter. And may all thoſe, who perpetrate the like crime, participate of the ſame, or of a worſe puniſhment.

In the Pariſh of *Sprear*, ſome fifteen miles diſtant from the beautiful and noble City of *Breſcia* (in the Territories of the *Venetians*) there dwelt a poor country man, termed *Alibius*, who could vaunt of no other wealth left him by his deceaſed Parents, but that he was a man of a comely ſtature and proportion, and withall, that they were of an honeſt fame and reputation: ſo if his virtues had anſwered theirs, his poverty had never proved ſo pernicious, and fatal an enemy to him, as to ruin his fortunes with his life, and his life with his fortunes; or, had the vices of his ſoul not contamined or ſtained the perfections of his body, my Pen had ſlept in ſilence, and his Hiſtory lain raked up in the duſt of his grave: but ſith his actions have exceeded the bounds both of Nature and Grace; yea, ſith he hath learned of the Devil to imbath his hands in poyſon, and to imbrue them in innocent blood, I (incouraged by the connivencie and ſilence of others) not out of any want of charity to the memory of dead *Alibius*, but in deteſtation of his bloody reſolution and actions, and chiefly, and eſpecially to the comfort and inſtruction of the living, who may abhor his crime by the ſight of his puniſhment, I have adventured and reſolved to give this a place among the reſt of my Tragical Hiſtories, that *Italy*, as well as *Breſcia* and *Sprear* (and peradventure the whole Chriſtian world with *Italy*) may underſtand thereof.

This *Alibius*, as ſoon as he had attained the age of five and twenty years, married an honeſt maiden, termed *Merilla*, being a Farmers daughter of the Pariſh of *Sprear*, with whom he had but ſmall means, and ſhe (to ſpeak truth) but little wit, and leſs beauty; yet ſhe was neither ſo poor, but that ſhe deſerved a good husband, nor ſo hard-favoured, but ſhe might content an honeſt one. And indeed, had *Alibius* his care and induſtry anſwered *Merilla*'s providence and frugality, or his luſtfull eye not ſtrayed either beyond his vow given her in Mariage, or her indifferent beauty, this match might have proved as fortunate, as it hath ſince ſucceeded miſerable and ruinous.

For *Alibius*, whoſe thoughts flew a pitch above his birth, rank, and means, had not lived many years in Wedlock, till his prodigality and vanity had waſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of that ſmall Eſtate he had, ſo as neceſſity now looking on him, becauſe formerly he diſdained to look on it, knowing better how to play than work, or rather not how to work but play; and ſeeing that his preſent means could not maintain him, nor his future hopes promiſe it, he as a truant, and a perfect prodigal, diſdaining to want when he hath it, and when he hath it not, ſets up this lewd and unthrifty reſolution with himſelf, to ſet all at ſix and ſeven. But this prodigal humour of his doth as much grieve his Wife, as delight him; for, now ſhe ſees, that her ſpinning at home could neither ſerve, nor ſatisfatisfie his expences abroad; and that all her care and labour was by farre too little to maintain his vanity; which ſhe (poor good woman) perceiving, yea, more than ſo, contrary to her hopes, now feeling, ſhe with fair words, and ſecret and ſweet perſwaſions, endeavoureth to reclaim him from it: but this courſe of hers works a contrary effect; for if before he played the prodigal in her abſence, now he playes the Tyrant in her preſence; for he not onely rejoyceth, and ſtops his ears againſt her counſel, but rates and reviles her with vile and contemptuous ſpeeches, ſuch as indeed are infinitely unfit either for a Husband to give, or a Wife to receive. And this, as I have been informed, was the firſt diſtaſt betwixt *Alibius* and *Merilla*.

But we need not goe far for a Second. There is no peſtilent Infection, nor infectious Peſtilence to that of haunting and frequenting bad company; for it is a Rock wherein many have ſuffered Shipwrack; it is a Fountain that ſends forth many poyſoned ſtreams to thoſe that taſte or drink thereof; yea, it is a Tree, whoſe fruit is by ſo much bitterer to the ſtomack, as it ſeems pleaſing to the palate, like Pils of poyſon candy'd in Sugar: and as that which moſt delights, moſt confounds the ſenſe, ſo uſe breeding an habit, and habit a Second nature, vicious company, whom we take to be our deareſt friends, do in fine prove our moſt dangerous enemies, and ſo much the more dangerous, ſith when we would forſake them, we cannot; which our *Alibius* will at laſt find true in himſelf; yea, we ſhall ſee him inforced to acknowledge it, as having bought and purchaſed it with a woful and lamentable experience; for now he begins to love Swearing, Whordom, and Drunkenneſs, that before he hated; and to hate the Goſpel of Chriſt, and the profeſſours thereof, that before he loved. A moſt wretched exchange, where we take from our ſouls to give our ſenſes, and a woful bargain, where we ſell God to buy the Devil.

Poor *Merilla* grieving to ſee, that ſhe could not unſee, theſe ungodly courſes, as alſo that it not onely conſumed the ſmall remainder of his meanes, but likewiſe loſt his friends, and darkned and eclipſed his reputation, thinks it not onely a part of her duty, but of her affection to him, to requeſt ſome virtuous friend, or godly neighbour of theirs to deal with him herein, thereby to endeavour to perſwade him from theſe his irregular and prophane courſes: But, as thoſe who are ſick, are ſo deprived of their taſte, as they cannot diſcern between ſweet and

bitter,

bitter? So *Alibius*, ſick of the Lethargie of theſe his enormous and diſſolute vices, was ſo far from elliſhing this wholeſome counſell, as he not only rejected it, but ſcoffed and reviled the party who ave it him: and it being not ſo ſecretly (or peradventure not ſo wiſely) mannaged, but he comning to underſtand it proceeded from his Wife *Merilla*, he took it ſo paſſionately and outragiouſly, o ſee his follies revealed by her, who was bound to conceal them, as moſt uncivilly and unhumanly hecking her, he in the heat of his diſpleaſure and revenge, ſome monethis forſakes her company, nd many her bed; whereat, ſuch was her tender affection to him, and his diſreſpect to her, as I now not whether ſhe more grieved, or he rejoyced.

The motives of his third diſtaſte to his Wife, were grounded upon her barrenneſſe and ſterility; s if it were in her power to give him a Child, when Gods pleaſure and providence was to give one to her, without conſidering that the barrenneſſe and fruitfulneſſe of a woman comes all from he Lord, or without remembring that ſome Children are born for a curſe, as others for a bleſſing o their parents: or as if his earthly vanity could teach Gods ſecret Divinity, what were fitteſt for im, and yet theſe reaſons cannot prevail againſt his unreaſonable ſelf, and therefore this, amongſt he reſt of his diſtaſtes, he, or rather the devill for him, throws in againſt his Wife: *That if he had a Child, he ſhould be a good husband, and not before:* as if he deſired and ſought ſome pretext and colour, hough never ſo unjuſtly and ungodly, to cover his vices and prodigality; or in the eyes of the world o bolſter out and apologize his jarring and ſquaring with his Wife: yea, his impudency was grown o the height of this impiety, that he often affirmed, his Wife was the cauſe of his poverty; for if he would give him no Child, God would give him no proſperity.

Now, as all women by nature generally deſire Children; ſo it is a great affliction (I will not ſay curſe) to them, if they have none. But theſe unjuſt ſpeeches of *Alibius*, do juſtly and infinitely fflict his Wife *Merilla*, who (that no farther diſcord might trouble the harmony of their Wedock) ſends her tears to earth, and her prayers to Heaven, that her bleſſed Saviour would be pleaſed o bleſſe her with a Child; when God, ſeeing his prophane hypocriſie, which he will revenge, and nd underſtanding her religious zeal, which he will reward, out of the ineſtimable treaſure of his Mercy and Providence, grant her her requeſt, and him his deſire; ſo as in ſhort time ſhe ſees her elf the Mother, and him the Father of a young Daughter, termed *Emelia*.

The fourth reaſon of his diſtaſte of his Wife, was, that ſeeing time run on in his ſwift cariere, and is prodigality ſtil remaining, as alſo that his mask of his Wifes ſterility was taken away; he that vas heretofore ſo deſirous of a Child, now thinks this one to be one too many, becauſe (ſaith he) e can no way indure the crying and trouble thereof. But is there any thing ſo unnaturall or riliculous as this? Now, if he murmure at this his Child, during her infancy, he will much more orm at her, when ſhe comes to riper years: and obſerving that her Mother doth ſubtract from his prodigality, to adde to her maintenance, this doth again extremely vex and afflict him; ſo that is Child, whom he pretended ſhould be the cauſe of his joy and proſperity, is now that of his grief; and as he thinks, of his farther poverty and miſery: the which, poor *Merilla* his Wife, to her inſpeakable and ineffable grief, palpably perceiveth, as well in his uncharitable and malicious ſpeches, banded to her for her Daughter *Emelia*'s ſake, as to *Emelia* for her ſake: But what know we, whether God hath purpoſely ſent his Daughter, to revenge the injuries and wrongs that her Father ntended to her Mother?

His fifth, and (as yet) his laſt diſtaſte againſt his Wife, proceeds from his obſerving that her beauy is withered and decayed; not that heretofore he knew her fair; but that ſhe is not ſo fair now, as when he firſt married her; as if time and age had not power to wither the bloſſoms of our youth, as he Sun hath to daver the freſheſt Roſes and Lillies. But as all his former diſtaſtes towards his Wife, ewray his inclination to prodigality and prophaneneſſe: ſo this laſt of his doth manifeſtly diſcoer his addiction to luſt, and his affection to Whoredome: for it is impoſſible for our Wives to eem foul in our eyes, except there be ſome others ſeems fairer; as blackneſſe ſeems blacker when it s compared and paralleld with whiteneſſe; and this indeed is the Vulture and Viper that ſticks ſo loſe to his breaſt, and ſo neer to his heart, yea, this is his darling and boſome ſin that will ſtrangle im, when it makes greateſt ſhew to kiſſe and imbrace him.

Alibius, powerfully ſollicited by theſe five ſeverall diſtaſtes conceived againſt his Wife *Merilla*, who poor woman rides at an Anchor in the tranquillity of her innocency, whiles he (in the heat and eight of his youth) floated in the Ocean of his voluptiouſneſſe and ſenſualitie, but eſpecially prooked by his own poverty and penury; who now began to appear to him in a lean and miſerable hape: he leaves his Wife and Family, and betakes himſelf to the ſervice of Gentlemen, thinking hereby to ſtop the current of his prodigality, and to find out the invention and means, futurely to et that which formerly he had expended: which reſolution of his had been indeed commendable, f the integrity of his heart had been anſwerable to the ſweetneſſe of his tongue: but we ſhall ſee the ontrary, and find by his example, that Snakes alwayes lurk under the faireſt and greeneſt leaves.

During.

During which time, he ſerves ſome Gentleman of Worth and Quality, but one of ſpeciall account and reputation, not diſtant above three ſmall miles from the City of *Breſcia*, who being an excellent Houſe-keeper, and a good Member of the Common-Weal, there *Alibius* (had he had as much Grace as Vanity, or as much Religion as Impiety) might have forgotten his old Vices, and have learned new Vertues: but if he delighted to become excellent in any thing, it was firſt to be a perfect Carver and Wayter, then to be decent in his Apparell; and laſt of all, to be ſmooth in his ſpeeches, and affable and pleaſing in his Complements, without any regard at all, either to reform the vanity of his thoughts, or to controul his diſſolute and dangerous actions.

Having thus paſt away many years abroad in ſervice, and very ſeldome or never either ſeen *Spredr*, or viſited his *Merilla* and *Emelia*, he at laſt ſeeing of the one ſide, that age began to ſnow on his head; and that the greateſt wealth of a Serving-man, was, to have onely a new Livery, and a full belly; to have many verball, but no reall Friends, reſolved to leave his ſervice, and fetch his Wife and Daughter in *Sprear*, and ſo to travell to *Venice*, hoping there in ſome honeſt place, and imployment, to ſerve the Seigniorie, or at leaſt ſome one of the *Magnificoes* or *Clariſſimoes*: but then conſidering the charge of the Journey, the weakneſſe of his purſe, and the uncertainty of his advancement and preferment, he reſolves for a time to ſojourn in *Breſcia*; and to watch if any occaſion or accident preſented, whereby hee might repair and raiſe his fortunes.

He had not long lived in this City (which for antiquity, beauty, ſituation, wealth and fidelity after *Venice* it ſelf) gives not the hand to any of her Siſter Cities of that State;) but his eyes (as the luſtfull ſentinells of his heart) eſpy ſo many beauties, as he began to loath his own Wife *Merilla*, and to wiſh her in another world, that he might have another Wife in this. Lo, here the Devill begins with him anew to perſwade him to hate his Wife.

Abiding thus in *Breſcia*, it fell out that he, who bore the ſilver rod in token of Honour, and Juſtice (or rather of Honour to Juſtice) before the Podeſtate or chief Magiſtrate of this City, dyed; and to this Office *Alibius* (becauſe he knew himſelf a grave and perſonall man) aſpired, and what through the reſpect of his gravity, through his ſmooth tongue, and fair ſpeeches, but eſpecially by making many friends to the Podeſtate and Senators, he at laſt obtained it: a place indeed, more honourable than profitable, and yet worth at leaſt one hundred Zechines, *per annum*, beſides his diet. This preferment makes *Alibius* look a loft, and ſo he ſcorns his poor Wife *Merilla*, as if there were no parity and ſympathy betwixt her rags and his robes: yea, he would not ſee *Sprear*, nor ſuffer her to ſee *Breſcia*, and the Devill was ſo buſie with him, or he with the Devill, that in hope of a richer and fairer Wife, he reſolves to poyſon her, according as he heretofore had many times thought and premeditated; and that which egged and threw him on, with more violence and precipitation, was a proud conceit of himſelf, and of his much dignity and preferment. But as poverty many times befalls us for our good, ſo ſometimes, wealth and proſperity brings us misfortune and miſery.

Not long after, another accident falls out, which doth likewiſe rejoyce him, An honeſt Citizen of *Breſcia*, of his own name, though no way his Kinſman, dyes (and as ſince it hath been ſhrewdly imagined, not without vehement ſuſpicion of poyſon) leaving a rich Widdow, named *Philatea*: and for the familiarity and good conceit he had of our *Alibius*, as alſo induced thereunto through his hypocritical ſhew of honeſty and piety, makes him ſole Over-ſeer of his Will; ſo neatly and ſmoothly did our *Alibius* work and inſinuate himſelf in his favour: But the mask of this his hypocriſie ſhall be ſoon puld off.

Alibius ſeeing *Philatea* young, rich and fair, he looks on her more often than on her Husbands Teſtament; and ſo wiſhing his Wife *Merilla* in his adopted Kinſmans Grave, and himſelf in *Philatea*'s Bed, he bends his purpoſes and intents that way, as ſo many lines that run to their Center: yea, ſo ſtrongly hath the Devill poſſeſſed him with theſe helliſh deſigns and bloody reſolutions, as his love to *Philatea*, defacing his reſpect to *Merilla*, he ſees her a block in his way, and a ſtop to his preferment, and ſo concludes that ſhe muſt be removed and diſpatched; to which effect, to draw his ſinfull contemplation into bloudy action, he rides over to *Sprear* to her, and under colour of tender love and affection, he in Milk, Wine, and roſted Apples, gives her poyſon; when ſeeing it would not work his deſired effect, he after takes an occaſion, purpoſely to quarrell with her, and ſo very lamentably (in preſence of their Daughter *Emelia*) reviles and beats her, and returns to *Breſcia*, ſtill hoping that the poyſon yet might operate, and diſperſe it ſelf in her veins, and that ſhortly he ſhould hear news of her death. Lo here *Alibius* his firſt attempt in ſeeking to murther his Wife.

In this mean time he layes cloſe ſiege to *Philatea*'s Chaſtity, who not ſo honeſt as fair, is ſoon drawn to ſin, and proſtitutes her ſelf to his beaſtly pleaſure, and having no regard to her reputa-

on,

on, conſcience, or ſoul, conſents to this bitter-ſweet ſin of Adultery; the which laſcivious familiarity is ſo long continued betwixt them, till at laſt *Philatea's* ſtraight Bodies become too ſmall, & her Apron too ſhort for her; when ſeeing it high time to provide for her fame, ſhe acquaints *Alibius* herewith, and asks his advice, whether ſhe ſhall marry with one of her Servants: *Alibius* meaning to keep the Farm for himſelf, whereof he had already taken poſſeſſion, bids her not to take care for a Husband, but to be of good comfort, and that farre within her time, he would provide a place for her to lay down her great belly; yea, ſo ſecret, as her own heart could either wiſh or deſire.

But if our miſerable *Alibius* were before reſolved to murther his poor harmleſſe Wife *Merilla*, this news, and theſe ſpeeches of *Philatea*, ſet him all on fire; and ſo (having conſulted with that Devill) he vows ſhe ſhall not live: to which end, he provides himſelf of ſtronger poiſon, and in a dark night (when as he flatters himſelf with hope, that the Heavens were ſo unjuſt and inhumane to conſpire with him in the Murther of his Wife) he takes Horſe in the Eaſt-Suburb of *Breſcia*, and ſo rides towards *Sprear*.

But ſee the Juſtice, and withall the Providence and mercy of our indulgent God! who vouchſafed, and yet reſolved to reſtrain and divert him from this his bloody enterpriſe, by an accident as ſtrange as true: for a mile out of *Breſcia*, as *Alibius* rides by the common place of Execution, his Horſe ſtumbles, and falls under him right againſt it, with which fall his ſhoulder is out of joynt. Oh what a Caveat was this for *Alibius*, if he had had the leaſt ſpark of grace to have made good uſe hereof! But the Devill had bewitched his underſtanding and judgement; for he could ſee by no other eyes, but by thoſe of revenge and blood.

Arriving at his Houſe at *Sprear*, he, contrary to his hopes, finds his Daughter *Emelia* with her Mother (who by this time was married likewiſe to a poor Country-man of *Sprear*) whoſe ſight and preſence was, for that time, a ſtop to the execution of her Fathers poyſoning deſign on her Mother; for he feared that ſhe had formerly diſcovered and ſuſpected this his purpoſe and reſolution, as indeed ſhe had: wherefore he forbore to adminiſter it; only becauſe he would not loſe all his labour, hee again quarrells with his Wife, and after hee had reviled her with many ſcandalous and contumelious ſpeeches, hee in the preſence of his (mournfull) Daughter, doth exceedingly beat her; who (weeping to ſee her Mother weep) Infinitely grieved to bee an eye-witneſſe of this inhumane and barbarous cruelty of her Father: And ſo for that time *Alibius* again permitted his Wife to live; But this will prove no pardon, but onely a ſhort reprivall for her.

Returning again to *Breſcia*, it is not long before *Philatea* doth again importune him to provide for the concealing and ſalving of her ſhame, alleging that her time drew on, and that it was more than time to provide her a Husband. *Alibius*, at theſe her ſecond aſſummons, begins to look about, and reſolves, at what rate, or in what manner ſoever, now to ſend his Wife into another World; yet (as I think, or ever underſtood) conceals his purpoſe from *Philatea*. Miſerable Wretch! had he not participated more of the nature of a Tyger, than a man, or of a Devil, than a Tyger, he would never have laid violent hands on his own Wife, whom earth and heaven had made fleſh of his fleſh, and of two bodies one; yea, or had he had ſo much grace to have conſidered, that the Silver Wand he bore before the *Podeſtate*, was for the ſcourging and puniſhing of ſin, Methinks it ſhould have made him more charitable, and not ſo bloody to attempt it. But what will not luſt enterprize, and revenge execute, if we neither fear God with our hearts, nor love him with our ſouls?

Preſeverance in Grace and Vertue is execellent, but in ſin lamentable. *Alibius* hath had years and time enough to wipe away his cruelty towards his Wife: but the longer he lives, the deeper root it takes in him, yea, he will neither give the flower of his youth, nor the bran of his age to God, but that to pleaſure, this to Revenge and Murther, and both to the Devill: for now he is reſolute to finiſh this mournfull and bloody Tragedy, that he hath ſo long deſired, and ſo often attempted: and now indeed the fatall time approacheth, wherein innocent *Merilla*, by the Murtherous hand of her Husband, muſt be ſent out of this World to ſee a better.

Alibius having waited on the *Podeſtate* to Supper, takes Horſe, a little before the Gates of the City were ſhut; and having his former poyſon in his pocket, away he rides to *Sprear*: but to act his villany with the greater ſecrecy, he masketh and diſguiſeth himſelf; approaching his Houſe, he in the next Meddow tyes up his Horſe to a tree, and ſo knocks at door. Poor *Merilla* his Wife was in bed and a ſleep with (a little Girl) her Grand-child, named *Pomerea*, the Daughter of her Daughter *Emelia*, whom, without a Candle, ſhe ſends down to open the door, aſſuring her ſelf (as indeed it proved too true for her) that it was her Husband *Alibius*. *Pomerea* opening the door, lets one in; but whom, ſhe knows not; and then for fear retires to the Kitchin, which ſhe ſhut faſt on her: So *Alibius* mounts to his Wifes Chamber, and after ſome words gives her a portion (ſome ſay of milk)

milk) bitterly ſugred with poyſon, and forceth it down her: who poor ſoul is amazed hereat, and with her weak ſtrength cryes out for help, but in vain. He being devilliſhly reſolved, now to make ſure work, takes a Billet out of the Chimney, and ſo diſpatcheth and kills her in her bed (without giving her any time to commend her ſoul unto God) and ſo very haſtily ruſheth forth the door.

Pomerea, fearing that which was happened, lights a Candle, and aſcends up the Chamber, where ſhe ſees the lamentable ſpectacle of her murthred Grand-Mother, hot, reeking and ſmoaking in her bed; whereat ſhe is amazed, and makes moſt wofull cryes and mournfull lamentations: when wringing her hands, and bitterly ſighing and weeping, ſhe knows not what to do, or what not to do in this her bitter and wretched perplexity, in which mean time *Alibius* going for his Horſe, finds only the Halter, for his Horſe is grazing in the Meddow; he diligently ſeeks him, but cannot a long time ſet ſight of him; which indeed doth much aſtoniſh and amaze him: but at laſt he finds him, and ſo gallops away to *Breſcia*; where the better to delude the World, and to caſt a miſt before their eyes, he is again by ſix of the Clock in the morning waiting upon the *Podeſtate*, and conducting him to the *Domo*, or Cathedrall Church of that City. But this policy of his ſhall not prevent his detection and puniſhment.

In this mean time, *Pomerea* runs to the neereſt neighbours, and divulgeth the Murther of her Grand-Mother. Many of the neighbours flock thither, to ſee this bloudy and wofull ſpectacle: the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* are acquainted herewith; they ſend for Chirurgions, who viſit the dead body, and report ſhe is both poyſoned and beaten to death; they examine poor *Pomerea*, who relates what ſhe ſees and knows; they ſend every where to ſearch for the Murtherer. By this time the news hereof comes to *Breſcia*. *Alibius* (like a counterfeit miſcreant) is all in tears, yea, he ſheweth ſuch living affection to the memory of his dead Wife, as he ſends every where to find out the Murtherer; But God will not have him eſcape, for in due time we ſhall ſee him brought forth and appear to the World in his colours.

Alibius, notwithſtanding his tears in his eyes, having ſtill a hell in his conſcience, is afraid, leſt *Emelia* his Daughter (meaſuring the ſubſequent by the antecedent) hold him to be her Mothers Murtherer; and becauſe the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear* (ſuſpecting her) have taken ſureties for her appearance, he, the better to inſinuate with her, uſeth her with more than wonted courteſie and affability, imagining, that if her mouth were ſtopped, he needed not fear any others tongue: But this politick ſleight of his ſhall not prevail.

Now by little and little, Time, (the conſumer of all things) begins to were away the crying rumour of this murther; and ſo *Alibius* thinking himſelf ſecure, ere three moneths be fully expired, forgetting *Merilla*, takes *Philatea* to his ſecond Wife; which being known in *Breſcia*, many curious heads of that City (though not upon any ſubſtantiail ground, but only out of preſumptive circumſtances) vehemently ſuſpect that *Alibius* had a deep hand in the murther of his late Wife *Merilla*: but they dare not ſpeak it alowd, becauſe he was well beloved both of the *Podeſtate* himſelf (for that year being) and generally of all the Senators.

But as Murther peirceth the Clouds, and cryes for revenge from Heaven, ſo we ſhall ſee this of *Alibius*, miraculouſly diſcovered, and ere long ſeverely puniſhed: for when he thought the ſtorm paſt, and ſaw the Skyes clear, when, I ſay, he imagined that all rumours and tongues were huſhed up in ſilence, and that he thought on nothing elſe, but to paſſe his time ſweetly and voluptuouſly with his new and fair Wife *Philatea*, then, when all other means and inſtruments wanted, to bring this his obſcure and bloody fact to light; Lo, by the Divine Providence of God, we ſhall ſee *Alibius* himſelf be the cauſe, and inſtrument of his own diſcovery.

For after he had married *Philatea* (which I take to be the firſt light of ſuſpecting him of his wife *Merilla's* Murther) (if my information be true, as I confidently beleeve it is) this is the ſecond: *Alibius* under the pretext of other buſineſſe, ſends for one *Bernardo*, of the Pariſh of *Sprear*, to come to him to *Breſcia*. Now, for our better light and information herein, as alſo for the more orderly contriving of this Hiſtory, we muſt underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was an old aſſociate and diſſolute companion of *Alibius*: whom (as it is well known by thoſe who knew them) he had many times uſed and made his ſtickler and agent in many of his former lewd courſes and enterprizes; not that I any way think he had any hand in the preſent Murther of *Merilla*, for then (I know) ſuch is the Candour and Wiſdome of the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*, and ſuch is the clear judgment and zeal of the Senators of *Breſcia* to Juſtice, that he had never eſcaped, but had been apprehended and brought to his tryall.

We muſt farther underſtand, that this *Bernardo* was likewiſe a companion of *Emelia's* Husband: yea, ſcarce any one day paſt, but they were known and ſeen together in Tippling-houſes, and other ſuch lewd and vicious places, wherein drink was ſtill a moſt treacherous and unſecret Secretary.

It may be that what *Merilla* told her Husband privately, he diſcovered it publickly to *Bernardo*: who coming (as we have formerly heard) to *Breſcia*, after his conference with *Alibius*, he fell to his old vain of tippling and carowſing, and there without the North-gate of *Breſcia* (which looks towards *Bergamo*) having more money than wit, and more wine than money, in the middeſt of his cups, told he was a Contadyne, or Countrey-man of *Sprear*: that he knew *Alibius* as great a know he bore himſelf, and that he murthered his poor Wife in the Countrey, to have this fine one in the City. Which ſpeeches of his he reiterated and repeated often; yea, ſo often as they fell not to the ground, but ſome of his lewd companions took notice thereof: and one amongſt the reſt, being inwardly acquainted with *Alibius* went and ſecretly adviſed him hereof; who (underhand) ſends away for *Bernardo*, where he was, and wrought ſo with him, as ſince that time he was never ſeen in *Breſcia*: But this report of his remained behind him.

A ſecond light which *Alibius* gave to the diſcovery of this his Murther, was, that thinking the way clear, and all ſuſpition vaniſhed, he converted his affection into contempt, and his courteſie to diſreſpect and unkindneſſe towards his Daughter *Emelia*, by taking away the greateſt part of that ſmall means he gave her towards her maintenance; which uncharitable and unnaturall part of his, threw this poor Woman into ſo bitter a perplexity, as knowing in her conſcience that her Father was her Mothers Murtherer, ſhe exceedingly apprehended and feared, leſt he would attempt to diſpatch her likewiſe: the which ſhe farre the more doubted, becauſe her Father had bayled her, but not as yet freed her from her appearance before the *Corrigadors* of *Sprear*: But here, as ſimple as ſhe was, ſhe enters into many conſiderations with her ſelf; that to accuſe her Father, would be as great a diſobedience in her, as it was a cruelty in him to murther her Mother. She is a long time irreſolute, either to advance or retire in this her purpoſe and enterprize: and here ſhe conſults betwixt Nature and Grace, betwixt the Laws of Earth and Heaven, what ſhe ſhould do, or how ſhe ſhould bear her ſelf in a matter of ſo unnaturall a nature; it grieves her to be the means of her Fathers death, of whom ſhe had received her being; and yet ſhe ſorroweth not to reveal the murtherer of her Mother, of whom ſhe injoyed her life. But though ſenſe and nature cannot, yet Reaſon and Religion will reconcile, and clear theſe doubts: yea, evaporate thoſe miſts, and diſperſe theſe clouds from our eyes, and make us ſee clear, that Earth may not conceal Murther, ſith God receives glory both in the detection and puniſhment thereof.

Some will ſay, this Daughter did ill to accuſe her Father. But who will not affirm that he did farre worſe, to murther her Mother; neither was it a delight, but a torment to her, to effect it; for ſhe enters into this reſolution with tears, and perſevereth therein with ſighs and lamentations: but if ſhe were at firſt reſolute herein, this reſolution of hers is exceedingly confirmed, when ſhe ſees her Father ſo ſuddenly married, and her Mother-in-Law ready to lay down her great belly, eſpecially when ſhe hears the reports of his ſuſpition bruited in *Breſcia*. So now ſhe can no longer contain her ſelf, but goes to the next Corrigador, and reveals him, that her Father *Alibius* was the Murtherer of her Mother *Merilla*.

The Corrigador being a wiſe and grave Gentleman, wondering at this lamentable news, detains *Emelia* in his Houſe, and writes away to the Podeſtate of *Breſcia* hereof; who receives this news on a Saturday at night. The Sunday morning he acquaints the Prefect and chief Senators thereof, who repair to his Houſe. The probabilities and circumſtances are ſtrong againſt *Alibius*. So they all conclude to impriſon him; he is at the door, ruffling in his garded Gown and velvet Cap, with his Silver Wand in his hand (as if he were fitter to check others, than to be controulled himſelf:) waiting to conduct the Podeſtate to the *Domo*. *Alibius* little dreams how near he is to danger, or danger to him: he is by an Isbier or Serjeant called in to ſpeak with the Podeſtate; and although his conſcience inwardly torment him, yet he puts a good (or at leaſt a brazen) countenance on all, and ſo very chearfully comes before him: at his firſt arrivall, his Velvet Cap, and Silver Wand (thoſe dignified marks of Honour and Juſtice) are taken from him, and conſequently his Office: (becauſe theſe are rewards onely proper to Vertue, and not to Vice) he is examined by thoſe worthy Magiſtrates, who bear gravity in their looks, wiſdome in their ſpeeches, and juſtice in their actions. *Alibius* hath many ſmooth words, for the defence of his Crime, which with the aid and varniſh of his graceſull geſture, he ſtrives to extenuate and palliate, but in vain; for he hath to doe with thoſe Magiſtrates, who cannot be deluded, or carried away, either with the ſugar of a lye, or the charme of an evaſion. So they commit him cloſe Priſoner, where he hath both time and leaſure to think on the foulneſſe of his fact, and the unnaturalneſſe and barbariſm of his cruelty.

The Monday following, the Corrigadors of *Sprear* ſend *Emelia* to *Breſcia*, where, the next day the Podeſtate, Prefect and Senators, examined her; they firſt exhort her to conſider, that ſhe ſpeaks before God; and although *Alibius* be her earthly Father, yet he is her heavenly: they con-

jure and ſwear her to ſpeak the truth, and no more: and becauſe they ſee her a ſimple illiterated Woman, they inform her what the vertue and nature of an Oath is. When *Emelia* falling on her knees, wringing her hands, and ſtedfaſtly looking up towards Heaven, ſhe (bitterly weeping and ſighing) for a pretty while, had not the power to utter a word, The Prefect with milde exhortations and ſpeeches incourageth her to ſpeak; when with many tears and interrupted ſighs, ſhe at laſt uttereth theſe words, My Father hath often beaten my Mother, and even lain her for dead; and at other times, hee hath given her poyſon, and he it is, and no other, that hath now murthered her. One of the Senators, (ſome ſay it was the Podeſtate, who as much favoured *Alibius*, as hated his Crime) bade *Emelia* look to her Conſcience, and her Conſcience to God, and withall to conſider, that as *Merilla* was her Mother, ſo *Alibius* was her Father. Whereat ſhe bitterly weeping, again ſaid, that what ſhe had already ſpoken was true, as ſhe hoped to injoy any part of Heaven. So they binding her to give Evidence at the great Court of the Province, which ſome four moneths after was to be held in the Caſtle of their City, they diſmiſſe her.

In which mean time *Alibius* is viſited in Priſon by divers of his acquaintance; yea, ſome of the chiefeſt Senators themſelves afforded him that Honour and Charity: they deal with him about his Crime, but in vain, for he takes Heaven and Earth to witneſſe, that he is innocent, yea, he ſeems to be ſo religious and conſcionable in his ſpeeches, as he drew many of inferiour rank and underſtanding, to believe that his accuſation was not true, and his impriſonment unjuſt and falſe. But God will ſhortly unmaſk his hypocriſie, and to his ſhame and confuſion, lay open and diſcover to the whole World, his unnatural and bloody cruelty.

And now the time is come, that the Duke and Seigniory of *Venice* are uſed to depute and ſend forth Criminall Judges, to deſcend and paſſe thorow the Provinces of their Territories and Dominions, to ſit upon all capitall Malefactors, and to puniſh them according to their deſerts. A cuſtome indeed held famous, not onely in the Chriſtian, but in the whole Univerſall World: and whereby the *Venetian* State doth undoubtedly receive both glory, vigour, and life, ſith it not onely preſerveth their Peace, and propagateth their tranquillity; but alſo rooteth out and exterminateth all thoſe that (by their lewd and diſſolute actions) ſeek to impugn and infringe it.

Thus theſe High and Honourable Judges (being in number two for every Diviſion) having diſpatcht their buſineſſe (or rather that of the Seigniories) in *Padua*, *Vincenſa*, *Verona*, and *Bergamo*, are now arrived in *Breſcia*, in the Caſtle whereof (which is both beautifull and conſpicuous to the eye) they keep their *Forum* and Tribunal. And becauſe this City is exempted from the Province, as being particularly indowed with a peculiar Juriſdiction, and honoured with many honourable Privileges and Prerogatives, therefore (*Merilla* being murthred in the Province) *Alibius* is fetched out of his firſt Priſon, and by one of the chiefeſt and graveſt Senators deputed for that purpoſe by the Podeſtate, and Senate, conducted and conveyed to the Caſtle, there to be arraigned by thoſe two great Judges: and although this aforeſaid Senator was ſo wiſe and religious, as he ſeemed to have the art of perſwaſion in his ſpeeches; yet by the way, uſing his beſt oratory and chariry to draw *Alibius* from denyall, to confeſion, and from that to contrition and repentance, his heart was ſtill ſo perverſe and obdurate, as he notwithſtanding perſevered in his wilfull obſtinacy, and peremptorily continued and ſtood upon the points of his innocency, and juſtification. So ſtrong was the Devill yet with him.

But while an infinite number of Spectators gaze on *Alibius*, as he is in the Caſtle, and he chearfully and careleſly converſed with ſome of his acquaintance, as if the innocency of his conſcience were ſuch, as his heart felt no grief nor perturbation, Lo, he is called to his Arraignment, whereunto that world of people, who were then in the Caſtle, flock and concurre.

His thoughts are ſo vain, and his vanity ſo ambitious, as he comes to the Barre in a black beaten Satin ſute, with a fair Gown, and a ſpruce ſet Ruff, having both the hair of his head, and his long grey beard neatly combed and cut, yea, with ſo pleaſant a look, and ſo confident a demeanour, as if he were to receive, not the ſentence of his guiltineſſe and death, but that of his innocency and inlargement. Theſe Honourable Judges cauſe his Inditement to be read, wherein his poyſoning and murthering of his Wife, is branched and depainted out in all its circumſtances; whereat his courage and confidence is yet (notwithſtanding) ſo great, as by his looks he ſeems no way moved, much leſſe aſtoniſhed or afflicted: the Witneſſes are produced; firſt, his own Daughter *Emelia*, who with tears in her eyes, ſtands firm to her former depoſition, that he had often beat her Mother almoſt to death, and now had killed and poyſoned her; agreeing in every point with her depoſition given to the Podeſtate and Prefect of *Breſcia*: which to refell, her Father *Alibius* with many plauſible and ſugred ſpeeches, tells his Judges, that his Daughter is incenſed or lunatick; or elſe that ſhe purpoſe-

ly ſeeks his life, to enjoy that ſmall means he hath, after his death, and ſo runs on in a moſt extravagant and impertinent Apology for himſelf, with many invective and ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her, and concludes, that he was never owner of any poyſon.

His Judges, out of their honourable inclination, and zeal to ſacred Juſtice, permit him to ſpeak without interruption; when having ended, they begin to ſhew him the foulneſſe of his fact; yea, like heavenly Orators, they paint him out the devilliſh nature and monſtrous Crime, of Murther, the which they ſay he redoubleth by denying it, notwithſtanding that they have evidence as clear as the Sun to convince him thereof: and ſo they call for two Apothecaries Boyes, who ſeverally affirm, they ſold him Rate-bane at two ſeveral times.

But the Devil is ſtill ſo ſtrong with *Alibius*, as though his Conſcience doth hereat afflict and torment him, yet, there is no change nor ſign thereof, either ſeen in his countenance, or diſcerned in his ſpeeches, but ſtill he perſeveres in his obſtinacy, and in a bravery pretends to wipe off the Apothecaries Boyes evidence, with this poor evaſion, that he bought and uſed it only to poyſon Rats: And ſo again with many ſmooth words, humble crouches, and hypocritical compliments, he uſeth the prime of his ſubtility and invention to make it appear to his Judges, that he had no way imbrued his hands in the blood of his Wife: but this will not avail him, for he is before Lynce-eyed Judges, whoſe integrity and wiſdom can peirce thorow the foggy miſts of excuſes, and the obſcure Clouds of his far-fetched ſhifts, and cunningly-compacted evaſions.

And now to cloſe and wind up this Hiſtory, after the Jury impannelled had amply heard, as well the Witneſſes againſt *Alibius*, as his defence for himſelf; and that all the world could teſtifie that his Judges gave him a fair Tryal, they return and report him guilty of murthering his Wife *Merilla*; whereat he is put off the Barre, and ſo for that time ſent back to his Priſon; and yet the heat of his obſtinacy being hereat no way cooled, the edge of his denyal any way rebated, nor the obdurateneſſe of his heart, the leaſt thing mollified, he, by the way as he paſſeth, beating his breaſt, and ſometimes out-ſpreading his arms, ſaith, it is not his Crime, but the malice of his devilliſh daughter that hath caſt him away; yea, although many of his compaſſionate and Chriſtian friends do now again in priſon, work and perſwade him to Confeſſion, by alleging him, that God is as merciful to the repentant, as ſevere to the impenitent and obſtinate, yet all this will not prevail.

The ſecond morn after his Conviction, he is brought again from his priſon, to the Caſtle, and ſo to the Barre, to receive his Judgement, where one of the two moſt honourable Judges ſhew him,

That it is his hearkning to the Devil, and his forſaking of God, that hath brought him to this miſery; paints and points him out his diſſolute life, his frequenting of bad company, his prodigality and adultery; but above all, his masked hypocriſie, which he ſaith, in thinking to deceive God, hath now deceived himſelf: yea, in heavenly and religious ſpeeches, informs him how merciful and indulgent God is to repentant ſinners; that he muſt now caſt off his thoughts from earth, and aſcend and mount them to Heaven, and no longer to think of his body, but of his ſoul; and ſo after a learned and Chriſtian-like ſpeech, as well for the inſtruction of the living, as the conſolation of *Alibius*, who was now to prepare himſelf to dye, he pronounceth, that for his execrable Murther committed on his own Wife *Merilla*, he ſhould hang till he were dead: and ſo beſought the Lord to be merciful to his ſoul.

And now is *Alibius* again returned to his priſon, but ſtill remaineth obſtinate and perverſe, affirming to all the world, that as he hath lived, ſo he will dye innocently: But God will not ſuffer him to dye, without confeſſing and repenting this his bloody and unnaturall Murther.

Theſe his grave and religious Judges, out of an Honourable and Chriſtian Charity, ſend him Divines, to prepare his body to the death of this world, and his ſoul to the life of that to come: they deal moſt effectually, powerfully, and religiouſly with him in priſon; and although they found, that the Devill had ſtrongly inſnared and charmed him, yea, and as it were, hardned his heart to his perdition; yet God, out of his infinite and ineffable mercies, addeth both power and grace to their ſpeeches, and exhortations, ſo as his eyes being opened, and his heart peirced and mollified, they at laſt ſo prevail with him, that being terrified with Gods Juſtice, and incouraged and comforted with his mercies; he with tears, ſighs and groans confeſſeth this Murther of his Wife, and not only bitterly repents it, but alſo doth thank theſe Godly Divines, for their charity, care, and zeal for the preſervation and ſaving of his ſoul, and doth upon his knees beſeech them to pray unto the Lord to forgive him.

We have ſeen *Alibius* murther his Wife *Merilla*; we have ſeen his apprehenſion, impriſonment, triall, conviction, and condemnation, for this his execrable and bloudy fact: wherein we may obſerve how the Juſtice of God ſtill triumpheth o're the temptation and malice of the Devil, and how Murther, though never ſo ſecretly acted, and concealed, will at laſt be detected and puniſhed. What

reſteth there now, but that after we have hereby made good uſe of this example, we ſee *Alibius* fetched from his Priſon, and conveyed to the place of Execution; (whereat (as we have heard) he formerly ſtumbled in jeſt, but now he muſt in earneſt) where, (although it were timely in the morn, (as having the favour to dye alone, and at leaſt three hours before the other condemned Malefactors) an infinite number of the Civizens of *Breſcia*, (of all ranks and of both Sexes) aſſembled to ſee *Alibius* take his laſt farewel of this World.

At his aſcending up the Ladder, his fair gray beard and comely preſence drew pitty from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of the greateſt part of the Spectators, to ſee that the Devill had ſo ſtrongly inchanted and ſeduced him to lay violent hands on his Wife, and to ſee ſo grave and ſo proper an aged man thus misfortunately and untimely caſt away.

His ſpeech at his end was brief and ſhort; onely he freely confeſt his Crime, and with infinite ſighs and tears beſought the World to pray for his ſoul; he lamented the Vanity of his youth, and the diſſoluteneſſe of his age; told them, that his neglect of Prayer to God, and his too much confidence in the Devill, had brought him to this ſhamefull end; and therefore beſought them again and again to beware by his Example: and ſo having ſolemnly freed his ſecond wife *Philatea* from being any way acquainted or acceſſary with the murther of his firſt wife *Merilla*, he recommending his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, dyed as penitently as he had lived diſſolutely and prophanely.

And thus was the life and death of *Alibius*; the which I was the more willingly induced to publiſh, partly, becauſe I was an eye-witneſſe, both of his arraignment and death, (as I returned from my travels) but more eſpecially, in hope that this Example and Hiſtory may prove to be as great a conſolation to the Godly, as a terrour to the unrighteous.

To God be all Glory and Praiſe.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contein great variety of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book II.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON:

Printed by *Sarah Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the ſign of the *Turks*-Head, near the *Miter*-Tavern. 16-6.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

And truly-Noble, *RICHARD* Lord *Buckhurſt*, Earl of *Dorſet*, and Lord-Lieutenant of His Majeſties County of *Suſſex*.

Right Honourable,

Vt of a reſolution, whether more bold or zealous, I know not, I have adventured this ſecond Book of my Tragical Hiſtories *to the World, under your Honours Patronage and Protection. Neither need I go farre to yeeld either your Honour, or the World, a reaſon of this my* Preſumption *and* Ambition, *ſith your Vertues innobling your blood, as much as your* Nobility *illuſtrates your Vertues, was the firſt motive which drew me hereunto: for whiles many others indeavour to be great, your Honour (reſembling your ſelf) not only indeavours, but ſtrives to be good; as well knowing, that* Goodneſſe *is the glory and eſſence, yea the life, and as I may ſay, the ſoul of* Greatneſſe; *and that betwixt* Greatneſſe *and* Goodneſſe *there is this difference and diſparity; that, makes us famous, this, immortall; that, beloved of men, this, of* God; *that, accompanieth us only to our Graves, and this, to Heaven. My ſecond prevayling Motive in this my* Dedication *proceeded from the reſpect of my particular duty, (as my firſt was ſolely derived from the conſideration of your own generall and generous Vertues) for having the honour to retain to your* Noble *Brother, Sir* Edward Sackvile *Knight, to whom, for many ſingular reſpects, and (immerited) favours (whiles I am my ſelf) I ow not only my ſervice, but my ſelf; I therein hold me obliged and bound to profer and impart this part of my Labours to your Honour, as the firſt publick teſtimony of my zeal and ſervice, eternally devoted and conſecrated to the* Illuſtrous *Name and Familie of the* Sackviles; *whereof* Gods *Divine Providence hath made your Honour chief Heir and Pillar. The drift and ſcope of theſe* Hiſtories *are to inform the*

World

World how Gods Revenge ſtill fights and triumphs againſt the crying & execrable ſin of (wilfull and premeditated) Murther, *which in theſe our (impure and prophane) times, is ſo fatally and frequently coincident to unregenerate* Chriſtians; *which ſcarlet and bloudy Crime is infallibly met with, and rewarded by* Gods *ſharp and ſevere puniſhments; having purpoſely publiſhed and divulged them to my dear Countrey of* England, *that they may ſerve (though not by the way of compariſon, yet of application) as the ſight of* Julius Cæſar's *bloudy Robe (ſhewed by* Marcus Antonius *to the* Romans *in* Campo Martio, *when he there pronounced his funerall* Oration) *thereby to make his Murther and Murtherers in the greater horrour and execration with the people. The* Hiſtories *of themſelves are as different, as their effects and accidents: their Scenes being wilfully and ſinfully laid in divers parts of* Chriſtendom *beyond the ſeas, and the Tragidies unfortunately perpetrated and perſonated by thoſe, who more adhearing to impiety, than* Grace, *and to Satan than* God, *made ſhipwrack, if not of their ſouls with their bodies; I am ſure of their lives with their fortunes, and of their fortunes with their lives. They themſelves (or rather their ſins) firſt brought the Materials, I, only the collection, illuſtration, and polliſhing of theſe their deplorable* Hiſtories, *which are pen'd in ſo low a ſphear of ſpeech, and ſo inelegant a phraſe, as they can no way merit the* Honour *of your peruſall, muchleſs of your judgment, and leaſt of all, of your noble protection & patronage.*

Howſoever, my hopes (led and marſhalled by the premiſes) do as it were flatter me, that your protections will wink at my imperfections, and your curioſity at my ignorance & preſumption, in daigning permit this my rude Pamphlet, to ſalute & pilgrimage the World, under the authenticall paſſe-port of your Hon: *favour; who of her ſelf is compoſed of ſo poor metall (or rather droſſe) as without the pure gold of your Honourable Name, it would run a hazard, not to paſſe currant with the curious wits, & cenſures of this our (too curious & too cenſorious age; whereof could I reſt aſſured, I ſhould then not only rejoyce, but triumph in this my happineſſe, as ſo richly exceeding the proportion of my poor labours & Merits, that I could not aſpire to a Greater honour; nor deſire a ſweeter felicity: And ſo recommending this my imperfect Pamphlet to your favour, my unworthy ſelf to your pardon, and your* Honour, *your* Noble Conntеſſe, *and the ſweet young* Lady *your* Daughter, *to* Gods *beſt favours and mercies, I will aſſume the confidence and conſtancy to remain,*

Your Honours in all humility and ſervice

JOHN REYNOLD

The Triumphs of Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HITORY VI.

Victorina *cauſeth* Sypontus *to ſtab and murther her firſt husband* Souranza, *and ſhe her ſelf poyſoneth* Faſſino: *ſo they both being miraculouſly detected and convicted of theſe their cruel Murthers, he is beheaded, and ſhe hanged, and burnt for the ſame.*

VVHere Luſt takes up our deſires, and Revenge and Murther ſeizeth on our reſolutions, it is the true way to make us wretched in this life, and our ſouls miſerable in that to come: for if Chaſtity and Charity (the two precious virtues and ornaments of a Chriſtian) ſteer not our actions on Earth, how ſhall, nay how can, we arrive to the Harbour of Heaven? or if we abandon theſe celeſtial virtues, to follow and embrace thoſe infernal vices, what doe we but take our ſelves from felicity to miſery, and conſequently give our ſelves from God to Satan? But did we ſeriouſly (and not trivially) conſider that there is a Heaven to reward the Righteous, and a Hell to puniſh the ungodly, we would neither defile our hearts, nor pollute our ſouls with the thought, much leſs with the action of ſuch beaſtly and inhumane crimes. But in this ſinful age of ours, the number is but too great of laſcivious and impious Chriſtians, who delight in the affection and practice thereof: Among whom I here repreſent the Hiſtory of an execrable Gentlewoman, and her wretched and unfortunate Lover, who were both born to honour, and not to infamy; had they had as much grace to ſecure their lives, as vanity and impiety to ruin them. The Hiſtory is bloody, and therefore mournful: but if we deteſt their crimes, we need not fear their puniſhments; for God is as gracious and propitious to protect the innocent, as juſt and ſevere to chaſtiſe the guilty.

In *Italy*, the beauty of *Europe*, and in the City of *Venice* (the glory of *Italy*, he Nympn of the Sea, and the pearl and diamond of the world) in the latter years of the reign of noble *Leonardo Donato*, (who, as Duke, ſate to the helm of that potent and powerfull Eſtate) ſo famous for baniſhing the Jeſuits, and for oppoſing himſelf againſt the intruſion and fulminations of *Pope Paulus Quintus*, in the juſt defence and maintenance of the prerogatives and privileges of the *Seignory*; There was at that time a gentleman, a younger brother, yet of well neer fifty years old, of the noble Family of the *Beraldi*, named *Seignior Iacomo Beraldi*, who dwelt above the *Rialto* Bridge (that famous Maſter-piece of Architecture) upon the *Canalla Grando*, who in the *April* of his youth took to Wife the *Dona Lucia*, daughter to *Seignior Lorenza Burſſo*, a Gentleman of *Padua*, by whom he had ſeven Children, four Sonnes and three Daughters; ſo as his Wife and he eſteeming themſelves happy in their Iſſue, paſt away their time in much content and felicity: but God (for ſome ſecret and ſacred reaſons to his Divine Majeſty beſt known) converting his ſmiles into frowns, within the ſpace of ſeven years, takes away ſix of their Children, ſo as their eldeſt daughter onely remained living, being a young Gentlewoman of ſome eighteen years old, named *Dona Victorina*.

This young Gentlewoman, being noble, rich, and fair, (three powerfull and attractive Adamants to draw the affections of many Cavaliers) according to her deſert, had divers Gallants who ſought her in Marriage; but ſhe was of nature proud, cholerick, diſdainfull, and malicious; Vices enow to ruine both a beauty and a fortune: but of all her ſuters and ſervants, he whom ſhe beſt loved and affected, was one *Seigniour Sypontus*, a Gentleman of the City, who was more noble than rich, and yet more deboſht and vicious than noble; but otherwiſe a very proper young Gallant: but the perfections of the body are nothing to be compared to the excellent qualities and indowments of the mind, for thoſe are but the varniſhes and ſhaddowes of a meer man, but theſe the perfections and excellencies of a wiſe man, and therein noble; ſith indeed wiſdome is one of the trueſt degrees, and moſt eſſentiall parts of Nobility. Now if *Victorina* love *Sypontus*, with no leſſe reciprocall flame and zeal doth *Sypontus* affect *Victorina*: for as his eys behold the delicacy of her perſonage, and the ſweetneſs of her beauty, ſo his heart loves either, and adores both; yea, ſo deep an impreſſion hath ſhe ingraven in his thoughts and contemplations, that he is never merry till he ſee her, nor pleaſed till he injoy the felicity of her company; which *Victorina* rejoiceth to ſee, and obſerves with infinite content and delectation. *Sypontus* thus intangled in the ſnares of *Victorinas* beauty, and ſhe likewiſe in thoſe of his perfections, he reſolves to court her, and ſeek her in Marriage, which he performes with much affection, zeal, and conſtancy, leaving no induſtry, care, curioſity, or coſt unattempted, to inrich and crown his deſires with the precious and ineſtimable treaſures of her love. I ſhould make this ſhort diſcourſe ſwell into an ample Hiſtory, to particularize, or punctually relate the Letters, Sonnets, Preſents, Meetings, Dancings, Muſick, and Banquets, which paſt twixt theſe two lovers, and wherewith *Sypontus* entertained his dear Miſtreſſe *Victorina*: I will therefore purpoſely omit it, and cover my ſelf with this excuſe, which may ſatisfy my Reader, to conſider that *Sypontus* (as before) was an *Italian*, whoſe cuſtome and nature rather exceedes than comes ſhort, in all amorous ceremonies and complements: And therefore again to reſume my Hiſtory, I muſt briefely declare, that after the protraction and receſſe of a years time, *Victorina* conſenteth to *Sypontus*, to be his Wife, ſo farre forth as he can obtain thoſe of her father and mother: a fit and vertuous anſwer of a daughter, wherein I know not whether ſhe bewray more modeſty and diſcretion in her ſelf, or reſpect and obedience to her parents.

Sypontus infinitely pleaſed with this ſweet news and delightful melody, is as it were raviſhed and rapt up into heaven with joy, when flattering himſelf with this poor hope, that as *Victorina* was courteous, ſo he ſhould finde her parents kinde to him; he, with much reſpect and honour, repaires to *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, and in fair and diſcreet termes acquaints them with his long affection to their daughter *Victorina*; whom (with as much earneſtneſſe as humility) he praies to beſtow her on him for his wife: but this old Couple are as much diſpleaſed at *Sypontus* his motion, as their Daughter *Victorina* rejoyceth thereat, and ſo they return him their deniall inſtead of their conſent, only in generall tearms they thank him for his love and honour, and certifie him that they have otherwiſe diſpoſed of their daughter. *Sypontus* bites the lip, and *Victorina* hangs her head at this their bitter and diſtaſtfull anſwer: but he is ſo generous and amorous too be put off with this firſt repulſe. Whereupon he imploys his Parents and kinsfolkes (whereof ſome were of the chiefeſt rank of *Senatours* and *Magnificos*) to draw *Beraldi* and *Lucia* to conſent to this match; but in vain: for they are deaf to thoſe requeſts, and reſolute in their denyal, grounding their refuſal upon *Sypontus* his poverty: for they ſee he is become poor; becauſe in the laſt trans-marine Wars, the *Turks* took from his father and himſelf moſt of his Lands and Poſſeſſions neer *Scutary* in *Dalmatia*, and therefore they reſolve to provide a richer husband for their Daughter. The iniquity of our times is as ſtrange as lamentable: for in matters of Marriage, parents, without due regard either to the natures or affections of their children, ſtil prefer gold before grace, and many times Riches before vertue and Nobility,

which

which concurre and meet in one perſonage; but divers of theſe marriages, in the end, find either ſhame, miſery, or repentance, and ſometimes all.

Sypontus ſtorms as much as *Victorina* grieves at his refuſall; but to fruſtrate that, and provide for this, *Beraldi* deals with *Seigniour Juan Baptiſta Souranza* to marry his Daughter *Victorina*, who i a Gentleman of a good houſe, but farre richer than *Sypontus*; but withall farre different in age; ſo *Sypontus* is but twenty eight years old, and *Souranza* neer threeſcore: So as gold playing the chiefe part in this Contract, *Souranza* is ſure of *Victorina* for his Wife, ere he know her, or hardly hath ſeen her. *Beraldi* advertizeth his Daughter of his will, and pleaſure herein: ſo *Souranza* ſees her wit affection and joy, and ſhe him with diſgrace and grief; and thus this old Lover the firſt time enter tains his young Miſtriſſe with kiſſes, and ſhe him with tears. He is no ſooner departed, but *Victorin* very ſorrowfully and penſively throws her ſelf to her Parents feet, and with ſhowers of tears ver earneſtly and paſſionately beſeeches them, that they will not inforce her to marry *Souranza*, whor (ſhe affirms) ſhe cannot love, much leſſe obey; prayes them to conſider what a miſery, nay, what hell it will be to her thoughts and ſelf, to have him in her bed, and *Sypontus* in her heart. When ſh could no further proceed, becauſe her ſighs cut her words in pieces, and ſo grief daunting her hear and her fear to *Souranza*, and affection to *Sypontus*, caſting a milk-white veil over her vermillio cheeks, ſhe ſinks to the earth in a fainting cold ſwoon, when her hard-hearted and cruell Parent (more with aſtoniſhment than commiſeration and pitty) ſtep to her aſſiſtance, and again bring he to her ſences; who not forgetting where her ſpeeches ended, ſhe remembers to begin and continu them thus: O my dear Parents, name not *Souranza* for my husband, but if you will needs give m one, then by all that blood of yours, which ſtreameth in all the veins of my body, of two let me injo one, either *Sypontus*, or my Grave; he the beginner of my joyes, or this the ender of all my miſerie and ſorrows; neither is it diſobedience in me, but fear of cruelty in your ſelves, that throws me o the exigent of this requeſt and reſolution; whereon, I pray, conſider by the bonds of nature, and no by the rules of avarice and inhumanity. But her Father and Mother (without any reſpect to he youth and tears, or regard to her affection and prayers) love *Souranza*'s wealth ſo well, as they wi hate *Sypontus* his poverty, and in it himſelf: and therefore checking *Victorina* for her folly, and tax ing her of indiſcretion, their command and authority gives a law to her obedience and deſires And to conclude, they are ſo bitter, and withall ſo cruell to her, that within few dayes they vio lently inforce her to marry *Souranza*. But this inforced Match will produce repentance and miſer of all ſides.

As it is a duty in Children to honour and obey their Parents, ſo it is no leſſe in Parents carefully t regard, and tenderly to affect their Children; but in Matches that are concluded with wealth withou affection, their Parents ought to proceed with judgement, not with paſſion, with perſwaſion, no with force: for can there be any hell upon earth comparable to that of a diſcontented bed? or is i not a grief to Parents, through their cruelty, to ſee their Children live in deſpair in ſtead of hope, i affliction, in ſtead of joy; and to dye miſerably, whereas they might have lived pleaſantly an proſperouſly? 'Tis true, that young folks affections are not ſtill well grounded, but for want of ad vice and counſell, many times meet with miſery for felicity; yet ſith Marriage is a Contract, no for a day, but for ever; not for an hour, but for the term and leaſe of our lives; therefore Parents in matching their Children, ſhould be rather charitable than greedy for the world, and rather com paſſionate that rigid: but enough of this, and again to our Hiſtory.

We have ſeen *Victorina*, with an unwilling willingneſſe, inforced to marry *Souranza*; we ſhal not go farre, before we ſee what ſharp calamities and bitter afflictions and miſeries this Match pro duceth: *The argument and cauſe briefly is thus*; Victorina *lies with her Husband* Souranza, *but cannot love him*; from whence (as ſo many lines from their centre) ſpring forth many mournfull and di aſtrous accidents; the little Ring of Matrimony incloſeth many great and weighty conſideration and among others this is not one of the leaſt: diſparity in years makes no true harmony in affecti ons; for there is no affinity 'twixt *January* and *May*, and it is a matter, though not impoſſible, ye difficult for youth and age to ſympathize. *Souranza*'s beſt performance of the rites and duties o Marriage, is but deſire; yea, his age cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſſe reward the dainties o *Victorina*'s youth; for he is more ſuperſtitious than amorous, as delighting rather to kiſs an Image i the Church, that his Wife in his Bed, and not to betray the truth, I muſt crave leave of modeſty, t averre, that ſhe finds little difference 'twixt a Maid and a Wife, ſo that her luſt out-braving her chaſti ty, and ſenſuality trampling her vertues and honor under foot, whereas her affection ſhould look fron *Sypontus* to *Souranza*, both ſhe & it contrary wiſe look from *Souranza* to *Sypontus*. Diſſembling plea ſures, which ſtrangle when they ſeem to imbrace and kiſſe us, bitter Pills candid in ſugar, Cordials t the ſenſe, but corroſives to the ſoul! Yea, *Victorina* in forgetting her modeſty, will not remember he vow in Marriage; for had ſhe been as vertuous as young, or as chaſt as fair, it had not onely been he vertue, but her duty, to have ſmothered the defects, and concealed the imperfections and impotenc

of her old Husband; Chaſtity would have perſwaded her to this, but incontinency and luſt draw her to a contrary reſolution.

Sypontus likewiſe ſtorms and grieves at this unwiſhed and unequall Match of old *Souranza* with his young and fair *Victorina*; yea, he hates him ſo much, and loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, as he would, but cannot prevent it: for (as before) they are married; and he, in ſtead of the *Laurell*, is forced to wear the *Willow*; but his grief finds this comfort, and her diſcontent this conſolation, that ſith *Victorina* is not his Wife, ſhe is his Miſtreſſe; and ſith *Sypontus* is not her Husband, he is her Servant, or (to uſe the *Venetian* phraſe) ſhe is his *Courtizana*, and he her *Enamorato*: but ſuch Leagues and Contracts vicious affections ſeldome make happy ends; for as they begin in luſt, ſo commonly they terminate in infamy and miſery. *Sypontus* often familiarizeth with *Victorina*, yea, their familiarity is ſuch, as I in modeſty will not report, ſith in charity I cannot; and although they bear their affections and pleaſures ſecret, yet cuſtome breeding a habit, and that a ſecond Nature, *Souranza* is now no ſooner abroad, but *Sypontus* is at home, ſo as in effect *Souranza* is but the ſhadow, and *Sypontus* the ſubſtance of *Victorina*'s Husband: but theſe laſcivious Lovers ſhall pay dear for their affections; *Sypontus* for entertaining and keeping another mans Wife, and *Victorina* for breaking her vow in Wedlock to her Husband, in defiling his bed, and contaminating her body with the foul ſin of Adultery.

It had been good and ſafe for them, if they had not begun theſe their beaſtly pleaſures, but to give no end to them, muſt needs prove dangerous and ruinous; to commit this ſin of Adultery is odious, but to perſevere therein is moſt abominable before God: the reaſon hereof is as true as pregnant; for if the reward of a ſingle be death, the redoubling thereof muſt needs be double damnation. But as it is the nature of Adultery to be accompanied and waited on by other ſins, ſo *Victorina* is not only content to love *Sypontus*, but ſhe makes a farther progreſſion in impiety, and will needs hate her Husband *Souranza*; who poor honeſt Gentleman, ſick with the Gout, and a Cough of the Lungs, is now diſtaſtfull, and which is worſe, odious to her: ſo that ſhe which ſhould be a cordiall to his age, his age is now a corroſive to her youth, and ſhe ſo farre forgets both her ſelf and her duty, as ſhe rather contemns than loves him, and as he rejoyceth in her ſight, ſo ſhe delights in nothing ſo much as in his abſence, and *Sypontus* preſence; ſhe makes her diſcontents and malice to her Husand known to *Sypontus*, who doth pitty, but will not remedy them; all her ſpeeches tend to wiſh her ſelf in another world, or her Husband not in this. *Sypontus* is not ignorant whereat ſhe aims; but although he injoy the Wife, yet he cannot find in his heart, but is too conſciencious to murther the husband: had he remained in the conſtancy of this reſolution, he had been happy, and not ſo miſerable and unfortunate to end his dayes with ſhame and infamy. But now behold, an unexpected accident draws and throws him on head-long to perpetrate this execrable Murther, for (as the Gentrie and Nobility of *Venice* are for the moſt part Merchants) ſo *Sypontus* receiveth ſudden and ſorrowfull news of two great loſſes befaln him in the *Levant* Seas, in two ſeverall Ships, the one coming from *Allepo*, taken by the *Turkiſh* Pyrats of *Rhodes*, the other from *Alexandria*, taken, as is ſuppoſed, by one of the Duke of *Oſſunas Neapolitan* Gallies, ſcowring the Ilands of the *Archipelagus*, in which two Veſſels he loſt at leaſt ſeventy thouſand *Zeckynes*, it being the two third parts of his whole eſtate; and now to maintain his greatneſſe, and bear up his port and reputation, knowing *Souranza* to be infinitly rich, and his Wife *Victorina* young, amorous, and fair, he agrees with the devill, and ſo reſolves to murther him, and then to marry her, which he knows ſhe above any earthly matter chiefly deſires. Lo here the foundation and project of a murther, as lamentable as execrable! Neceſſity in baſe ſpirits may be a powerfull, but in thoſe more vertuous and noble, it ſhould never be a pernicious and prodigious Counſellour; for there is as much generoſity and fortitude in ſupporting poverty with patience, as there is covetouſneſſe in being ambitious to purchaſe wealth with infamy.

At the next enterview and meeting of *Sypontus* and *Victorina*, ſhe like a bad woman, a wicked wife, and a wretched creature, redoubleth him her complaints and diſcontents againſt her husband; and becauſe *Sypontus* knows it wiſdome to ſtrike whiles the iron is hot, as alſo that time muſt be taken by the fore-lock, he like a wretched Politician layes hold of this occaſion and opportunity, and ſo conſenteth to the murther of her husband; when from this bloody reſolution, they paſſe to the manner how to effect it: they conſult on this lamentable buſineſſe. *Victorina* (induſtrious in her malice) propoſeth to poyſon him, and ſo to bury him in her little Garden: but *Sypontus* diſlikes this project, and profers her to murther him in his *Gondola*, as he comes from *Luciſizina*; whereon they agree. So ſome ten dayes after, *Victorina* advertiſeth him, that her husband is to go to his houſe of pleaſure in the Countrey near *Padua*, on the bank of the River *Brenta*, where he is only to ſtay three dayes. *Sypontus* imbraceth this occaſion, and continually wantonizing with his wife in his abſence, promiſeth her to meet her husband at his return, and then to diſpatch him; which news with a longing deſire this miſerable Curtezan *Victorina* attends him with as much impatience as impudencie

pudencie. *Sypontus* in the mean time (in favour of twice ten *Zeckynes*) is prepared of two wicked *Gondoliers* or Watermen, who deeply vow and ſwear to conceal this Murther. So the preciſe day of *Souranza*'s departure from his Countrey-houſe being come, *Sypontus*, not to fail of his promiſe to *Victorina*, in the execution of his bloody and damnable attempt, takes his *Gondola*, and hovers in the direct paſſage betwixt *Lucifizina* and *Venice*, for *Souranza* his arrivall, who, poor harmleſſe Gentleman, loved his young wife ſo tenderly and dearly, as he thought this ſhort time long that he had wandred from her; but he hath ſeen his laſt of her, and alaſſe, alaſſe, he ſhall ſee an end of himſelf; for about five of the clock of the evening (it being Summer time) his uſuall hour of return, he takes *Gondola* at *Lucifizina*, for *Venice*, and neer midway twixt both, *Sypontus* eſpies him, and the ſooner, becauſe it being hot weather, and no wind ſtirring, *Souranza* had cauſed his curtains to be withdrawn. *Sypontus* (inflamed with boyling malice and revenge) with all poſſible celerity makes toward his *Gondola*, the which diſguiſed and masked he enters, and there with his Ponyard very devilliſhly ſtabs him three ſeverall times at the heart, when falling down to his feet, he moſt barbarouſly cut off his beard, and noſe (that he might not be known) and ſo throws him into the Sea; as alſo his Waterman after him, that they might tell no tales: when having finiſhed theſe execrable Murthers, he with his *Gondola*, with all poſſible ſpeed hyes firſt to *Murano*, and ſo lands by the *Patriarchy*, from thence by the *Arſenall*, and ſo to his own houſe behind Saint *Servi*'s Church, thereby to caſt a fairer varniſh on this villany, by landing and coming into the City another way, when being arrived at his houſe, he that night by a confident Servant of his, ſends *Victorina* this Letter.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

FAir and dear Victorina, *I have begun, and ended a buſineſſe, which infinitly imports thy good and my content: the party hath drunk his fill of White and Claret, and is now gone to his eternall reſt; ſo a little time, I hope, will wipe off thy old tears, and confirm thy new joyes. Be but as affectionate, as I ſecret, and as ſecret, as till death I will be affectionate, and thou needeſt neither fear my fortunes, nor doubt thine own: Judge what I would do to injoy thee, and for thy ſake, ſith I have already undertaken and acted a buſineſſe of this nature. We muſt for a time refrain each others company, that we may the ſooner meet, and imbrace, with more content, and leſſe danger.*

SYPONTUS.

Victorina infinitly rejoyceth at this news, and the better to cloke her malice, under the veil of ſecrecie, ſhe laments and complains to her Father of her Husbands long abſence. *Souranza*'s parents are by *Beraldi* acquainted herewith, they begin to find the time of his ſtay very long, and now reſolve to ſend his Nephew, *Seignior Andrew Souranza*, up the River *Brenta*, to know the cauſe thereof: he paſſeth and repaſſeth the Sluce of *Lucifizina*, and brings word that he departed thence for *Venice*, in a *Gondola*, four dayes ſince. *Victorina* his Wife grieves, and weeps at his abſence, ſo do his own Parents and Friends, who enquire of all ſides, but find comfort or news from none what is become of him. And here, Reader, before thy curioſity carry thee further, I conjure thee to ſtand aſtoniſhed and wonder, at the inſcrutable and wonderfull judgement of God, in the detection of this Murther. For Fiſhermen ſome 8 dayes after caſting out their nets betwixt the Ilands of *La Lazareto* and Saint *George Majore*, bring up this dead body of murthred *Souranza*, being well apparelled: but chiefly for their own diſcharge, they bring the dead corps to *Venice*, and land him at Saint *Marks* ſtayres; where they extend and expoſe his body to be known of paſſengers. Now behold further Gods miraculous providence, in the diſcovery and finding out hereof: for amongſt the numberleſſe number of ſpectators and walkers, who dayly and almoſt hourly frequent and adorn that famous Burſe and incomparable Palace, it happened that *Andrea Souranza* caſt his eye on this dead and ſea-withered body; on whom he looks with as much ſtedfaſtneſſe, as curioſity, as if nature had made his living body a part of that dead; or as if his hot blood had ſome ſympathy and affinity with that of the dead perſonage, which long ſince the coldneſſe of the Sea had congealed and frozen: but at laſt eſpying a red ſpot in his neck (under his right ear) that he brought into the world with him, and which all the influence and vertue of the water of the Sea had not power to deface and waſh away; as alſo obſerving a wart over his left eye-lid, which Nature had given his birth, and his youth his age; he paſſionately cries out before the world, that it is the body of his Uncle, *Seignior Jouan Baptiſta Souranza*: ſo it is viſited by his Parents and Friends, and known to be the ſame: ſo they carried him to an adjoyning houſe, and there diveſting it naked, find that he hath three ſeverall wounds in his body, either of a Sword or Ponyard, which gives matter of talke, and adminiſtreth cauſe of admiration in all the City. So they bury him honourably according to his rank and degree, and all knowing him to be Murthered, infinitly bewail his untimely, and lamen-

his mournfull death: but eſpecially his Wife *Victorina*, who having formerly plaid the Strumpet, then the Murtheresſe, now takes on the mask, and aſſumes the repreſentation of an Hypocrite; outwardly ſeeming to dye for ſorrow, when God, and her foul ulcerated conſcience knows, that inwardly her heart leapt for joy, thus to be depriv'd and freed of her old Husband. Yea, and the more to blear the eyes, and eclipſe the judgement of the world, for caſting the leaſt ſhadow of ſuſpicion on her for this unnaturall murther, ſhe and her whole Family take on black and mourning Attire, and for her ſelf in two moneths after, never goes forth her houſe, except to the Church where her Husband was buried: where her Hypocriſie is ſo infinitly feigned, and diſſembling, that ſhe is often obſerved to bedew and waſh his Tombe with tears; but theſe *Crocodile* tears of hers, and theſe her falſe and treacherous ſorrows ſhall not avail her; for although Gods divine and ſacred Majeſty be mercifull in his Juſtice, yet he is ſo juſt in mercies, as neither the politique ſecrecie of *Sypontus*, nor the Hypocriticall ſorrows of *Victorina*, for this cruell Murther, ſhall goe either unmasked or unpuniſhed, but in their due appointed time, they ſhall be brought forth in their colours, and made publick Examples, as well of infamy, as deſtruction for the ſame: the manner is thus:

The deceaſed *Seignior Jouan Souranza* hath a younger Brother, named *Seignior Hieronymo Souranza*; who having carefully and curiouſly obſerved, that his Siſter-in-Law *Victorina*, never perfectly nor dearly loved his Brother her Husband, and that ſhe was never ſo familiar, nor dutifull to him, as it behoov'd her, during the term of her Marriage, which partly he attributed to the diſparity of their years, in reſpect of the frozenneſſe of his age, and the heat and freſhneſſe of her youth, He began vehemently to ſuſpect her of this Murther, which he often revolv'd and ruminated in his mind, as if the ſuggeſtion and perſwaſion thereof, not only bore probability, but truth with it: to which end, as the affection of a true Friend (much more of a Brother) ſhould paſſe beyond the Grave, and not remain intomb'd, and buried in the duſt thereof, he is reſolv'd to put his beſt wits and invention upon the tenter-hooks, to diſcover and reveal the ſame; to which end, he breaks with *Victorina*'s Gentlewoman, who waited on her in her Chamber, and who indeed was his own Neece *Felicia*, to know what Gentlemen chiefly frequented her Lady. *Felicia* informs her Uncle, that *Seignior Sypontus* is many nights with her, that there is much affection and familiarity between them, and that he ſends her many Letters. Her Uncle glad of this glimmering light, which he hopes will produce a greater and perfecter, conjures her to intercept ſome of his Letters, for the more effectuall diſcovery of his Brother, and her Uncles death. So *Felicia* promiſeth her beſt care and fidelity herein, and ſhortly effecteth it: for in few dayes after, being ſent by her Lady *Victorina* to a Casket of hers, to fetch her a new pair of *Romiſh* Gloves, ſhe opening an Ivory Box, therein finds a Letter, which ſhe reads, and ſeeing it ſigned by *Sypontus*, ſhe thinks it no ſin to be falſe to her Lady, and true to her Uncle, and ſo very ſecretly and ſafely ſends it him; which indeed was the very Letter we have formerly ſeen and read; and now is his jealouſie and ſuſpition confirm'd. So vowing and ſacrificing revenge to his dead and murthered Brother, away he goes to three chief Judges of the fourty, who ſit on criminall cauſes, and very paſſionatly accuſeth *Sypontus* and *Victorina* for the Murther, committed on the perſon of his Brother *Seignior Jouan Baptiſta Souranza*, at Sea; whereupon they are both committed priſoners, but ſequeſtred in ſeverall Chambers. *Sypontus* is firſt examined, then *Victorina*; they both very conſtantly deny the Murther, and with many ſugred words, and ſubtill evaſions, intimate and inſinuate, their innocencies therein: ſo the next day the Judges produce *Sypontus* his own Letter; the ſight whereof extremely afflicteth and vexeth him; but he is conſtant in his denyall, and reſolute in that conſtancy, and ſo takes on a brazen face, and with many aſſeverations and imprecations, again and again denies it, averring it is not his hand, but a meer impoſture and invention of his enemies, who have counterfeited it, purpoſely to procure his ruine and deſtruction; yet inwardly to himſelf he feareth all is diſcovered, and that there is no means left him to eſcape death, whoſe image and form he now too apparently and fatally ſees before his eyes. So he is ſent back to his Priſon, and his Judges in the *interim* conſult on his Fact; where he is no ſooner arrived, but bolting his Chamber privately to himſelf, he conſidering that either *Victorina*, or ſome for her, had betrayed him by his own Letter, he in bitter fury of choler and paſſion, throws away his hat, now croſſeth his arms, and then beats his breaſt, and ſtamping with his feet, at laſt very low to himſelf bandeth forth theſe ſpeeches.

And is it poſſible, that I muſt now loſe my life through *Victorina* her folly and treachery, into whoſe hands I repos'd both my ſecrets and it? Have I done what I have done for her ſake, and is this the requitall ſhe gives me? And ſith there is no other witneſſe, muſt mine own Letter be produced in Juſtice againſt me? What will I not do? What have I not done for her ſake? Wo is me, that I ſhould live to be rewarded with this monſtrous and inhumane ingratitude; when for ſorrow and indignation, not able to contain himſelf, he takes Pen and Paper, and writes *Victorina* this enſuing Letter.

SYPONTUS.

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

IS it poſſible that thy affection to me hath been all this while feigned, and that thou, whom I truſted with all my ſecrets, art now become the only woman of the world to betray me? I have hazarded my life for thy ſake, and muſt I now be ſo unfortunate and wretched, to loſe it through thy treachery? When I bore matters with ſuch care and ſecreſie, that no witneſſe whatſoever could be produced againſt me, muſt mine own Letter, which was ſafely delivered thee, be brought forth to convict me of my crime, and ſo to incur death, which otherwiſe I had avoided? Is this the reward of my love? Is this thy recompence of my affection? O Victorina, Victorina! *Such is my tender eſteem of thy ſweet youth and beauty, that had I enjoyed a thouſand lives, I would have reputed my ſelf happy, to have loſt them all for thy ſake and ſervice: and having but one, wilt thou be ſo cruell to deprive me thereof? But that my loyalty and my affection may ſhine in thy malice, take this for thy comfort, that as I have ever liv'd, ſo I will now dye thy true Servant and faithfull Lover.*

SYPONTUS.

But obſerve here the errour of *Sypontus* his judgement; for whiles he imputes it to *Victorina*'s treachery, that this his Letter will occaſion his death, he is ſo irreligious and impious, as he looks not up to Heaven, to conſider that the detection thereof proceeds from Gods immediate finger and providence. No, No. For the devill yet holds his thoughts ſo faſt captivated and intangled in the ſnares of *Victorina*'s beauty, as he hath not yet the grace to look from his crime, to his repentance; nor conſequently from Earth to Heaven: but like a prophane *Libertine* and unregenerated perſon, being within a ſmall point of time neer his end, he yet thinks not of his ſoul, nor of God, but only dallies away the remainder of his hours, in the miſerable contemplation of his fond affection and beaſtly ſenſuality.

By this time *Victorina* hath receiv'd his Letter; at the news and reading whereof, ſuch is the paſſion of her frenzy, which ſhe (though unjuſtly) terms love, that ſhe is all in tears, ſighs, and lamentable exclamations; ſhe knows it impoſſible for any other of the world to be the revealer of *Sypontus* his Letter, but only her Maid *Felicia*, whom in her uncharitable revenge, ſhe curſeth to the pit of hell: but that which addes a greater torment to her torments, and a more ſenſible degree of affliction to her miſerable ſorrows, is, to ſee that her *Sypontus* (whom by many degrees ſhe loves farre dearer than her life) ſiniſterly ſuſpecteth her fidelity toward him; yea ſo farre, as he not only calls her affection but her treachery in queſtion: and this indeed ſeems to drown her in her tears. But yet notwithſtanding ſo fervent is her love towards him, as the fear of death draws her to a reſolution of her own: ſo if *Sypontus* dye, ſhe vows ſhe will be her own accuſer, and ſo not live, but dye with him. Strange effects of love, or rather of folly, ſith love being irregular, and taking falſe objects, (in its true character) is not love, but folly: to which end, calling for Ink and Paper, ſhe bitterly weeping, indites and ſends him theſe few lines, in anſwer of his.

VICTORINA to SYPONTUS.

I Were the moſt wretched and ingrateſulleſt Lady of the world, yea a Lady who ſhould not then deſerve either to ſee or live in the world, if Victorina *ſhould any way prove treacherous to* Sypontus, *who hath ſtill been ſo true and kind to her. But beleeve me, Dear* Sypontus, *and I ſpeak in the preſence of God, upon perill of my ſoul, I am as innocent as that witch, that devill, my Maid* Felicia *is guilty of the producing of thy Letter; which I fear will prove thy death, and rejoyce that in it, it ſhall likewiſe prove mine. For to clear my ſelf of ingratitude and treachery, as I have lived, ſo I will dye with thee; that as we mutually participated the joyes of life, ſo we may the torments of death: for although thy Letter accuſe me not of my husband* Souranza's *Murther, yet that my affection may ſhine in my Loyalty, & that in my affection, I will not ſurvive, but dye with thee, I will accuſe my ſelf to my Judges, not only as acceſſary, but as Author of that Murther: and this reſolution of mine I write thee with tears, and will ſhortly ſeal it with my blood.*

VICTORINA.

Sypontus, in the middeſt of his perplexities, and ſorrows, receives this Letter from *Victorina*, the ſweetneſs of whoſe affection and conſtancy, much revives his joy, and comforteth him. For now her innocency defaceth his ſuſpicion of her ingratitude and treachery: and withall he plainly ſees, and truely believes, that it was *Felicia*, not *Victorina*, who brought this Letter to Light. But when he

deſcends

deſcends to the latter part of her Letter, and finds her reſolution to dye with him, then he condemns his former errour in taxing her, and in requitall, loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, that he vows he will be ſo farre from accuſing her, as acceſſary of her Husbands Murther, as both the Rack, and his death ſhall clear and proclaim her innocency. Had the ground of theſe fervent and reciprocall affections of *Victorina* and *Sypontus*, been laid in vertue, as they were in vice; or in chaſtity, and not in luſt and adultery, they would have given cauſe to the whole world, as juſtly to praiſe, as now to diſpraiſe them, and then to have been as ambitious of their imitation, as now of their contempt and deteſtation.

So *Sypontus* (as before) having fully and definitively reſolved not to accuſe, but to clear *Victorina* of this Murther, as alſo that he would dye alone, and leave her youth and beauty to the injoying of many more earthly pleaſure, he expecting hourly to be ſent for before his Judges, to ſit upon his torment or death, thinking himſelf bound both in affection and honour, to ſignifie *Victorina* his pleaſure herein, he craves his Jaylors abſence, and with much affection and paſſion, writes her this his laſt Letter:

SYPONTUS to VICTORINA.

SWeet Victorina, *thy Letter hath given me ſo full ſatisfaction, as I repent me of my raſh credulity conceived againſt thy affection and conſtancy, and now lay the fault of the diſcovery of my Letter, where it is, and ought to be, on* Felicia, *not on thy ſelf. It is with a ſorrowfull, but true preſage, that I fore-ſee, my life haſtens to her period: the Rack is already prepared for my torments, and I hourly expect when I ſhall be fetch't to receive them, which for thy ſake I will imbrace and ſuffer, with as much conſtancy as patience: I will deny mine own guiltineſſe the firſt time, but not the ſecond: but in my torments and death I will acquit thee of thine, with as true a reſolution, as earth expects to loſe me, and I hope to find Heaven. Therefore by all the bonds of love and affection that ever hath been between us, I firſt pray, then conjure thee to change thy reſolution, and to ſtand on thine innocence. For if thou wilt, or deſireſt to gratifie me with thy laſt affection and courteſie at my death, let me bear this one content and joy to my grave, that* Victorina *will live for* Sypontus *his ſake, though* Sypontus *die for hers.*

SYPONTUS.

He had no ſooner ſent away this his Letter to *Victorina*, but he himſelf is ſent for to appear before his Judges, who upon his ſecond examination and denyall, adjudged him to the Rack; which he indureth with admirable patience and conſtancy. Yea, he cannot be drawn to confeſſe, but ſtands firm in his denyall, and not only clears himſelf, but alſo acquits *Victorina*. *Hieronymo Souranza* doth notwithſtanding earneſtly follow and ſolicite the Judges, and God, out of his immenſe mercy and profound providence, ſo ordaineth, that their conſciences ſuggeſt and prompt them, that *Sypontus* is the Actor of this execrable Murther. Wherefore the next day they adminiſter him double torment; when lo, his reſolution and ſtrength failing him, he acknowledgeth the Letter his, and confeſſeth it was himſelf that had murthred *Seigniour Jouan Baptiſta Souranza*; but withall proteſteth conſtantly, that *Victorina* is innocent, and no way acceſſary hereunto. The Judges rejoyce at *Sypontus* his confeſſion, as much as they grieve at the foulneſſe of his fact: and ſo, although they were alſo deſirous to hang him, yet conſidering he was a *Venetian* Gentleman, (and conſequently had a great voice in the great Counſell of the *Seigniory*) they adjudge him the next day to loſe his head, betwixt the two Columns at Saint *Marks Place*, and ſo for that night ſend him back to his priſon, to prepare himſelf to dye. *Sypontus* is no ſooner departed from them, but they conſult on *Victorina*, whether ſhe were guilty, or innocent of her Husband *Souranza*'s Murther; but they differ in opinion; ſome would likewiſe have her racked, but others of them more adviſed and modeſt, reply, that *Sypontus* his Letter intimated only his affection to *Victorina*, but no way her malice to her dead husband *Souranza*, nor that ſhe was any way guilty or acceſſary to his Murther; ſo they reſolve to forbear her, and not to put her to the torment, except *Sypontus* accuſe her at his Execution. Now the very night that he was to dye the next morn, he infinitely deſires his Jaylor to permit him to conferre with *Victorina*, and to take his laſt leave of her, which is denyed him, as having received command from Authority to the contrary, whereat extremely grieving, he is called away by ſome Divines, whom the charity of that grave Senate ſend him, to prepare and direct his ſoul in her paſſage and tranſmigration to Heaven. So paſſing the night in tears and prayers for the foulneſſe of his crime, the morn being come, and nine of the clock ſtrucken, he is brought to the Scaffold, where a world of people concurre and flock from all parts of the City, to ſee this wretched and unfortunate Gentleman act the laſt Scean and part of his life upon this infamous *Theater*. Here *Sypontus* freely confeſſeth his foul Murther of *Souranza*, but is yet ſo vain and wretched, as he takes it to his death, that *Victorina* is abſolutely innocent

Innocency hereof: he ſeems to be very repentant and ſorrowfull for all his ſins in generall, and for this Murther in particular.

For expiation and reward hereof, his head is ſevered from his body; a juſt recompence and puniſhment for ſo vicious and bloody a Gentleman, who adhering to adultery more than chaſtity, to revenge than charity, and to the Devil than God, forgot himſelf ſo farre, as to commit this execrable and lamentable Murther.

Now, the order and *Decorum* of our Hiſtory, leads us from dead *Sypontus*, to living *Victorina*, who, I know not whether more grieved at his death, or rejoyced, that on the Rack and Scaffold he hath acquitted her of her Husbands Murther. In a word, it is remarkable to behold the vanity and inconſtancy of this female Monſter; for contrary to her vows, and repugnant to her Letters and tears, *Sypontus* is no ſooner dead, but her affection towards him dyes with him: yea, his blood is ſcarce ſo ſoon cold, as her zeal and friendſhip; for ſhe now holds it a pure folly to caſt away her youth and life, if ſhe may preſerve the one, and ſave the other; and therefore reſolves to try her beſt art and wit, to make her innocency paſſe current with her Judges; yea, ſo deſirous and ambitious is ſhe to live, as her female heart hath drawn on this maſculine fortitude and generoſity, that if occaſion preſent, ſhe will conſtantly both out-dare and out-brave the torments of the Rack, thereby to prevent her death.

Some three dayes after *Sypontus* was executed, the Judges again ſit and conſult on *Victorina*, but finding no evidence nor witneſſe to accuſe her, they at firſt are of opinion to diſcharge and free her; only they deem it requiſite to terrifie, but not to torment her with the Rack, before they give her her liberty, whereunto they all agree. So they ſend for her, and threaten her with the Rack: but ſhe vows, that all the torments of the world ſhall never inforce her to confeſſe an untruth, and that ſhe never had the leaſt ſuſpicion that *Sypontus* was guilty of this execrable Murther of her husband: her Judges will not yet beleeve her; ſo they cauſe her to be carried to the Rack, whereunto ſhe very cheerfully and patiently permits her ſelf to be fattened, bidding the Executioner do his worſt; which conſtancy of hers, her Judges ſeeing and hearing, they, in pitty and commiſeration, as well of her youth and beauty, as to her deſcent, and the tears and prayers of venerable old *Beraldi* her Father, cauſe her to be looſed, and ſo in open Court acquit and diſcharge her.

Here we ſee this wretched *Courtizan Victorina* acquitted of her Judges for her husbands Murther; ſo as triumphing more in her good fortune, than her innocency, ſhe now thinks the ſtorm of her puniſhment paſt and ore-blown, and that no future can poſſible be reſerved for her, or ſhe for it: but her hopes will deceive her: for although ſhe have made her peace with Earth, yet ſhe hath not with Heaven; and although ſhe have deluded the eyes of her Judges, yet ſhe ſhall not thoſe of God; but when his appointed hour, and her due time is come, then her crimes and ſins, her adultery and murther, ſhall draw down vengeance from Heaven to her confuſion. In the mean time we ſhall ſee this Monſter, and diſgrace of her Sex, make ſuch bad uſe of her former danger, as ſhe will again adde blood to blood, and Murther to Murther: but God will reſerve not only the rod of his wrath for her correction, but the full viols of his indignation for her confuſion; as the ſequell will ſhew to ſee.

Six moneths are ſcarce paſt, ſince the Murther of her Husband *Souranza*, and the Execution of her *Enamorato Sypontus*, but ſhe hath already quite forgotten theſe two mournfull and tragicall accidents; and which is more, ſhe is ſo frolick and youthfull, as ſhe hath thrown off her mourning attire, and drawn on her rich apparell, and glittering Jewells, whereof the curioſity of the nobler ſort of Gentlemen and Ladies of the City take exact obſervation; and although *Beraldi* and *Lucia*, her Father and Mother, herein tax her of her indiſcretion and immodeſty, yet ſhe thinks her ſelf exempt of their commands, therefore will do it, out of the ambitious privilege of her own uncontrolable authority and wilfulneſſe. Beſides, her thoughts are ſo youthfull, and her cariage ſo light, as notwithſtanding ſhe came (as it were) but now from burying of her firſt husband, yet ſhe is reſolved without delay, to have a ſecond; her Father and Mother check her of levity and incivility in imbracing this reſolution, but in vain; for her impudency returns them this immodeſt anſwer, that ſhe will not trifle away her time, but marry. They adviſe her to be cautious, and to do nothing raſhly in this her ſecond match, that the misfortune and ſcandall of her firſt may no more reflect on her. But ſhe will make choyce of her ſelf by the eyes of her youth, and not by thoſe of their age; by thoſe of her own fancy, and not by theſe of their election. Her Husband *Souranza* died rich, both in Lands and Monies, and his Widow *Victorina*, without any oppoſition, injoyeth all: ſo ſhe needs not look out for Suters, for there are Gallants enow who ſue and ſeek her; but of them all, he whom ſhe beſt and chiefly affecteth, is own *Seigniour Loudovicus Faſſino*, a very neat and proper young Gentleman of the City, rich, and well-deſcended; his parents and kinſmen for the moſt part being *Clariſſimoes* and *Senators*, and all of them Gentlemen of *Venice*; and him *Victorina* deſires, and reſolves to make her Husband, grounding her chiefeſt reaſon and affection on this reſolution and foundation,

dation, that as *Souranza* was too old for her, ſo *Faſsino* was young enough, and therefore fit to be her Husband, and ſhe his Wife, meaſuring him wholly by his exteritor perſonage, and not ſo much as once prying either into his Vices or Vertues. *Faſsino*, who carried a vicious and pernicious heart under a pleaſing geſture and tongue, and loving *Victorina*'s wealth more than her beauty, obſerving her affection and reſpect to him, ſeeks, courts, and wins her. Her parents underſtanding hereof, as alſo that *Faſsino* is a vicious and deboſht Gentleman, with all their poſſible power and authority, they ſeek to divert their daughter from him. But ſhe is deaf to their requeſts, and reſolved, that as ſhe followed the ſtream of their commands in her firſt Match, ſo ſhe will now the current of her own pleaſures and affections in this her ſecond: and ſo, to the wonder of *Venice*, and the grief of all her parents and friends, before ſhe had above ten dayes conferred with *Faſsino*, ſhe marries him. But this Match ſhall not ſucceed according to their deſires; for *Victorina* ſhall ſhortly repent it, and *Faſsino* aſſoon rue and ſmart for it; ſith it is a *Maxim*, that ſudden affections prove ſeldom proſperous; for if they have not time to ſetle and take root, they are incident aſſoon to fade as flouriſh, eſpecially if they are contracted and grounded more for luſt than love, and more for wealth than vertue.

The firſt moneth of this Marriage, *Fiſsino* keeps good correſpondence and obſervance with his Wife, but thence-forth he breaks pale, and rangeth; for the truth is, although he were but a young Gentleman, yet (which is lamentable) he was an old Whore-maſter; which laſcivious profeſſion of his, threatens the ruin, not only of his health, but of his fortune and reputation; ſo now, when he ſhould be at home, he is abroad, yea, not only by day, but by night, that upon the whole, *Victorina* is more a Widdow than a Wife: at which unlook'd and unwiſh'd for news, ſhe not only bites the lip, but very often puts finger in her eye and weeps; for it gripes and grieves her at heart, to ſee her ſelf thus ſlighted, neglected, and abuſed by *Faſsino*, whom, of all the Gallants of the City, ſhe had elected and choſen for her husband; ſhe is infinitely grieved hereat, and yet her grief and ſorrow infinitely exceeds her jealouſie: and now as graceleſſe as ſhe is, ſhe thinks God hath purpoſely ſent her this laſcivious *Faſsino* for her ſecond husband, as a juſt plague and puniſhment, to revenge her adultery committed againſt *Souranza* her firſt; ſo, had ſhe had more grace, and leſſe vanity and impiety, ſhe would have made better uſe of this conſideration, and not ſo ſoon forgot it, and in it, her ſelf.

Now as it is the Nature of Jealouſie, to have more eyes than *Argus*, and ſo to pry and ſee every where; *Victorina*, her curioſity, or rather her malice herein, finds out that her Husband *Faſsino* familiarly frequenteth and uſeth the company of many Courtezans, eſpecially of the Lady *Paleriana*, one of the moſt famous and reputed beauties of *Venice*: and this news indeed ſtrikes her at the very gall with ſorrow and vexation; fain ſhe would reform and remedy this vice of her Husband, but how ſhe knows not, for ſhe ſees little or no hope to reclaim him, ſith he not only tenderly loves *Paleriana*, but which is worſe, ſhe apparently ſees, that for her ſake, he contemns her ſelf and her company; for when he comes home, he hath no delight in her, but only in his Lute, or Books, which is but to paſs his melancholy, for his Lady *Paleriana*'s abſence, till he again reviſit her; ſo as wholly neglected, and as I may truly ſay, almoſt forſaken of her husband, ſhe knows not what to do, nor how to bear her ſelf in thoſe furious ſtorms of her grief, and miſerable tempeſt of her jealouſie. But of two different courſes to reclaim him from this his ſin of Whoredome, ſhe takes the worſt; for in ſtead of counſelling and diſſwading her husband, ſhe torments him with a thouſand ſcandalous and injurious ſpeeches: but this, in ſtead of quenching, doth but only bring oyl to the flame of his luſt; for if he repaired home to her ſeldome before, now he ſcarce at all comes neer her; ſo as ſhe is a Wife, yet no Wife; and hath a Husband, yet no Husband; but this is not the way to reclaim him, for fair ſpeeches and ſweet exhortations may prevail, when choler cannot.

And now it is, that this wretched and execrable Lady again aſſumes bloody reſolutions againſt her ſecond husband, as ſhe had formerly done againſt her firſt, vowing that he ſhall dye, ere ſhe will live to be thus contemned and abuſed of him; yea, her hot love to him is ſo ſoon grown cold, and her fervent affection already ſo frozen, that now ſhe thinks on nothing elſe but how to be revenged, and to be rid of him; and is ſo impious and graceleſſe, as ſhe cares not how, nor in what manner ſoever ſhe ſend him from this world to another: for the devill hath drawn a reſolution from her, or rather ſhe from the devill, that here he ſhall not much longer live. Good God! what an impious and wretched fury of hell, will *Victorina* prove her ſelf here on earth? for the blood and life of one husband cannot quench the thirſt of her luſt and revenge, but ſhe muſt and will imbrue her hands in that of two; as if it were not enough for her to trot, but that ſhe will needs gallop and ride poaſt to hell. O what pitty is it, to ſee a Lady ſo wretched and execrable! O what an execrable wretchedneſſe is it, to ſee a Lady ſo inhumane, and ſo devoyd of pitty! But the Devill is ſtrong with her, becauſe her faith is weak with God; therefore ſhe will advance, ſhe will not retire in this her bloody deſign and reſolution. Wherefore we ſhall ſhortly ſee *Faſsino* his Adultery puniſhed with death, by

his

his wife *Victorina's* revenge; and this murther of hers juſtly rewarded and revenged with the puniſhment of her own: the bloudyer our actions are, the ſeverer Gods judgements, and the ſharper his revenge will bee.

Of all ſorts and degrees of inhumane and violent deaths, this wretched Lady *Victorina* thinks poyſon the ſureſt, and yet the moſt ſecret to diſpatch her husband. This invention came immediatly from the devill, and is onely practiſed by his members, of which number ſhe will deſperately and damnably make herſelf one: her luſt and revenge, like miſerable Advocates, and fatall Orators, perſwade her to this execrable attempt, wherein by cutting off her husbands life, ſhe ſhall find that ſhe likewiſe caſts away her own. So neither Grace nor Nature prevailing, ſhe ſends for an *Apothecary*, named *Auguſtino*; and when ſhe hath conjured, and he promiſed his ſecrecie, ſhe acquaints him, that her new husband *Faſſino* keeps Courteſans to her noſe, & daily and hourely offereth her many other inſupportable abuſes and diſgraces; in requitall and revenge whereof ſhe is reſolved to poyſon him, and prayes him to undertake and perform it, and that ſhe will reward him with three hundred *Zeckines* for his labour.

Of all profeſſions and faculties, there are good and bad; *Auguſtino* loves God too well, herein to obey the devil; he hath too much grace, to be ſo impious and graceleſſe, and vowes, that he will not buy gold at ſo dear a rate, as the price of bloud; ſo as a good Chriſtian, and true child of God, he not onely refuſeth *Victorina's* motion and proffer, but in religious terms ſeeks to divert and perſwade her from this her bloudy attempt. But ſhe is reſolute in her malice, and wilfull in her revenge, and therefore will perform it her ſelf, ſith this *Auguſtino* will not: ſo (by a ſecond hand) ſhe procures poyſon from a ſtrange *Emperick*, whereof the City of *Venice*, more than others of *Italy*, aboundeth: ſo ſhe onely waits for an opportunity, which very ſhortly, though, alas, too to ſoon, preſents it ſelf; the manner thus.

It is impoſſible that *Faſſino* his diſſolute life, and extreme deboſhing can keep him long from ſickneſſe; for this puniſhment is alwayes incident and hereditary to that ſinne. He complaines thereof to his wife *Victorina*, who receives this newes rather with gladneſſe, than commiſeration and pitie; and ſo taking his bed, he prayes her to make him ſome comfortable hot broath for his ſtomack: which newes ſhe hears, and embraceth inwardly with joy, outwardly with diſdain. For albeit ſhe layes hold of this opportunity to poyſon him, yet ſhe diſſembles her malice; and the better to colour her villany, becauſe ſhe knowes it the ſmoother and ſhorter way to be revenged in poyſoning him, ſhe will not make the broath her ſelf, but commands her maid *Felicia* to doe it, (of whom wee have formerly ſpoken, in the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter to her Unkle *Hieronymo Scuranza*) which treacherous office of hers, our malicious and devilliſh *Victorina* her Lady and miſtreſſe, hath now a plot in her head, to requite with an execrable and helliſh recompence: for while *Felicia* is boyling of the broath, her Lady *Victorina* trips to her chamber and cloſet, and fetcheth out the poyſon, inveloped in a paper, whereof ſhe takes two parts and brings down with her, and whiles ſhe had purpoſely ſent *Felicia* from the fire, ſhe runs and throwes it into the broath, which for the preſent no whit altered the colour thereof: ſo *Faſſino* calling for it, this poor innocent gentlewoman *Felicia*, (not ſuſpecting or dreaming of poiſon) gives it him, which (as ignorant therof) he ſups up; and this was about nine or ten of the clock in the morning.

Now whiles *Felicia* is acting this mournfull Tragedie in *Faſſino* his chamber, her Lady *Victorina* is acting another in hers; for ſhe takes the other third part of the poyſon, and ſecretly opening *Felicias* trunk, puts it into a painted box which ſhe found therein, and ſo locks it again, hoping (though indeed with a wretched and helliſh hope) that her husband being dead, his body opened, and the poyſon found in her trunk, ſhe would give out that *Felicia* had poyſoned him with broath that morn, & this found in her cheſt, would make her guilty of the murther; for the which ſhe knew ſhe muſt needs die. See, ſee, the devilliſh double malice of this wretched Lady *Victorina*, as wel to her husband *Faſſino*, as her mayd *Felicia*! But as finely as the devil hath taught her to ſpin the thread of this her malice and revenge, yet though her plot have taken effect and hold of her husband, nevertheleſs ſhe ſhall in the end fail of hers to innocent *Felicia*: in the *interim*, though to the eyes of the world it ſeem at firſt to ſucceed according to her deſires by the by, yet it ſhall not in the main: but that murther, and this treaſon of *Victorina* ſhall not go long either undetected, or unpuniſhed.

This poyſon working in *Faſſino* his ſtomacke and body, begins by degrees to cut off his vitall ſpirits, ſo as his ſtrength failes him, his red cheekes already look pale and earthly; and his body infinitely ſwels: he cals for his wife *Victorina*, who with all haſte and expedition tels her ſecretly, that he feares, *Felicia* hath poyſoned him with the broath ſhe gave him in the morning; and ſo requeſteth her to ſend for his parents & friends to be preſent at this death, for live he could not. *Victorina*, like a diſſemblin; ſhe-devil, tears her hayr for anger, and for meer ſorrow ſeems to drown her ſelf in her tears at this news, kiſſeth and fawnes on her husband, and in all poſſible haſte ſends away of all ſides for his kinſfolkes and friends, who haſtily repair thither, and finde *Faſſino* almoſt dead; ſo

they,

they, with teares, inquire his ſickneſſe when with open voice his wife *Victorina* cryes out, that her wretched maide *Felicia* had with broath, that morn, poyſoned him; which *Faſſino* his memory and tongue yet ſerved him to confeſſe and averre, word for word, as his Wife *Victorina* had related them: whereat they are all ſorrowfull, and weep, and then and there cauſe *Felicia* to be apprehended and ſhut faſt in a Chamber; who (poor harmleſs young Gentlewoman) is amazed at the terrour and ſtrangeneſſe of this newes, and cries out and weepes ſo bitterly, as ſhe ſeemes to melt her ſelf into teares, only ſhe knowes her ſelf innocent, and yet feares that this malice and revenge proceeds to her from her Lady *Victorina*. Whiles *Felicia* is thus under ſure keeping, her Maſter *Faſſino* dyes: which newes is ſoon diſperſed and divulged abroad, to the grief and admiration of the whole City. The next morn the criminall Judges are advertized hereof, who repair to *Faſſino* his houſe, who by this time is dead, and there ſee his breathleſſe carcaſſe, which they ordain to be opened: the poyſon is apparently found on his ſtomack, in its naturall priſtine colour; when examining firſt *Faſſino*, then *Victorina's* Parents, they report *Faſſino* his own words uttered a little before his death, that *Felicia* had that morn poyſoned him with broath: which is averred by *Victorina*, who ſaith, ſhe ſaw her give it him. So they ſend away poor *Felicia* to priſon, but yet with a vehement ſuſpition, that this poyſoned arrow came out of *Victorina* her own quiver, which they the ſooner beleeve, in reſpect of her former troubles, and ſuſpitions for the murther of her firſt husband *Souranza*. So the Judges return and betake themſelves, that very inſtant, to their Tribunall of Juſtice, in the Dukes Palace of Saint *Marke*, where they ſend for *Felicia*, who is brought them, unaccompanied of any: for as misfortune would, both her Vnkle *Hieronymo*, and her Couſin *Andrea Souranza*, were then at *Corfu*, imployed in ſome publick affairs for the Seignory. The Judges examine *Felicia*, concerning the broath and poyſon ſhe gave her Maſter. She bitterly ſighing and weeping, confeſſeth the broath, but denies the poyſon; vowing by her part and hope of heaven, ſhe never touched nor knew what poyſon was, and deſired no favor of them, if it were found or proved againſt her; withall, ſhe acquaints them, that ſhe feares it is a trick of malice and revenge, clapt on her by her Lady *Victorina*, for the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter. And to ſpeak truth, the Judges in their hearts partly adhere and concurr with her in this opinion: they demand her whether her Lady *Victorina* touched this broath, either by the fire, or the bed? She, according to the truth, anſwers, that to her knowledge or ſight, ſhe touched it not, nor no other but her ſelf. So they ſend her again to priſon, and return ſpeedily to *Faſſino* his houſe; where committing *Victorina* to a ſure guard, they aſcend her chamber and cloſet, ſearch all her trunks, caskets and boxes, for poyſon, but find none: and the like they do to *Felicia's* trunks, which they break open, ſhe having the key; and in a box find a quantity of the ſame poyſon, whereby it was apparent ſhe abſolutely poyſoned her Maſter *Faſſino*. The Judges having thus found out and revealed, as they thought, the true author of this murther, they deſcend, again examine *Victorina*, and ſo acquit her. Poor *Felicia* is advertiſed hereof; whereat ſhe is amazed and aſtoniſhed, and thinkes that ſome witch or devill caſt it there for her deſtruction. She is again ſent for before her Judges, who produce the poyſon found in her trunk: ſhe denies both the poyſon and the murther, with many ſighes and teares: ſo they adjudge her to the rack, which torment ſhe ſuffereth with much patience and conſtancy; notwithſtanding, her Judges conſidering that ſhe made and gave *Faſſino* the broath, that none touched it but her ſelf, that he died of it, and that they found the remainder of the poyſon in her trunk, they think her the murtherer; ſo they pronounce ſentence, that the next morne ſhe ſhall be hanged at Saint *Markes* place. She poor ſoul is returned to her priſon; ſhe bewailes her misfortune thus to die, and be caſt away innocently, taxing her Judges of injuſtice, as her ſoul is ready to anſwer it to God.

All *Venice* pratleth of this cruell murther committed by this young Gentlewoman; but for her Lady *Victorina*, ſhee triumphs and laughs like a Gypſey, to ſee how with one ſtone ſhee hath given two ſtrokes, and how one poor drug hath freed her this day of her husband *Faſſino*, and will to morrow of *Felicia*, of whom ſhe rejoyceth in her ſelf, that now ſhe hath cryed quittance for the diſcovery of *Sypontus* his Letter, which procured his death: but her hopes may deceive her, or rather the devill will deceive both her and her hopes too. How true or falſe, righteous or ſinfull our actions bee, God in his due time will make them appear in their naked colours, and reward thoſe with glory, and theſe with ſhame.

The next morne, according to the laudable cuſtome of *Venice*, the mourners of the Seigniory accompany our ſorrowfull *Felicia* to the place of execution, where ſhe modeſtly aſcended the ladder, with much ſilence, penſiveneſſe and affliction: at the ſight of whoſe youth and beauty, moſt of that great infinitie of Spectators cannot refraine from teares, and commiſerating and pitying, that ſo ſweet a young *Gentlewoman* ſhould come to ſo infamous and untimely a death. When *Felicia* lifting up her hands, and erecting her eyes and heart towards heaven, ſhe briefly ſpeakes to this effect: She takes heaven and earth to witneſſe, that ſhe is innocent of the poyſoning of her Maſter *Faſſino*, and ignorant how that poyſon ſhould be brought into her Trunk; that as her knowledge cannot accuſe,

ſo her

ſo her Conſcience will not acquit her Lady *Victorina* of that fact, onely ſhe leaves the detection and judgement thereof to God, that being ready to forſake the world, ſith the world is reſolved to forſake her; ſhe as much triumphs in her innocency, as grieves at her misfortune: and that ſhe may not only appear in Earth, but be found in Heaven a true Chriſtian, ſhe firſt forgives her Lady *Victorina*, and her Judges, and then beſeecheth God to forgive her all her ſinnes, whereunto ſhe humbly and heartily prayes all that are preſent, to adde their prayers to hers: and ſo ſhe begins to take off her band, and to prepare her ſelfe to dye.

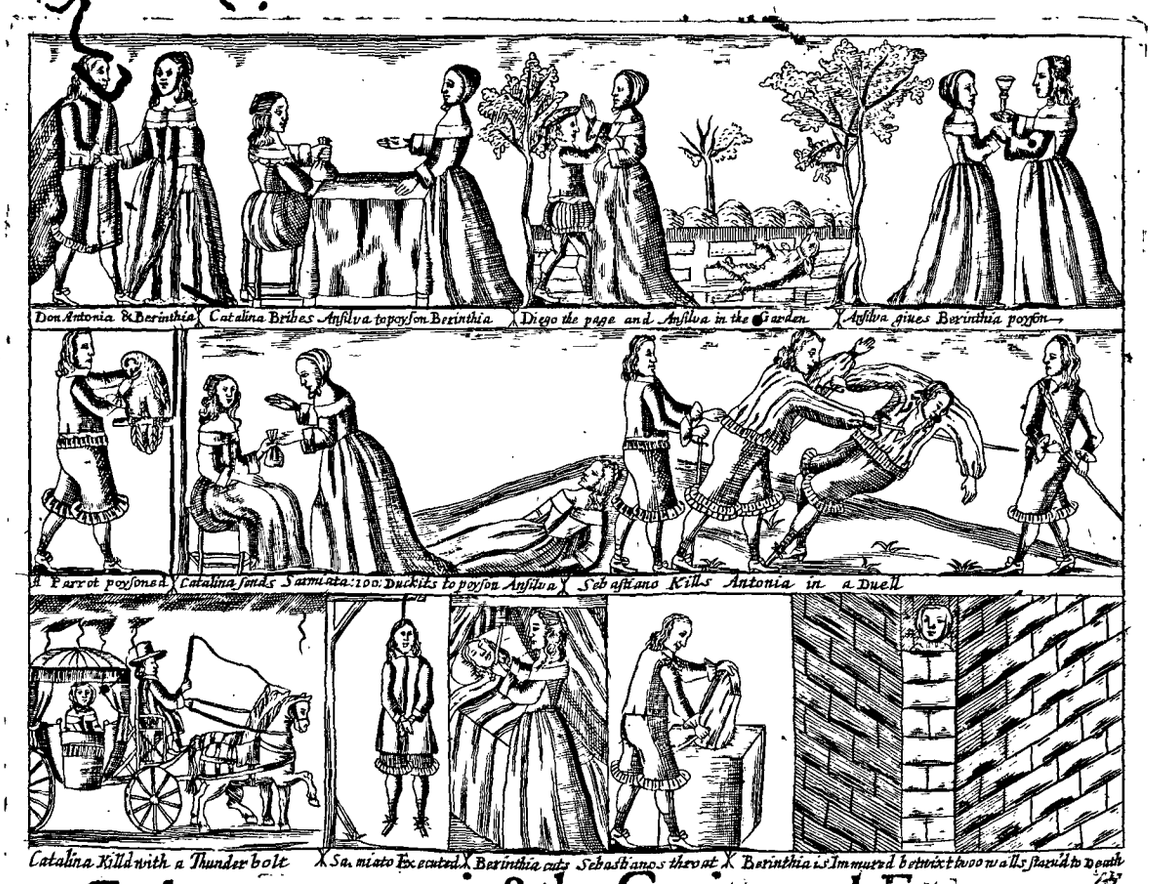
Now, *Chriſtian reader*, what humane wiſdom, or earthly capacitie would here conceive or think, that there were any ſublunary meanes left for this comfortleſſe Gentlewoman *Felicia*, either to hope for life, or to flatter her ſelf that ſhe could avoid death? But loe, as the children of God cannot fall, becauſe he is the defender of the innocent, and the protector of the righteous, therefore we ſhall ſee to our comforts, and find to Gods glory, that this innocent young Gentlewoman ſhall be miraculouſly freed of her dangers, and puniſhment, and her inveterate arch enemy *Victorina* brought in her ſtead, to receive this ſhamefull death, in expiation of the horrible murthers of her two huſbands, which God will now diſcover, and make apparent to the eyes of the world: for as the Fryers and Nuns prepare *Felicia*, to take her laſt farewell of this world, and ſo to ſhut up her life in the direfull and mournfull Cataſtrophe of her death; Behold, by the providence and mercy of God, the Apothecary *Auguſtino* (of whom this our Hiſtory hath formerly made an honeſt and religious mention) arrives from Cape *Iſtria*, and having left his ſhip at *Malmocco*, lands in a Gondola at Saint *Markes* ſtayers; when knowing and ſeeing an execution towards, he thruſt himſelf in amongſt the crowd of people: where beholding ſo young and ſo fair a Gentlewoman, ready to dye, he demands of thoſe next by him, what ſhe was, and her crime: when being anſwered, that her name was *Felicia*, a wayting Gentlewoman to the Lady *Victorina*, who had poyſoned her Maſter *Faſſino*; at the very firſt report of the names of *Victorina*, and her husband *Faſſino*, *Auguſtino* his bloud flaſheth up in his face, and his heart began to beat within him, when demanding if no other were acceſſary to this murther, he was informed, that her Lady *Victorina* was vehemently ſuſpected thereof, but ſhe was cleared, and onely *Felicia*, this young Gentlewoman found guiltie therof; which words were no ſooner delivered him, but God putting into his heart and remembrance, that this Lady *Victorina* would have formerly ſeduced him for three hundred *Zeckines*, to have poyſoned her husband *Faſſino*, he confidently believing this young Gentlewoman innocent hereof, with all poſſible ſpeed, as faſt as his legges could drive, he rus up to the Southeaſt part of the corner of the Gallery of the Dukes Palace, where the officers ſit to ſee execution done; the which he requeſteth for that time to ſtop, becauſe he hath ſomething to ſay concerning the murther of Signiour *Faſſino*. Whereupon they call out to the Executioner to forbear: which bred infinit admiration in all the ſpectators, as wondering at the cauſe and reaſon hereof, when in conſtant and diſcreet termes, *Auguſtino* informes the Judges, that he thinks *Felicia* innocent, and her Lady *Victorina* guiltie of this murther, and ſo relates them the manner, time, and place where *Victorina* her ſelfe ſeduced him to poyſon her husband *Faſſino*, how ſhe profered him three hundred *Zeckines* to perform it, which he refuſed, and to the utmoſt of his power fought to diſſwade her from this bloudy and execrable buſineſſe. The Judges are aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſſe of this news, which they begin confidently to believe, and ſo bleſſe the hour of *Auguſtino's* arrivall, that hath with-held them from ſpilling the innocent bloud of *Felicia*; when commanding her from the place of execution, to her priſon, they inſtantly give order for the Lady *Victorina's* apprehenſion, who already had built trophees and triumphs of joy in her heart, to ſee that all her bloudy deſignes ſo well ſucceded. But now is the Lords appointed time come, wherein all her cruell Murthers, whoredome, treachery, and hypocriſie, ſhall be brought to light and puniſhed: yea, now it ſhall no longer be in her power, or in that of the devill, her Schoolmaſter and Seducer, either to diminiſh the leaſt part of her puniſhment, or to adde the leaſt moment or point of time to her life. She is all in teares at her apprehenſion, but they rather ingender envie, than pitty in her Judges: And ſo from the delights and pleaſures of her houſe, ſhe is haſtily conveyed to priſon.

Her Judges, in honour to the ſacred dignity of Juſtice (the Queen of Earth, and the daughter of Heaven) confront her with *Auguſtino*, who avers his former depoſition as conſtantly in her face, as ſhe denies it impudently in his. But this will not avail her: for now God hath made the probabilities, or rather the light of her crime too apparent. So without any regard to her prayers, teares, or exclamations, they adjudge her to the Rack, where the tenderneſſe of her limbs, the ſharpeneſſe of her torments, but eſpecially the griefs and pinches of her conſcience make her acquit *Felicia*, acknowledge *Auguſtino* his evidence, and condemn her ſelf to be the author both of her firſt husbands ſtabbing, as alſo her ſeconds poyſoning: her Judges as much praiſe God for her confeſſion, as they deteſt and are aſtoniſhed at the falſeneſſe of theſe her horrible crimes. So with much joy they firſt free inno-

cent *Felicia* of her unjuſt impriſonment; and then knowing it pitty that ſo wretched a Lady as *Victorina* ſhould live any longer, they, for her abominable cruelties and inhumanities, condemne her the next morne to bee hang'd and burnt on Saint *Marks place*. At the knowledge and divulging of which news, as her father, mother and kinsfolks extreamely grieve, ſo all *Venice* bleſſe and glorifie God, firſt, that innocent *Felicia* is ſaved, and guilty *Victorina* detected and condemned to the ſhame and puniſhment of a deſerved death.

The ſame night the Prieſts and Fryers deale with her about the ſtate of her ſoul, and its pilgrimage and tranſmigration to heaven: they find that her youth, luſt, and revenge hath taken a ſtrange poſſeſſion of the devill, and he in them: for ſhe ſtill loves the memory of *Sypontus*, and envies and deteſts that of her two husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*: but they deal effectually with her, and in their ſpeeches depainting her forth the joyes of heaven and the torments of hell, they at laſt happily prevaile, and ſo make her forſake the vanity and impiety of theſe her paſſions, by reliſhing the ſweet ſhowrs of Gods mercies: ſo the next morne ſhe is brought to her execution: wher the world expecting to hear much matter from her, ſhe is very penſive and contemplative, and ſays little, onely ſhe prayes *Felicia* to forgive her; as alſo all the Parents of her two husbands, *Souranza* and *Faſſino*, and likewiſe of *Sypontus*; but chiefely ſhe invokes God her Saviour and Redeemer, to pardon theſe her horrible ſins of adultery and murther, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray for her ſoul; and ſo according to her ſentence, ſhe is firſt hang'd and then burnt: whereat all that great affluence and concourſe of people praiſe the providence and juſtice of god, in cutting off this female monſter and ſhame of her ſexe *Victorina*: whoſe tragicall and mourneſull Hiſtory may we all read and remember, with deteſtation, that the example hereof be our forewarning and caveat, not to truſt in the deceiveable luſts of the fleſh, and the treacherous tentations of the devill, but to rely on the merties and promiſes of God, which will never fail his elect, but will aſſuredly make them happy in their lives, bleſſed in their deaths, and conſtantly glorious in their reſurrections.

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY VII.

Catalina *cauſeth her Waiting-Maid* Anſilva *two ſeveral times attempt to poyſon her own Siſter* Berinthia; *wherein failing, ſhe afterwards makes an Emperick, termed* Sarmiata, *poyſon her ſaid Maid* Anſilva. Catalina *is killed with a Thunderbolt, and* Sarmiata *hang'd for poyſoning* Anſilva. Antonio *ſteales* Berinthia *away by her own conſent; whereupon her brother* Sebaſtiano *fights with* Antonio, *and kils him in a Duel.* Berinthia *in revenge hereof, afterwards murthereth her brother* Sebaſtiano: *She is adjudged to be immured betwixt two walls, and there languiſheth and dies.*

HOw fooliſhly and impiouſly doth our malice betray our ſelves, or the devil our ſoules, when we maliciouſly betray others? for we are as far from Grace as Wiſdom, when we permit either irregular affection, or unlawful paſſion to hale us on to choler, choller to revenge, and revenge to Murther. Nay, how exempt are we of Religion, and devoyd of all Chriſtian piety and charity, when our thoughts are ſo eclipſed, and our judgements darkened, when our conſciences are ſo defiled, and our ſoules ſo polluted with revenge, that the eldeſt Siſter ſeeks to poyſon her younger, and this younger afterwards murthereth her own and only Brother, becauſe in a Duel he had formerſlain her Lover? Alaſs, alaſs, theſe are bloody accidents, which not onely fight againſt Grace, but Nature, not onely againſt Earth, but Heaven, and not only againſt our Souls, but againſt God. Neither are theſe the onely Tragedies that our inſuing Hiſtory reporteth and relateth; for we ſhall therein farther ſee a wretched Waiting-gentlewoman poyſoned by her more wretched Lady and Miſtris, together with her execrable Agent, a bloody and graceleſs Empirick; and all juſtly revenged, and ſeverely puniſhed by the ſword of Gods wrath and indignation. Wherein the Chriſtian Reader may obſerve, as well to Gods glory, as his own conſolation, that never pretended or actual Murthers were either contrived more ſecretly, perpetrated more cloſely, detected more miraculouſly, or

puniſhed more ſtrangely and ſeverely; ſo as if the devil have not fully poſſeſt our hearts and ſouls, or if our thoughts and reſolutions, do yet retain the leaſt ſpark of Grace and Chriſtianity, we ſhall ſtrive their crimes by the ſight and fear of their puniſhments, refetch our wandering and erroneous ſenſes from hell to earth, purpoſely to erraiſe them from earth to heaven; and ſo religiouſly to live, and conſecrate both them, and our ſelves, and ſouls from ſin to righteouſneſs, and conſequently (with as much felicity as glory) from Satan to God.

There dwelt in the City of *Avero* in *Portugal*, an ancient Nobleman, termed *Don Jaſper de Vilarezo*, rich either in quality of earthly greatneſſe, as well of blood, as revenews, who was nearly allied to the Marquis of *Denia* (in *Spain*) as marying a Neece of his, named *Dona Alphanta*, a Lady exquiſitely endued with the ornaments of Nature, and the perfections of Grace; for ſhe was both fair and virtuous, that adding luſtre to theſe, and theſe returning and reflecting embelliſhment to that, which made her infinitely beloved of her husband *Vilarezo*, and exceedingly honoured of all thoſe who had the honour to know her; and to crown the felicity of their affections and mariage, they had three hopeful children, one ſon, and two daughters: he termed *Don Sebaſtiano*, and they the *Donas*, *Catalina*, and *Berinthia*: He having attained his fifteenth year, was by his Father made Page to Count to *Manriques de Lopez*, and continually followed him at Court, and they from their tenth to their thirteenth years, lived ſometimes at *Coimbra*, other whiles at *Lisbone*, but commonly at *Avero* with their Parents, who ſo carefully trained them up in thoſe qualities and perfections, requiſite for Ladies of their rank, as they were no ſooner ſeen, but admired of all who ſaw them.

But before we make a further progreſſion in this Hiſtory (thereby the better to unfold and anatomize it) I hold it rather neceſſary than impertinent, that we take a curſory, though not a curious ſurvey of both theſe young Ladies perfections and imperfections, of their vices and virtues, their beauty and deformity: that as objects are beſt known by the oppoſition of their contraries, ſo by the way of compariſon we may diſtinguiſh how to know, and know how to diſtinguiſh of the diſparity of theſe two Sifters, in their inclinations, affections, and delineations.

Catalina was ſomewhat ſhort of ſtature, but corpulent of body: *Berinthia* tall, but ſlender: *Catalina* was of taint and complexion, more brown than fair: *Berinthia* not brown, but ſweetly fair, or fairly ſweet: *Catalina* had a diſdainful, *Berinthia* a gracious eye: *Catalina* was proud, *Berinthia* humble. In a word, *Catalina* was of humour extreamly imperious, ambitious, and revengeful, and revengeful, and *Berinthia* modeſtly courteous, gracious, and religious. So theſe two young Ladies growing now to be capable of Mariage, many Cavaliers of *Avero* become Servants and Suiters to them, as well in reſpect of their Fathers Nobility and Wealth, as for their own Beauties and Virtues: yea, their fame is generally ſo ſpread; that from *Lisbone*, and moſt of the chiefeſt Cities of *Portugal*, divers Nobles and Knights reſort to their Father *Don Vilarezo*'s houſe, to profer up their affections to the dignity and merits of his daughters. But his age finding their youth too young to be acquainted with the ſecrets and myſteries of Mariage, puts them all off, either in general terms, or honourable excuſes, as holding the matching of his daughters of ſo eminent and important conſideration, as he thinks it fit he ſhould adviſedly conſult, and not raſhly conclude them; which affection and care of Parents to their Children, is ſtill as honourable as commendable.

Don Sebaſtiano their Brother, being often both at *Madrid*, *Vatlidolyd*, and *Lisbone*, becomes very intimately and ſingularly acquainted with *Don Antonio de Rivere*, a noble and rich young Cavalier, by Birth likewiſe a *Portugal*, of the City of *Elvas*, who was firſt and chief Gentleman to the Duke of *Braganſa*; and the better to unite and perpetuate their familiarity, he profers him his eldeſt Sifter in Mariage, and prayes him at his firſt conveniencie, to ride over to *Avero* to ſee her, offering himſelf to accompany him in his journey, and to ſecond him in that enterprize, as well towards his Father as Sifter. *Don Antonio* very kindly and thankfully liſteneth to *Don Sebaſtiano*'s courteous and affectionate profer; and knowing it ſo far from the leaſt diſparagement, as it was a great happineſs and honour for him to match himſelf in ſo noble a Family, they aſſign a day for that journy, againſt when, *Don Antonio* makes ready his preparatives and train, in all reſpects anſwerable to his rank and generoſity. They arrive at *Avero*, where *Don Gaſper de Vilarezo*, for his own worth, and his Sons report, receives *Don Antonio* honourably, and entertains him courteouſly: He viſiteth and ſaluteth, firſt the Mother, then the two young Ladies her daughters: and although he cannot diſlike *Catalina*, yet ſo precious and amiable is ſweet *Berinthia* in his eye, as he no ſooner ſees, but loves her: yea, her piercing eye, her vermillion cheek, and delicate ſtature, act ſuch wonders in his heart, as he ſecretly proclames himſelf her Servant, and publiquely ſhe his Miſtreſs: to which end he takes time and opportunity at advantagn, and ſo reveales her ſo much in terms, that intimate the fervencie of his zeal, and endear the zeal of his affection and conſtancy. *Berinthia* entertains his motion and ſpeeches with many bluſhes, which now and then caſt a roſiat vail o'r the milk-white Lillies of her complexion: and to ſpeak truth, if *Antonio* be enamored of *Berinthia*,

no

no leſs is ſhe of him: ſo as not only their eyes, but their contemplations and hearts ſeem already to ſympathize and burn in the flame of an equal affection. In a word, by ſtealth he courts her often. And not to detain my Reader in the intricate Labyrinth of the whole paſſages of their loves, *Antonio* for this time ſued, *Berinthia* in this reſolution, that as ſhe hath not the will to grant, ſo ſhe hath not the power to deny his ſute: the reſt, time will produce.

But ſo powerfully do: the beauty and virtues of ſweet *Berinthia* work in *Antonio* his affections, that impatient of delayes, he finds out her Father and Mother, and in due terms (requiſite for him to give, and they receive) demands their daughter *Berinthia* in Mariage. *Vilarezo* thanking *Antonio* for this honour, replyes, that of his two Daughters, he thinks *Berinthia*, his younger, as unworthy of him, as *Catalina*, his eldeſt, worthily beſtowed on him. *Antonio* anſwers, that as he cannot deny but *Catalina* is fair, yet he muſt confeſs that *Berinthia* is more beautiful to his eye, and more pleaſing to his thoughts. *Vilarezo* laſtly replies, that he will firſt match *Catalina*, e're *Berinthia*, and that he is as content to give him the firſt, as not as yet reſolved to diſpoſe of the ſecond: and ſo at this time, they on theſe terms depart, *Vilarezo* taking *Antonio* and his ſon *Sebaſtiano* with him to hunt a Stag, whereof his adjacent Forreſt hath plenty. But whiles *Antonio* his body purſues the Stag, his thoughts are flying after the Beauty of his dear and fair *Berinthia*; who as Paragon of Beauty and Nature, ſits Empreſs, and Queen-Regent in the Court of his contemplations and affections. He is wounded at the heart with *Vilarezo* his anſwer, and *Berinthia* to the gall, when he certified her of her Fathers reſolution, only modeſty (that ſweet companion, and precious ornament of Virgins) to the extremity of her power; endeavoured to keep *Antonio* from perceiving, or ſuſpecting ſo much. *Antonio* prayes his dear friend *Sebaſtiano*, to perſwade his Father to give him his Siſter *Berinthia* to Wife: he performs the true part of a true friend, and a Gentleman, but in vain; for his Father *Vilarezo* is reſolute, firſt to marry *Catalina*; when *Antonio*, not of power ſo ſoon to leave the ſight and preſence of his ſweet *Berinthia*, muſt invent ſome matter for his ſtay. And indeed, as Love is the whetſtone of wit to give an edge to Invention; ſo *Antonio*, to injoy the preſence of his fair *Berinthia*, is inforced to make ſhew, that he neglects her, and affecteth *Catalina*; and ſo converſeth often with her, but ſtill in general terms, whereat ſhe builds many caſtles of hope and content, in the air of her thoughts. For, if *Berinthia* loved *Antonio*, no leſſe doth *Catalina*: ſtrange effects of affection, where two Siſters deeply and dearly love one Gentleman, and when but one, and peradventure neither of them ſhall enjoy him.

But as *Catalina* is the pretext, ſo *Berinthia* is both the ſole object and cauſe of *Antonio*'s ſtay, whom he courts and layeth cloſe ſiege to, as often as opportunity makes him happy in the deſired happineſs and felicity of her company: Shee gives him bluſhes for his ſighs, and ſometimes (although a man) the fervencie of his affection was ſuch, as he cannot refrain from returning her tears for her bluſhes; when albeit love perſwades him to ſtay longer in *Avero*, yet diſcretion calls and commands him away to *Lisbone*; and all the fruit of his journey that he ſhall carry thither with him, is this, that for injoying fair *Berinthia* to his wife, he conceives far more reaſon to hope, than to deſpair. Next death, there is no ſecond affliction ſo grievous, or bitter to Lovers, as ſeparation and parting: this *Berinthia* feels, but will not acknowledge; and this *Antonio* acknowledgeth becauſe he feels. After Supper, taking her to a window, he ſecretly prayes her to honour him with the acceptance of a poor Scarf, and plain pair of Gloves (which notwithſtanding were infinitely rich, and wonderfully fair) in token of his affection; and ſhe, the morn of his departure, by *Diego* his Page, ſends him a Handkerchief curiouſly wrought with hearts and flames of ſilk and gold, in ſign of her thankfulneſs. He promiſeth *Berinthia* to write, and ſee her ſhortly; and *Catalina* entreats him to be no ſtranger to *Avero*. To *Catalina* he gives many words, but few kiſſes; to *Berinthia* many kiſſes, but more tears: His departure makes *Berinthia* ſad, as grieving at his abſence; and *Catalina* joyful, as hoping of his return: *Catalina* triumphs for joy, hoping that *Antonio* ſhall be her husband; and *Berinthia* now begins to look pale with ſorrow, fearing ſhe ſhall not be ſo happy to be his wife. By this time Breakfaſt is ſerved in, when *Sebaſtiano* comes, takes *Antonio* and his two Siſters, and carries them to the Parlor, where *Vilarezo* and his wife *Alphanta* attend *Antonio*'s coming. They all ſit down, & although their fare be curious, yet *Antonio*'s eyes feed and feaſt upon more curious dainties; as the ſparkling eyes, flaxen hair, and vermillion cheeks of *Berinthia*'s incomparable beauty, which is obſerved of all parts, except of *Berinthia*, who is ſo ſecret & cautious in her cariage, as although her affection, yet her diſcretion wil not permit her modeſty either to obſerve or ſee it. Breakfaſt ended, *Antonio* taking *Vilarezo* & his wife *Alphanta* apart, firſt give them infinite thanks for his honorable & courteous entertainment, & then very earneſtly again prays them not to reject his ſute for their daughter *Berinthia*. *Vilarezo* & his wife pray *Antonio* to excuſe his bad reception, which they know comes many waies ſhort of his deſerts, & alſo requeſts him to embrace their motion for their daughter *Catalina*. Thus after many other complements, he takes his conge of *Vilarezo*, kiſſeth his wife & two daughters, firſt *Catalina*, then *Berinthia*, who though laſt in years, yet is the firſt Lady in his deſires and thoughts, and the only

Queen of his affection. So they are as it were inforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, and to take a ſhort farewel, inſtead of a more ſolemn, which either of them wiſhed, and both deſired; but their eyes dictate to their hearts, what their tongues cannot expreſs; and ſo *Antonio* and *Sebaſtiano* take Coach, and away for *Lisbone*, *Antonio* as much triumphing in the beauty of his fair *Berinthia*, as his friend *Sebaſtiano* grieves, that of his two Siſters, *Antonio* would not accept of *Catalina*, nor his Father conſent to give him *Berinthia* for wife; notwithſtanding they confirm their familiarity and friendſhip with many interchangeable and reciprocal proteſtations, that ſith they cannot be brothers, they will live and dye dear and intimate friends: but I fear the contrary.

Being arrived at *Lisbone*, *Antonio* feeles ſtrange alterations in his thoughts and paſſions: For now he is ſo intangled in the Fetters of *Berinthia*'s Beauty and Virtues, that he will ſee no other object but her *Idea*, nor (almoſt) ſpeak of any Lady but of her ſelf: and in theſe his amorous contemplations he both rejoyceth and triumpheth; but again, remembring the aſſurance of *Vilarezo* his refuſal, and the incertainty of *Berinthia*'s affection and conſent, his hopes are nipt in their bloſſoms, and his joyes as ſoon fade as flouriſh; he wiſheth that *Avero* were *Lisbone*, and either himſelf in *Avero* with *Berinthia*, or ſhe in *Lisbone* with him. To attempt the one, he holds it as great a folly, as a vanity to wiſh the other: But he bethinks himſelf of a remedy for this his perplexity; and reputes himſelf obliged in the bonds, as well of reſpect, as love, to write to his fair *Berinthia*; and then again he fears that it will finde a difficult paſſage and acceſs to her, becauſe of her Fathers diſtaſte, and Siſters jealouſie. But the Sun of his affection doth ſoon diſpel and diſſipate theſe doubts, or rather diſperſe them as Clouds before the Wind: And now to prevent thoſe who might attempt to intercept his Letters, he bethinks himſelf of an invention, as worthy, as commendable in a Lover; He writes *Berinthia* a Letter, and accompanying it with a rich Diamond, ſends it her by *Diego*, his own Page, to *Avero*, whom purpoſely, and feignedly he cauſeth to arm himſelf with this pretext and colour, that he is in love with *Anſilva*, the Lady *Catalina*'s Waiting-gentlewoman, and hath gotten leave of his Maſter to come to *Avero* to ſeek her in Mariage; where after ſome fifteen daies he arrives, and very ſecretly delivers his Maſters Ring and Letter to *Berinthia*, who (ſweet Lady) was then toſt with the wind of fear, and the waves of ſorrow, that in all this time ſhe heard not from *Antonio*, doubting indeed leſt the change of air, places, and objects, might have power to change his affection, when now bluſhing for joy, as much as ſhe before looked pale for ſorrow, ſhee takes the Ring and Letter, and kiſſing both, ſecretly flyes to her Chamber, when bolting the door, ſhe with as much affection as impatience, breaking up the ſeals, therein findes theſe lines.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

SWeet Berinthia, *wert thou as courteous as fair, thou wouldeſt reſt as confident of my affections, as I doe of thy beauty, and then as much rejoice in that, as I triumph in this: but as my tongue lately wanted power, ſo now doth my pen art, to inform thee how dearly I love thy beauty, and honour thy vertues: ſo as could thy thoughts prie into mine, or my heart be ſo happy to dictate to thine, thoſe ſhould know, and this ſee, that* Antonio *is ambitious of no other earthly felicity, than either to live thy husband, or die thy Martyr. Think with thy ſelf, how farre thou undervalueſt, and un-requiteſt my zeal, when I will deſpair of loving* Catalina, *and yet cannot hope that* Berinthia *will affect me: onely therefore in thee (ſweet Lady) it remaines, either to crown my joyes by thy conſent, or to immortalize my torments by thy refuſal. Be pleaſed therefore, fair* Berinthia, *to ſignifie me thy reſolution, that I may know my doom, and prepare my ſelf, either to wed thee or my grave.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having again and again peruſed and o'r-read this Letter, gives it a thouſand kiſſes for his ſake who wrote and ſent it her, and ſo very ſecretly locks it up in her Casket, as alſo the Diamond, and now attends opportunity to conferre privately with *Diego*, when he will reſolve to return to his Maſter at *Lisbone*, that ſhe may return him an anſwer, though not ſo ſweet as he expects, yet not ſo bitter as he fears. In the mean time *Diego* delivereth her Father *Vilarezo* his Maſters Letter, in favour of his (pretended) ſute to *Anſilva*, as alſo in thankfulneſs of his entertainment, without naming either *Catalina* or *Berinthia*, his daughters, or once mentioning his return to *Avero*, whereat *Vilarezo* grieves, and *Catalina* bites the lip: But *Berinthia* cannot but ſmile to ſee *Antonio* his invention for the ſafe deliverie of his Letters, nor yet refrain from laughing in her ſelf, to ſee how cunningly his Page *Diego* courts *Anſilva*; for he makes ſuch demonſtration of love to her, and ſhe is ſo enamoured of him, that *Catalina* thinks a ſhort time will finiſh this Match, but he and her Siſter *Berinthia* know the contrary. *Diego* at the end of three daies is deſirous to depart,

and

and *Berinthia* extremely glad of his reſolution to ſtay no longer: ſo ſhe takes her ſelf to her chamber, and writes this Letter to her *Antonio*, in anſwer of his.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

HAD I not been more courteous to thee, than I am fair to my ſelf, thou hadſt not taſted ſo much of my affection, nor I ſo many of my Fathers frowns; and although thy tongue and pen have acquainted me with thy rich zeal intended and devoted to my poor merits, yet judge with thy ſelf, whether it be fit for me to requite thee with obſervance, or him that gave me my being with diſobedience. As I deſire not to have thee dye my Martyr, ſo my Father will not permit thee to live my husband; and yet, as it is out of my power to remedy the firſt, ſo it is not impoſſible for time to effect and compaſs the laſt: not that I reſolve to give thee too much hope, rather that I aim to take away ſome of thy deſpair, to the end I may find thee as conſtant in thy affection, as thou me ſincere in my conſtancie. My Siſters jealouſie of me, and my Fathers diſtaſte of thee, invite thee to manage this favour of mine with as much ſecrecie as circumſpection.

BERINTHIA.

Having folded up, and ſealed her Letter, ſhe finds out *Diego*, and beckens him to follow her to the Garden; where, in one of the Bowers, ſhe delivers him this Letter, together with a Roſe of Opales, the which in token of her love, ſhe conjures him with ſafety and ſpeed to deliver to his Maſter *Don Antonio*. *Diego* having his diſpatch of *Berinthia*, ſoon gives *Anſilva* hers, promiſing to return ſome three weeks after; at which time he prayes her to expect him; when thanking *Vilarezo* for his kind entertainment, and he bidding him tell his Maſter, he would be glad to ſee him in *Avero*, he leaps to horſe, and ſo poſts away for *Lisbone*.

I cannot relate with what incredible, and infinite joy, *Antonio* receives this Letter and Ring from *Berinthia*: and, to write the truth, I think the Letter ſcarce contained ſo many ſillables, as he often read it over and kiſſed it. He ſees *Berinthia*'s modeſty reſplend and ſhine in her affection, and her affection in her modeſty towards him, wherein he glories in that, rejoyceth in this, and triumphs in both: but although he be ſure of her affection, yet he is not of himſelf; for he ſees her Letter containeth many verbal complements, but all of them not one real promiſe; and therefore he cannot repute his tranquillity and felicity compleat, e'r he be crowned with this happineſſe: beſides, he feares that his abſence and her Fathers preſence, may in tract of time by degrees cool the fervencie of *Berinthia*'s affection; and yet then, he as ſoon checks his own timidity, in conceiving the leaſt ſuſpicion of her conſtancy. Now he thinks to acquaint his intimate friend, and her dear brother, *Sebaſtiano*, with their affections, but then he condemns that opinion, and revokes it as erroneous and dangerous, and contrary to the rules of love, in ſailing without the compaſs of *Berinthia*'s advice and commands, by the which he holds it both ſafety and diſcretion to ſteer his courſe and actions. Again, he ſo infinitely and earneſtly longs to re-ſee his dear and ſweet Miſtreſſe, as he reſolves to ride over again to *Avero*; but the obſtinacy of *Vilarezo*, and the jealouſie of *Catalina*, make him end that journey e'r he began it. In this perplexity, and conteſtation of reaſons, he is irreſolute what, or what not to doe; but in fine, conſidering that delaies are dangerous in matters of this nature, he packs up his baggage, and taking his farewell of *Sebaſtiano*, under pretext of his health, leaves *Lisbone*, and the Duke his Lord and Maſter, and retires to his own home at *Elvas* (where his Father dying ſome three years before, had left him ſole heir to many rich Manors and Poſſeſſions) purpoſely hereby to be near to *Avero*, that he might give order for all things, and let ſlip no occaſion in the proceſs and proſecution of his affection. The ſecond day after his arrival to *Elvas*, it being wel-near a month ſince he ſent his firſt, and till then his laſt Letter to *Berinthia*, he now again diſpatcheth his Page *Diego* with a ſecond Letter to her, by whom he ſends a Chain of rich Pearl, and a pair of Gold Bracelets richly enameled. *Diego*'s arrival is pleaſing to *Anſilva*, but extremely joyful to *Berinthia*; onely it nipt *Catalina*'s hopes, becauſe ſhe could not underſtand by him any certain reſolution or aſſurance of his Maſters coming thither. *Diego* hath no ſooner ſaluted his *Anſilva*, but (as his more important buſineſſe) he ſeeks means to ſpeak with *Berinthia*, which ſhe her ſelf profereth him; he delivers her his Maſters tokens and letter, which ſhe very joyfully receiveth, and ſo trips away to her Chamber, where opening the ſeals, ſhe therein finds theſe words.

ANTO-

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

IT is impoſſible for my pen to expreſs the joys my heart received at the reading of thy Lette: and as I diſpraiſe not thy obedience to thy Father, ſo I infinitely both praiſe and prize thy affection to me. A thouſand times I kiſſed thy lines, and as often bleſt the hand that wrote them; and although they gave me hope for deſpair, yet, not to diſſemble, theſe hopes have brought me doubt, and that doubt fear: not that thou loveſt me for that were to diſparage my judgment, in ſeeking to prophane thy affection; but that thou wilt not pleaſe t accept of my promiſe, nor to return me thine: wherein, if thou weigh the fervencie of my love, I hope thou wilt not tax the incredulity of my fear; for till I am ſo happy, not onely to hope, but to aſſure my ſelf that Berinthia *will be* Antonio's, *as* Antonio *is already* Berinthia's, *I muſt needs fear, and therefore cannot truly rejoyce. I have left* Lisbone, *to reſide at* Elvas; *therefore fair and dear Lady, I beſeech thee deſtinate me, diſpoſe my ſervice, and command both. I long to enjoy the felicity of thy preſence; for I take heaven to witneſs, thy abſence is my hell upon earth.*

ANTONIO.

Berinthia having read this Letter, ſhe approves of *Antonio*'s fear, and attributes it to the fervency and ſincerity of his affection; ſhe eſteems her ſelf infinitely happy in her good fortune, and choice of ſo brave a Cavalier for her ſervant, whom ſhe hopes a little time will make her husband; to which end ſhe will no longer feed him with delayes, but now reſolves, by his Page *Diego*, at his return, to ſignifie him ſo much; and in a word, to ſend him her heart, as ſhe hath already received his. But ſhe knows not what the *Interim* of this time will bring forth.

Paſs we from *Berinthia* to her Siſter *Catalina*, whoſe affection is likewiſe ſuch to *Antonio*, as by this time ſhe hath perſwaded and induced her Father *Vilarezo* to write him a Letter in her behalf by *Diego*, thereby to draw his reſolution, whether he intend to ſeek her for his wife or no; or at leaſt to invite him to *Avero*. And although his affection to her Siſter *Berinthia* be kept from her, yet ſhe not only ſuſpects, but fears it. Glad ſhe is of the opportunity of *Diego* his being there, to convey her Fathers Letter to his Maſter; and yet that joy of hers is ſoon diſſolved into grief, becauſe all this time he never vouchſafed to write to her: her affection to him flattereth her ſtill with hope, and yet her judgement in her ſelf ſtill ſuggeſteth her deſpair; for ſhe hath alwaies the image of this conceit in her imagination, that *Antonio* loves her Siſter *Berinthia*, and not her ſelf: her ſuſpition makes her ſubtil, and ſo ſhe deals with *Anſilva* to draw the truth hereof from *Diego*, who having learned his leſſon, acteth his part well; and I know not, whether with more fidelity or diſcretion, flatly denies it; But lo, here betides an accident, which bewraies the whole myſtery and Hiſtory of their affections. On a Sunday morning, when *Berinthia* was deſcended to the garden to gather flowers, againſt her going to Church with her Father and Mother, her Siſter *Catalina* ruſheth into her chamber, to ſeek the Hiſtory of *Cervantez*, which the day before ſhe had lent her; and not finding it either on the Table or the Window, ſeeks in the pocket of her Gown, that ſhe wore the day before; and there unwittingly, and unexpectedly finds the laſt Letter that *Antonio* had ſent her; whereby ſhe perceived it was in vain to hope to enjoy *Antonio*, ſith ſhe now apparently ſaw, that he was her Siſter *Berinthia*'s, and ſhe his. *Catalina* is hereat both ſorrowful and glad; ſorrowful, that ſhe ſhould loſe *Antonio*, and glad that ſhe had found his Letter. And now to ſhew her affection to him, and her malice to her Siſter, ſhe will try her wits, to ſee whether ſhe can fruſtrate *Berinthia*, and ſo obtaine *Antonio* for her ſelf. The paſſions of men may eaſily be found out and detected, but the ſecrets and malice of women difficultly. To which end *Catalina* ſhews this Letter to her Father, who exceedingly ſtorms hereat, and with many checks and frowns, curbs *Berinthia* of her liberty, and reſolves in his firſt Letter to *Antonio*, to forbid him his houſe, and her company, except he will leave *Berinthia*, and take *Catalina*: and ſuſpecting that his Page *Diego*'s courting of *Anſilva*, was but onely a policy and colour, thereby to conveigh Letters betwixt his Daughter *Berinthia*, and his Maſter, he once thought to give him his Conge, and prohibit him his houſe, had not *Catalina* prayed the contrary, who would no way diſpleaſe her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Anſilva*, becauſe ſhe was to uſe her aid and aſſiſtance in a matter of great importance; the unlocking and dilating whereof is thus.

Catalina her affection to *Antonio*, and conſequently her malice to her Siſter *Berinthia* is ſo violent, that as her Father hath bereaved her of a great part of her liberty, ſo ſhe is ſo bloody and cruel, as ſhe vows to deprive her of her life. A helliſh reſolution in any woman, but a moſt unnatural and damnable attempt of one Siſter to another: but wanting Faith, which is the foundation and bulwark; and Religion, which is the preſervative and antidote of our ſouls, ſhe runs ſo wilfully hood-wink'd from God to the Devil, as ſhe will advance, and diſdains to retire, till her malicious and jealous thirſt be quenched with her Siſter's blood. To which end ſhe perſwades and bribes *Anſilva* with a hundred

hundred Duckets to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia*, and promiſeth her ſo much more when ſhe hath effected it. Hereunto this wretched and execrable young Waiting-Gentlewoman conſenteth, and in brief promiſeth to perform it: But God hath otherwiſe decreed and ordained. To which end ſhe ſends into the City for ſome ſtrong poyſon by an unknown Meſſenger, which is inſtantly brought her in a ſmall galley-pot. But let us here both admire and wonder at Gods miraculous diſcovery, and prevention thereof: For, that very night, when *Anſilva* had determinately reſolved to have poyſoned the Lady *Berinthia*, *Diego* ſeeks out his Miſtris *Anſilva*, and finds her ſolitarily alone in one of the cloſe over-ſhadowed Bowers of the Garden, whom he ſalutes and entertains with many amorous diſcourſes, and more kiſſes; in the middeſt whereof his noſe fell ſuddenly on bleeding, whereat he admired, and ſhe grieved, till at laſt having bloodied all his own handkerchief, *Anſilva* ruſheth haſtily to her pocket for hers for him; which ſuddenly drawing forth, her affection to *Diego* having made her quite forget her poyſon, ſhe with her handkerchief draws out the gally pot, which falling on the floor of the Bower (that was paved with ſquare ſtones) it immediatly burſt in peeces, when *Diego*'s Spaniel licking up the poyſon, inſtantly ſweld, and died before them. Whereat *Diego* grew amazed, but far more *Anſilva*, who bluſhing with ſhame, and then growing pale for fear, could not invent either what to ſay or do, at the ſtrangeneſs or ſuddenneſs of this accident. *Diego* preſſeth her to know for whom this poyſon was provided, and of whom ſhe had it. Her anſwers are variable, and are ſo far from agreeing, as they contradict each other, which breeds in her the more fear, and in him aſtoniſhment. He conjures her by all the bonds of their affection, to diſcover it, with many millions of proteſtations profeſſeth it ſhall dye with him; he addes vows to his requeſts, oaths to his vows, and kiſſes to his oaths; ſo as Mayds can difficultly conceal any thing from their Lovers; but eſpecially fearing that he might peradventure ſuſpect that this poyſon was meant and intended him; ſhe at laſt vanquiſhed with his importunacy, and this conſideration, diſcovereth (as we have formerly underſtood) that her *Catalina* had won her, therewith to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia*, becauſe ſhe ſuſpected ſhe was better beloved of her Maſter *Don Antonio* than herſelf. *Diego* is infinitely aſtoniſhed at the ſtrangeneſs of this news, and like a true and faithfull Page to his Maſter, having drawn this worm from *Anſilva*'s noſe, and this news from her tongue, under a colour to ſeek a remedy to ſtop his blood, giving her many kiſſes, and promiſing her his ſpeedy return, he leaves her in the Garden, and ſo very ſpeedily finds out *Berinthia*, to whom (with as much truth as curioſity) he from point to point reveals it, praying her to be careſull not to receive any thing, either from *Catalina* or *Anſilva*, and withall to write, for the next morning he will lye to *Elvas* to reveal it to his Maſter. *Berinthia* trembles at the report of this ſtrange and unexpected news: ſo having firſt thanked God for the diſcovery of this poyſon, and her Siſters malice, ſhe promiſeth him a Letter to his Maſter, and heartily thanks him for his fidelity and affection towards her, the which ſhe voweth to requite; and for a pledge and earneſt thereof, draws off a Diamond from her finger, and gives it him for his good office.

No ſooner hath *Aurora* leapt from the watery bed of *Thetis*, and *Phœbus* diſcovered his golden beams in the azured Firmament of Heaven, but *Diego* cauſeth his horſe to be made ready, and tells *Anſilva*, that his Father had ſent for him to meet him at *la Secco*, and that he will not fail to be back with her within three daies, being ready to depart.

He, under colour of giving order for his horſe, leaves her, and ſteals into *Berinthia*'s Chamber, whom (poor Lady) fear would not permit to take any reſt or ſleep that night, the which ſhee had partly worn out and imployed in writing her mind to her dear *Antonio*, and knowing her ſelf not ſafe in *Avero* with her Father, and Siſter, ſhe reſolved to commit her honour, and her life into his protection; yea, ſhe had no ſooner finiſhed and ſealed her Letter to that effect, but *Diego* comes and knocks ſoftly at her chamber-door. *Berinthia* in her Night-gown and attire is ready for him: ſhe admits him, and commends his care, gives him her Letter to his Maſter, and prayes him to uſe all poſſible diligence in his return; and ſo having received all her commands, he ſecretly deſcends the ſtairs; and taking leave of *Vilarezo*, and laſtly, kiſſing his Miſtris *Anſilva*, he leaps to horſe, rides the firſt Stage, there leaves his Gennet, and takes Poſt.

Leave we *Diego* poſting towards *Elvas*, and come we to *Catalina*, whoſe malice finding no reſt, nor her revenge remedy, ſhe that very morn, as ſoon as *Anſilva* came into her chamber, demands whether ſhe be prepared to perform her own promiſe, and her hopes? She anſwereth her Lady, that leſs than three daies ſhall effect it, and give a period to all her Siſter *Berinthia*'s. Whereat ſhe is exceeding glad, but all this while ignorant what *Diego* hath ſeen, and *Berinthia* knows to this effect; *Anſilva* preſuming on *Diego* his fidelity, and building on his ſecrecie; and therefore leſs ſuſpecting his journey to *Elvas*, remaines ſtill ſo graceleſs and impious in her bloody reſolution, as ſhe now not onely preſumes, but aſſures her ſelf that *Berinthia* is near the ebbe of her daies, and the ſetting of her life; and therefore like an execrable Agent of the Devil, ſhee hath now made ready and provided her ſelf of a ſecond poyſoned potion, which ſhe no waies doubts but ſhall

ſend

ſend her to her laſt ſleep. But this female Monſter, this bloody *She-Emperick* may be deceived in her art.

In the interim of which time, *Diego* arrives at *Elvas*, and finds out his Maſter, to whom he very haſtily delivers *Berinthia*'s Letter, the which *Antonio* having kiſſed, breaks off the ſeals and there, contrary to his hopes, but not to his deſires, reads theſe lines.

BERINTHIA to ANTONIO.

MY Siſter Catalina's *malice is ſo extream to me, ſith my affection is ſuch to thee, as ſhe degenerates not only from Grace, but Nature, and ſeeks to bereave me of my life. This bearer, thy Page, who I pray, love for my ſake, ſith he under God, hath now preſerved me for thine, will more fully and particularly acquaint thee with the manner thereof. So ſith there is no ſafety for me in my Fathers houſe, into whoſe arms and protection ſhall I throw my ſelf, but onely into thine, of whoſe true and ſincere affection I am ſo conſtant and confident, as I reſt aſſured thou wilt ſhew thy ſelf thy ſelf, in preſerving my life with honour, and mine honour with my life? It is no point of diſobedience in me to my Father, but of dear reſpect to mine own life, and therefore to thee, for, and by whom I live, that makes me ſo earneſtly deſire both thy aſſiſtance and ſight, ſith the firſt will lead me from deſpair, the ſecond to hope and joy, and both to content; til when, fear and love, with much impatiency, make me think hours years, and minutes moneths.*

BERINTIA.

Antonio is amazed at this ſtrange and unexpected news, and curiouſly gathers all the circumſtances thereof from his Page, when love, fear, hope, ſorrow, and joy act their ſeveral parts, as well in his heart as countenance; when prizing *Berinthia*'s life and ſafety a thouſand times before his own, he with great expedition diſpatcheth away Diego the ſame night to *Avero*, with this enſuing Letter, which he commands him to deliver to his Miſtris *Berinthia*, with all poſſible ſpeed and ſecrecie.

ANTONIO to BERINTHIA.

AS the Sun, breaking forth of an obſcure cloud, ſhines the clearer, ſo doth thy true affection to me, in that damnable malice of thy Siſter Catalina *to thy ſelf for my ſake, in ſuch ſort, as I know not whether I more rejoyce at the one, than deteſt the other. Having therefore firſt thanked God for thy happy, and miraculous preſervation, I next commend my Page, as the ſecond cauſe of the diſcovery thereof; and this fidelity of his ſhall neither be forgotten or unrequited. Think how tedious time is to me, ſith I blame and blame and envy this ſhort Letter of mine, for taking up and uſurping any part thereof, till I injoy the honour to ſee thee, and the felicity to aſſiſt thee. I return it thee Poſt by* Diego, *who brought me thine; and my Coach-man tels me, I ſhall rather flie than run towards thee. Let the preciſe hour, I beſeech thee, be on Munday night at twelve of the clock, when I will await thy ſelf, and expect thy commands at the Poſtern of thy Fathers Arbour; where, let the light of the candle be my ſignet, and the report of my Piſtol ſhall be thine. I am throwing away my pen, were it not to ſignifie thee, that my ſword ſhall protect thy life, and mine honour preſerve thine; as alſo that* Antonio *thinks himſelf the moſt unfortunate man of the world, till* Berinthia *be impaled in his arms, or he encloyſtered in hers.*

ANTONIO.

Whiles *Diego* is poſting to *Avero*, *Antonio* his Maſter is preparing to follow him, taking (the next morn) his Coach with ſix horſes, and three reſolute Gentlemen his friends, to aſſiſt him, with each his Rapier and caſe of Piſtols. *Diego* firſt arrives at *Avero*, yea, a day and two nights before him. *Anſilva* checks him for his long ſtay; and *Berinthia* a thouſand times thanks him for his ſpedy return. He delivers her his Maſters Letter, and prayes her to prepare her ſelf againſt the prefixt hour. She reads her *Antonio*'s Letter with much joy and comfort, which her looks teſtifie, and her heart proclameth to her thoughts: ſhe will not be ſlack or backwards in a matter which ſo deeply imports her well-fare and content; and ſo with all poſſible ſecrecie packs up the chiefeſt of her apparel and jewels in a ſmall trunk, or casket, and wiſheth the hour come, that ſhe were either in *Antonio*'s armes, or he in hers: and for *Diego*, he caſteth ſo ſubtil a miſt and vail before *Anſilva*'s eyes as it is impoſſible either for her, or her Lady *Catalina* to perceive any thing. But lo, a ſecond treachery is provided to effect that which the firſt could not; and indeed, which went neer to have performed it, had not God miracuouſly and indulgently reached forth his hand to prevent it: for *Catalina* ſtill perſeveres in her inveterate and deadly malice towards her Siſter *Berinthia*, as if God

had not yet taught her, or rather, that ſhe would not learn the way from Satan; or Grace inſtructed and directed her from the impiety of ſo foul a ſin, as the murthering of her own and onely ſiſter. For the very night that *Antonio* had promiſed and aſſigned to fetch *Berinthia*, as ſhe had by times retired her ſelfe to her chamber, under colour to go to bed, and ready to put on her night abilliments, in comes *Anſilva*, ſent by her good and kind (or rather wicked and cruell) ſiſter, with a ſweet Poſſet, (or rather a deadly poyſon in her hand, in a ſilver covered cup) telling her, that her lady had drunk one half, and ſent her the other, it being (as ſhe affirmed) very cold and refreſhing for the liver, againſt the hoteneſſe of the weather. But *Berinthia* being forewarned, is armed by her former danger; yet ſhe ſeems joyfull thereof, and ſo accepts it, returning her ſiſter *Catalina* thanks, ſaying, ſhe will drink it ere ſhe go to bed; onely ſhe prayes *Anſilva* firſt to fetch her prayer book and gloves which in the morne ſhe had left in her ſiſters chamber. So whiles ſhe is wanting, ſhe privately powres it into a ſilver baſon in her ſtudy, and waſhing the cup three or four ſeverall tymes, ſhe fils ſome Almond milk therein; and *Anſilva* being returned, takes the ſaid cup, and prays her to tell her Siſter, that ſhe drinks it to her health, and withall, gives her the good night: and ſo likewiſe doth *Anſilva* to her. But what a good night thought ſhe in her heart and conſcience, when ſhe knew *Berinthia* ſhould never ſee day more? So away ſhe trips to her Lady *Catalina*, who demands her if the buſineſſe be diſpatched, and her ſiſter gon to her reſt? Who replies, ſhe hath drunk her laſt, and is gone to her eternall reſt. But they are both deceived in their malicious Arithmetick: For although *Catalina* extremely rejoyce in the confident and aſſured death of her ſiſter, yet God ordaineth, that their bloody hopes ſhall deceive them: as mark the ſequell, and you ſhall ſee how.

About an houre after *Anſilvas* departure, by *Berinthia's* order and appointement, in wonderful ſecret ſort in comes *Diego* to her chamber, to await the houre of his Maſters arrivall, and to aſſiſt her in her eſcape and departure. *Berinthia* acquaints him with the potion her Siſter *Catalina* had right now ſent her by *Anſilva*: he is aſtoniſhed at this news, as being aſſured it was poyſon, and humbly prayes her to make proof hereof on *Catalina's* Parrot, which that afternoon ſhe had brought with her into her Chamber: and ſo by her conſent *Diego* takes the Parrot, and with a ſpoon forceth ſome down its throat: Who poor harmleſs bird, immediately ſwels and dyes before them. They both wonder hereat, and *Berinthia* at one inſtant both grieves and rejoyceth, grieves at her Siſter *Catalina's* malice and cruelty, and rejoyceth for her happy deliverance: firſt prayſing God as the Author, then thanking *Diego* as the inſtrument thereof: and ſo they throw the remainder of the poyſon out at the window, and lay the dead Parrot on the table. And now *Berinthia* attending and awayting the hour of her happineſſe, which is that of her *Antonio's* arrivall, and of her own departure, with as much deſire as impatiency; *Diego* often looking on the houreglaſſe, and *Berinthia* a thouſand times on her Watch. So at laſt with a longing, longing deſire, the joyfull houre of twelve is come, wherein *Antonio* arrives: he ſees the happy light of her candle, and ſhe hears the ſweet muſick of his Piſtol, which reviveth and raviſheth theſe two Lovers, in the heaven of unexpreſſible joy and content; when all things being huſh'd up in ſilence, and every perſon of the houſe ſoundly ſleeping, *Diego* ſoftly takes up the ſmall trunk, and *Berinthia* as ſecretly followes him: and ſo they wonderfull privately ſlip into the firſt Court, and from thence to the poſtern door of the garden, where *Antonio* with a thouſand kiſſes receives her in his arms, having no other light but the luſtre of her eyes to light them: for the Moon, that bright *Cynthia*, had conſpired and conſented to *Berinthia's* eſcape, and therefore purpoſely withdrawn her brightneſs by hiding and inveloping her ſelf in the darkneſs of an obſcure cloud. *Antonio* locking this ſweet prize, this his dear and ſweet *Berinthia*, in his arms, he with the three Gentlemen his friends, conduct her to the end of the ſtreet; and *Diego* following them with the Casket, where they all privatly and ſilently take Coach, and having opened the City gate with a ſilver key, away they ſpeed for *Elvas* with all poſſible celerity; but I write with grief, that as theſe affections of *Antonio* and *Berinthia* begin in joy, ſo (I fear) they will end in as much ſorrow and miſery.

Leave we them now in their journey for *Elvas*, and return we to *Avero* to bloudy *Catalina*, and wretched *Anſilva*, who lying remote from *Berinthia's* Chamber, could not poſſibly hear ſo much as the leaſt ſtep of her deſcent and departure; although their malice were ſo extream as to write the truth, they all that night could not ſleep for joy that *Berinthia* was diſpatched: ſo they prepare themſelves againſt the morn, to hear ſom pittifull out-crys in the houſe for *Berinthia's* death: but ſeeing it neer ten of the clock, and no rumour nor ſtir heard, they both (as they were accuſtomed) went into her Chamber, thinking to feaſt their eys upon the lamentable object of this breathleſs Gentlewoman: but contrary to theis bloudy hopes, they find the neſt; I mean the bed, empty, and *Berinthia* not dead, but eſcaped and flown away: Onely *Catalina*, inſtead of her Siſter, finds her own Parrot dead on the table. They are aſtoniſhed at this news, and look fearefully and deſperately each on other. *Anſilva* for her part proteſts and vowes, that ſhe ſaw *Berinthia* drink the poyſon. But finding *Berinthia's* ſmall trunk wanting, and hearing *Diego* gone, then *Catalina* knows for certain,

that

that ſhe was eſcaped, and her poyſoning plot detected and prevented. So they give the alarum in the houſe, and ſhe goes directly and acquaints her Father, Mother, and Brother, of her Siſter *Berinthia's* flight, but ſpeakes not a word of the poyſon, or of the Parrots death. *Vilarezo* grieves to ſee himſelfe robbed of his daughter, and *Sebaſtiano* of his Siſter: but when they underſtand that *Diego* was gone with her, then they are confidently aſſured, that *Antonio* hath carried her away, which is confirmed them by the Porter of the City, who told them, that twixt twelve and one, a Coach with a Lady, and four Cavaliers, and a Page (drawn by ſix horſes) paſt the gate very ſpeedily. *Vilarezo* and his ſon *Sebaſtiano* ſtorm at this affront and diſgrace: they conſult what to doe herein: ſo firſt they reſolve to ſend one to *Elvas*, to know yea or no, whether *Berinthia* be there with *Antonio*? The meſſenger ſent, returnes, and aſſures them thereof, as alſo, that *Antonio* is retired from *Elvas*, to a Caſtle of his without the walls of the City, where it is reported he keepes the Lady *Berinthia* with much honour and reſpect. Had old *Vilarezo* had his health and ſtrength, he would himſelf in perſon have undertaken this journey, but being ſick of the Gout, he ſends his ſon *Sebaſtiano* to *Elvas*, accompanied with ſix reſolute Gentlemen, his neer allies and friends, to draw reaſon of *Antonio* for this affront and diſgrace; and ſo either by Law, Force, Policie, or perſwaſion, to bring back *Berinthia*. *Sebaſtiano* knowing *Berinthia* to be his Siſter, and *Antonio* his former ancient and intimate friend, with a kind of unwilling willingneſſe accepts of this journey: he comes to *Elvas*, and findes his former intelligence true, he repaires to *Antonio's* Caſtle, accompanied with his ſix aſſociates. *Antonio* admits them all into the firſt Court, and onely two more of them into the ſecond; where he ſalutes them kindly, and bids them all welcome to his Caſtle. *Sebaſtiano* layes before him the foulneſſe of his fact, in ſtealing away his Siſter in that clandeſtine and baſe manner, the ſcandall which he hath laid upon her, and conſequently on all their family and bloud, tells him that his father and himſelf are reſolved to have her again at what price ſoever; and therefore conjures him by the reſpect of his own honour, and by the conſideration and remembrance of all their former friendſhip, to deliver him his Siſter *Berinthia*. *Antonio* anſwereth *Sebaſtiano*, that it was an honourable affection, and no baſe reſpect which led him to aſſiſt his Siſter *Berinthia* in her flight and eſcape: that he never was nor would bee a juſt ſcandall either to her, her family, or bloud; that his malicious Siſter *Catalina* was the authour and cauſe thereof, who by her waiting Gentlewoman *Anſilva* had twice ſought to poyſon her: and therefore, ſith he could not deliver her with her own ſafety, and his honour and conſcience, he was reſolved to protect her in his Caſtle, againſt any whoſoever, that ſhould ſeek either to enforce or offend her.

Sebaſtion is perplexed at this ſtrange news, and wondereth at *Antonio's* reſolution: ſo doe the two Gentlemen with him. He deſires *Antonio* that he may ſee and ſpeak with his Siſter *Berinthia*; the which he freely and honourably grants: and ſo taking him by the hand, they enter the Hall, where *Berinthia* having notice hereof (accompanied with two of *Antonio* his Siſters) ſoon comes, and with chearfull countenance advanceth towards her Brother: hee ſalutes her, and ſhe firſt him, then the other two Gentlemen her Couſins. *Sebaſtiano* prayes *Antonio*, that he may confer apart with his Siſter. *Antonio* replies, that his Siſter *Berinthia's* pleaſure ſhall ever be his. She willingly conſents hereunto, when he taking her by the hand, conducts her to the fartheſt window, & there ſhewes her her diſobedience to her Father, her diſhonour to her ſelf, and grief to her friends, for this her unadviſed and raſh flight; and ſo perſwades her to return: and that if ſhe intend to marry *Antonio*, this is not the way, but rather a courſe as irregular as ſhamefull. His Siſter *Berinthia* delivers him at full the cauſe of her departure, and very conſtantly affirmes what *Antonio* had formerly told him of her Siſter *Catalina's* two ſeverall attempts to poyſon her by her wayting Gentlewoman *Anſilva*, though with more ample circumſtance and dilation: and to teſtifie the truth, *Diego* is produced, who vowes and proteſts the ſame. *Sebaſtiano* checkes her of folly and cruelty, ſhewes her, that in ſeeking to wrong others, ſhe onely wrongs her ſelf; that in inventing and caſting a feigned crime on her Siſter *Catalina*, ſhe makes her own conſpicuous and true; that ſhe hath no ſafety but in her return: whereunto with many reaſons he ſeekes to perſwade and induce her.

His Siſter *Berinthia* again anſwereth him, that there is no ſafety for her in *Avero*, and that ſhe cannot expect greater than ſhe finds in *Elvas*: ſhe prayes him to think charitably and honourably of her departure, and if ever her Father will love her, ſhe requeſts him not to hate, but to love *Antonio*, whoſe Caſtle ſhe finds a Sanctuary, both for her honour and life; taking God and his Angels, her conſcience and ſoul to witneſſe, that her Siſter *Catalina's* crime is true and not feigned. *Sebaſtiano* ſeeing *Antonio* reſolute, and his Siſter wilfull and obſtinate, beginnes to take leave, telling her, that he will leave her to her folly, that to her ſhame, and her ſhame to her repentance, and ſo concludes to goe into the City, to reſolve on what he hath to doe, for her good and his owne honour. *Antonio* prayes him to dine in his Caſtle with his Siſter: but he refuſeth it, ſaith he hath given the firſt breach to their friendſhip, and his own honour, which he ſhall repent, if not repair, and ſo departs. Being come into the City, he conſults this buſineſſe with the Gentlemen, his aſſociats, and both himſelf & they

they are of opinion to ſend one poſt to acquaint his Father herewith, and ſo to crave his pleaſure and reſolution how he ſhall bear himſelf herein. It is ever an excellent point both of wiſdom and diſcretion, for a Sonne to ſteer his actions by the compaſs of his Fathers commands. His Couſen *Villandras* undertakes this journey to *Avero*. Old *Vilarezo* is perplexed and grieved at this report, and inſtead of comfort, receives more affliction, his care, curioſitie, paſſion and griefe: ſeverally examineth, firſt *Catalina*, then *Anſilva*, who (like Theeves in a Fair, or Murtherers in a Forreſt) he findes equally conſtant in their denyal, being ſo devoyd of grace, and repleat of impiety, as they confirm and maintain their innocencies with many bitter oaths and aſſeverations: So he returns *Villandras* to *Elvas* with this Letter to his Son *Sebaſtiano*.

VILAREZO to SEBASTIANO.

I Commend thy wiſdome, as much as I diſpraiſe Antonio's *reſolution, and grieve at thy Siſter* Berinthia's *folly and diſobedience. I have carefully and curiouſly examined the two parties, whom I finde as innocent as conſtant in the true denyal of their falſely objected crimes. I have conſulted with Nature and Honour, how herein I might be directed by them, and conſequently, thou by me, ſo they ſuggeſt me this advice, and I adviſe thee this reſolution, either by the Law of the Kingdome, or by that of thy Sword, with expedition to return me my Daughter, thy Siſter* Berinthia; *and let not the Oratory either of* Antonio's *tongue, or her teares perſwade thee to the contrary; for then as ſhe is guilty of our diſhonours, ſo we ſhall be acceſſary to hers. Let me underſtand the proceeding herein, and according as occaſion ſhall preſent, if my ſickneſſe and weakneſſe will not leave me, I notwithſtanding will leave* Avero *to ſee* Elvas.

VILAREZO.

Whiles *Sebaſtiano* is conſulting how to free his Siſter *Berinthia* from the power of *Antonio*, ſpeak we a little of *Catalina*, who (as skilful in ſubtiltie as malice) ſeeing her treachery and bloody intents revealed, thinks it now high time to make away and poyſon *Anſilva*; grounding her reſolution on this maxim, both of policy and eſtate, That dead folkes doe neither harm nor tell tales. But behold here the juſtice and providence of God! ſhe who laid ſnares for others, muſt now be taken in them her ſelf: a punishment which the ſin of this wretched Gentlewoman findes, becauſe deſerved. There is no vice nor malice, but have their pretexts and colours; *Catalina* finds fault with two or three red pimples that *Anſilva* hath in her face, which ſhe will have taken away: She ſends for an Emperick, one *Pedro Sarmiata*, and profereth him one hundred Duckets to poyſon her, which like a limb of the devil he undertakes, and infuſing poyſon in ſome potions, he adminiſtreth it her: ſhe the very next day dyes: a fit reward and puniſhment for ſo graceleſs and bloody a Gentlewoman, who (as we have formerly ſeen) made no religion nor conſcience, to attempt two ſeveral times to poyſon the fair and virtuous *Berinthia*.

Whiles this Tragedy is acting at *Avero*, *Sebaſtiano* begins to act another in *Elvas*, but a thouſand times leſſe impious, and more honourable: For having received his Fathers order by *Villandras*, he now ſends him into the Caſtle, to take *Antonio*'s and *Berinthia*'s laſt reſolution: he is admitted to them: *Villandras* directs his ſpeech firſt to *Berinthia*, than to *Antonio*, to whom he relateth his meſſage, and *Sebaſtiano*'s pleaſure. *Berinthia* returns him this anſwer; Couſen *Villandras*, recommend me courteouſly to my brother *Sebaſtiano*, and tell him my firſt anſwer and reſolution is, and ſhall be my laſt. And (quoth *Antonio*) I pray ye likewiſe inform him from me, that *Berinthia*'s will is my law, and her reſolution mine, and that I will be as carefull as willing and ready to loſe my life in defence and preſervation of hers. *Villandras* returnes and acquaints *Sebaſtiano* with this their laſt reſolutions; from which he alleageth it is impoſſible for them to be diſſwaded or diverted. *Sebaſtiano* is beaten with two contrary and irreſolute winds, what to doe in a buſineſs of this nature, either to recover his Siſter by Law, or by Arms: by Law, he holds it a courſe both cowardly and prejudicial; by Arms, he ſees he muſt kill himſelf or his friend: to undertake the firſt, would be the laughter of *Antonio*; and not to attempt the ſecond, the ſhame of all *Portugal* and *Spain*: he therefore prefers generoſity before reaſon, and paſſion above judgement, and ſo reſolves to fight with *Antonio*; to which end he makes choice of his Coſen *Villandras* for his Second, and the next morn ſends him to the Caſtle with this Challenge.

SEBA-

SEBASTIANO to ANTONIO.

I Muſt either return my Siſter Berinthia *to* Avero, *or loſe my life here at* Elvas; *for I had rather die, than live to ſee her diſhonour, ſith hers is mine: neither do I firſt infringe or violate the bonds of our familiarity, rather thy ſelf, ſith thou art both the author and cauſe thereof: wherefore of two things reſolve on one, Either before to morrow morning ſix of the clock render me my Siſter* Berinthia, *or elſe at that hour meet me on foot, with thy Second, in the ſquare green Meadow under thine own Caſtle, where the choice of two ſingle Rapiers ſhall await or attend thee. If thou art honourable, thou wilt grant my firſt; if generous, not deny my ſecond requeſt.*

SEBASTIANO.

Antonio receives this Challenge, bears it privately from all the world, eſpecially from his ſweet *Berinthia*, who (poor Lady) little imagines or ſuſpects her Brother and Lover are ruſhing forth for her ſake: He returnes this anſwer by *Villandras*, that he cannot grant *Sebaſtia.* his firſt requeſt, nor will not deny him his ſecond. So he chuſeth a Coſen-germane of his, valiant young Gentleman, tearmed *Don Belaſco*, who willingly and freely engageth himſelf in this quarrel. So he and *Villandras* that night (with as much friendſhip as ſecreſie) meet the City, and reſolve on the Rapiers, and other ceremonies requiſite in Duels. The morn appeares, when our combatants leap from their beds to the field; where, a little before ſix (being the appointed hour) all parties appear: the Seconds perform their office in viſiting the Principals, who caſt off their doublets and draw, and ſo traverſing their ground, they, with judgement and generoſity, fall to their buſineſs; at the firſt cloſe, *Antonio* is wounded in the right arm, and *Sebaſtiano* in the left ſide, which glanced on a rib; at the ſecond, *Sebaſtiano* wounds *Antonio* betwixt the breaſt and ſhoulder, a little above his right pap, and he him clean thorow the body, of a large and dangerous wound, whence iſſueth forth aboundance of blood: ſo they divide themſelves and take breath: they again fall to it, and at this third cloſe, *Sebaſtiano* repaies *Antonio* with a mournfull and fatal intereſt; for he runs him thorow the body on the left ſide a little below the heart; whereof ſtaggering, he falls, and ſo *Sebaſtiano* diſpatcheth him, and nailes him to the ground ſtark dead. *Villandras* congratulates with him for his victory, which *Sebaſtiano* with much modeſty aſcribes to the power and providence of God, and not to the weakneſs of his own arm. *Bellaſco* is no way daunted with the misfortune and death of his Principal, but rather like a generous Gentleman, and valiant Second, reſolves to ſell it dearly to *Villandras*. They are not long unſheathing of their Rapiers; for as ſoon as *Bellaſco* hath covered up *Antonio* with his cloak, they approach; at their firſt meeting, *Bellaſco* ſleightly hurts *Villandras* in the right ſhoulder, and *Villandras* him thorow the body and reins with a fatall wound, wherewith his Sword fell from him, and he to the ground; who fearing and preſaging his death, he with a faint language begs his life of *Villandras*, when at the ſight and hearing hereof, throws away his own Rapier, and ſtoopes to aſſiſt him. But in vain; for it is not in his power to give him his life; for by this time he is dead, and his ſoul departed to another world.

This tragical news is ſoon known and bruited in *Elvas*, whereof the Criminal Judges of that City remit *Sebaſtiano* with as much eaſe as *Villandras* with difficulty (in favour of money and friends) and obtain their pardons. And now the news hereof likewiſe flyes to *Antonio*'s Caſtle, where his dead body and that of *Bellaſco* are ſpeedily conveighed and brought, to the grief and ſorrow of all thoſe of the Caſtle, who bitterly weep for the diſaſter of their Lord and Maſter. But all theſe teares are nothing to thoſe of *Antonio*'s two Siſters; nor theirs any thing in compariſon of theſe of our ſweet *Berinthia*, who is no ſooner advertiſed hereof, but ſhe falls to the ground with ſorrow, and there wrings her hands, beats her breaſt, and tears off her hair in ſuch mournfull and pittyfull ſort, that Cruelty her ſelf could not refrain from teares, to ſee the numberleſſe infinity of hers: Counſel, advice, perſwaſion cannot perſwade her to give a moderation to her mourning, or limits to her ſorrows; for they are ſo violent, as their extremity exceeds all exceſſe. She will ſee the dead body of her dear *Antonio*; all thoſe of the Caſtle are not capable to divert her eyes from this wofull and pittiful object; at the ſight whereof ſhe falls to the ground on her knees, and gives to his breathleſs body a thouſand kiſſes: yea, ſhe waſheth his ſweet cheeks with a whole deluge and inundation of her ſalt teares; ſhe cannot ſpeak for ſighing, nor utter a word for weeping; onely wringing her hands, ſhe at laſt breathed forth theſe mournfull and paſſionate ſpeeches: O my dear *Antonio*, my ſweet and dear *An-*

tonio, Antonio, would God my death had ranſomed and prevented thine, O my *Antonio,* my *Antonio.*

Leave we *Berinthia* to her paſſionate ſorrows, and ſorrowful paſſions, from which her Brother *Sebaſtian* will ſoon awake her; who by this time as Victor and Conquerour, is come to the Caſtle-gate, and demands her, where he ſees himſelf refuſed, and the draw-bridges and approaches drawn up and rampiered with Barricadoes: he craves ayd of the Criminal Judges, who ſend the *Provoſt* with an armed company of Souldiers; ſo they force the Caſtle gate with a Petard, where ſorrowfull *Berinthia* is delivered into the hands of her joyfull and rejoycing Brother *Sebaſtian*, who with ſweet perſwaſions and advice ſeeks to exhale and dry up her tears: but her affection is ſo great, as ſhe is not capable of conſolation. In a word, ſhe cannot looke on her Brother with the eye of affection, but of revenge and indignation; yea, ſhe wiſheth her ſelf metamorphoſed from a Virgin to a man, that ſhe might be revenged of her Brother for the death of her dear Lover *Antonio*. *Sebaſtian* leaving the dead bodies of *Antonio* and *Bellaſco* to their Graves, takes Coach with his incenſed and ſorrowfull Siſter *Berinthia*; and ſo leaves *Elvas* and returns towards *Avero*; where his Father *Vilarezo*, and his Mother *Alphanta* welcome him home with praiſe, and their Daughter *Berinthia* with checks and frowns, who (the beſt ſhee may) ſmothers her diſcontents; but yet vows to be revenged of her Brother, for killing the life of her joy, and joy of her life, *Antonio*. But all vows of this bloody nature and quality, are better broken than kept, which if *Berinthia* had had the grace to have conſidered, and made good uſe of, doubtleſſe her hand had proved more joyful, and not ſo fatal and miſerable.

Come we now to *Catalina*, who ſeeing the object of her affection, *Antonio* dead, and her Siſter *Berinthia* returned, who, for his ſake, was that of her living malice, ſhe ſecretly confeſſeth her fault to her Siſter, in ſeeking formerly twice to have poyſoned her by *Anſilva*, craves pardon of her, vowing henceforth to convert her malice into affection, and ſo reconciles her ſelf to her; whereunto her Siſter *Berinthia* willingly condeſcendeth. *Catalina* hath made her peace with her Siſter, but ſhe hath not contracted and concluded it with God for *Anſilva*'s death. Earth may forget this Murther, but Heaven will not. Gods judgements are as juſt as ſecret, and as true as wonderful; for he hath a thouſand means to puniſh us, when we think our ſelves ſafeſt and furtheſt from puniſhment: which our wretched *Catalina*, and her execrable Emperick *Sarmiata* ſhall ſee verified in themſelves. For the ſmoak of this their bloody crime of Murther, hath pierced the Vaults and Windows of Heaven, and is aſcended to the Noſtrils of the Lord, who hath now bent his Bow, and made ready his Arrows to revenge and puniſh them. The manner is thus.

A Siſter of *Anſilva*'s, named *Iſabella*, is to be married in *Avero*, who invites the Ladies *Catalina* and *Berinthia* to her Wedding. *Berinthia* is too ſorrowful to bee ſo merry, as deſirous rather to goe to her own Grave, than to any others Nuptials: ſo ſhe ſtayes at home, only her Siſter *Catalina* takes Coach, with an intent to accompany the Bride-woman to Church: but ſee the Providence and Juſtice of God, how it ſurpriſeth and overtakes this wretched Gentlewoman *Catalina!* for as ſhe was in her way, the Sun is inſtantly eclipſed, and the Skies overcaſt, and ſo a terrible and fearful Thunder-bolt pierceth her thorow the breaſt, and layes her near dead in her Coach; her Waiting-maids and Coach-man having no hurt, are yet amazed at this ſtrange and diſmal accident; ſo they think it fit to return. *Catalina* is for a time ſpeechleſs, her Parents are as it were dead with grief and ſorrow hereat, ſhe is committed to her bed, and ſearched, and all her body above her waſte is found cole-black: the beſt Phyſicians and Chirurgians are ſent for, they ſee her death-ſtrucken with that Planet, and therefore adjudge their skill but vain: her ſtrength and ſenſes fall from her, which *Catalina* having the happineſs to perceive, and grace to feel, will no longer be ſeduced with the Devils temptations. The Divines prepare her ſoul for Heaven, and now ſhe will no longer diſſemble with man or God; ſhe will not charge her conſcience with ſo foul a Crime as Murther, the which ſhee knows will prove a ſtop to the fruition of her felicity. She confeſſeth, ſhee twice procured her Waiting-gentlewoman *Anſilva* to poyſon her Siſter *Berinthia*; and ſince that, ſhe hath given *Sarmiata* one hundred Duckets to poyſon the ſaid *Anſilva*, which he performed, and whereof ſhe humbly begs pardon of all the world, and religiouſly of God, whom ſhe beſeecheth to be merciful to her ſoul: and ſo, though ſhe lived prophanely and impiouſly, yet ſhe died repentantly and religiouſly. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta*, her old Parents, grieve and ſtorme at her death, but more extreamly at the manner thereof, and eſpecially at the confeſſion of her bloody crimes, as well towards living *Berinthia*, as dead *Anſilva*, onely their Daughter *Berinthia* is ſilent hereat; glad that ſhe is freed of an enemy, ſorrowful, to have loſt a Siſter: they are infinitely vexed to publiſh their Daughter *Catalina*'s crimes, yet they are inforced to it, that thereby this *Sarmiata*, this Agent of Hell may receive condigne puniſhment for his bloody offence here on earth.

So

So they acquaint the Criminal Judges hereof, who decree order and power for his apprehenſion. *Sarmiata* is revelling and feaſting at *Iſabella*'s Wedding, to which he is appointed and requeſted to furniſh the Sweet-meats for the Banquets; but he little thinks what ſowre ſauce there is providing for him. We are never neareſt dangers, than when we think our ſelves furtheſt from it: and although his ſinfull ſecurity was ſuch, as the Devill had made him forget his Murther of *Anſilva*, yet God will, and doth remember it; and lo, here comes his ſtorm, here his apprehenſion, and preſently his puniſhment. By this time the news of *Catalina*'s ſudden death (but not of her ſecret confeſſion) is publiſhed in *Avero*, and arrived at the Bride-houſe, which gives both aſtoniſhment and grief to all the world, but eſpecially to *Sarmiata*, whoſe heart and conſcience now rings him many thundering peales of fear, terrour, and deſpair: his bloody thoughts purſue him like ſo many Blood-hounds, and becauſe he hath forſaken God, therefore the Devil will not forſake him; he counſelleth him to flye, and to provide for his ſafety: but what ſafety ſo unſecure, ſo dangerous, or miſerable for a Chriſtian, as to throw himſelf into the Devils protection? *Sarmiata* hereon fearing that *Catalina* had revealed his poyſoning of *Anſilva*, very ſecretly ſteales away his cloak, and ſo ſlips down to a Poſtern-door of the little Court, hoping to eſcape, but he is deceived of his hopes; for the eye of Gods providence finds him out. The houſe is beleagured for him by Officers, who apprehend him as hee iſſueth forth, and ſo commit him cloſe priſoner. In the afternoon the Judges examine him upon the poyſoning of *Anſilva*, and the receipt of one hundred Duckets to effect it, from *Catalina*, which ſhe at her death confeſſed. He addes ſinne to ſinne, and denies with many impious oathes, and fearfull imprecations; but they avail him nothing: his Judges cenſure him to the Rack, where, upon the firſt torment he confeſſeth it, but with ſo graceleſſe an impudency, as he rather rejoiceth than grieves hereat; where we may obſerve, how ſtrongly the Devil ſticks to him, and how cloſely he is bewitched to the Devil. So for reparation of this foul crime of his, he is condemned to be Hanged, which the next morn is performed right againſt *Vilarezo* his houſe, at the Gallows purpoſely erected; and which is worſe than all the reſt, as this lewd villain *Sarmiata* lived prophanely, ſo he died as deſperately, without repenting his bloody fact, or imploring pardon or mercy of God for the ſame. O miſerable example! O fearfull end! O bloody and damnable miſcreant! We have ſeen the Theatre of this Hiſtory gored with great variety of blood, the mournfull and lamentable ſpectacle whereof is capable to make any Chriſtian heart relent into pitty, compaſſion, and teares. But this is not all, we ſhall yet ſee more, not that it any way increaſeth our terrour, but rather our conſolation, ſith thereby we may obſerve that Murther comes from Satan, and its puniſhment from God.

Catalina's confeſſion and death is not capable to deface and waſh away *Berinthia*'s malice and revenge to her Brother *Sebaſtiano*, for killing of her dear and ſweet Love *Antonio*. Other Tragedies are paſt, but this as yet not acted, but to come: Lo now at laſt (though indeed too too ſoon) it comes on the Stage.

The remembrance of *Antonio* and his affections is ſtill freſh in her youthfull thoughts and contemplations; yea, his dead *Idea* is alwaies preſent and living in her heart and breaſt: 'tis true, *Sebaſtiano* is her Brother; 'tis as true ſhe ſaith, that if hee had not killed *Antonio*, *Antonio* had been her Husband. Again, ſhee conſidereth, that as *Antonio*'s life preſerved hers from death, ſo her life hath been the cauſe of his: and as he loſt his life for her ſake, why ſhould not ſhe likewiſe leave hers for his? or rather, why ſhould ſhe permit him to live, who hath bereaved her of him; But her living affection to her dead friend is ſo violent, and withall ſo prejudicate and revengefull, as ſhe neither can, nor will ſee her Brother, who killed him, but with malice and indignation. Inſtead of conſulting with nature and grace, ſhe onely converſeth with choller and paſſion; yea, ſhe is ſo miſerably tranſported in her rage, and withall ſo outrageouſly wilfull in her reſolution, that ſhe ſhuts the door of her heart to the two former virtues, to whom ſhe ſhould open it, and openeth it to the two latter vices, 'gainſt whom ſhee ſhould ſhut it. A miſery equall ominous and fatall, where Reaſon is not the chief Miſtreſſe of our Paſſions, and Religion the Queen of our Reaſon. She ſees this bloody attempt of hers, whereinto ſhee is upon entring, is both ſinfull and impious, and yet her Faith is ſo weak towards GOD, and the Devil ſo ſtrong with her, as ſhe is conſtant to advance, and reſolute not to retire therein. Oh that *Berinthia*'s former Virtues ſhould bee diſgraced with ſo foul a Vice! and oh that a face ſo ſweetly fair, ſhould be accompanied and linked with a heart ſo cruelly barbarous, ſo bloodily inhumane! for what can ſhe hope from this attempt in killing her Brother, but likewiſe to ruin her ſelf? nay, had ſhe had any ſparke of wit or grace left her, ſhee ſhould conſider, that for this foul offence her body ſhall receive

puniſhment,

puniſhment in this world, and her ſoul, without repentance, in that to come: but ſhe cannot erect her eyes to heaven; ſhe is all ſet on revenge; ſo the Devill hath plotted the Murther of her Brother *Sebaſtiano*, and ſhe, like a moſt wretched, and inhumane Sister, will ſpeedily act it. The manner is thus (the which I cannot remember without grief, nor pen without teares) She provides her ſelfe of a long and ſharp Knife, the which, ſome ten daies after the death of her Sister *Catalina*, 'twixt four and five of the clock in the morning, ſhe hides in one of her ſleeves, and the better to cover and overveile her villany, ſhee in the ſame hand takes her Lute, and ſo enters her Brothers Chamber, and findes him ſleeping, being a pretty way diſtant from hers, and his Page *Philippo* in a lower Chamber under him, reſolving that if ſhe had found him waking, ſhee would play on her Lute, and affirm, ſhe came to give him the good morrow. But *Sebaſtiano* his fortune, or rather his misfortune was ſuch, that he was then ſoundly ſleeping, without dreaming, or once thinking what ſhould befall him, when this wretched and execrable Sister *Berinthia*, ſtalkes cloſe to him, and laying her Lute ſoftly on the window, draws out her devilliſh Knife forth her ſleeve, and as a ſhe-devill incarnate, cuts his throat, to the end he might neither cry nor ſpeak; and ſo, though with a female hand, yet with a maſculine courage, ſhee (with as much malice as haſte) gives him ſeven ſeverall wounds thorough the body, and as near the heart as ſhee could; whereof he twice turning himſelfe in his bed, never ſprawled more; and then taking up her Lute, and leaving him reeking in his own blood, ſhe after this her moſt helliſh fact, hies her ſelfe to her Chamber.

This cruell Murther is not ſo cloſely perpetrated and acted, but *Philippo*, *Sebaſtiano*'s Page, heares ſome extraordinary ſtirring and ſtruggling in his Maſters chamber, and ſoleaps out of his Bed, and taking his Cloak on his ſhoulders, and his Rapier in his hand, he aſcends the ſtaires; where *Berinthia* hath not made ſo great ſpeed, but he ſees her entring her Chamber, and throwing her door after her; whence running to his Maſters Chamber, hee findes the doore open, and his Maſter moſt cruelly murthered in his bed, of eight ſeverall wounds; at which bloody and lamentable ſpectacle, hee makes many bitter and pittifull out-cryes, whereat all the houſe is in allarum, and the folkes and ſervants repair thither of all ſides. By this time *Berinthia* hath ſhifted her outward Taffata Gown, ſprinkled all with blood, and wrapt her bloody knife cloſe in it, and for the more ſecrecie throws it in her Cloſe-ſtoole, and ſo awaits the comming up of her Father and Mother, whom the mournfull eccho, and ſorrowfull news of their Son *Sebaſtiano*'s cruell Murther, had with an ocean of teares waſted to his Chamber, with whom *Berinthia* likewiſe, all blubber'd with teares, enters. They are all amazed at the ſight of this bloody and breathleſſe corps, and wringing their hands, Father, Mother, Daughter, and Servants look one on another in this calamity, and at this ſorrowfull diſaſter. They ſearch every Chamber, Vault, and Door of the Houſe, and find no body, nor print of drops of blood whatſoever; when *Phillippo* the Page cryes out, that he feares it is the Lady *Berinthia*, who hath murthered her Brother, and his Maſter *Sebaſtiano*, for that he ſaw her flying to her Chamber as he aſcended the ſtaires. *Vilarezo* and *Alphanta* his Wife are doubly amazed at this report, but graceleſſe *Berinthia* is no way daunted or aſtoniſhed hereat, but affirmes ſhee likewiſe heard ſome ſtirring in her Brothers Chamber, which made her ariſe, and come to the Stair-head, where ſeeing *Philippo*, ſhee being in her night-attire, modeſty made her retire to her Chamber. They all believe the ſugar of her words, and the circumſtance of her excuſe; yet they will not proclaime her innocency, til they have ſearched her Chamber, and all her Trunks, where they find no Knife, Stilletto, Dagger, or any other offenſive Weapon; and ſo her Father and Mother acquit her; but God will not. Notwithſtanding they muſt advertiſe the Criminal Judges of this lamentable and bloody Murther of their Sonne, which they doe. So they arrive, viſit the dead body, and cauſe all the houſe to be ſearched; but as ſoon as they heard *Philippo*'s ſpeeches, and ſuſpition of *Berinthia*, then conſidering her affection to *Antonio*, and her brother *Sebaſtiano*'s killing of him at *Elvas*, they attribute this to be her fact, as proceeding from paſſionate revenge; when the ſequel and circumſtances thereof being apparent in themſelves, they not regarding her Fathers prayers, her Mothers requeſts, and her own tears, ſeize on her, and ſo ſend and commit her cloſe Priſoner: where, wretched Gentlewoman, ſhe hath a whole night left and given her, to ſee and conſider the foulneſs of her fact, and to prepare her ſelf to her anſwer: which whether it will breed in her confeſſion or denyal, obſtinacy or repentance, as yet I know not. So from her impriſonment come we to her anſwer.

Avero rings with the news of this foul and bloody Murther. All bewaile, all lament the death of *Sebaſtiano*, as a Gentleman who was truly noble, truly generous: but his Fa-

ther *Vilarezo* and Mother *Alphanta* ſeem to drown themſelves in their teares, at theſe mournful accidents, ſtrange croſſes, and unheard-of afflictions of theirs. For though they will not believe, yet they deeply feare, that their Daughter *Berinthia* was the Murtherer of her Brother *Sebaſtiano*: And as affection ſeems to divert them from this opinion, ſo reaſon endavoureth to perſwade and confirm them in the contrary. The next morn the Judges ſit, and ſend for *Berinthia*, who comes accompanied with her Parents, and many of her Kinſfolks; they again examine her, and confront her with *Philippo*; ſhe is firm in her denyal, and her Judges find circumſtances, but no probability nor witneſſe againſt her, ſufficient to convict her of this crime; yet directed by the finger of God, they condemn her to the Rack. One of her Judges pittying her deſcent, youth, and beauty, as much as he deteſts this bloody Murther, intreats that her Chamber may be firſt curiouſly ſearched, e're ſhe were expoſed to the Rack. This advice and requeſt is heard and followed with approbation. He, and two other Officers, accompanied with ſome of her Friends, repair to *Vilarezo* his houſe, and *Berinthia* her Chamber; they leave no place, Trunk, Cheſt, or Box, unſearched: yea, their curioſity, or to ſay truer, their zeale and fidelity to Juſtice deſcends ſo low, as to viſit her Cloſe-ſtool, which, for want of the Key, they break open; and behold the Providence and Juſtice of God! here they finde *Berinthia's* bloody Gown, and therein very cloſely wrapt up that helliſh Knife, wherewith ſhee perpetrated this inhumane Murther on her onely Brother. They praiſe and glorifie God for the diſcovery hereof, and ſo return to their Tribunal of Juſtice, bringing theſe bloody evidences with them, which *Berinthia* might all this while have removed, if God, to his glory, and her ſhame, had not all this time purpoſely blinded the eyes of her judgement to the contrary. At the ſight hereof, ſhe without any torment, confeſſeth the Murther, and with many teares repents her ſelf of it; adding withall, that her affection to *Antonio* led her to this revenge on her Brother: and therefore beſeecheth her Judges to have compaſſion on her youth. But the foulneſs of her fact, in thoſe grave and juſt perſonages, wipes off the fairneſſe of her requeſt: So they conſult and pronounce Sentence againſt her, That for expiation of this her cruel Murther on the perſon of her Brother, ſhe the next morn ſhall be hanged in the publike Market place.

So all praiſe God for the detection of this lamentable Murther, and for the condemnation of this execrable Murthereſſe; and thoſe who before looked on her youth and beauty with pitty, now behold her foul crime with hatred and deteſtation; and as they applaud the ſincerity of her former affection to *Antonio*, ſo they farre more deteſt and condemne this her inhumane cruelty to her own Brother *Sebaſtiano*. But what grief is there comparable to that of her Father and Mother? Whoſe age, content, and patience is not onely battered, but razed down with the ſeveral aſſaults of affliction; ſo as they wiſh themſelves buried, or that their Children had been unborn; for it is rather a torment than a grief to them, that they, whom they hoped would have been props and comforts to their age, ſhould now prove inſtruments and ſubjects to ſhorten their daies, and conſequently to draw their age to the miſeries of an untimely and ſorrowful grave. But although they have taſted a world of grief and anxiety, firſt for the death of their Daughter *Catalina*, and then of their onely Son *Sebaſtiano*; yet it pierceth them to the heart and gall, that this their laſt Daughter and Child *Berinthia* ſhould paſſe by the paſſage of a Halter, and end her daies upon ſo ignominious and ſhamefull a Stage as the Gallowes, which would adde a blemiſh to the luſtre of their blood and poſterity, that time could never have power either to wipe off, or waſh away; which to prevent, *Vilarezo* and his Wife *Alphanta* uſe all their friends and mortall powers, towards the Judges, to convert their Daughters Sentence into a leſſe ſhamefull, and more honourable death. So although the Gallows be erected, *Berinthia* prepared to dye, and a world of people, yea, in a manner, the whole people of *Avero* concurr'd and ſeated to ſee her now take her laſt farewell of the world; yet the importunacy and miſery of her Parents, her own deſcent, youth, and beautie, as alſo her endeared affection and fervent love to her Lover *Antonio*, at laſt obtain compaſſion and favour of her Judges. So they revoke and change their former decree, and ſweeten the rigour thereof with one more honourable and mild, and leſſe ſharp, bitter, and ſhamefull, and definitively adjudge her to be immured up betwixt two Walls, and there with a ſlender diet to end the remainder of her dayes. And this ſentence is ſpeedily put in execution; whereat her Parents, Friends, and Acquaintance, yea, all that knew her, very bitterly grieve and lament; and farre the more, in reſpect they cannot bee permitted to ſee or viſit her, or ſhe them; onely the Phyſicians and Divines have admittance and acceſſe to her, thoſe to provide earthly Phyſick for her body; and theſe, ſpiritual for her ſoul. And in this lamentable eſtate ſhe is very penitent and repentant for all her ſinnes in general, and for this her vile

Murther

Murther of her Brother in particular: yea, a little impriſonment, or rather the Spirit of GOD hath opened the eyes of her Faith, who now defying the Devil who had ſeduced and drawn her hereunto; ſhe makes alſo her peace with GOD, and aſſures her ſelf, that her true repentance hath made hers with him. So unaccuſtomed to be pent up in ſo ſtreight and dark a Mew, the yellow Jaundies, and a burning Feaver ſurprize her: and ſo ſhe ends her miſerable dayes.

Lo, here are the bitter fruits of Revenge and Murther, which the undertakers (by the juſt judgement of God) are inforced to taſte and ſwallow down, when in the heat of their youth, and height of their impiety, they leaſt dream or think thereof; by the ſight of which great effuſion of blood, yea, by all theſe varieties of mournful and fatal accidents, if we will divorce our thoughts from Hell to Earth, and wed our contemplations and affections from Earth to Heaven, we ſhall then, as true Chriſtians, and ſons of the eternal God, run the race of our mortality in peace in this world, and conſequently be rewarded with a glorious Crown of immortal felicity in that to come.

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY VIII.

Beluile *treacherouſly murthereth* Poligny *in the ſtreet.* Laurieta, Poligny's *Miſtris, betrayeth* Beluile *to her Chamber, and there in revenge ſhoots him thorow the body with a Piſtoll, when aſſiſted by her Waiting-Maid* Lucilla, *they likewiſe give him many wounds with a Ponyard, and ſo murther him.* Lucilla *flying for this fact, is drowned in a Lake, and* Laurieta *is taken, hanged and burnt for the ſame.*

IT is an infallible *Maxim*, that if we open our hearts to ſinne, we ſhut them to godlineſs; for as ſoon as we follow Satan, God flyes from us, becauſe we firſt fled from him; but that his mercy may ſhine in our ingratitude, he by his ſervants, his holy Spirit, and himſelf, ſeekes all meanes to reclaim us, as well from the vanity of our thoughts, as from the prophaneneſs, and impurity of our actions: But if we become obſtinate and obdurate in our tranſgreſſions, and ſo like Heathens fall from vice to vice; whereas we ſhould as Chriſtians, grow up from virtue to virtue; then it is not he, but our ſelves that make both ſhipwrack of our ſelves & ſouls; of our ſelves in this life, of our ſouls in that to come; than which no miſery can be ſo great, none ſo unfortunate and miſerable. It is true, the beſt of Gods children are ſubject ~~to ſin~~; but to delight and perſevere therein, is the true way as well to hell as death. All have not the gift of pure and chaſte thoughts, neither can we ſo conſerve or ſanctifie our bodies, but that concupiſcence may, and will ſometimes aſſayl us (or rather the devil in it) bnt to pollute them with fornication, and to transform them from the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, to the members of a Harlot; this, though corrupt Nature ſeem to allow or tollerate, yet Grace doth not onely deny, but deteſt. But as one ſinne is ſeldome without another, either at her heels or elbow, ſo too too often it falls out, that Murther accompanieth Fornication and Adultery; as if one of theſe

ſoul

foul crimes were not enough to make us miſerable, but that inſtead of going, we will needs ride poſt to hell. A wofull Preſident, and lamentable and mournfull Example whereof, I here produce to the view of the world in three unfortunate perſonages, in a laſcivious Lady, and two lewd and diſboſht young Gentlemen, who all very lamentably caſt themſelves away upon the *Scylla* of Fornication, and the *Charybdis* of Murther; for they found the fruits and end of their beaſtly pleaſures far more bitter than their beginning was ſweet: yea, and becauſe at firſt they would not look on repentance, at laſt ſhame looks on them, and they, when it is too late, both on a miſerable ſhame, and a ſhamefull miſery. May wee all reade it to Gods glory, and conſequently to the reformation of our lives, and the conſolation and ſalvation of our own ſouls.

In the beautifull City of *Avignion* (ſeated in the Kingdom of *France*, and in the Province of *Provence*) being the Capital of the Dutchy of *Veniſſa*, belonging to the Pope, and wherein for the term of well near eighty years, they held their Pontifical See, there dwelt a young Gentlewoman of ſome twenty years of age, termed *Madamoyſelle Laurieta*, whoſe Father and Mother being dead, was left alone to her ſelf, their onely child and heir, being richer in Beauty than lands, and endued with many excellent qualities and perfections, which gave grace and luſtre to her Beauty, as her Beauty did to them: For ſhe ſpake the Latine and Italian tongue perfect, was very expert and excellent in ſinging, dancing, muſick, painting and the like, which made her famous in that City. But as there needs but one Vice to eclipſe and drown many Virtues; ſo this fair *Laurieta* was more beautifull than chaſte, and not half ſo modeſt as laſcivious. It is a great happineſs for children to enjoy their Parents, as a miſery to want them: For *Laurieta*'s Father and Mother had been infinitely carefull and curious to train her up in the School of Virtue and Piety, wherein her youth had (during the term of their lives) made a happy entrance, and as I may ſay, a fortunate and glorious progreſſion. But when God, the great Moderator, and ſoveraign Judge of the World, had in his eternal Decree and ſacred Providence taken them out of this world, then *Laurieta* was left to the wide world, and to the vanity thereof, without guide or governour, expoſed to the variety of the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of the times, as a Ship without a Pilot or Helm, ſubject to the mercy of every mercileſſe wind and wave of the Sea: yea, and then it was that ſhe forgot her former modeſty and chaſtity, and now began to adore the Shrines of *Venus* and *Cupid*, by polluting and proſtituting her body to the beaſtly pleaſures of Luſt and Fornication, wherein (it grieves me to relate) ſhe took a great delight and felicity. But ſhe ſhall pay dear for this bitter-ſweet Vice of hers; yea, and though it ſeem to begin in content and pleaſure, yet we ſhall aſſuredly ſee it end in ſhame, repentance and miſery: For this ſinne of Whoredom betrayes when it ſeemes to delight us, and ſtrangleth, when it maketh greateſt ſhew to imbrace us: ſo ſweet and pure virtues are Modeſty and Chaſtity; ſo foul and fatall vices, are Concupiſcience and Luſt. But he with whom ſhe was moſt familiar, and to whom ſhee imparted the greateſt part of her favours, was to one *Monſieur de Belluile*, a proper young Gentleman, dwelling near the City of *Arles*, by birth and extraction, noble, but otherwiſe more rich than wiſe; who comming to *Avignion*, no ſooner ſaw *Laurieta*, but he both gloried in the ſight of her ſingular, and triumphed in the contemplation of her exquiſite and incomparable beauty, making that his beſt content, and this his ſweeteſt felicity; that, his ſoveraign good; and this, his heaven upon earth: ſo as loſing himſelf in the labyrinth of her beauty, and as it were drowning his thoughts in the ſea of his Concupiſcence and Senſuality, he ſpends not onely his whole time, but a great part of his wealth in wantonizing and entertaing her: a vicious and foul fault, not onely peculiar to *Belluile*, but incident and fatall to too many Gallants, as well of moſt parts of Chriſtendome in general, as of *France* in particular; it being indeed a diſaſterous and dangerous Rock, whereon many inconſiderate and wretched Gentlemen have ſuffered Shipwrack, not onely of their reputations, healths and eſtates, but many times of their lives.

In the mean time *Laurieta* (more jealous of her fame than carefull to preſerve her chaſtity) is advertiſed, that *Belluile* is not content to cull the dainties of her beauty and youth, but he forgets himſelf and his diſcretion ſo far, as to vaunt thereof, by letting fall ſome ſpeeches tending to the blemiſh and diſparagement of her honour: ſo as vain and laſcivious as ſhe is, yet the touching of this ſtring, affords her harſh and diſtaſtefull melody: For ſhe will ſeek to cover her ſhame by her hypocriſie, and ſo reſolves to make him know the foulneſſe of his offence, in that of his baſeneſſe and ingratitude. To which end, at her firſt interview and meeting of him, ſhe not only checks him for it, but forbids, and baniſheth him her company: which indeed had been a juſt cauſe and opportunity for him to have converted his luſt into chaſtity, and his folly

into

into repentance. But he is too diſſolute and vicious, to be ſo happily reclamed from *Laurieta*; and therefore he is reſolved, not onely to juſtifie his innocency, but thereby alſo to perſevere in his ſinne: He is acquainted with many Gentlemen, who forgetting themſelves, conceive a felicity and glory, to erect the Trophees of their vanities upon the diſparagements of Ladies honours: yea, hee ſeems ſo farre from being guilty of this errour, as hee taxeth and condemnes others in being guilty or acceſſary thereunto. So, although his Miſtris *Laurieta* remain ſtill coy, ſtrange, and haggard to him, yet he perſevereth in his affection to her; who at laſt adjudging of his innocency by his conſtancy; and of that by his many Letters and preſents which he ſtill ſent her; as alſo obſerving, that ſhe had no firm grounds, nor could produce any pregnant or valable witneſſes of this report, ſhee again exchangeth her frowns into ſmiles, and ſo receives and entertains him into her favour, onely with this premonition and caution, That if ever after ſhe heard of his folly and ingratitude in this kind, ſhe would never look him in the face, except with contempt and deteſtation. So theſe their diſ-joynted affections, as well by oathes as proteſtations, are again confirmed and cimented; but ſuch luſtfull contracts, and laſcivious familiarities and ſympathies, ſeldom or never make proſperous ends.

Now to give form and life to this Hiſtory; Not long after, a brave young Gentleman of *Mompellier*, named *Monſieur de Poligny*, having ſome occaſion, comes to *Avignion*, who frequenting their publique Balls or Dancings, no ſooner ſaw our fair and beautiful *Laurieta*, but he falls in love with her, and ſalutes, and courts her: and from thenceforth deems her ſo faire, as he uſeth all means to become her ſervant, but not in the way of honour and Mariage, rather with a purpoſe to make her his Courtezan than his Wife. But hee ſees himſelf deceived in the irregular paſſion of his affection: for *Laurieta* is averſe, and will not be either tractable, or flexible to his deſires; ſo as his ſute is vain, and ſhe ſo deaf to his requeſts, as neither his praiers, ſighs, letters, nor preſents are capable to purchaſe her favour. *Poligny* infinitely grieves hereat, which notwithſtanding makes the flame of his Luſt rather increaſe than diminiſh: ſo as after much penſiveneſſe, he begins to beat his wits, and to awaken his invention, how hee may crown his deſires by enjoying *Laurieta*, when lo, an occaſion preſenteth it ſelf unto him unexpected.

Madamoyſelle la Palaiſiere, a rich young Gentlewoman near *Pont Saint Eſprit*, living in *Avignion*, and ſeeing *Poligny* at the Dancing, doth exceedingly fall in love with him; yea, ſhee ſo admires the ſweetneſſe of his favour, and the excellency of his perſonage, as ſhe rejoyceth in nothing ſo much; and to write the truth, in nothing elſe but in his company: ſo as, had not modeſty with-held her, ſhe would have proved her own Advocate, and have informed him thereof her ſelf. *Poligny* receives ſo many ſecret ſignes and teſtimonies of her affection by private glances, and the like, as he cannot be ignorant thereof: but his love, or rather his luſt to *Laurieta*, hath ſo abſolutely taken up his heart and thoughts, as it hath left no place nor corner for *la Palaiſiere*; ſo as here we may obſerve and remark a different commixture, and diſparity of affections. *Poligny* loves *Laurieta*, and not ſhe him: *la Palaiſiere* affects *Poligny*, and not he her: what theſe paſſions and occurrences will produce, we ſhall ſhortly ſee.

La Palaiſiere having her heart pierced thorow with the love of *Poligny*, knowing him to be *Laurieta*'s ſervant, and ſhe the Miſtris of *Belluile*, either out of her affection, or jealouſie, or both, reſolves at next meeting to acquaint *Poligny* with it, thereby purpoſely to withdraw his affections from her to her ſelf. The occaſion is proferred, and opportunity ſeems to favour and ſecond her deſires. Some three daies after, the *Jeſuites* (who as the Mountebanks and Panders of Kingdoms and Eſtates, leave no Invention, nor Ceremony unattempted, to ſeduce and bewitch the affections of the world) cauſe their Scholars to Act a Comedy in their Colledge in this City, whereat all the Nobility and Gentry of the City and adjacent Country aſſemble and meet. Thither comes *Poligny*, hoping to ſee *Laurieta*, and *La Palaiſiere* to ſee *Poligny*: but *Laurieta* that day is ſick, and *Belluile* ſtayes with her to comfort her. So firſt comes *Poligny*, and ſeeing he could not ſee his *Laurieta*, ſits down penſively: then comes *la Palaiſiere*, and ſeeing *Poligny* a farre off, prayes her Brother, who conducted her to place her near him. *Poligny* can doe no leſſe than ſalute her, and ſhe triumphing in her good fortune, takes the advantage of this occaſion, and in ſweet and ſugred terms (after many pauſes, ſighs, and bluſhes) gives him to underſtand, that ſhe knew his affection to *Laurieta*, and withall, that *Belluile* and no other was her ſervant and favourite. This ſpeech of hers ſtrikes *Poligny* to the quick, ſo as thereat he not onely bites the lip, but hangs his head: yea, this unexpected news, as alſo *Belluile* and *Laurieta*'s abſence, ſo nettle him, and frame ſuch a *Chymera* of extravagant paſſions in his heart and thoughts, as he could not have the patience to ſit out the Comedy, but feigning himſelf ſick, departs to his chamber; where a thouſand jealouſies engendred of his affection;

affection, perplexed and tormented him; when remembring *la Palaiſiers* ſpeeches, and being infinitely deſirous to know the truth of *Belluile* his affection to *Laurieta*, and hers to him, hee ſees no meanes, nor perſon ſo fit to reveal the ſame, as *Lucilla*, *Laurieta*'s Wayting-maid. This *Lucilla Poligny* wins with gold, in conſideration whereof, ſhe reveales him all, how *Belluile* was her chiefeſt Minion and Favourite; and yet, for ſome words, he the other day, in ignorance or Wine, let fall to the prejudice of her honour, ſhe was like to caſheere and diſcard him. *Lucilla* having thus forgotten her own fidelity, in bewraying the diſhonour of her Miſtreſſe; *Poligny* underſtanding *Belluile* to be a coward of his hands, though not of his tongue; and in a word, not to be ſo compleat a Gallant as he ſuppoſed him, he of a ſubtil and malicious invention, reſolves to work on him; and ſo contrives a plot, which we ſhall ſee preſently put in execution and acted: he very politickly puts on a good face on all his diſcontents and paſſions, and although *Laurieta* would not ſee him, yet he fairly intrudes himſelf into *Belluile*'s company, and of purpoſe becomes familiar with him. So they very often meet; for they fence, dance, ride, vault and hunt together: So as at laſt none are ſo great Conſorts and Camerades as they. But *Poligny* thinking every hour a year, before he had playd his prize, makes a party at Tennis with *Belluile* for a collation, and beats him; and ſo taking two Gentlemen, *La Fontain* and *Borelles*, his friends with them, away they go all four to a Tavern. *Poligny* as ſecret as malicious in this plot, in the midſt of their mirth ſpeakes thus to *Belluile*, Sir, quoth he, I am ſorry for your loſs of this collation, but if it pleaſe you to honour me with your company to *Orenge*, a City which I much deſire to ſee, I will pay you the dinner in requital thereof. *Belluile* very readily and willingly conſents hereunto, and *La Fontain* and *Borelles* vow they will likewiſe have their ſhare, both of the journey and dinner. So the next morn they all take horſe for *Orenge*; but firſt *Belluile* gives his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta* the good morrow, and acquaints her with his journey. They view this old City, the ancient Patrimony and Principality of the Illuſtrious Princes of *Orenge*, from whence they derive their name: where *Poligny* having giving order for the dinner, away they go, viſit the Caſtle, and ſalute the deputed Governour thereof *Mounſieur Voſberghe*; they ſee the part of the Amphitheatre yet ſtanding, the Cathedral Church, the double wall of the City, and the old Romane Arch not farre off, with all other remarkable objects and monuments; and by this time the Cook and their ſtomacks tax them of their long ſtay. So they return to their Inne, fall to their Viands, and like frolick Gentlemen, waſh them down with ſtore of Claret; and now *Poligny*, as malicious in heart, as pleaſant in countenance and converſation, here caſts forth his lure and ſnare to ſurprize and intangle *Belluile*. O quoth he, how happy the Gentlemen of *Italy* are to us of *France*, ſith after dinner every one goes freely to his Courtizan without controulment! I know not, quoth *la Fontain*, what *Orenge* is; but I think *Avignion* is not deſtitute of good-fellow-Wenches, who make *Venus* their queen, and *Cupid* their god. Surely no, replies *Belluile*, for I am confident, that for Jews and Courtizans, for the greatneſſe of it, it may compare with the beſt City of *Italy*; for, from the Lady to the Kitchen-mayd I dare ſay they'l all prove tractable. Nay, quoth *Borelles*, except ſtill our holy Sifters the Nuns. Not I faith quoth he, nor my Miſtreſſe neither. Indeed, replies *Poligny*, if I knew you had a Miſtreſſe of that complexion, I would adventure a Glaſſe of Claret to her health. When *Belluile* (out of a phantaſtick French humour) affirmed he had a Miſtreſſe, whoſe beauty was ſo excellent, as he knew he could not receive ſhame to name her; and if you pleaſe to honour her ſelf and me with her health, I proclaim, that *Madamoyſelle Laurieta* is my Miſtreſſe, and my ſelf her ſervant.

Of wiſe and Chriſtian Gentlemen, what prophane ſpeeches, and deboſht table-talk are theſe they uſe here, as if their glory conſiſted in their ſhame, or their beſt virtues were to be diſcovered in the worſt of vices? For howſoever the Viands they did eat, may preſerve the health of their bodies, yet this diſſolute communication of theirs muſt needs poyſon and deſtroy that of their ſoules: for as they ſhould praiſe GOD in the receipt of the one, ſo contrariwiſe they incenſe and diſpleaſe his ſacred Majeſty in giving him the other; yea, this is ſo farre from Chriſtianity and Heaven, as it is the high and true way to Atheiſm and Hell: for Whores and Healths, in the ſtead of Prayer and Thankſgiving, are the prodigious and certain forerunners of a ſeared conſcience, and the dangerous and execrable ſymptoms of a leprous ſoul.

Birds are taken by their feet, and men by their tongues. *Belluile* having ſo baſely and ſottiſhly abuſed himſelf in the diſparaging of his Miſtreſſe *Laurieta*, *Poligny* hath his errand for which he purpoſely came to *Orenge*. So dinner ended, they very pleaſantly return for *Avignion*. That night *Poligny* cannot ſleep for joy, or rather for revenge: For now he preſumes to know how to work himſelfe into *Laurieta*'s favour, by unhorſing *Belluile*. It is a diſhoneſt and baſe part to betray our friend, and under the cloak of friendſhip and familiarity to harbour,

and

and retaine malice againſt them: but this irregular and violent paſſion of love in young and unſtayed judgements, many times bears down all other reſpects and conſiderations. For if Religion and Conſcience be contemned, what hope is there that either honeſty be regarded, or friendſhip obſerved, ſith it is the onely ciment and ſinews thereof? But *Poligny* is as reſolute, as malicious in his purpoſe; and therefore the next morn by his Lackey, ſends the Lady *Laurieta* this Letter.

POLIGNY to LAURIETA.

IT is out of ſincere affection to thee, and not out of premeditated malice to Belluile, *that I preſume to ſignifie thee, how lately in my preſence at* Orenge *his tongue let fall ſome words that tended to the prejudice and diſparagement of thine honour: whereof I know it is not onely the part, but the duty of a true Gentleman, to be rather curious in preſerving, than any way ingrateful in revealing thereof. Neither do I attempt to ſend thee this news, thereby to inſinuate, or draw thee to affect me the more, or him the leſs: onely ſith it is contrary to my complexion and nature, to permit any Lady to be wronged in my preſence; how much leſſe thy ſelf, to whom I owe not my ſervice, but my life? If thou wilt not approve my zeal, yet thou haſt all the reaſon of the world to pardon my preſumption: and to make my letter real, what my pen affirms to* Laurieta, *my ſword is ready to confirm to* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

In the extremity and exceſs of thoſe three different paſſions, grief, choler and aſtoniſhment, *Laurieta* receives and reads this Letter, and like a diſſolute Gentlewoman, being more careſull of her reputation to the world, than of her ſoul towards God; ſhe knows not whether ſhe have more cauſe and reaſon either to approve *Poligny*'s affection, or to condemn *Belluiles* folly: it grieves her to the heart to have beſtowed her favours on ſo baſe and ingratefull a Gentleman as *Belluile*; vows ſhe will make him repent it, and is ſo reſolute, that this vanity and folly of his, ſhall coſt him dear; yea, ſhe is ſo impatient in theſe her fumes of grief and revenge, that ſhe thought once with all expedition to have ſent for *Belluile*, to make him as well ſee the fruits of his own ingratitude, as to taſte the effects of her revenge and indignation: but ſhe holds it requiſite and fit, and her ſelf in a manner bound firſt to thank *Poligny* for his courteſie, by returning him a Letter in anſwer of his, which ſhe ſpeedily diſpatcheth him by his Lackey, to this effect.

LAURIETA to POLIGNY.

I Know not whether thou haſt ſhewed me a truer teſtimony of thy diſcretion and affection, than Belluile *of his envy and folly. But as I reſt infinitely obliged to thee for thy care of my reputation; ſo I reſolve ſhortly to make him know what he deſerves in attempting to eclipſe and diſparage it. Now as I grieve not, ſo I muſt confeſſe I cannot refrain from ſorrowing, at this his undeſerved ſlander; for as mine innocencie defends me from the firſt, ſo my ſex cannot exempt me from the ſecond; and look what diſparity there is betwixt thy generoſity and his baſeneſs, ſo much there is betwixt the whiteneſs of my chaſtity and the foulneſs of his aſperſion. I reſt ſo confident of the truth of thy Pen, as I deſire no confirmation of thy Sword; and I flatter not, rather aſſure my ſelf, that ſith* Belluile *was ſo indiſcreet to wrong me, he will neither have the wit or courage to right himſelf. I return thee many hearty thanks for this kind office and curteſie of thine; the which though I cannot requite, yet I will not onely endeavour, but ſtrive to deſerve.*

LAURIETA.

Whiles *Poligny* receives *Laurieta*'s Letter with much content, and many kiſſes, as triumphing to ſee how he hath baffled *Belluile* by working him out, and conſequently himſelf into her favour, we will for a while leave him, to conſider whether the end of his treachery to *Belluile* will prove as fortunate and pleaſing to him, as the beginning promiſeth. And in the mean time we will a little ſpeak of *Laurieta*, to ſee what courſe and reſolution ſhee means to hold and obſerve with *Belluile*. It is not enough that ſhe hath written *Poligny* a Letter, but her envy and contempt towards *Belluile* is ſo implacable, as ſhe with much haſte and ſecrecie ſends for him: her requeſts to him are commands; yea, he needs no other ſpurres but thoſe of his luſt, and of her beauty, to make him rather flye, than poſt to her preſence; when not ſo much as once dreaming of his former fooliſh ſpeeches delivered againſt his

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs *Laurieta*, much leſs of *Poligny's* treaſon conſpired and acted againſt him, hee thinks to kiſſe her, whom ſo often hee hath formerly kiſſed; but his hopes and her diſdain deceive him: for ſhee peremptorily ſlights him; when having fier in her looks, and thunder in her ſpeeches, ſhee chargeth him with this ſcandall delivered by him at *Orenge*, in preſence of *Poligny*, againſt her honour and chaſtity. And is this (quoth ſhee) the reward a Lady ſhall deſerve and receive by imparting her favours to a Gentleman? and is this the part of a Gentleman, to erect the Trophees of his glory upon his Miſtreſſe diſgrace? are theſe the fruits of thy ſighs and teares, or the effects of thy requeſts, oaths, and Letters? Yea, ſuch was then her furious rage, and devilliſh revenge, as ſhee was provided of a Stilletto, to have there ſtab'd him to the heart in her Chamber, had not her Wayting mayd *Lucilla*, with her beſt oratory and perſwaſion, powerfully diverted her to the contrary, by alleging her the eminencie of the danger, which the foulneſſe and hainouſneſs of that fact brought her into. *Belluile* is amazed at this newes, when now proving as prophane to God, as before he was baſe and ingratefull to *Laurieta*, he, with many oaths and imprecations, denies theſe ſpeeches, and this ſlander; and with much paſſion proteſteth his innocency. But this will not ſatisfie *Laurieta*; for to make his ſhame the more notorious in his guiltineſs, ſhe produceth him *Poligny's* Letter; whereat *Belluile* hangs the head, and ſeems to let fall the plumes, not onely of his Pride, but of his courage and juſtification, yet he bitterly and vehemently perſevereth in his denyall: but all this is not capable to appeaſe or content *Laurieta*; and which is worſt of all, nothing can poſſibly doe it, except he make good her honour, and his own innocencie, by a combate or Duell againſt *Poligny*. So *Belluile* ſees himſelf driven to a narrow and ſhrewd puſh: He hath wronged *Laurieta*, and knowes not how to right her; *Poligny* hath wronged him, and there is no way left for him to right himſelf, but by challenging and fighting with *Poligny*. But he loves *Laurieta* dearely, and therefore muſt reſolve to fight, or loſe her. As for his own part, to give him his true character and deſcription, hee is rather a City ſwaggerer, than a Field ſouldier, loves rather to have a fair Sword, than a good one, and to wear it only for ſhew, not for uſe; he is ambitious of nothing more, than to be reputed rather than found valiant; In a word, for a Tavern quarrell, or a Stewes brawl he is excellent; but to meet his enemy in the field with a naked Sword, that doth not onely daunt, but terrifie him. The greateſt comfort and conſolation he findes in this his perplexity, is, that he knowes hee hath many fellowes and companions, who are as white-liver'd and as very cowards as himſelf: of which numbers, he flattereth himſelf with this poor baſe hope, that it is not impoſſible for *Poligny* to bee one. But what is this to give ſatisfaction to *Laurieta*, except it may ſhew himſelf to be *Belluile*, but not a Gentleman? But all theſe conſiderations notwithſtanding, he loves *Laurieta* ſo tenderly and dearly, as not daring ſee her, till hee had met *Poligny*, he plucks up his ſpirits, and infuſing more metal and courage into his reſolutions than accuſtomed, reſolves to fight with him: to which end, having at length fitted himſelf of an excellent Rapier, whoſe temper (with as much truth as laughter) I confeſſe was farre better than that of his heart, he, by his Lackey, ſome three dayes after, ſends *Poligny* this Challenge.

BELLUILE to POLIGNY.

THy malice and treachery to mee is as odious as remarkable; for whiles I ſought to cheriſh thy friendſhip, it hath purpoſely been thy delight and ambition to betray mine, in throwing the apple of diſcord betwixt the Lady thou weteſt of, and my ſelf, upon the point of her honour; for whoſe defence and preſervation I owe not onely my ſervice, but my life: which errour, or rather crime of thine, though thy affection to her may ſeem to allow, yet my reputation to the world cannot, and my Rapier will not. Therefore, ſith I have been the undeſerved object of thy malice, finde it not ſtrange, that I juſtly repute and hold thee the cauſe of my envie; which can receive no other ſatisfaction or reconcilement, but that to morrow at five in the morn thou meet me without Seconds, on the Bridge by the iron ſtump (the limits twixt the King and the Pope) with thy ſingle Rapier, where I will attend thee with another; of which two take thou the choyce, and give me the refuſal. Sleep not too much this night, for in the morn I doubt not but to ſend thee to thine eternall reſt.

BELLUILE.

Poligny receives this challenge, and admires to ſee *Belluiles* reſolution, from which all former reports could never draw aſſurance. It is not fear that caſts his head into theſe doubts, or theſe doubts into his head, for he is to generous to be a daſtard, and to Eagle-bred to turn Craven; for rejoycing in having made *Belluile* ſwallow a Gudgin, and triumphing in preſuming

ſuming himſelf ſeated in the throne of *Laurieta's* favour, makes him as reſolute to receive thi Challenge as willing and ready to perform it; onely the remembrance that *Belluile* ſent it hi by a Lackey, and not by a Gentleman, throwes him into as much diſd aine as choller: but h reſembling himſelf, paſſeth over this reſpect without reſpect, and ſo bids the Lackey tell his Ma ſter, that he will not faile to meet him at the hour and place appointed.

The night doth, or ſhould bring counſell: *Belluile* wiſheth his Challenge unſent; but i being out of his hands, it is out of his power to revoke or recall it. *Poligny* is of a contrary tem per, and glad in his acceptance thereof, deſires that his Sword were in action, as well as his cou rage in contemplation. So out-paſſing the night, which *Belluile* paſſeth over with as much feare as *Poligny* with generoſity, the Curtaines of the night being with-drawn, and the day appearing ere five have ſtrucken, *Belluile* notwithſtanding is firſt on the Bridge, and *Poligny* immediatly after him: they are without Seconds, and therefore they briefely unbrace, but not uncaſe their Doublets. *Belluile* will be valorous in words; and ſo according to his challenge, and the right of Duels, offereth *Poligny* the ſight and choyce of his Rapier. *Poligny* is too brave to dye in his debt, upon the point of honour and magnanimity, and therefore gives him his, as contented with the refuſall. So (courteſy for a while contending with valour) they both aſſume and accept of their own Rapiers; when dividing themſelves, they joyn with reſolution and fury. At firſt comming up, *Poligny* gives *Belluile* the firſt wound in his right Shoulder, without receiving any, whereat he is more affrighted than *Poligny* rejoyced; at the ſecond, he receives another wound in the left ſide, but is not yet ſo happy to ſee, or aſſure himſelf, that his Rapier hath once touched *Poligny's* body, or which is leſs, his cloathes: whereupon, conſidering *Poligny's* generoſity, and comparing the bad grounds of his quarrel with the faintneſs and baſeneſs of his courage, he throwes off his Sword, prayes *Poligny* to deſiſt; for he holds himſelf ſatisfyed. When *Poligny* diſdaining to taint his houour with the leaſt ſhadow of diſhonour, in receiving *Belluiles* ſhame, gives him the happineſs and fruition of his life: and ſo they part. Lo here the firſt fruits of their fooliſh and laſcivious affections to *Laurieta*: but I fear the ſecond will will prove more bitter and bloudy. *Belluile* going home wth his ſhame and repentance, and *Poligny* with his honour and glory, they huſh themſelves up in ſilence; *Poligny* at his Chamber, and *Belluile* at his Chirurgions, houſe to dreſs his wounds, hoping that as they in their fight ſaw no body, ſo that none had ſeen them; but they are deceived: for two Souldiers from the Caſtle walls not onely eſpy them fighting, but know them. So they divulge it in the City, whereof *Laurieta* being advertiſed, ſhe ſends a confident Gentleman, a coſin germane of hers, to find out *Belluile* and to know the truth and iſſue of his combate; but indeed his cowardiſe hath purchaſed him ſo much ſhame, as he will not be ſeen, much leſs ſpoken withall: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, beginnes to conceive that the two Souldiers report was true, and that undoubtedly he and *Poligny* had met and fought in her behalf: whereupon gheſſing at the truth, that *Poligny* had given *Belluile* the foyle, ſhe was once of opinion to have written to *Poligny*, to be informed of the particulars and ſucceſſe of their combat, which ſo much imported as well her honour as her content. But *Poligny's* affection prevents her curioſity: for as ſhe was calling for pen and paper, he in perſon aſcends the ſtayrs to her Chamber, where, after a complementall and courteous ſalute, he informs her (as we have formerly underſtood) that hee hath given *Belluile* two wounds, for her ſake, and now his life for his own. She demands if he himſelf were not hurt; he anſwers, No. At both which good news ſhe infinitely rejoyceth, and in token of her thankfulneſs permits him to gather many kiſſes, as well from the roſes of her cheekes, as the cherries of her lips: and ſo from thenceforth he vowes to be her profeſſed ſervant; and ſhe promiſeth him to be, though not his Miſtreſs, yet at leaſt his friend. And here they unite and combine their affections: but that contract, and this familiarity, written onely in vice, and ſealed in luſt, we ſhall ſhortly ſee cancelled and annihilated, with as much pitty, as infamy and miſery, as the ſequell of this Hiſtory will ſhew and demonſtrate.

Whiles thus *Laurieta* and *Poligny* are triumphing in *Belluiles* foyl, and their own familiarity and affection, how it is poſſible but he muſt infinitely grieve for his loſs of *Laurieta*, and *la Palaiſiere* as much ſorrow to ſee her ſelf deprived and out of hope of her *Poligny?* But they brook their afflictions and paſſions with variable reſolutions; for whiles *la Palaiſiere* is imbathing her ſelf in her tears and diſcontents, *Belluile* is reſolute to quench his revenge in *Poligny's* blood. For forgetting as well his God as his ſoul, his honour as himſelf, he intends to doe it by the by, and not by the main, by execrable treachery, not by magnanimous generoſity; yea, the devill is ſo ſtrong with his faith, becauſe that is ſo weak with his Saviour and Redeemer, as ſhutting the doors of his humanity and charity, he opens them to Choller, Revenge, and Murther; yea, and henceforth he is ſo inraged, and his looks are ſo gaſtly and diſtracted, as if his thoughts were conducting and incouraging his hands to perpetrate

petrate ſome bloudy ſtratagem and deſigne: which is observed and doubted by his chiefeſt familiars and intimate friends, as alſo by *la Palaiſiere*, whoſe company hee ſometimes frequents, not ſo much out of affection to her, as for conſolation from her to himſelf, ſith wee are ſubject both to hope and believe that our afflictions are partly eaſed and diminiſhed by the ſight and relation of that of others, as ſimpathizing and participating with them; firſt in their flames of love, then of griefe and ſorrow, in being diſdained of thoſe we love. Neither could *Belluile* ſo cunningly or cloſely rake up the fiery ſparkes of his malice and revenge, under the embers of ſilence and ſecrecie, but her affection to *Poligny*, and jealouſy of his good, made her ſo tender-ear'd, and ſharpe-ſighted, as ſhe over-heard ſome words that either in jeſt or earneſt fell from *Belluiles* tongue, whereby it was apparent to her, that he intended no good, but pretended a ſecret fatall malice to him, which a little time might too too ſoon and unexpectedly diſcover: whereupon her love to *Poligny* was ſo dear and honourable, although he were ſo firmely intangled in the beauty of *Laurieta*, as hee would not vouchſafe, rather diſdained to love her ſelf, that ſhe thought the diſcovery of *Belluiles* malice to *Poligny*, ſo much imported *Poligny's* good, as ſhe held her ſelf bound, as well in duty as affection, to reveale and relate it him; which ſhe doth in this Letter:

LA PALAISIERE to POLIGNY.

TO teſtifie thee now the conſtancy of my affection with inke, as I have formerly done the fervency thereof with tears, know, thou haſt ſome cauſe to fear, and I to doubt, that Belluile *hath ſome dangerous project, or bloudy deſigne to put in execution, againſt his honour, and thy life; and as I reveale it thee out of care, ſo look thou prevent it out of thine owne diſcretion, leſt he bereave thee of thy life, as thou haſt done him of his* Laurieta, *if thou ſlight this my advice, as thou haſt already my affection, yet as I remain witneſs of the purity of the laſt, ſo will theſe lines beare teſtimony to the world of the candour and ſincerity of the firſt. Neither doe I preſume to ſend them thee out of any irregular ambition, to purchaſe the honour of thy favour, but only to let thee know that my affection is both powerfull and capable to ſhine thorow the cloudes of thy diſdain, and that the obſcurity of that neither hath defaced the luſtre, nor can eclipſe the reſplendency of this. Regard therefore thine own ſafety, albeit thou wilt not reſpect my content, & although thou pleaſe not give me the honour to be thy Miſtreſſe, yet I will take the ambition and reſolution to live and dye thine hand-mayd.*

LA PALAISIERE.

Poligny breaking up the ſeales of this Letter, laughes to ſee *la Palaiſieres* affection, and to underſtand *Belluiles* malice; and being beſotted with *Laurieta*, hee loſt both his wit and judgement in the ſight and contemplation of her beauty; yea, he is grown ſo fond in his affection, and reſpect towards her, as he is arrived to the Meridian of this ſimplicity, to deem it a kind of treaſon to conceal any ſecret from her: to which end, he ſhews her *la Palaiſieres* Letter, which he makes his paſtime, and ſhe her Maygame, yea, ſo vain is her folly, and ſo fooliſh her vanity, to ſee the paſſages and events of theſe their paſſions, as ſhe not onely exceeds the *decorum* of diſcretion, but of modeſty in her laughter: and which is more, when ſhe again conſidereth how *Belluile* loves her ſelf, and not ſhe him, *la Palaiſiere Poligny*, and not he her, it maks her redouble her mirth and exhilaration in ſuch ſort, as ſhe ſeems to burſt with the violence and exceſs thereof, but this mirth of hers ſhall bee ſhortly wayted and attended on with miſery and mourning. But *Poligny* notwithſtanding ſees him ſelf doubly obliged to *la Palaiſiere*, as well for her affection to him, as her care of him, and ſo holds himſelf obliged in either of theſe reſpects and conſiderations, to requite her with a Letter: the which now unknown to *Laurieta*, he writes, and ſends her to this effect.

POLIGNY to LA PALAISIERE.

IT is not the leaſt of my joyes, that Belluile *cannot beare me ſo much malice, as thou doſt affection. 'Tis true, I have not deſerved thy love, tis more true, I have not merited his hatred: for that proceeds from heaven, as a divine influence, this from hell, as an infernall frenzie. I will not feede thee with hope, neither can hee give me deſpaire: for (not to diſſemble) it is as likely I may love thee, as impoſſible I ſhall feare him: he may have the will to doe me hurt, I wiſh it were in my power to doe thee good; neither can he be more malicious to perform me that, then I will be ambitious to confirm thee this: his malice I entertaine with much contempt, thy kinde advice and ſincere affection with infinite thanke: for when I conſider thy Letter, I cannot rightly expreſs or define,*

whether he begin to hate me, or I to love thee more. I doubt not but to make his deeds prove words to mee, and I beſeech the fear not but my words ſhall proove deeds to thee: for I am as confident ſhortly to ſalute fair la Palaiſiere, *as careleſs when I meet fooliſh* Belluile.

POLIGNY.

Having thus diſpeeded her his Letter, the vanity of his thoughts, and the beaſtlineſs of his concupiſcence and ſenſuality, not onely ſurpriſeth his reaſon, but captivates his judgement; ſo as *Laurieta's* ſight defacing *Belluiles* memory, hee thinks ſo much on her affection, as hee reſpects not his malice: but this Vice and that errour ſhall coſt him dear. For whiles hee is feaſting his eyes on the daynties and rarities of *Laurieta's* beauty, *Belluiles* heart hath agreed with the devil to prepare him a bloudy Banquet: Grace cannot containe him within her limits; therefore Impiety dallies ſo long with him, and he with Impiety, that at laſt this bloudy ſentence is paſt in the court of his helliſh reſolutions, That *Poligny* muſt dye. The devils aſſiſtance is never wanting in ſuch infernall ſtratagems: for this is an infallible maxime, as remarkeable as ruinous, That he alwayes make s us fertile, not barren to doe evill, never to doe good. At firſt *Belluile* thinkes on poyſon or Piſtoll to diſpatch *Poligny*: but hee finds the firſt too difficult to attempt; the ſecond, too publike to perform. Sometimes he is of opinion to aſcend his Chamber, and murther him in his bed; then to ſhoot him out at a window as he paſſeth the ſtreet: but to conclude, underſtanding that hee often comes very late in the night from *Laurieta*, he thinkes it beſt to run him thorow with his Rapier, as he iſſueth forth her houſe. And to make ſhort, hereon he reſolves.

Now to put the better colour on his villany, hee retires himſelf from *Avignion*, and lives privately ſome ſix dayes in *Orenge*, giving it out, that hee was gone to the City of *Aix* in *Provence*, where, at that famous court of Parliament he had a Proceſs for a title of Land, ſhortly to be adjudged; and ſo in a darke night, taking none but his Lackey with him, he being diſguiſed, in favour of mony, paſſeth the gate of *Avignion*, and giving his horſe to his Lackey, being ſecretly informed that *Poligny* was with *Laurieta*, hee goes directly to her door, and there at the corner of a little ſtreet ſtands with his Rapier drawn under his cloak, with a revenging and greedy deſire of bloud to awayt *Poligny's* comming forth. The Clock ſtriking one, the door is opened, and *Poligny* ſecretly iſſueth forth without candel, having purpoſely ſent away his Lackey, who had then unwittingly carried away his Maſters Rapier with him. Hee is no ſooner in the ſtreet, but *Belluile*, as a murtherous villain, ruſheth forth, and ſo like a limbe of the Devil, ſheathes his Rapier in his breſt; when *Poligny* more hurt then amazed, and wanting his Sword, but not courage, indeavoureth by ſtruggling to cloſe with his aſſaſſinate; and ſo cries out for aſſiſtance: but the dead of the night favoureth his butcherly attempt, when withdrawing his Sword, hee redoubleth his cruelty, and ſo again runnes him in at the ſmall of the belly, thorow the reines, whereat hee preſently fals down dead to his feet, having the power to groan and cry, but not to utter a word. Which *Belluile* eſpying, and knowing him diſpatcht, runnes to his horſe, which his Lackey held ready at the corner of the next ſtreet, and ſo rides to the ſame gate hee entred, which was kept ready for him; which paſſing, he with all expedition drives away for *Orenge*: from whence, the next morne before day, he takes poaſt for *Aix*, the better to conceale and o're-vail this damnable Murther of his. But this policy of his ſhall deceive his hopes, and return him a fatall reward and intereſt. For although he can bleere the eyes of men, yet hee neither can, nor ſhall thoſe of God, who in his due time will out of his ſacred juſtice repay and puniſh him with confuſion.

By this time the ſtreet and neigbours have taken the allarm of this tragical accident: ſo Candles and Torches come from every where, onely *Laurieta* having played the Whore before, will ſeem now (though falſely) to play the honeſt woman; for ſhe, to cover her ſhame, will not diſcover that her ſelfe, or any of her houſe are ſtirring: and ſo although ſhe underſtood this news, and privately and bitterly wept thereat, yet ſhe keeps faſt her doors, and like an ungratefull ſtrumpet, will permit none of her ſervants for a long time to deſcend. The Criminal Judge and Preſident of the City is advertiſed of this Murther. The dead Gentleman is known to bee *Monſieur Poligny*, and being beloved, he is exceeding bewailed of all who knew him, and inquiry and ſearch is made of all ſides, and the Lievetenant Criminal ſhews himſelf wiſe, becauſe honeſt and curious, becauſe wiſe in the perquiſition of this bloody Murther: but as yet time will not, or rather God, who is the Creator and giver of time is not as yet pleaſed to bring it to light; onely *Laurieta* knew, and *la Palaſiere* ſuſpected, and all thoſe who were the counſel of the one, or the acquaintance of the other, doe likewiſe both fear and ſuſpect that onely *Belluile* was

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the bloody and execrable author thereof; but to report or divulge ſo much, although they dare, they will not.

As for *La Palaſtere*, her thoughts are taken up and preoccupated with two ſeveral paſſions; for as ſhe grieves at *Poligny*'s death, ſo ſhe rejoyceth that ſhe hath no hand, nor was any way acceſſary to his Murther; rather, that if he had failed by the compaſs of her advice, he had undoubtedly avoyded the ſhipwrack of his life, and prevented the misfortune of his death; what to think of *Belluile* ſhe knows not, but if he were her friend before, he hath now made and proclamed himſelf her enemy, by killing her dear and onely friend *Poligny*; and therefore is reſolved, that as ſhe could never perfectly brook his company, ſo now this bloody fact ſhall make her deteſt both it and him. But let us a little leave her, and deſcend to ſpeak of *Laurieta*, to ſee how ſhe brooks the Murther of her intimate friend *Poligny*; for, ſith ſhe aſſuredly knows and believes that this cruel Murther was performed by no other, but by her profeſſed enemy *Belluile*, or by ſome of his bloody agents, love and revenge conſpire to act two different Scenes upon the Theatre of her heart; for in memory and deep affection to her *Poligny*, her pearled tears and mournfull ſighs infinitely deplore and bewail his diſaſterous end; ſo as ſorrow withering the roſes of her cheeks, and grief making her caſt off her glittering, to take on mournful attire, ſhe could not refrain from giving all *Avignion* notice how pleaſing *Poligny*'s life was to her, by the exceſs of her lamentations and afflictions demonſtrated for his death; or if her ſighs found any conſolation, or her tears receſs or truce, it was adminiſtred her by her revenge, which ſhe conceived and intended towards *Belluile*, for this his bloody fact. So as conſulting with Choller, not with Reaſon, with Nature, not with Grace, with Satan, not with God, ſhe vows to be ſharply revenged of him, and to make him pay dear for this his baſe and treacherous Murther; yea, the fumes and fury of her revenge are ſo implacable, and tranſport her reſolutions to ſo bloody an impetuoſity, that reſembling her ſex and ſelf, ſhe inhumanely, and ſacrilegiouſly darts forth an Oath, which her heart ſends to her ſoul, and her ſoul from Earth to Hell, that if the means find not her, ſhe will infallibly find out the means to quench and dry up her tears for *Poligny*'s death in the blood of *Belluile*: which, ſith ſhe is ſo devoyd of reaſon, religion, and grace, I fear we ſhall ſhortly ſee her attempt and perform. But leaving her in *Avignion*, let us finde out *Belluile* in *Aix*, who is a Gentleman ſo prophane in his life, and deboſht in his actions and converſations, as in ſtead of repenting he triumphs at this his Murther; yea, hee is become ſo impious and imprudent, as he grieves not thereat, but onely that he had no ſooner diſpatched his Rival *Poligny*: but the better to delude the world, that neither his hand or ſword were guilty in ſending *Poligny* from this world in a bloody winding-ſheet, his thoughts like ſo many hounds purſuing his conſcience, and his conſcience his ſoul he thinks himſelf not ſafe in *Aix*, where the ſharp-ſighted Preſidents, and Counſellors of that illuſtrious Senate of Parliament might at laſt accuſe and find him out for the Author of this bloody Murther, and therfore leaves both it and *Province*, and ſo rides to the City of *Lyons*, accompanyed with none but his two Lackeys, who, to write the truth, acted no part in *Poligny*'s mournful Tragedy; neither doth he yet think himſelf ſafe there: but within a moneth after the murther, thinking directly and ſecurely to flye from the eyes and hands of Juſtice, thereby to avoyd the ſtorm of his puniſhment, he again takes horſe for that great City and Forreſt, *Paris*, where he hoped the infinite number of People, Streets, Coaches, and Horſes, would not only ſecure his fear, but prevent his diſcovery, and coverhere, as in a ſecure Sanctuary & ſafe harbour, he might quietly ride at Anchor in all peace and tranquillity: but (as before) the time is not yet come of his puniſhment; for it may be, God, out of his inſcrutable will and divine providence, will, when he beſt pleaſeth, return him from whence he came, and by ſome extraordinary accident make him there feel the toothleſs of his fact in the ſharpneſs and ſuddenneſs of his puniſhment; which as a fierce guſt and bitter ſtorm, ſhall then ſurpriſe him, when he leaſt ſuſpects or dreames thereof. But in this interim of his reſidence, he forgets his new fact of Murther, to remember his old ſinnes of Concupiſcence and Whoredom; and ſo rather like a laſcivious Courtier, than a Civil Moral Chriſtian, he cannot ſee the Church for the Stews, nor the Preachers or Prieſts for Panders and Strumpets. But this vanity of his ſhall coſt him dear, and he ſhall be ſo miſerable to feel the puniſhment, ſith he will not be ſo happy to ſeek the means to avoyd it: for now ſix moneth having exhauſted and diſſipated the greateſt part of his gold, and his credit coming ſhort of his hopes, it ſeems the air of *Paris* is diſpleaſing to him, ſith he cannot be agreeable to it, and therefore (neceſſity giving a law to the vanity of his deſires) he begins to loath the Ile of *France*, to love the Province of *Provence*, and to leave *Paris* to ſee *Avignion*. And now it is, the devil, that ſubtil & fatal ſeducer, ſteps in, & at one time bewitching both his reaſon and judgment, preſents him afreſh with the freſhneſs and delicacie of *Laurieta*'s beauty, which ſo

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revives the ſparks of his affection, that lay raked up in the aſhes of ſilence, as he vows there is no beauty to hers; and if he chance eſpy any fair Ladies, either at Court, or in the City, he preſently affirmeth, and infinitely proteſteth, they come far ſhort of his *Laurieta*'s delicacy, perfection, and grace; ſo as his purſe tyrannizing o'r his ambition, and his concupiſcence o'r his judgement, he not ſo much as once dreaming of the implacable hatred ſh formerly bore him, and thinking it impoſſible for her to conceive, much leſs to know that he murthered *Poligny*, he is conſtant and reſolute to re-ſeek the felicity to live in her favour and affection, or to dye in the purſuite thereof: but that will prove as impoſſible, as this apparent and feaſible. So as abſence adding fire to his luſt, and excellency to her beauty, he is reſolute to ſend one of his Lackeys to *Avignion*; partly to return with money, and ſo to meet him at *Lyons*, *Moulins*, or *Nevers*; but more eſpecially in great ſecrecie to deliver a Letter to his fair and ſweet *Laurieta*, and to bring him back her anſwer, as if he were ſtill at *Paris*, and not in his journey downwards. When meaning as yet to conceal his Murther of *Poligny*, he calling for pen and paper, traceth her thereon theſe lines.

BELLUILE to LAURIETA.

IF Poligny *had but the thouſandth part as truly reſpected me, as I dearly loved thee, thou hadſt not ſo ſoon caſt me out of thy favour, nor God ſo ſuddenly him out of this world: but I know not whether more to bewail my unfortunacie occaſioned by thy cruelty, or his miſery ingendered through his own treachery. And indeed, as I grieve at that, ſo I ſorrow at this; for although he dyed mine enemy, yet in deſpight of his malice and death, I will live his friend; and if thou lovedſt him, as I think thou didſt, I wiſh I might fight with his Murtherer for his own ſake, and kill him for thine. I may ſay thy affection and beauty deſerved his better, though dare not affirm, I am reſerved to be made happy in enjoying of either, much leſſe of both, and leaſt of all of thy ſelf; and yet I muſt confeſſe, that if our births and qualities were known, I ſhould goe as near to be thy equal, as be infinitely came ſhort of being mine. What, or what not, I have performed for thy ſake, is beſt known to my ſelf, ſith thou diſdaineſt to know it: but if thou wilt pleaſe to abandon thy diſdain, then my affection and the truth will inform thee, that I have ever conſtantly reſolved to die thy ſervant, though thou have ſworn never to live my Miſtreſſe. So that could I but as happily regain thy affection and favour, as I have unjuſtly and unfortunately loſt it,* Belluile *would quickly forſake* Paris *to ſee* Avignion, *and abandon all the beauties of the world, to continue his homage and ſervice to that of his onely fair and ſweet* Laurieta.

BELLUILE.

With this his Letter he ſends a Diamond Ring from his finger, and ſo diſpatcheth his Lackey, who is not long before he arrive at *Avignion*, where very ſecretly he delivers *Laurieta* his Maſters Token and Letter, and treacherous fury as ſhe is, ſhe kiſſeth both, and breaking off the Seals, reads the contents, whereat ſhe infinitely ſeems to rejoice, and ſo queſtioneth with the Lackey about his Maſters return; who being taught his Leſſon, told her, that that depended on her pleaſure, ſith hers was his, and withall prayes her for an anſwer; for that two daies hence he was again to return to his Maſter for *Paris*: the which ſhe promiſeth. The Lackey gone, ſhe cannot refrain from laughing, yea, ſhe leaps for joy, to ſee how *Belluile* is again ſo beſotted, to throw himſelf into her favour and mercy, and to obſerve how willing and forward he was to run hood-wink'd to his untimely death and deſtruction: for the Devil hath fortified her in her former bloody reſolution; ſo that hap what will, ſhe vows ſhe will not fail to kil *Belluile*, becauſe he had ſlain her *Poligny*, and already ſhe wiſheth him in *Avignion*, that ſhe might ſee an end of this her wiſhed and deſired Tragedy. In the mean time ſhe prepares her hypocritical and treacherous Letter, and a rich Watchet Scarf embroydered with flames of ſilver. So his Lackey repaireth to her, to whom ſhe delivereth both, with remembrance of her beſt love to his Maſter, and that ſhe hoped ſhortly to ſee him in *Avignion*. The Lackey being provided of his Maſters Gold, and this Scarf and Letter, trips away ſpeedily for *Lyons*, where he finds his Maſter privatly huſht up in a friends houſe, expecting his return: he is glad of his own Gold, but more of *Laurieta*'s Letter, when thinking every minute a year before he had read it, he haſtily breaking off the ſeals, finds theſe lines therein contained.

LAURIETA to BELLUILE.

AS I acknowledge I loved Poligny, *ſo I confeſſe I never hated thee; and if his treacherous inſinuation were to prevalent with my credulity, I beſeech thee attribute it to my indiſcretion, as being a woman, and not to my inconſtancy, as being thy friend; for if he died thine enemy, let it ſuffice that I live thine hand-maid, and that as he was not reſerved for me, ſo I hope I am wholly for thy ſelf. How far he was my inferiour, I will not enquire, onely it is both my content and honour, that thou pleaſe vouchſafe to repute me thy equal. I am ſo far from diſdaining, as I infinitely deſire to know what thou haſt done for my ſake, that I may requite thy love with kiſſes, and make my thanks wipe off the conceit of my ingratitude. As for my affection, it was never loſt to thee, nor ſhall ever be found but of thee. To conclude, I wiſh that our little* Avignion *were thy great* Paris; *and if thy love be as unfeigned as mine is firm, let my* Belluile *make haſte to ſee his* Lauricta, *who hath vowed to rejoice a thouſand times more at his return, than ever ſhe grieved at* Poligny's *death.*

LAURIETA.

At the reading of this her Letter he is beyond himſelf, yea beyond the Moon for joy; ſo as he wiſheth nothing ſo much, as himſelf in her arms, or ſhe in his. So he fits himſelf with a couple of good horſes, puts his Lackeys into new Suites, and knowing that time and his abſence had waſhed away the remembrance of *Poligny*'s Murther, he ſpeeds away for *Avignion*; where the firſt night of his arrival he privately viſiteth *Laurieta*, 'twixt whom there is nothing but kiſſes and embracings; yea ſhe ſo treacherouſly and ſweetly luls him aſleep with the *Syren* melody of her deceitful ſpeeches, as ſhe prayes him to viſit her often, and that a little time ſhall crown him with the fruits of his deſire: ſo for that night they part. The next day he repairs to her again, when amidſt the confluence of many millions of kiſſes ſhe prayes and conjures him to diſcover her what he hath done for her ſake; when he tying her by oath to ſecrecie, and ſhe ſwearing it, he relates her that it was himſelf, that in affection to her had ſlain *Poligny*, as he iſſued forth her lodging; when having wreſted and extorted this myſtery from him, it confirms her malice, and haſtneth on her reſolution of his death, which his laſcivious thoughts have neither the grace to foreſee, nor the reaſon to prevent. She eſpies he hath ſtill a Piſtoll with him, and deſires to know why he bears it: who anſwereth her, it is to defend himſelf from his enemies, and that he will never go without it. So again they fall to their kiſſes, and he to his requeſts of a further and ſweeter favour of her; which ſhe for that time again denyes him; adding withall, that if he will come to her after dinner to morrow, ſhe will ſo diſpoſe of matters, as his pleaſure ſhall be hers, and ſhe will not be her own, but his. So being ſurprized and raviſhed with the extaſie of a thouſand ſweet approaching pleaſures, he returns to his Chamber, and ſhe to her malice: where whiles he gluts himſelf with his hope of delight, ſhe doth no leſſe with her deſire of revenge. And now ruminating on the manner of his death, ſhe thinks nothing ſo fit or eaſie to diſpatch him, as his own Piſtol, and ſo thinking ſhe ſhould need her Waiting-mayd *Lucilla*'s aſſiſtance (of whom this our hiſtory hath formerly made mention) ſhe acquaints her with her purpoſe, the next day to Murther *Belluile* in her Chamber; and ſo with the lure of Gold, and many fair promiſes, draws her to conſent hereunto, and injoyns her to be provided of a good Ponyard under her gown for the ſame purpoſe, if need ſhould require; which *Lucilla* promiſeth. Now this night, as *Belluile* could not ſleep for joy, ſo could not *Laurieta* for revenge, who is ſo weighed down to malice and murther, as ſhe wiſheth the hour come for her to reduce her devilliſh contemplation into bloody action. But this hour ſhall come too ſoon for them both; for as Lovers are impatient of delayes, ſo *Belluile* hath no ſooner dined, but taking his horſe and two Lackeys, he ſaies he will take the air of the fields that afternoon, but will firſt call in and ſee his Miſtris *Laurieta*. So he alights at her door, and without the leaſt fear of danger, or apprehenſion of death, very joyfully aſcends *Laurieta*'s Chamber; who, diſſembling wretch as ſhe is, very kindly meets and receives him; and the better to ſmother and diſſemble her murtherous intent, is not only prodigal in taking, but in giving him kiſſes. *Belluile*, like a diſſolute and laſcivous Gentleman, whiſpers *Laurieta* in her ear, that he is come to receive the fruits of his hopes, and of her promiſe and courteſie: when conſidering that his horſe and two Lackeys were at door, ſhe returnes him this in his ear, that ſhe is wholly his, and that it is out of her power to deny or refuſe him any thing, only ſhe prayes him to ſend away his Lackeys, becauſe their familiarity needed no wit-

wrestles. Thus whiles he calls them up, to bid them carry away his horse to the Gate that leads to *Marseilles*, and there to await his coming, *Laurieta* steps to her Waiting-mayd *Lucilla*, and bids her make ready her Ponyard, and stand close to her: for now (quoth she) the hour is come that I will be revenged of *Belluile* for my *Polignyes* death: the which she had no sooner spoken, but *Belluile* returnes to her; when redoubling his kisses, he little, or rather not at all fearing he was so near death, or death him, being ready to retire himself to a withdrawing Chamber, which *Laurieta* treacherously informed him she had purposely provided for him, he takes his Pistol, and layes in on the Table of the outer Chamber, wherein they then were; which she espying, as the instrument she infinitely desired to finger, takes it in her hand, and prayes him to shew her how to shoot it off: so taking it from her, he told her, if she pleased, he would discharge it before her, for her sake. Why (quoth she) is it charged? Yea, replies *Belluile*, with a single bullet. Nay then (quoth *Laurieta*) put in one bullet more, and if you can espie any Crow out of the window, either on the house or Church top, if it please you, I will play the man, and shoot at it for your sake: When poor *Belluile*, desirous to please her in any thing, looks out the window, and espies two Crows on the Crosse of the *Augustines* Fryers Church, which he very joyfully relates *Laurieta*, and so at her request claps in a second bullet more; for (quoth she) if I strike not both, I will be sure to pay one; and so prayes him to lean out at window, to see how near she could feather them; which (miserable Gentleman) he performing, the Pistol being bent, she behind him dischargeth it directly in his own reins: whereat he amazedly staggering, *Lucilla* seconding her bloody Mistris, steps to him, and with her Ponyard gives him five or six wounds thorow the body; so as without speaking or groaning, he falls dead at their feet. Whereat *Laurieta* triumphing and leaping for joy, uttereth these bloody and prophane speeches; O *Poligny*, whiles thou art in heaven, thus have I done in earth for thy sake, and in revenge of thy cruel death! Which having performed, they more cruelly than cruelty her self, drag his breathless carkass, reeking in his blood, down the stairs, into a low obscure Cellar, where making a shallow grave, they there bury him in his clothes, and so pile up a great quantity of Billets on him, as if that wooden monument had power to conceal their Murther, and his body from the eyes and suspition of all the world. Good God! what devils incarnate, and infernal Furies are these, thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of this Gentleman? But as close as they act and contrive this their bloody and inhumane Murther on earth, yet heaven will both detect and revenge it; for when they least dream thereof, Gods wrath and vengeance will surprise them, to their utter confusion and destruction, and it may be sooner than they are aware of.

For the two Lackeys having stayed at the City gate with their Masters horse till night, they return and seek him at *Laurieta's* house, where they left him; *Laurieta* informes them he stayed not an hour after them, and since she saw him not; which news doth infinitely afflict and vex them. But they return to his lodging, and like dutifull and faithfull servants, betwixt hope and fear, await his return that night, and all the next day, but in vain. And now they begin to be amazed at his long and unaccustomed absence, and so consult this important business to some Gentlemen, their Masters confident and intimate friends; who together with them repair to *Laurieta's* house, and again and again demand her for *Monsieur de Belluile*: but they finde her constant in her first Answer, and yet guided by the finger and providence of God, they bewray a kind of perturbation in her looks, and discover some distraction and extravagancy in her speeches: whereupon calling to their mindes her former discourtesie to him for *Poligny's* sake, and his fighting with him on the Bridge for hers, as also this sudden and violent suspected Murther of him, they suspect and fear there is more in the winde than is yet they know; and so acquaint the Criminal Judges herewith, who as wise Senatours, having severally examined both her and her Mayd *Lucilla*, and *Belluiles* Lackeys, they conclude to imprison *Laurieta*, which is instantly performed: whereat she is extreamly amazed and terrified; but howsoever, she is resolute to deny all, and constant to stand upon her justification and innocencie. So her Judges adjudge her to the torments of the Rack, which (with a masculine, yea, with a hellish fortitude) she indureth, without revealing the least shaddow, either of fear or guiltinesse; but they detain her still prisoner, and hope that GOD will make time discover the Murther of *Belluile*; for eight dayes being now past, they are become confident that he is not in this world, but in another. In the mean time, her bloody Waiting-mayd *Lucilla* hath continual recourse to her Lady *Laurieta* in prison, where like impious and prophane wretches, they interchangeably sweat secresie each to other, sith on eithers discovery depends no lesse than both their deaths.

Whiles

Whiles this news is generally divulged in *Avignion*, *Provence*, *Daulphine*, and *Languedock*, and no news at all to be had or gathered of *Belluile*, *La Palaiſiere*, who ſhined with as many vertues as *Laurieta* was obſcured with Vices, out of compaſſion and Chriſtian charity, ſome three weeks after viſiteth *Laurieta* in priſon, although ſhe partly believed and knew, that ſhe never affected or loved her; when aiming to add conſolation to her afflictions, as God would have it, *Laurieta*, out of her ignorance, or folly, returns *la Palaiſiere* this unlooked for anſwer: That her ſelf was as innocent of *Belluiles* death, as ſhe was of *Poligny's*. Which words being overheard by ſome curious head of the company, were inſtantly carryed and reported to the Criminal Judges, who inſtantly cauſe *la Palaiſiere* to be apprehended and brought before them, whom they examine upon *Poligny's* death; which doth no way affright or afflict her, becauſe her conſcience was untainted, and her ſelf as innocent as innocency her ſelf thereof. They deal further with her, to underſtand the paſſages of former buſineſſes betwixt her ſelf, *Poligny*, and *Belluile*. She gives them a true and faithful account thereof, yea, and relates them as much and no more, than this Hiſtory hath formerly related us; and to verifie and confirm her ſpeeches, like a diſcreet young Gentlewoman, ſhe gives them the keys of a Trunk of hers, wherein ſhe ſaith is her copy of a Letter ſhe wrote to *Poligny*, and his anſwer again to her, which ſhe prays them to ſend for, for her better clearing and diſcharge. The Judges ſend ſpeedily away for theſe Letters, which are found, produced, and read, directly concurring with the true circumſtance of her former depoſition: whereupon with much applauſe and commendation they acquit and diſcharge her. But if *la Palaiſiere's* Vertues have cleared her; *Laurieta's* Vices (which the Judges begin to ſmell out by *Poligny's* Letter) do the more narrowly and ſtreightly impriſon her; and yet knowing that *la Palaiſiere* neither had, nor could any way accuſe her, for either of theſe two Murthers; ſhe ſets a good face on her bad heart, and ſo very bravely frollicks it in priſon, and to ſpeak truth, with far more joy, and leſs fear than heretofore: but to check and overthrow theſe vain triumphs of hers in their birth, and to nip them in their buds, news is brought her that her waiting-maid *Lucilla* is ſecretly fled: which her Judges underſtanding, they now more vehemently than ever heretofore ſuſpect, that (without doubt) *Laurieta* was the author, and her Maid *Lucilla* the acceſſary of *Belluile's* Murther; and ſo they ſet all the City and Country for her apprehenſion. And this news indeed makes *Laurieta* fear that ſhe will infallibly be taken, which doth amaze and afflict her, and indeed hereat ſhe cannot refrain from biting of her lip, and hanging down her head: but ſee the miraculous and juſt Judgement of the Lord, upon this wretched and bloody *Lucilla*! for ſhe, for fear flying, as it is ſuppoſed, that night from *Avignion* to *Orenge*, to her parents, was there drowned, and the next morn found and taken up dead in one of the Fenny Lakes betwixt the two Cities. Which news being reported to *Laurieta*, ſhe again converts her fear into hope, and ſorrows into joys, as knowing well that dead bodies can tell no tales. But the wiſdom and integrity of the Judges, by the apparency of *Laurietas* crime in that of her Waiting-maids flight, again command her to be racked: but the devil is yet ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhe with the devil, that ſhe again indures the cruelty of theſe torments with a wonderful patience, with an admirable conſtancy and reſolution, and ſo couragiouſly and ſtoutly denying her crime, and peremptorily maintaining her innocency and juſtification, her Judges, led by the conſideration of the ſharpneſs and bitterneſs of her torments, as alſo that they could finde no direct proof or ſubſtantial evidence againſt her, begin to conceive and imagine that it might be the Waiting-maid, and not the Miſtreſs, that had ſent *Belluile* into another world; and ſo reſolve, the week following, if they heard nothing in the mean time to accuſe *Laurieta*, to releaſe and acquit her: which *Laurieta* underſtanding, the torments which her limbs and body feel are nothing in reſpect of thoſe contentments and joys her heart and thoughts conceive; and already building caſtles and triumphs in her heart and contemplations, for the hope and joy of her ſpeedy inlargement, ſhe, in her apparel and behaviour, flaunts it out far braver than before. But ſhe hath not yet made her peace with her Judges, neither have they pronounced her *Quieta eſt*. And alas, how fooliſhly and ignorantly doth the vanity of her hopes deceive and betray her, when as the foulneſs of her ſoul, and contamination of her conſcience, every hour and minute prompt her, that God, the Judge of Judges, who hath ſeen, will in his good time and pleaſure both detect and puniſh as well her whoredom as her murther, in her death! And lo, here comes both the cauſe and the manner thereof, wherein Gods providence and juſtice do miraculouſly reſplend and ſhine.

For *Laurieta* being indebted to her Land-lord *Monſieur de Richcourt*, as well for a whole years rent, as for three hundred Livres in money, which he had lent her, being impatient of her delays, but more of her diſgrace, lets out that part of his houſe, which ſhe held of him, to the Dean of *Carpentras*, who for his healths ſake came to ſojourn that Winter in

Avignion

Avignion; and deſpairing of her inlargement, and to ſatisfie himſelf, beginnes to ſell away her houſehold-ſtuff, yea, to the very Billets which ſhe had in her Cellar, which he retains for himſelf; whereof when his ſervants came to cleer the Cellar, they removing the laſt Billets, find the earth newly removed and opened in the length and proportion of a Grave: whereof wondering, they preſently inform their Maſter, who viewing the ſame, as God would have it, he inſtantly apprehended and believed, that *Laurieta* had undoubted killed *Belluile*, and there buried him: when not permitting his ſervants to remove the leaſt jot of earth, he as a diſcreet and honeſt Citizen, with all poſſible celerity trips away to the Criminall Judges, and acquaints them herewith; who concurring with *Richcourt* in his opinion and belief, they diſpeed themſelves to the houſe and Cellar, where cauſing the new opened earth to be removed, behold, they find the miſerable dead body of *Belluile* there inhumanely thrown in and buried in his cloaths, which cauſing to bee taken off, thereby to ſearch his body, they find him ſhot into the reins with two Piſtoll bullets, and his body ſtabd and pierced with ſix ſeverall wounds of a Rapier or Ponyard: they are amazed at this pitifull and lamentable ſpectacle; and ſo reſting confident it could be no other but *Laurieta* and her Mayd *Lucilla*, that had committed this cruell Murther, they very privately and ſecretly cauſe *Belluiles* dead body to bee conveyed to the priſon, and there, when *Laurieta* leaſt dreamt thereof, expoſe it to her ſight, and in rough terms charge and crie out upon her for this Murther; but this monſter of nature, and ſhe-devil of her ſex, hath yet her heart ſo obdurated with revenge, and her ſoul ſo o're-clouded and benumm'd with impiety, as ſhe is nothing daunted or terrifyed with the ſight hereof; but with many fearfull impreeations and aſſeverations ſtands peremptorily in her innocency, and out of the heat of her malice and choller termes them devils or witches, that are her accuſers. But her Judges, who can no longer be deluded with her vowes, nor will no more give ear to her perfidions oaths, command to have her Paps ſeared off with hot burning Pincers, thereby to vindicate the truth of her cruell murther, from the falſehood of her impious and impudent denyall thereof. Whereat amazed and aſtoniſhed, and ſeeing this cruell torment ready to bee inflicted and preſented her, God was ſo indulgent to her ſins, and ſo mercifull to her ſoul, as the devil flying from her, and ſhe from his temptations, ſhe rayning down many rivolets and ſhowres of teares from her eyes, and evaporating many volleyes of ſighes from her heart, throwing her ſelf down on her knees to the earth, and lifting up her eyes and hands unto Heaven, with much bewayling and bitterneſs, ſhe at laſt confeſſeth to her Judges, that ſhe and her Wayting-mayd *Lucilla* were the murtherers of *Belluile*, and for the which ſhe ſaid, that through her humble contrition and hearty repentance, ſhe hoped that God would pardon her Soul in the life to come, though ſhe knew they would not her body in this. Whereupon the Judges, in horrour and execration of her inhumane and bloudy crime, pronounce ſentence of death upon her, and condemne her the next day after dinner, firſt to be hanged, then burnt in the ſame ſtreet, right againſt her lodging, *Monſieur de Richcourts* houſe; and likewiſe, ſith *Lucilla* was both an acceſſary and actor in this bloudy Tragedy, that her body ſhould be taken up out of her Grave, and likewiſe burnt with hers in the ſame fire: which accordingly was executed in the preſence of an infinite number of people both of the Citizens, and adjacent neighbours of *Avignion*; *Laurieta* uttering upon the Ladder a ſhort, but a moſt Chriſtian and penitent ſpeech to the people, tending firſt to diſſwade them all by her example from thoſe foule and crying ſinnes of whoredome, revenge and murther; and then to requeſt and perſwade them, that they would aſſiſt her with their religious and devout prayers in her ſouls paſſage and flight towards Heaven: yet adding withall, that as her crime, ſo her grief was redoubled, becauſe as ſhe had killed *Belluile* for *Poligny's* ſake, ſo ſhe was ſure that *Belluile* had killed *Poligny* for hers.

And thus, Chriſtian Reader, were the diſſolute lives and mournefull deaths of theſe two unfortunate Gentlemen, *Poligny* and *Belluile*, and of this laſcivious and bloudy Curtizan *Laurieta*, and her Wayting-maid *Lucilla*. A tragicall Hiſtory, worthy both of our obſervation and deteſtation; and indeed, theſe are the bitter fruits of Luſt, Whoredome, and Revenge, and the inſeparable companions which infallibly await and attend them; the very ſight and conſideration wherof are capeable, not only to adminiſter conſolation to the righteous, but to ſtrike terrour to the ungodly. O therrefore, that we may beware by theſe their fatal and dangerous ſins: for this is the onely perfect and true way to prevent and avoid their puniſhments.

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY IX.

Jacomo de Caſtelnovo *luſtfully fals in love with his daughter in law* Perina, *his own ſon* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo's *Wife, whom to injoy, hee cauſeth* Ierantha *firſt to poyſon his own Lady* Fidelia, *and then his ſaid ſonne* Franciſco de Caſtelnovo: *in revenge whereof,* Perina *treacherouſly murthereth him in his bed.* Jerantha, *ready to dye in travel of childe confeſſeth her two Murthers, for the which ſhe is hanged and burnt.* Perina *hath her right hand cut off, and is condemned to perpetuall impriſonment, where ſhe ſorrowfully dyes.*

WEe need not ſend our curioſity (or our curioſity us) to ſeek Tygers and monſters in *Africa*; for *Europe* hath but too many, who are ſo cruell and inhumane, not onely to imbrue, but to imbath themſelves in the innocent bloud of their Chriſtian brethren: And as Religion prohibites us to kill, and commands us love our enemies; with what audacious and prophane impiety dare we then murther our friends, nay thoſe of our own bloud, and who are the greateſt part of our ſelves? And although *Italy* have lately afforded many tragicall preſidents, and fearfull Examples of this nature (whereof I have given ſome to my former, and reſerved others to my future bookes) yet in my conceit it hath produced none more bloudy and inhumane than this, whether we reſpect the Murthers or the perſons. For here we ſhall ſee a wretched and execrable old man ſo beſotted in luſt, and flaming in malice and revenge, as being both a husband and a father, he by a helliſh young Gentlewoman (his ſtrumpet) poyſoneth both his own wife and his own ſon: It was his vanity which firſt inkindled the fire of his luſt; it is then his impiety which gives way to the devill to blow the coales thereto, and ſo to convert it into Murther. O that Sin ſhould ſo triumph or'e Grace, and not Grace or'e Sinne! O that Age and Nature ſhould not teach us to bee leſs bloudy,

bloudy, and more compaſſionate and charitable! And alas, alas, by Poyſon, that drug of the Devil, who firſt brought the damnable invention thereof from hell, to be practiſed here on earth onely by his agents and members! We ſhall likewiſe ſee him killed by his daughter in law, for formerly poyſoning of her husband: Luſt ſeduced him to perpetrate thoſe; Affection, or rather bloudy Revenge, drew her on to perform this, and conſequently to her puniſhment due for the ſame. Had they had more Grace and Religion, they would not have been ſo inhumane; but falling from that, no marvel if they fell to be ſo wretched and miſerable: for if we dye well, we ſeldome live ill; if live ill, we uſually never dye well; for it is the end that crownes the beginning, not the beginning the end. Therefore if we will be happy in our lives, and bleſſed in our deaths, we muſt follow Vertue, and fly from Vice, love Chaſtity and Charity, and hate Luſt and Envie, prefer Heaven before Earth, our Souls before our Bodies, and defie Satan, with a holy reſolution both to fear and love God.

Savoy is the Countrey, and *Nice* the City (ſeated upon the *Mediterranean* Sea, being the ſtrongeſt Bulwark againſt *France*, and the beſt Fortreſſe and Key of *Italy*) where the Scene of this inſuing Tragicall Hiſtory is layd, the which to refetch from the Headſpring and Fountain of its originall, it muſt carry our curioſity and underſtanding over thoſe famous Mountaines, the *Alpes*, and from thence to the City of *Saint Iohn de Mauriena*, where of late and freſh memory dwelt an aged Gentleman, of rich revenues and great wealth, named *Seignior Antonio de Arconeto*, who had newly by his deceaſed wife, the Lady *Eleanora de Bibanti*, two Children, to wit, a Son and a daughter; that, named *Seignior Alexandro*, and this, the Lady *Perina*; a litle different in years, for he was eighteen, and ſhe but fifteen; but more in qualities and conditions; for he was by nature perverſe and cholerick, but ſhe, milde, courteous, and gracious. Again, they differed much in the lineaments and proportion of their bodies; for *Alexandro*, like his Father, was ſhort, crookbackt, and hard favour'd: and *Perina* reſembling her mother, tall, ſtraight-waſted, and fair: ſo as it being a principle and Maxim in Nature, that parents (for the moſt part) love thoſe Children beſt, who beſt reſemble them; as the mother *Eleanora* preferr'd *Perina* in her affection before *Alexandro*, ſo contrariwiſe their father *Arconeto* did *Alexandro* before *Perina*. But as God had called *Eleanora* out of this life, and left her husband *Arconeto* to ſurvive her; ſo *Alexandro's* joy prov'd his ſiſter *Perina's* miſery and affliction: for he was ſo happy to ſee himſelf tenderly cheriſhed and affected, and ſhe ſo unfortunate to perceive her ſelf ſlighted and diſreſpected of her father; wherein, as I praiſe *Arconeto's* intimate love to his ſonne, ſo I cannot but diſcommend, and withall pitry his immerited and unnaturall neglect to his daughter, wherein, as *Alexandro* triumphed in the one, judge judicious *Reader*, if *Perina* had not cauſe enough to grieve and lament at the other. But as the drift and ſcope of this Hiſtory looks another way, ſo for my part, who have undertaken to pen it, it is the leaſt of my intent or purpoſe to give inſtructions and direction, how parents ſhould bear themſelves in their affections towards their children; onely, becauſe I may not here too palpably bewray mine ignorance in my ſilence, I hope, nay I am confident, that with as much truth as ſafety I may conclude, it is a happineſs both for parents and children, where parents bear their affections equally to their children: for loving one, and hating another, the joy of the one proves oftentimes the others ſorrow; and in giving that too much hope, wee many times adminiſter this too much cauſe of deſpaire; or if the inclinations and affections of parents be more narrowly tyed, and ſtrictly linked to preferre and love one child above the other, yet ſith they are the equall iſſue of their loyns, and we the onely parents of their youth, we ſhould bee as well cautious in the diſtribution of our favors, as in the demonſtration of our diſreſpects towards them. But enough of this digreſſion; and now again to our Hiſtory.

As *Alexandro* growes up in years, ſo he doth in ambition and oſtentation: for if he play the *Bravaſho* abroad among Gentlemen and Ladies, ſo authoriſed by his fathers hatred of his ſiſter, he at home becomes a petty tyrant to her; yea, his carriage is ſo ſtern and imperious towards her, as if ſhe were rather his ſlave than his ſiſter, or his laundres and hand-mayd, than any part of himſelf, which notwithſtanding it was both a daily grief to her heart, and a continuall torment to her thoughts, yet *Perina's* ſweet perfections, and gracious vertues and behavior, make her digeſt and brook all with wonderfull conſtancy, and an admirable patience, for well ſhe knows, that if ſhe ſhould complain to her father of her brothers unkindneſs towards her, ſhe ſhould thereby reap no other remedy and redreſs but this, that the one would laugh, and the other triumph thereat; and that the iſſue thereof would prove her complaints to be the May-game of the one, and mocking-ſtock of the other. But God hath ordained briefly to eaſe her of a great part of her undeſerved diſcontents and afflictions: for lo, her brother *Alexandro*, debauching and ſurfeting at a Banquet at *Suſa*, returns home, ſurpriſed of a hot peſtilent Fever, which

which notwithſtanding the care of his father, or the art of his experteſt Phyſicians, he in three days is taken out of this life.

And now guided by the light of nature, and the inſtinct of common ſenſe and reaſon, who would not ſurmiſe or think, but that *Arconeto*, having buried his ſon *Alexandro*, ſhould now love his only daughter and childe *Perina* far dearer and tenderer than before? But alas, nothing leſs; for he is not ſo kind, and therefore ſhe cannot be ſo happy; yea, which is worſe, although his words be her commands, and his pleaſure her law, yet he contemns both her and her obedience, and never looks on her with love and affection, but ſtill with diſdain and envy: yea, in a word, his diſtaſte is ſo extream and bitter againſt her, as he is never beſt pleaſed, than when ſhe is furtheſt from him; ſo as her abſence may delight and content him, but her preſence cannot. Which unnatural diſreſpect, and unjuſt cruelty of her father towards her, doth ſo nip the joys of her youth, and the bloſſoms of her health and beauty, as, poor young Gentlewoman, ſhe becomes infinite melancholy, and extream weak and ſickly; which being obſerved and pitied of all her kinsfolks and friends, as being her Fathers only childe, and heir to all his Lands and Riches, an Aunt of hers, being her mothers ſiſter, and likewiſe her God-mother, termed the Lady *Dominica*, a Widow-woman of the ſame City, works ſo with her brother in Law *Arconeto*, that he is content to permit his daughter *Perina* to reſide and dwell with her: whereat as the Aunt is not a little glad, ſo the Neece beyond meaſure infinitely rejoyceth, and triumphs thereat, both hoping that her abſence may, and will procure her fathers affection, which her preſence could not; and that having more liberty and leſs bondage, ſhe might again in a ſhort time recover her former health and content; or elſe that God, out of his divine providence, and pleaſure in heaven, might caſt and allot her out ſome gallant Husband here on earth, with whom, in the contents and pleaſures of Marriage, ſhe might end her future days in as much tranquillity and felicity, as ſhe had formerly lived in diſcontent and affliction: and indeed the event, though not in the firſt, yet in the two laſt points, anſwereth their expectations.

The Lady *Dominica* hath formerly contracted a Daughter of hers, named *Dona Bertha*, to a Cavalier of the City of *Nice*, termed *Seignior Bartholomeo Spelaſſi*, by deſcent noble, and of good revenews and wealth. And now the appointed time is come for their Marriage: to which end, up comes *Spelaſſi* from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, aſſiſted and followed by many gallant young Gentlemen of his Kinsfolks and Friends, and, in a word, with a Train well ſitting his rank and quality; where theſe Nuptials are ſolemnized with great variety of pomp and pleaſure; as Feaſting, Dancing, Masks, Running at the Ring, and the like; for in theſe amorous and Court-like Revels, the *Savoyards* (as participating both of the *French* and *Italian* humors) take a ſingular delight and felicity: But as many times one Wedding occaſioneth and produceth another, ſo Fortune, or to ſpeak more properly and truly, God ordained, that the Lady *Dominica* appointed her Neece *Perina*, to conduct the Bride-groom her Son in Law, *Spelaſſi*, to the Church; and he had allotted one of the nobleſt and eminent Cavaliers that came with him, named *Seignior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, to perform the ſame Ceremony to his Bride the *Dona Bertha*, being a Knight of *Malta*, native of the City of *Nice*, and Son and Heir to *Seignior Jacomo de Caſtelnovo*, a very ancient and rich Baron of *Savoy*. Now as *Perina* was a moſt beautiful and fair young Lady, ſo was our young *Caſtelnovo* a very proper and gallant Cavalier; and ſith the occaſion of this Marriage, and the fortunacy and opportunity of their united office, by a kinde of deſtinated and happy privilege, authorized each to be familiar in the others company and preſence: ſo, as Lovers begin to court firſt in jeſt, then in earneſt, the hearts and breſts of this ſweet young couple are in the end equally ſurpriſed with the flame of affection; yea, his perſonage and dancing, and her beauty and ſinging, mutually inkindle this fire of love in their thoughts and contemplations, which either imagineth, and both perceive and underſtand, by the dumb Oratory and ſilent Rhetorick of their eyes: Which *Caſtelnovo* knowing her deſcent and quality anſwerable to his, he intends to ſeek her in Marriage. When not any longer to ſurpreſs or conceal their affections, they after Dinner dancing in company of divers others in the garden, he ſingleth the Lady *Perina*, his new Miſtris apart in a Bower, cloſely overveil'd with Vines, Sicamores, and Cypres Trees, and there 'twix ſighs and words, reveals his deep affection to her. But to avoid the prolixious relation of this their Garden enterview and conference, although at firſt *Perina's* modeſty (the ſweeteſt ornament and vertue of a Lady) was ſuch, as ſhe not only kept her ſelf, but likewiſe her affections to her ſelf; yet her courteous and thankful anſwers, waited and ſeconded by many delicious bluſhes, and amorous ſighs, although not publikely, yet privately inform'd her Lover *Caſtelnovo*, that ſhe likewiſe loved him: ſo as during the term of fifteen days, which *Spelaſſi* and he remained in *Saint John de Mauriene*, he never left courting her, till he had obtained

her affection, and conſent to be his wife; drawn thereunto by theſe two attractive and ſeducing reaſons: Firſt, that *Caſtelnovo* was a gallant and proper Cavalier, as alſo her equal in deſcent and means; and then that ſhe ſhould live in *Nice* with a husband who dearly loved her, and no longer in *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with a Father who extreamly hated her: Neither can theſe our young Lovers bear their affections ſo ſecret, but the whole company, eſpecially the Lady *Dominica* her Aunt perceives it, and deeming it a fit Match for her Neece rejoyceth thereat. *Caſtelnovo* ſecretly acquaints her therewith, and intreats her beſt aſſiſtance therein towards her brother *Arconeto*; which ſhe promiſeth, and forthwith attempteth: when *Caſtelnovo*, taking time at advantage, ſeconds her in his ſuit for the Daughter, to her old Father.

Now her Father *Arconeto* (degenerating from the natural affection of a Father towards his Daughter) is ſo willing to depart with her to any Husband, that he may no more ſee her, nor be troubled with her preſence; as thinking a far worſe Match good enough, he thinks this infinitely too good for her; and ſo at the leaſt ſhadow of the very firſt motion conſents thereunto; which not only baniſheth *Perina*'s old grief, but confirmeth *Caſtelnovo*'s new joys; yea they, like two ſweet and vertuous Lovers, ſo extreamly rejoyce and triumph thereat, as he riding home Poſt to *Nice*, to acquaint his own Father *Seignior Jacomo de Caſtelnovo* therewith, and ſwiftly returning again to *Saint Iohn de Mauriene* with his conſent and approbation; this Marriage of *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina* is there almoſt as ſoon ſolemnized, as that of *Spelaſſi* and *Bertha*, though indeed more obſcure, and with far leſs pomp and bravery, in reſpect of the perverſneſs and diſtaſt of her froward old Father *Arconeto*. So fifteen days being expired ſince *Spelaſſi* and *Caſtelnovo* their firſt departure from *Nice*, they leave *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*, to return and conduct their Brides home to *Nice*, robbing that to inrich this City with two ſuch beautiful and gallant Ladies, as were *Bertha* and *Perina*.

Now the better to add life and form to this *Hiſtory*, or rather to approach the more material and eſſential parts thereof, we muſt here leave to ſpeak of *Spelaſſi* and *Bertha*, and wholly tie our thoughts and curioſity to *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina*, two principal and unfortunate perſonators, who both have mournful parts to act upon the Stage and Theater of *Nice*; for this Marriage of theirs is not begun with the tenth part of ſo many joys, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee it waited and attended on, yea, diſſolved and finiſhed both with tears and blood.

Caſtelnovo having brought home his fair and dear *Perina* to *Nice*, ſhe is very honourably welcomed, and courteouſly received and entertained of his old Father, *Seignior Iacomo de Caſtelnovo*, and of the Lady *Fidelia* his Mother, and ſo are all her kinſfolks and Friends who accompany her; yea, there wants no feaſting nor revelling in *Nice*, to teſtifie how much they congratulate and rejoyce at their ſons good fortune and happineſs. And for *Caſtelnovo* and *Perina* themſelves, why they are ſo raviſhed in the content, and drowned in the joys and delights of Marriage, as though they have two bodies, yet they have but one hearts deſire, and affection; yea, they are ſo extreamly in love each with other, as they believe there is no Heaven upon earth, to that of each others preſence. But they ſhall be deceived herein; for there are Tragical ſtorms ariſing, to trouble the ſerenity of this marriage, and the felicity and tranquility of theſe affections.

For it is both with grief and ſhame, that I muſt be ſo immodeſt, and therefore unfortunate to relate, that the old Baron *Jacomo de Caſtelnovo*, aged of ſome threeſcore and eight years, hath ſo far forgotten his God and himſelf, his conſcience and his ſoul, grace and nature, religion and humanity, as gazing on the freſh and delicious beauty of our ſweet Lady *Perina*, his own ſons wife, he gives the reins both of his obſcene deſires, and inordinate affections, to luſt after her. O how my heart trembles to think how he that is white with the ſnow of a venerable age, ſhould now laſciviouſly idolatrize to beauty! how he that hath (as it were) one foot in his grave, ſhould luſtfully deſire to have the other in his Sons bed! how he that hath his veins dryed up and withered, and nothing living in him but deſire, ſhould yet of all the beauties of the world, deſire only to enjoy that of his Sons wife! how he, that hath ſcarce any time left him to be repentant and ſorrowfull for his old ſins, will now anew make himſelf guilty of theſe foul ſins of Adultery, and I may in a manner ſay of Inceſt! how he that hath not given the flower of his youth, will yet ſtill laſciviouſly and wilfully refuſe to beſtow the bran of his age on his God! Alas miſerable *Caſtelnovo*, wretched old man, or rather lubritious and beaſtly Lecher, thus to drown thy thoughts in the hell of concupiſcence and adultery, when it were far fitter thou ſhouldſt lift them up to heaven, in the ſacrifice of prayer, and other pious and religious contemplations! But all this will not prevail to ſtop the current of his voluptuouſneſs, and the progreſſion of his ſenſuality: for without reſpect of his God, or regard of his ſoul, he is reſolute in his deſires to make a ſtrumpet of his daughter in Law, and to make his Sons wife his whore: but God will deceive his hopes, and prevent his villany.

Now

Now the better and ſooner to draw her to his laſcivious deſires, he is wonderfull courteous and affable to her, ſtill walking and talking with her, yea, and many times kiſſing her, whereof both her Husband and ſelf are infinitly joyfull, but eſpecially *Perina*, becauſe ſhe finds a great alteration in her fortune, in that her Father in Law *Caſtelnovo* proves as courteous to her, as her own Father *Arconeto* is cruell. But poor innocent ſoul, and ſweet and chaſt Lady, little doſt thou either dream, or think on his laſcivious intent againſt thine honour and chaſtity. Old *Caſtelnovo* wallowing in the filthineſs, and burning in the fire of his new luſt, and loſing himſelf and his thoughts in the Labyrinth of his Daughter in law *Perina*'s beauty, he thinks on nothing ſo much, nay, on nothing elſe, but how to obtain her to his laſcivious will: but not daring, or rather fearing to acquaint her with his inordinate and beaſtly purpoſe, whiles his Son her Husband is at home preſent with her, he forgeth and frames a plot, both unnaturall and treacherous, to make him imbrace and follow the Wars in wayting on the *Duke Charles Emanuel*, or the Prince *Amadee Victor* his Son and heir, who with their warlike Troops were reſolute to expell the *Duke of Feria*, *Viceroy of Millan*, with his Spaniſh Regiments, out of *Vercele*, *Caſſall*, and the other Towns of *Piedmont*, to which end his luſtful affection to *Perina* made him eloquent in perſwading, and powerfull in drawing her Husband to this Martiall action, ſo full of honor and glory; adding, that his honour, and the ſervice of his Prince and Country, called him to the Field, and that he ſhould not wholly drown himſelf in the beauty of his young Wife, and the pleaſures of Marriage. His Son *Caſtelnovo* not at all ſuſpecting, or dreaming what a dangerous Snake lay lurking under the green leaves of his Fathers ſugred ſpeeches and perſwaſions, like a noble and generous Knight as he was, needs no other advocat but his own honor and Martiall diſpoſition to imbark him in theſe Wars; and although the beauty, requeſts, and tears of his young Lady were vehement ſolicitours to divert him, yet he is reſolute to leave her for three or four moneths. And ſo making ready his Armes, Train, horſes and preparative, he giving her many kiſſes, and ſhe returning him a world of ſighes and tears, leaves *Nice*, and ſo finds out the Duke and his Army in *Piedmont*; where for a little time we will leave him.

It is a queſtion very diſputable, and which by my weak capacity and judgment cannot well be decided, whether this departure of young *Caſtelnovo* to the Warres, made his Father more glad, or his wife ſorrowfull: for as ſhe was all in tears, ſo was he in mirth and jollity, being ſo vain in his luſt, and ſo luſtfull in his vanity, as he trims up his Beard, and goes neater and withall more youthfull in his Apparrell than accuſtomed; yea, his luſt had ſo metamorphoſed him, as if it had a prophane influence, and ſecret power to renew old age in him. But alas, alas, what perfection of chaſtity can we expect or hope for in youth, when we ſee no better ſignes and fruits in one of threeſcore and eight years? But I will follow the ſtream of our Hiſtory, though indeed the relation of this old laſcivious Lechers Luſt and vanity to his Daughter in law *Perina*, equally afflict me with grief and pity to publiſh it.

I am then conſtrained to write and averre, that although meer ſhame and unnaturalneſs do as yet withhold this wretched Fathers tongue, from vomiting forth his adulterated luſt to his fair and chaſt Daughter in law *Perina*, yet his luſt is ſo immodeſtly laſcivious, as he cannot keep himſelf out of her company, nor being in it, refrain from kiſſing her; but to ſee the innocency, and obſerve the purity of her thoughts, ſhe nevertheleſs not ſo much as any way ſuſpects or dreams of his laſcivious intent, although indeed ſhe thinks this courteſie of his ſomewhat exceeds the privilege of a Father, and the duty of a Daughter; but meaſuring this by the cruelty of her own Father, ſhe, poor ſilly ſoul, thinks her ſelf in this reſpect now as happy, as heretofore ſhe was miſerable. Only the abſence of her dear Husband *Caſtelnovo*, doth both torture and torment her; and the more, for that he is in the field at Warrs; when, God knoweth, ſhe deſireth and wiſheth he ſhould be at home with her in peace.

But whiles *Perina* looks from *Savoy* to *Piedmont*, from *Nice* to *Vercelli*, and from her ſelf to her Lord and Husband, her other ſelf, we muſt not forget, becauſe our Hiſtory will remember, her Mother in law *Fidelia*, which now we muſt adduce and re-conduct to act her part upon the Theatre hereof; who obſerving her Husbands immodeſt and unwiſe familiarity demonſtrated to the young Lady *Perina*, her Sons Wife, as alſo his alteration in humours and apparell, but chiefly his unaccuſtomed diſtraction and ſighs in his reſt and repoſe; ſhe, more out of vertuous wiſedom, than fooliſh jealouſie, aimes at his vain luſt towards this young Lady his Daughter in law; whereat ſhe both admires with grief, and wonders with the anxiety of affliction and ſorrow, to ſee her old Husband, in the winter of his age, ſo ſottiſh and beaſtly to luſt after his own Sons young Wife, to ſee that no reſpect of Heaven, no regard of conſcience, nor apprehenſion of damnation and hell, had the grace or power, either to

kill theſe laſcivious thoughts in their conception, or to ſtrangle them in their birth, unleſs he who was ready to go to his bed of death, ſhould now (like the *Salamander* in the fire) be burning with deſire, to go to that of Luſt and Adultery, and to ſee him ſo devoyd of pitty, as he muſt needs joyn Inceſt with Adultery, as if one of theſe beaſtly ſins alone were not enough enormous and prodigious to make his life miſerable, and his death wretched. And although ſhe have cauſe enough of ſorrow in her ſelf, yet when ſhe thinks of her Husbands age, and Daughters youth, of his luſt, and her chaſtity, and which is more, of the moſt degenerat and unnaturall part of a Father, to ſeek to pollute and defile his own Sons bed, and conſequently his own honour; This indeed goes near her, and this, and only this makes her look on him, both with envy and pitty: but her age having taught her to love diſcretion, and to hate and diſdain jealouſie, ſhe bears this as patiently as ſhe may, till at laſt ſeeking and finding out a fit opportunity, ſhe both with tears in her eyes, and grief in her ſpeeches, very ſecretly checks him for theſe his inordinate and laſcivious deſires towards the young Lady *Perina*, their Daughter in Law.

But as it is the nature of ſin ſo to betray and inveagle our judgments, that we flatter our ſelves with a falſe conceit, none can perceive it in us; ſo this old lecher her Husband, thinking that he had danced in a net, from the jealouſie and ſuſpition of all the world in thus affecting his Sons wife, he like a lewd and wretched old varlet, is ſo far from refl'ſhing theſe his old wifes ſpeeches and exhortations, or from being reclaymed thereby; as he diſdaineth both them and her; and from henceforth is ſo imperious, and withall bitter to her, as he never looks on her with affection, but envy; which nevertheleſſe ſhe (as a modeſt wife, and grave Matron) holds it a part not only of her love, but of her duty, by ſweet ſpeeches, and ſoft means of perſwaſion, to divert him from this fond and laſcivious humour of his. But obſerve the vanity of his laſciviouſneſſe, and the impiety of his thoughts and reſolutions; for all her prayers and perſwaſions ſerve only rather to ſet, than rebate the edge of his luſt, and rather bring oil to increaſe, than water to quench the flame of his immodeſt and irregular affection, ſo as ſeeing that ſhe ſtood in the way of obtaining his beaſtly pleaſures, he, like a prophane and barbarous Husband, termes her no more his wife, but his *Medea*; and which is worſe, he, out of the heat both of his luſt and choler, vows he will ſoon remove her from this world to another:

And here the Devill, ambitious and deſirous of nothing ſo much, as to fill up the empty rooms of his vaſt and infernall Kingdom, by miſerable and execrable degrees takes poſſeſſion firſt of his thoughts, then of his heart, and laſtly of his ſoul; ſo remaining conſtant in his indignation and choler, and reſolute in this his impious and bloody revenge, he means to diſpatch and murther her, who for the term of forty two years had been his moſt loving wife, and faithfull Bed-fellow; but withall he will act it ſo privatly, as not having as yet diſcovered his affection to his Daughter *Perina*, he will therefore conceal both from her and all the world the Murther of this his wife *Fidelia*, except only to thoſe graceleſſe and execrable Agents he meant imploy in this mournfull and bloody buſineſſe.

To which end (with a helliſh ratiocination) ruminating and revolving on the manner thereof, he having run over the circumſtances of many violent and tragicall deaths, at laſt reſolves to poyſon her; and deems none ſo fit to undertake it, as her own Waiting-gentlewoman *Jeruntha*; the which authorized by his former laſcivious dalliance with her, as alſo in favour of five hundred Ducats, that he will give her, he is confident ſhe will undertake and finiſh; neither doth he fail in his bloody hopes, for what with the honey of his flattering ſpeeches, and the Sugar of his Gold, ſhe like an infernall Fury, and a very Monſter of her ſex, moſt ingratefully and inhumanly conſents thereunto; ſo as putting poyſon into White-broth, which ſome mornings ſhe was accuſtomed to make and give her Lady, it ſpreading into her veins, and exhaling the radicall humour of her life and ſtrength, within eight daies carries this aged and vertuous Matron to her Grave, and her Soul to Heaven. But her Murtherers ſhall pay dear for this her untimely end.

The Lady *Perina*, and all the Lady *Fidelia's* kinsfolks and friends infinitely lament and bewayle her death; and indeed ſo doth the whole City of *Nice*, where for her deſcent and vertues ſhe is infinitly beloved and affected; but all theſe tears of theirs are nothing in compariſon of thoſe of her wicked and execrable Husband *Caſtelnuovo*, who, although he inwardly rejoyce, yet he outwardly ſeems to be exceedingly afflicted and dejected. But as he hath heretofore acted the part of a Murtherer, and now of an hypocrite, yet, have we but a little patience, and we ſhall ſee that detected, this unmasked, and both puniſhed.

Whiles this mournfull Tragedy is acted in *Nice*, the mediation of the *French King* and *Pope* reconcile the differences, give end to the Warrs, and conclude peace betwixt *Spain* and *Savoy*.

So home returnes the Duke of *Feria*, to *Millan*; the noble Duke of *Savoy*, and the generous Princes his Sonnes, to *Turin*; the Marſhal *de Deſdiguieres*, and the Baron of *Termes* into *France*; and conſequently home comes our Knight *Caſtelnovo* to *Nice*: where thinking to rejoice with his young Wife, he is ſo unfortunate to mourn for the death of his old Mother; but GOD knows, that neither of them know the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow of her cruel and untimely Murther, and leſſe, the cauſe thereof. Now for his laſcivious and bloody Father, albeit, to caſt a vail before his thoughts, and his intents and actions, hee publiquely mourns for his Wifes death, and rejoyceth for his Sonnes return; yet contrariwiſe he privately mournes for this, and rejoyceth for that. But to leave the remembrance of *Fidelia*, to aſſume that of our *Perina*; I know not whether ſhe grieved more at her Husbands abſence, or rejoice at his preſence, ſith her affections to him was ſo tender and fervent, as in her heart and ſoul ſhe eſteemed that as much her Hell, as this her Heaven upon Earth: but theſe joyes of hers are but fires of ſtraw, or flattering Sun-ſhines, which are ſuddenly either waſhed away with a ſhowre, or eclipſed and baniſhed by a Tempeſt; for whiles her hopes flatter her belief of her Husbands continuall ſtay and reſidence with her, her Father in laws luſt to her, foreſeeing and conſidering that it was impoſſible to think to obtain her at home, e'r her Husband, his Son, were again imployed and ſent abroad, makes all his thoughts aim, and care and induſtry tend that way, as if time had no power to make him repent the former murther of his Wife, or grace influence to renounce the future defiling and diſhonouring of his Daughter in law.

But he is as conſtant in his luſt to her, as reſolute in his diſpatching and ſending away of him; only he muſt finde out ſome pregnant, vertuous, and honourable pretext and colour for the effecting of his deſign and reſolution, becauſe hee well knowes his Son *Caſtelnovo* is as wiſe and generous in himſelf, as amorous of his beautifull young Lady *Perina*: but his luſt, which is the cauſe of his reſolution, or rather his vanity, which is the author of his luſt, at one time ſuggeſts him theſe two ſeverall imployments for his Sonne; either to ſend him into *France* with the *Prince Major*, who was lately contracted, and ſhortly to eſpouſe *Madame Chriſtiene* the Kings ſecond Siſter; or elſe under the inſinuation of ſome great Penſions and Offices that were ſhortly to be diſpoſed of in *Malta*, again to ſend him back thither: and his harping on theſe two ſtrings, was the only Muſick and melody which he now gave his Son; who after he had a moneth or two at moſt, recreated himſelf in the ſweet company of his dear and ſweet wife *Perina* he leaſt of all aiming whereat his father aimed, by his abſence again gives way, and conſents to his deſires of his departure: onely the choice of theſe two different imployments is yet queſtionable and unreſolved of betwixt the Father and his Sonne: For as the Sonnes curioſity deſireth for to ſee the Court of *France*, which as yet he hath not ſeen; ſo his Fathers Luſt and Malice is to have him returne honourably to *Malta*, from whence he hath formerly received his honour of Knighthood, and there to obtain a Penſion during the term of his life.

The Sonne imbraceth the pleaſures of the journey of *France*, before the profit and honour of the Voyage of *Malta*. But the Father aiming at other ends, preferres this of *Malta* before that of *France*; ſo as time working an impreſſion in his thoughts, and his Fathers deſire a kind of natural command in his will, and of filiall obedience in his reſolution, he at laſt reſolves on *Malta*.

But as neither of theſe two enterpriſes of young *Caſtelnovo* is pleaſing, but diſtaſtfull to his young and fair Lady *Perina*; So if her affliction and miſery be ſuch, as of the two her Husband muſt needs attempt and proſecute one, then ſith hee may goe into *France* by land, and cannot to *Malta*, but by Sea, ſhe at laſt, with an inforced willingneſſe (ſympathizing with his firſt inclination) likewiſe deſires that the object of his journey, and the period of his Voyage be *France*, and not *Malta*; as relying rather in hearing from him to ſtand at the ſpeed and fidelity of a Poſt, then at the unconſtancy of the winds, and the mercy of the Seas.

So all things prepared and ready for his Voyage, *Perina* importunately begging, and her husband *Caſtelnovo* confidently promiſing his ſpeedy return, ſhe conducting him over the Hill to *Villafranca* in her Coach, they there, with many reciprocal kiſſes, ſighs and tears, take leave each of other; he imbarking himſelf upon a *French* Galley, bound from *Marſelles* to *Malta*, (which ſtopt there accidentally) and ſhe committing him to the auſpicious favour of the wind and ſea, very ſorrowfully returns for *Nice*.

Thus leaving the Son floating and wafting on the Seas, let us again return to his unnatural and beaſtly Father, who ſeeing his wife gone to heaven, and his ſon to *Malta*, and all things hitherto to ſucceed according to his laſcivious deſires, doth now aſſure himſelf, that either by fair or foul means he will reap his pleaſure of his beautifull daughter in Law *Perina*.

To which end he gives her the ſole government and ſuperintendance of his houſe, with intent and hope the ſooner to govern, and ſurer to command her: and ſo forgetting modeſty, and his luſt giving a Law to his conſcience, fifteen days are ſcarce paſt, till finding her in her chamber playing on her Lute, he after ſome pauſes, coughs, and kiſſes, bewrays and vomiteth his foul and fervent affection and deſire.

But for mine own part, I highly diſdain to pollute and vilifie this Hiſtory with the obſcene and laſcivious ſpeeches, wherewith this old lecher *Caſtelnovo* courts this young Lady *Perina* his daughter in Law, as holding them as unworthy of my relation, as of my Readers knowledge; of my modeſt pen, as of their chaſte ears, only judging of their nature and quality by their effects. The beaſtlineſs and unexpectedneſs thereof, firſt made *Perina* extreamly bluſh for ſhame and choller, and then immediately again look pale with grief and diſdain, when not able to brook, or hearken to his lewd ſpeeches, much leſs his hateſull preſence; ſhe, in the defence and preſervation of her chaſtity, which ſhe preferred before her life, giving him a ſharp anſwer, and a bitter denial, and grieving to ſee a Father ſo graceleſs and impious, to ſeek to defile his own Sons bed in her diſhonour, ſhe throws away her Lute; and ſo very haſtily and chollerickly abandoneth his preſence, and her own chamber. At which he bites his lip for rage, and hangs down his head for indignation. But at laſt, ſin and the devil raigning in him, makes that he will not take this her firſt repulſe for his laſt anſwer and denial: but reſolute to perſevere in his lubricity, he in every walk, garden and room, frequents and haunts her as her ghoſt, as thinking to obtain that from her through his importunity, which he could not by his perſwaſion; but this his impudency ſhall not prevail.

Now as his ſinful motion infinitely grieved her, ſo his perſeverance and importunacy therein doth doubly afflict and torment her: how to appeaſe this ſtorm, to quench the fire of his luſt, and deface the remembrance and feeling of her grief, ſhe knows not. For alas, alas, ſhe is ſo unhappy, as her own Father *Arconeto*, and her Aunt *Dominica* are at St. *John de Mauriene*, her ſweet and dear husband in *Malta*, and her mother in Law, the Lady *Fidelia* in heaven; ſo as ſhe hath no intimate nor ſecret familiars, nor any boſom friend to reveal theſe her ſorrows and afflictions. Once ſhe thought to ſteal away from *Nice*, ſo to paſs the Mountains, and to flie back to *Saint John de Mauriene*: but again conſidering the diſhonour, and withal, the danger to undertake this journey, as alſo the cold reception and entertainment ſhe ſhould there finde of her own hard hearted father, who would rather deride than pitty her afflictions: ſhe altereth this her reſolution, and ſo reſolves a little longer to ſtay in *Nice*, hoping and praying, that God would rectifie her Father in Law *Caſtelnovo*'s judgement, and reform the errors of his laſcivious thoughts and deſires. And ſo for her part, hating the father as much as ſhe loved the ſon her husband; he could not be more prodigal of his lewd ſpeeches and tentations to her, than ſhe was of her ſighs and tears to underſtand and repel them. A thouſand times ſhe wiſheth her ſelf in *Malta*, with the Knight her husband, or he in *Nice* with her: and could her body ſo ſoon have flown or ſailed thither as her thoughts, he had long ſince injoyed the happineſs of her preſence, and ſhe the felicity of his Fathers abſence. But ſith ſhe is too miſerable to be ſo fortunate, ſhe hath yet this conſolation left her to ſweeten the bitterneſs of her afflictions, and this hope to revive and comfort her againſt her deſpair, that her Letter may procure his ſpeedy return from *Malta* to *Nice*. Whereon reſolving, although the occaſion and grounds thereof were as ſtrange as ſhamefull, ſhe ſecretly ſteals to her chamber, and locking her door to her, takes her pen and paper, and rather with tears than Ink, writes him theſe few lines:

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Although mine eyes and heart can better weep and ſigh for mine afflictions, than my pen depaint them, yet I ſhould infinitely wrong thee in my ſelf, and my ſelf in thee, if I inform thee not by this my Letter (the ſecret Ambaſſador of my heart) that my affection deſerves, and mine honour requires thy ſpeedy return to me; I would unlock thee this myſterie, and make it more obvious and apparent to the eye of thine underſtanding, but that mine own modeſty, and anothers ſhame command my pen to ſilence herein. And again, my tears ſo confuſedly and mournfully interrupt my ſighs, and my tears, and both my pen, as although I have the will, yet I want the power to enlarge thee. Only my dear Caſtelnovo, *if ever thy* Perina *were dear to thee, make her happy with thy ſight, who deems her ſelf not only miſerable, but accurſed in thy abſence. For till* Nice *be thy* Malta, *Heaven may, Earth cannot rejoyce me.*

PERINA.

Having written this her Letter, ſhe finds a confident and intimate Friend of her husbands, a Gentleman named *Seignior Benedetto Sabia*, who undertakes the ſafe conveyance, and ſecret delivery thereof into *Malta* to *Caſtelnovo*: ſo giving it him with ſtore of gold, to defray the charge of his journey, as alſo a pair of gold bracelets for a token to her Knight and husband, he imbarks for *Genoua*, ſo to *Naples*, and from thence in a *Neopolitan* Galley, arrives in ſhort time, to the renowned and famous Ile of *Malta*, the inexpugnable Bulwark of Chriſtendom, and the curb and bridle of audacious inſulting *Turky*, where finding out the Knight *Seignior Franciſco de Caſtelnovo*, he effectually and fairly delivers him his Ladies Letter, Bracelets, and Meſſage, who withdrawing himſelf to a window, hath no ſooner broken up the ſeals and read the Letter, but he is at firſt much perplexed at the unexpected news thereof; he reads it o're again and again, and finds it ſo obſcure, as he cannot gather or conceive her meaning therein, but at laſt conſtruing it only to be a wile and fetch of her affection, to re-fetch and call him home to *Nice* to her: he loth as yet to loſe and abandon his hopes of preferment in that Iland, which now the great Maſter hath promiſed him, diſpatcheth *Sabia* back for *Nice*, and plucking off a rich Emerauld from his finger, delivers it him for his Lady *Perina*, as a token of his dear and fervent affection, and with it a Letter in anſwer of hers.

In the Interim of *Sabia* his abſence to *Malta*, our old laſcivious Baron *Caſtelnovo* is not idle in *Nice*, in ſtill ſeeking to draw our Lady *Perina* to his adulterous deſire, and will, yea, he is become ſo obſcene in his requeſts and ſpeeches, as they not only exceed chaſtity, but civility, ſo as ſhe (poor Lady) can finde no truce, nor obtain any intermiſſion from theſe his beaſtly ſolicitations; but reſolving ſtill to preſerve her honour with her life, her pure chaſtity ſhines clearer in the midſt of theſe his impure temptations, than the Sun doth, being invironed and incompaſſed with many obſcure clouds: but ſhe thinks every hour a year, before ſhe ſee her Knight *Caſtelnovo* ſafely returned from *Malta*, when lo, *Sabia* arriving at *Villafranca*, trips over to *Nice*, and underſtanding *Perina* privately bolted up in her Chamber, he repairs to her, and there delivers her, her Knight *Caſtelnovo's* Ring and Letter, although not himſelf; when tearing off the Seals, ſhe therein finds theſe words:

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

MY fair and dear Perina, *the knowledge of thy ſighs and tears the more afflict and grieve me, in reſpect I am ignorant whence they proceed, or what occaſioned them: 'tis true, thy affection deſerves my return, and the preſervation of thine honour, not only to requeſt, but to require and command it: but I am ſo aſſured of that, and ſo confident of this, as I know thou wilt carry the firſt to thy grave, and the ſecond to heaven. So, if any one ſince my departure have faln in love with thy beauty, thou muſt not finde it ſtrange, much leſs grieve there at, ſith the excellency thereof hath power, not only to captivate one but many; yea the conſideration thereof ſhould rather rejoyce, than afflict thee, ſith whatſoever he be, the ſhame in the end will remain his, and the glory thine. But dear and ſweet Lady, I think thine honour is only the pretext, and thy affection the cauſe, ſo earneſtly to deſire my return: whereunto I would willingly conſent, but that the daily expectance of my preferment muſt a little longer detain me here: only this is my reſolution, and I pray let it be thy aſſurance, I will diſpatch my affairs here with all poſſible expedition, and ſhall never think my ſelf happy, till I re-imbark from* Malta, *and land at* Nice.

CASTELNOVO.

Having ore-read her Letter, ſhe, the better to diſſemble her ſecret paſſions and griefs, very courteouſly confers with *Sabia*: of whom having for that time thankfully taken her leave; ſhe for meer ſorrow and afflictions throws her ſelf on her bed, from thence on the floor, to ſee her hopes deceived of her husbands return; and now ſhe knows neither what to ſay or do in this her miſery and perplexity; for ſhe ſees that her Father in Laws obſtinacy, and conſequently her ſorrow grows from bad to worſe, that he is ſo far from reclaiming, as he is reſolute in his laſcivious and beaſtly ſolicitations: So that ſeeing his fair ſpeeches and entreaties cannot prevail with her, he exchangeth his reſolution and former language, and ſo adds threats to his requeſts, and frowns to his ſmiles, as if force ſhould extort and obtain that, which fair means could not, yea, and ſometimes he intermingleth and adminiſtreth her ſuch heart-killing menaces, as ſhe hath now reaſon not only to doubt of his luſt, but alſo to fear his revenge: which conſidering, ſhe, as well to preſerve her honour, as to provide for the ſafety of her life, will once again prove

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the kindness of her own unkind father *Arconeto*, and so determineth to leave *Nice*, and to flie unto *Saint John de Mauriene*: now to assist her and accompany her in this her secret escape, she thinks none so fit as *Sabia*, who for her husbands affection, and her own vertues, willingly consenteth to her: so she preparing her apparel, and he her train, they in a dark night (when pale faced *Cynthia* inveloped her self in a multitude of black and obscure clouds, purposely to assist and favour her in this her laudable and honourable flight) take horse, and so with great expedition pass the Mountains, and recover *Saint Iohn de Mauriene*; where though she be not truly welcom to her own Father *Arconeto*, yet her honour and her life are truly secured from the lust and revenge of her lascivious Father in Law *Castelnovo*: nevertheless the cause and manner of her escape, but chiefly the consideration of her husbands absence in the passage of this business, doth still so bitterly afflict her, as she is become pale and sickly: whereupon she is resolute, once again to send back *Sabia* to *Malta* to her knight and husband, with a second Letter, in hope it may effect and procure his return, which her first could not: and so calling for pen and paper, she traceth thereon these few lines.

PERINA to CASTELNOVO.

Sith thou wilt not leave Malta, *to see* Nice *for my sake, I have left* Nice, *to live or rather to die in* Saint John de Mauriene *for thine: tis true, my affection hath desired thy return, which thou hast not granted me: tis as true, that one, to whom Nature hath given a prime and singular interest in thee, and thee in him, hath sought the defloration of mine honour, which my heart and duty have denied him. Thou art confident of my affection to thee: if thine had been so faithful and fervent to my self, neither sea nor land had had power to separate us. If any preferment be dearer to thee then my life, stay in* Malta: *or if my life be dearer then it, then return to* Saint John de Mauriene, *where thou mayest finde me, for in* Nice *I will not be found of thee. Hadst thou not purposely mistaken the cause for the pretext in my importunity of thy returne, I would have digested it with far more content, and less affliction: but sith neither my affection, or honour hath power to effect it, at least let the regard of my life, sith that will not accompany me, if thou any longer absent thy self from me: make therefore haste to see thy* Perina, *if ever thou think to see her again; and let her bear this one content to her grave, that she may disclose thee a secret, which, but to thy self, she will conceal from all the world.*

PERINA.

Whiles *Sabia* is again speeding towards *Malta* with *Perina's* second Letter to her husband *Castelnovo*, we will a little speak of old *Castelnovo* the Father, who seeing his daughter in Law *Perina* fled, and consequently his hopes with her, he is extreamly perplexed and afflicted hereat: All the house and City is sought for her, and he himself breaks off the locks of her Chamber-door, where he finds the nest, but the bird flown away, her bed, but not her self: so as his thoughts doubly torment and astonish him, first to be frustrated of his hopes and desires to enjoy her, then, because she will bewray his lascivious suit and affection to her Husband his son, which of all sides will not procure him not only shame, but infamy; yea, now it is, although before he would not, that he sees his errour, and vanity, in attempting to make shipwrack of her honour and chastity, which is the glory, and should be the *Palladium* of Ladies: but it is too late to recover her again: And therefore although he know how to repent, yet he is ignorant how to remedy or redeem it, sith his attempt and enterprize was not only odious to God but infamous to men, opposite to Grace, and repugnant and contradictory to Nature. Besides, this his lustfull folly proceeding from himself, looks two ways, and hath a double reflexion, first on *Perina* the wife, then on *Castelnovo* her husband, and his own son, who, he is assured will be all fire hereat; yea, this crime of his is of so high and so beastly a nature, as he knows not what to say to him, or how to look him in the face, when he shall arrive from *Malta*, which his guilty conscience tels him will be shortly; neither doth the Calculation or Arithmetick of his fear deceive him: for by this time is *Sabia* again arrived at *Malta*, where he delivers *Castelnovo* his wifes second Letter; the which doth so nettle and sting his heart to the quick, at the bitter and unexpected news it relates, as he esteems himself no longer himself, because he is not with his dear wife, who is the one half, yea the greatest part of himself. Wherefore, admiring who in *Nice*, yea, in his fathers house should be so impudently lascivious, to seek to blemish his honour, in that of his Ladies, he making her sighs and tears his, with all expedition and haste

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provides for his departure from *Malta*; and yet his love, his fear, or both conducing and concurring in one, makes him inſtantly reſolve to diſpatch and return *Sabia*, as the harbinger to proclame his comming; the which he doth, and chargeth him with this Letter to his fair wife, and dear Lady *Perina*.

CASTELNOVO to PERINA.

THy ſudden departure from Nice *to* Saint John de Mauriene *doth equally afflict and amaze me; I burn with deſire, to know as well the Author, as the Cauſe thereof, that I may likewiſe know how to right thee, in revenging my ſelf of him. I have thought it fit to return* Seignor Sabia *again to thee, as ſoon as he arived to me, being ready within two daies to imbark as timely as himſelf; ſo that if wind and Sea hate me not too much, in more loving and favouring him, I am confident to bring and deliver thee my ſelf, as ſoon as he ſhall thee this my Letter; and judge whether I ſpeak it from my heart and ſoul, ſith the eſtimation of thy love, and the preſervation of thy honour, make me already deem minutes, moneths, and hours, years, till my preſence be made happy with thine. I come, fair* Perina, *ſweeet wife and dear Lady, I come; and if heaven prove propitious to my moſt religious prayers and deſires here on earth, our meeting ſhall be ſhortly as ſweet and happy, as our parting was bitter and ſorrowfull.*

CASTELNOVO.

So according to this his Letter, as firſt *Sabia* imbarks from *Malta* to *Nice*, before him, ſo he likewiſe arrives at *Genoua*, the day after he did at *Nice*, from whence poaſting ore the Mountains, he arrives at *Saint John de Mauriene*, where, at his Father in law *Arconetoes* houſe, he finds his dear and ſweet Lady *Perina*, who every minute of time, with much impatient longing and deſire, expected his arrivall (as having the night before received his ſecond and laſt Letter by *Sabia*, which avertiſed her thereof) ſo like true and faithfull Turtle Doves, eſteeming each others preſence their moſt ſoveraign felicity, they fall to their billing and kiſſes, to inform themſelves how ſweet this their happy meeting was each to other. And here our Knight *Caſtelnovo* cannot be ſo curious or haſty to inquire, as his Laydy *Perina* was to relate the cauſe of her ſudden departure from *Nice* to *Saint John de Mauriene*, occaſioned by the unnaturall luſt and laſciviouſneſs of his Father (as we have formerly underſtood) the which, with many ſighs and tears, ſhe depaints forth to him in all its circumſtances and colours. He is amazed at this ſtrange and unexpected news, and far the more to think that his own Father ſhould (in the winter of his age) attempt or ſeek to defile his honour and bed, in the perſon of this his fair and chaſt Lady *Perina*; he wondreth to ſee ſo little grace in ſo many years, and that if Nature had not, yet Religion ſhould have had power to baniſh theſe laſcivious thoughts from his heart and memory: ſo with out-ſpred arms he tenderly embraceth and kiſſeth her, highly extolling her chaſtity, and applauding the diſcreet carriage of her eſcape; being himſelf reſolute to ſtay in *Saint Johns de Mauriene* with her Father *Arconeto*, and not to return to *Nice* to his own Father *Caſtelnovo*. But he ſhall as ſoon infringe as make this his reſolution; for by this time his Father underſtanding of his Sons reurn from *Malta*, to *St. John de Maurione*, and knowing that his Lady *Perina* hath not fail'd to bewray him his laſcivious ſute and deſire, attempted againſt her honour, as alſo grieving at the remembrance of his former folly and future ſhame, in knowing what a foul ſcandall both it and his Sons abſence would procure and ingender him, he reſolves to confeſſe his crime, and ſo by the mediation of a perſwaſive and ſatisfying Letter, to endeavour to reclaim them again from *Saint John de Mauriene* to *Nice*; when calling for pen and paper, he writes theſe few inſuing lines, and ſends them his Son by a Gentlewoman of his.

CASTELNOVO to his Son CASTELNOVO.

I Am as glad of thy arrivall from Malta, *as ſorrowfull for thy abſence from* Nice; *nd ſith to deny is to redouble our errours and imperfections, I will not go further than my ſelf to find the cauſe thereof, ſith I know that my laſcivious and graceleſſe attempt againſt the honour of thy chaſt Lady, hath drawn thee to this reſolution; but now I write it to my future comfort, as much as I conceived it to my former ſhame, that Grace hath vanquiſhed Nature, and Religion luſt in me: ſo as I am at preſent not only ſorrowfull, but repentant for that crime, of mine, which I no more remember but with horror, nor think of, but with deteſtation. My ſoul hath made my peace with God, and my heart deſires to reconcile it both with thy ſelf and her; and as I hope he will forget it, ſo I beſeech you both to forgive*

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it me, being ready to confirm this my reconciliation as well with my tongue as pen. Wherefore ſith thou art the ſole prop of my age, and comfort of my life, make me not ſo unfortunate or miſerable, to be tax'd with the ſcandall of my ſhame, and thy abſence; but bring back thy Lady with thee; for here I profeſs before Heaven and Earth, that I will henceforth as much honour her for her chaſtity, as heretofore I laſciviouſly ſought to betray and violate it.

CASTEI NOVO.

This vertuous and religious Letter of the Father prevails with the Son, and his fair and chaſt Lady; ſo as their ſecrecies and diſcretions huſh up this buſineſs in ſilence, and within eight dayes they both return from *Saint John de Mauriene* to *Nice*, where they are courteouſly welcomed, and reſpectively received and entertained of their Father, whoſe contrition for his former folly is outwardly ſo great, as he hath tears in his eyes at the remembrance thereof; ſo as making good the promiſe of his Letter, he very patiently and ſorrowfully implores their pardon and remiſſion; which they inſtantly grant him with as much willingneſs as alacrity. So the report and thought hereof is obſcured and vaniſhed, as if it had never been; and all things and parties ſo reconciled, as to common ſenſe nothing in the world is capable to trouble the tranquillity of this reconciliation and atonement. But alas, alas, we ſhall very briefly ſee the contrary; For old *Caſtelnovo* the Father, notwithſtanding all theſe religious promiſes and ſincere ſhews of repentance and tears, is ſo far from being the man he ſeems to be, as although he have made his peace with his Son and Daughter, yet, ay mee, I write it with grief, he hath not with his conſcience, nor his conſcience with God; for although he have a chaſt and religious tongue, yet he ſtill retaineth a laſcivious and adulterate heart; yea, he is ſo far from converſion and reformation, as the new ſight and review of the Lady *Perina*'s freſh and delicate beauty doth revive thoſe ſparks, and refreſh thoſe flames of his luſt, which ſeemed to be raked up in the embers of her abſence. And what is this, but to be a Chriſtian in ſhew, and a miſcreant in effect? to hide a foule ſoul under a fair face? and to make Religion and Hypocriſie, a ſatall and miſerable cloke for his villany? But though he diſſemble with God, yet we ſhall ſee, and he find, that God will not diſſemble with him; and in thinking to betray God, Satan in the end will betray him. The manner is thus:

As he reſumes his old ſute, and newly burns in love and luſtfull deſire, to erect the Trophees of his laſcivious and inceſtuous pleaſures upon the ruines of his Daughter in law's chaſtity and honour; ſo he likewiſe ſees it impoſſible to think to perform, or hope to accompliſh it, as long as his Son her Husband lives; and therefore, loſing his judgment either in the Labyrinth of her beauty, or in the turbulent Ocean of his own concupiſcence and luſt, he, contrary to the rules of Grace, and the lawes and principles of nature, ſwaps a bargain with the Devill to poyſon him. To which end, to ſhew himſelf the monſter of men, and the bloudieſt preſident of a moſt degenerat Father, which this, or many precedent ages ever produced or afforded, he hath again recourſe to his Helliſh Agent *Jerantha*, in favour of five hundred Ducats, to ſend the Son into Heaven after the Mother, and to make him equall with her; as in nature, ſo in (the diſſolution therof) death; A bloudy deſigne; and mournfull project, which we ſhall preſently be inforced to ſee acted upon the Theater of this Hiſtory.

But *Jerantha* is at firſt ſo repentant for the death of the mother, as ſhe will not conſent to that of the Son. And had ſhe continued in this religious reſolution, ſhe had lived more fortunately, and not died ſo miſerably and ſhamefully, as we ſhall briefly ſee. For our old Lecher *Caſtelnovo*, her Maſter, ſeeing his Gold could not this ſecond time prevaile with *Jerintha*, being equally inflamed as wel with luſt to *Perina*, as with malice and revenge to his Son *Caſtelnovo* her Husband, he is ſo implacable therein, as he promiſeth to marry her, if ſhe will attempt and perform it. So although his firſt battery fayled, yet his ſecond doth not; For the Devill had made her ſo ambitious of greatneſs and honour, that of a ſimple waiting Gentlewoman to become a great Lady, ſhe conſents hereunto; and, which is a thouſand pitties to report, within leſs then ſix dayes performs it; when (God knowes) the innocencie of this harmleſs young Gentleman his Son never dreamt or ſuſpected it.

At the ſight of this his ſudden death, his Lady *Perina* is ready to dye for grief, yea to drown her ſelf in the *Ocean* and deluge of her tears; teating her hair, and ſtriving to deface the excellencie of her beauty, with a kind of careleſs neglect, as if ſhe were reſolute not to ſurvive him. And if the Lady *Perina* bewrayed many deplorable demonſtrations of ſorrow for the death of her Husband, no leſs doth his Father *Caſtelnovo* for that of his Son; only their griefs (conformable to their paſſions) are diametrically different and oppoſite; for hers were fervent and true, as proceeding from the ſincerity of her affection; and his hypocriticall and feigned as derived from the profundity of his malice and revenge towards him.

him. And not to tranſgreſs from the *Decorum* and truth of our Hiſtory, old *Caſtelnovo* could not ſo artificially bear and overvail his ſorrows for his Sons death, but (the premiſes conſidered) our young afflicted widow and Lady vehemently ſuſpecteth he hath a hand therein; and likewiſe partly believes that *Jerantha* is likewiſe acceſſary and ingaged therein, in reſpect ſhe looks more aloft, and is grown more familiar with her Lord and Maſter than before. And indeed as her ſorrows increaſe her jealouſie, ſo her jealouſie throws her into a paſſionate and violent reſolution of Revenge, both againſt him and her, if ſhe can be futurely aſſured that they had murthered and poyſoned the Knight her husband.

Now to be aſſured hereof, ſhe thus reaſoneth with her ſelf; that if her Father in Law were the Murtherer of his Son her Husband, his malice and hatred to him proceeded from his beaſtly luſt to her ſelf; and that he now diſpatched, he would again ſhortly revive and renew his old laſcivious ſuit to her: which if he did, ſhe vows to take a ſharp and cruel Revenge of him, which ſhe will limit with no leſs than his death. And indeed we ſhall not go far to ſee the event and truth anſwer her ſuſpition. For within a moneth or two after her husband was laid in his untimely grave, his old luſtfull and laſcivious Father doth again burſt and vomit forth his beaſtly ſolicitations againſt her chaſtity and honour: which obſerving, ſhe ſomewhat diſdainfully and coylie puts him off, but yet not ſo paſſionately nor chollerickly as before, onely of purpoſe to make him the more eager in his purſuit, thereby the better to draw him to her lure, that ſhe might perpetrate her malice, and act her Revenge on him, and ſo make his death the object of her rage and indignation, as his luſt and malice were the cauſe of the ſorrows of her life. But unfortunate and miſerable Lady, what a bloody and helliſh enterprize doeſt thou ingage thy ſelf in, and why hath thy affection ſo blinded thy conſcience and ſoul, to make thy ſelf the Author and Actor of ſo mournful and bloody a Tragedy? For alas, alas, ſweet *Perina*, I know not whether more to commend thy affection to thy Husband, or condemn thy cruel malice intended to his Father. For, O grief! O pity! where are thy Vertues, where is thy Religion, where thy conſcience, thy ſoul, thy God, thus to give thy ſelf over to the helliſh tentations of Satan? Thou which heretofore fled'ſt from adultery, wilt thou now follow murther? or becauſe thy heart would not be acceſſary to that, ſhall thy ſoul be now ſo irreligious and impious, to be guilty of this? But as her Father in Law is reſolute in his luſt towards her, ſo is ſhe likewiſe in her revenge towards him, and far the more, in that ſhe perceives *Jerantha*'s great belly ſufficiently proclaims that ſhe hath plaid the Strumpet; and which is worſe, ſhe fears, with her execrable and wretched Father in Law: as now no longer able to ſtopp the furious and impetuous current of her revenge, ſhe is ſo graceleſs and bloody, as ſhee vows firſt to diſpatch the Lord and Maſter, then the Waiting-Gentlewoman, as her thoughts and ſoul ſuggeſt her they had done firſt the Mother, then the Son: ſo impious are her thoughts, ſo inhumane and bloody her reſolutions.

Now in the *interim* of this time the old Lecher her Father is again become impudent and importunate in his ſuit. So our wretched Lady *Perina* degenerating from her former vertues, and indeed from her ſelf, ſhe, after many requeſts and ſolicitations, very feignedly ſeems to yeild, and ſtrike ſail to his deſire; but indeed with a bloody intent to diſpatch him out of this world. So having concluded this ſinful fatal Match, there wants nothing but the finiſhing and accompliſhing thereof: only they differ in the manner and circumſtances: the Father is deſirous to go to the Daughter in Laws bed, the Daughter to the Father in Laws; but both conclude that the night, and not the day ſhall give end to this laſcivious and beaſtly buſineſs; his reaſon is, to avoid the jealouſie and rage of *Jerantha*, whom now, although ſhe be neer her time of deliverance, he refuſeth to marry her; but the Lady *Perina*'s, if that ſhe may pollute and ſtain his own bed with his blood, and not hers; but eſpecially, becauſe ſhe may have the fitter means to ſtab and murther him: and hereon they conclude. To which end, not onely the night, but the hour is appointed betwixt them; which being come, and *Caſtelnovo* in bed, burning with impatience and deſire for her arrival, he thinking on nothing but his beaſtly pleaſures, nor ſhe, but on her cruel malice and revenge: ſhe ſofdly enters his chamber, but not in her night, but her day attire, having a *Piſa* Ponyard cloſe in her ſleeve; when having bolted his chamber door, becauſe none ſhould divert her from this her bloody deſign; ſhe approaching his bed, and he lifting himſelf up purpoſely to welcom and kiſs her, ſhe ſeeing his breſt open and naked, like an incenſed Fury, draws out her Ponyard, and uttering theſe words: *Thou wretched Whore-maſter and Murtherer, this life of mine own honour, and the death of my dear Knight and husband, thy ſon.* And ſo ſtabbing him at the heart with many blows ſhe kils him ſtark dead, and leaves him reeking in his hot blood, without giving him time to

ſpeak

ſpeak a word; only he fetcht a ſcreek and a groan or two, as his ſoul took her laſt farewel of his body. Which being over-heard of the ſervants of the houſe, they aſcend his chamber, and finde our inhumane *Perina* iſſuing forth, all gored with the effuſion of his blood, having the bloody Ponyard, which was the fatal Inſtrument of this cruel Murther in her hand. They are amazed at this bloody and mournful ſpectacle: ſo they ſeize on her, and the report hereof flying thorow the City, the Criminal Judges that night cauſe her to be impriſoned for the Fact, which ſhe is reſolved no way to deny, but to acknowledge, as rather glorying than grieving thereat.

Jerantha, at the very firſt underſtanding hereof, vehemently ſuſpects that her two poyſoning Murthers will now come to light; and ſo, as great as her belly is, ſhe, to provide for her ſafety, very ſecretly ſteals away to a dear friends houſe of hers in the City, which now from all parts ratleth and reſoundeth of this cruel and unnatural Murther; yea, it likewiſe paſſeth the *Alps*, and is ſpeedily bruited and known in *Saint John de Mauriene*, where although her father *Arconeto* would never heretofore affect her, yet he now exceedingly grieves at this her bloody attempt and imminent danger: but her irregular affection, and inhumane revenge, will not as yet permit her conſcience to inform and ſhew her the hainouſneſs of her cruel and bloody fact. But God will be more merciful to her and her ſoul.

Some two days after ſhe is arraigned for the ſame, where ſhe freely confeſſeth it, having nothing to allege for her excuſe, but that ſhe perfectly knew, that her Father in Law *Caſtelnovo* and his Strumpet *Jerantha* had at leaſt poiſoned the Knight her husband, if not likewiſe the Lady *Fidelia* his mother; the which although they had ſome reaſon and ground to ſuſpect, becauſe of *Jerantha*'s ſudden flight, yet ſith this could no way diminiſh, or extenuate her murther of her Father in Law, they condemn our unfortunate Lady *Perina* to be hanged, and ſo reſend her to priſon, to prepare her ſelf to die. But the advice of ſome, and the Friendſhip and compaſſion of others, as pittying her youth and beauty, and commending her chaſtity and affection to her Knight and Husband, counſel and perſwade her to appeal from the Sentence of the Court of *Nice*, to the Senate of *Chambery* (which is the Soveraign and Capital of *Savoy*) whither we ſhall ſhortly ſee her conducted and brought.

In which mean time let us obſerve the wonderful Juſtice and Providence of God ſhewed likewiſe upon this execrable Waiting-gentlewoman *Jerantha*, for ſo cruelly poyſoning the Lady *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Caſtelnovo* her Son: who, although ſearch were every where made for her, yet ſhe having huſht her ſelf up privately, albeit her bloody thoughts and guilty conſcience, for the ſame continually torture and torment her, yet ſhe is ſo impious and graceleſs, as ſhe no way fears the danger of the Law, and much leſs the ſevere tempeſt of Gods indignation and revenge, which now notwithſtanding in the midſt of her ſecurity will, according to her bloody deſerts and crimes, ſuddenly ſurpriſe and over-take her: for now this accident of her Lord *Caſtelnovo*'s Murther, and of the Lady *Perina*'s impriſonment, or to ſpeak more properly and truly, of Gods ſacred decree and divine Judgement, throws her into the ſharp and bitter pains of travel for childe; with whoſe heart-killing gripes and convulſions, ſhe is ſo miſerably tortured and tormented, as ſhe her ſelf, her Mid-wife, and all the women neer her, judge and think it impoſſible for her to eſcape death: when ſeeing no hope of life, and that already her pangs and torments had made her but as it were the very image and anatomy of death, ſhe begins to look from ſin to repentance, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God; and ſo taking on and aſſuming a Chriſtian reſolution, ſhe will not charge her ſoul with concealing of this ſingle Adultery, much leſs of her double Murthers; but very penitently confeſſeth all, as well it, as them; and ſo commits her ſelf to the unparalleld and mercileſs mercies of her pains and torments, hoping they will ſpeedily ſend her from this world to a better. But her Adultery and Murthers are ſuch odious and execrable crimes in Gods ſight, as he will free her from theſe dangers of Child-birth, and becauſe worthy, will reſerve her for a ſhameful and infamous death. So ſhe is ſafely delivered of a young ſon, who is more fair than happy, as being the off-ſpring of laſcivious Parents, and the iſſue of an adulterous bed; and by Gods providence and her own confeſſion, ſhe, for theſe her beaſtly and bloody crimes is the ſecond day committed to priſon, and the third hang'd and burnt in *Nice*, and her aſhes thrown into the air. A juſt reward and puniſhment for ſo helliſh and inhumane a Gentlewoman; who though otherwiſe ſhee ſhewed many Teſtimonies and Signs of Repentance at her end, yet her crimes were ſo foul and odious to the World, as at her death ſhe was ſo miſerable, as ſhe found not one ſpectator, either to weep for her, or to lament, or condole with her.

And now to ſhut up this Hiſtory, let us carry our curioſities and expectations from *Nice* to *Chambery*,

Chambery, and from dead *Jerentha* to our living *Perina*, where that grave and illuſtrious Senate, in conſideration of her famous chaſtity, and ſingular affection to the Knight her huſband, as alſo her noble parentage and tender years, they moderate the ſentence of *Nice*; for Murthering her Father-in-law *Caſtelnovo*, and ſo inſtead of hanging, adjudge her there to have her right hand cut off, and her ſelf to perpetual impriſonment in *Nice*; where Gods ſacred Juſtice for this her bloody Murther, and the remembrance of her dead husband, and living ſorrows, ſo ſharply torment and afflict her, as ſhe living not long in priſon, but exceedingly pined away of a languiſhing conſumption; and ſo very ſorrowfully and repentantly ended her dayes, being exceedingly lamented of her kinsfolks, and pittyed of all her acquaintance; and, had not her affection been blinded, and her rage and revenge too much triumphed o'r her thoughts and reſolutions, ſhe had lived as happy, as ſhe died miſerable; and have ſerved for as great a grace and ornament to her Country, as *Jerantha* and old *Caſtelnovo* her Father-in-law were a ſcandal and ſhame.

Thus we ſee how Gods revenging juſtice ſtill meets with Murther. O that we may read this Hiſtory with fear, and profit thereby in reformation, that dying to ſin, and living to righteouſneſs, we may peaceably dye in this world, and gloriouſly live and raign in that to come.

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY X.

Bertolini *ſeeks* Paulina *in mariage, but ſhe loves* Sturio, *and not himſelf: He prayes her Brother* Brellati, *his dear friend, to ſollicite her for him, which he doth, but cannot prevail; whereupon* Bertolini *lets fall ſome diſgracefull ſpeeches, both againſt her honour, and his reputation; for which* Brellati *challengeth the field of him, where* Bertolini *kills him, and he flies for the ſame;* Sturio *ſeeks to marry her, but his Father will not conſent thereunto, and ſo conveyes him away ſecretly; for which two diſaſters,* Paulina *dyes for ſorrow.* Sturio *finds out* Bertolini, *and ſends him a Challenge, and having him at his mercy, gives him his life at his requeſt: he afterwards very treacherouſly kils* Sturio *with a Petronel in the Street from a Window: he is taken for this ſecond Murther, his two hands cut off, then beheaded, and his body thrown into the River.*

ALbeit that Valour be requiſite in a Gentleman (and one of his moſt eſſential virtues and proper ornaments) yet ſith Charity is the true mark and character of a Chriſtian, we ſhould not raſhly reſolve to hazard the loſſe of our lives for the preſervation of the meer title, and vain point of our honour, but rather religiouſly endeavour to ſave our ſouls in that of our own lives, as alſo thoſe of our Chriſtian brethren; for in duels and ſingle combats (which though the heat of youth and revenge ſeem to allow, yet, reaſon will not, and Religion cannot) did we onely hazard our bodies, and not our ſouls, then our warrant to fight, were in earth as juſt, as now the hazarding of our ſouls and bodies is odious and diſtaſtefull to heaven, ſith in ſeeking to deface man the creature, we aſſuredly attempt to ſtrike and ſtab at the Majeſty of God the Creator: but if there be any colour or ſhadow of honour to kill our adverſary for the preſervation of the vain point of our honour, what an ignoble ingratitude and damnable impiety is it, for a Gentleman likewiſe treacherouſly to kill another, of whom he hath former-

ly

(I) received his life? yea as Grace fights againſt this former ſort of fighting, ſo both Grace and Nature impugn and deteſt this ſecond ſort of Murther: A wofull and mournfull preſident whereof, I here preſent in the perſon of a baſe and wretched Gentleman, whoſe irregular affection to a Lady, firſt ſlew her brother in the Field; and execrable revenge to her lover, next drew him treacherouſly to Murther him in the ſtreet; and conſequently, to his own condign puniſhment, and ſhamefull death for the ſame. May all ſuch bloody Murtherers ſtill meet with ſuch ends, and may his miſerable and infamous death premoniſh all other Gentlemen, to live and become more charitable, and leſs bloudy by his example.

The friendſhip and familiarity betwixt *Seignior John Battiſta Bertolini*, and *Seignior Leonardo Brellati*, two noble young Gentlemen, native and reſident of the City of *Rome*, was (without intermiſſion) ſo intire and intimate, for the ſpace of ſix whole years, which led them from their years of fourteen to twenty, as it ſeemed they had but one heart in two bodies, and that it was impoſſible for either of them to be truly merry, if the other were abſent: and ſurely, many were the reaſons which laid the foundation of this friendſhip; for as they were equall in years, ſo their ſtatures and complexions reſembled, and their humors and inclinations ſympathized: likewiſe they were ancient School-fellows, and near Neighbours; for their Parents both dwelt betwixt the Palaces of the two Cardinals, *Farneſi* and *Caponius*; if there were any diſparity in their dignities and worths, it conſiſted only in this, *Bertolini's* Parents were richer than *Brellati's*, but *Brellati* was more Nobly deſcended than *Bertolini*; which notwithſtanding could no way impeach or hinder the progreſs of their friendſhip, but rather it flouriſhed with the time; ſo as they increaſing in years, they likewiſe did in affection, as if they were ambitious of nothing ſo much in this world, as not only to imitate, but to ſurpaſs the friendſhip of *Oreſtes* and *Pilades*, and of *Damon* and *Pithias*; whereof, all who knew them and their Parents, yea all that part and diviſion of *Rome*, took deep and ſingular notice; but to ſhew that they were men, and not Angels, and conſequently ſubject to frailty, not inherent to perfection, that Earth was not Heaven, nor *Rome* the ſhaddow thereof; have we but a little patience, we ſhall ſhortly ſee, the thred of this friendſhip cut off, the props and fortifications thereof razed, battered and laid levell with the ground; yea, we ſhall ſee time, change with time, friendſhip turned into enmity, fellows to foes, love to loathing, courtiſie to cruelty; and in a word, life to death; as obſerve the ſequell of this Hiſtory, and it will briefly inform ye how.

Bertolini ſees that *Brellati* hath a fair and delicate Siſter, named *Dona Paulina*, ſomewhat younger than himſelf, and yet not ſo young, but that the clock of her age hath ſtrucken eighteen; and therefore proclaimed her at leaſt capable, if not deſirous of marriage; and although he be a novice in the Art of love, yet Nature hath made him ſo good a Schollar in the principles and rudiments thereof, as he ſees her fair, and therefore muſt love her; rich in the excellency and delicacie of beauty, and therefore is reſolute to love her, and only her; for gazing on the influence and ſplendour of her peircing eyes, he cannot behold them without wonder, and then prying and contemplating on the roſeat and lillie tincture of her cheeks, he cannot ſee theſe without admiration, nor refrain from admiring them without affection; but again, remarking the ſlenderneſs of her body, and the ſweetneſs of her vertues, and ſeeing her as gracious as fair, and that her inward perfections added as much luſtre to her exteriour beauty as this reflected ornament and decoration to thoſe, he as young as he was, vowes himſelf her ſervant, and withall ſwore, that either ſhe, or his grave, muſt be his wife and Miſtreſs.

Bertolini thus ſurprized and nettled with the beauty of his dearly ſweet, and ſweetly fair *Paulina*, he is inforced to neglect a great part of his accompanying the Brother, thereby to court the Siſter; ſo he many times purpoſely forſakes *Brellati* to follow *Paulina*, and delights in nothing ſo much as in her preſence and (in that regard) in his abſence, not that it was poſſible, in his conceit and imagination, for him any way to hate him, in loving her; rather, that in generall tearms he muſt love *Brellati* for *Paulina's* ſake; and in particular, only affect her for his own. And as his wealth and ambition made him confident he ſhould obtain her for his wife; ſo he in fair, amorous, and honourable tearms as well by his own ſolicitations letters, promiſes, and preſents, as by thoſe of his Parents, ſeeks her in marriage, yea, and when theſe could not ſuffice, he, to ſhew himſelf as true as fervent a Lover, adds ſighs; tears, prayers, and oaths. But all theſe Sollicitours ſerve only to betray and deceive his hopes; for if *Bertolini* were extreamly deſirous to marry *Paulina*, ſhe is alſo reſolute not to match him; which diſcords in affection, ſeldom or never make any true harmony in minds.

His wealth deceiving him, he hath recourſe to her only brother, and his beſt and deareſt friend *Bellati*, to whom he relates the profundity and fervencie of his affection to his Siſter *Paulina*, acquaints him with his ſute, and her denyall; his attempt, and her repulſe therein, and by the power and bonds of all their former friendſhip and familiarity, intreats and conjures him to become his Orator and Advocate towards her, in his behalf; whoſe ſmiles, he alleageth, are his life, and frowns, his death. *Brellati* having his generoſity and judgment blinded with the reſpect of *Bertolini* his wealth, as alſo of the affection he bore him, all other conſiderations laid apart, like a better friend to him, than a Brother to his Siſter *Paulina*, promiſeth him his beſt furtherance and aſſiſtance in the proceſs of this his affection; and ſo with his trueſt Oratorie, beſt Eloquence, and ſweeteſt Perſwaſion, begins to deal effectually with her herein: but as our hopes are ſubject and incident to deceive us, ſo *Bertolini* and *Brellati* come farr too ſhort of theirs; for *Paulina* in abſolute and down-right tearms, prayes her Brother to inform and reſolve *Bertolini*, that ſhe had otherwayes ſetled and ingaged her affection; and therefore prayes him to ſeek another Miſtreſs, ſith ſhe hath found another Lover and Servant, with whom ſhe means to live and die. Her Brother (for his friends ſake) is extreamly ſorrowfull hereat, and prayes his Siſter to name him her ſervant: ſhe binds him by Oath to ſecreſie. So he ſwearing, ſhe informs him it is *Seignior Paulus Sturio*, a very ancient Noble-man of the City. He tels her, he is a Gentleman more noble than rich, and ſhe replies, that *Bertolini* is more rich than noble, and therefore ſhe will refuſe him, and marry *Sturio*. He is obſtinate in his requeſts, as ſhe reſolute in her deniall. So having performed the part of a friend for his friend, and commending the nobility and vertues of *Sturio*, as much as he pitied the weakneſs of his eſtate and wealth, he leaves his Siſter to her affection and deſignes, and ſo with an unwilling willingneſs (without any extenuation) delivers his friend *Bertolini* her definitive anſwer; yet performes his promiſe to his Siſter, in concealing *Sturio* his name.

Bertolini is all in fire and choler at this news, and begins no longer to look on his friend *Brellati* with the eyes of affection, but of contempt and indignation; and ſo conſulting with his paſſion, not with his judgement; with rage, and not with reaſon; as immoderate anger ſeldome looks right, commonly ſquint-eyed; he in the heat of his wrath, and height of his revenge, very much neglects and ſlights him, yea and moſt uncivilly and abruptly departs from him, as if he were no longer worthy of the bare complement of farewell. Which *Brellati* well obſerves, and in obſerving, remembers, and in remembring, grieves at, ſith *Bertolini* was his moſt intimate and deareſt friend; and in whoſe behalf, did occaſion preſent, he was ready, not only to ſacrifice his beſt ſervice, but his beſt life. Lo here the firſt breach and violation, which *Bertolini* gives to their friendſhip; but the ſecond is not farr behind: For in the next company he meets, which was ſome two dayes after, walking in *Cardinal Farneſi* his Galleries, in preſence of ſome four or five Gentlemen, both of his and of *Brellati*'s acquaintance, he forgot himſelf ſo much, as ſome demanding for his Conſort *Brellati*, he cholerickly replyed, that he was a baſe and beggerly Gentleman; and therefore henceforth diſdained his company, and that his Siſter *Paulina* was a laſcivious and diſſembling Strumpet. But although the fire of his choler had fooliſhly banded forth theſe ſpeeches in the Air, yet they fell not to the ground; but ſome of the company then preſent, that very night report them to *Brellati*. It is impoſſible for my pen to relate how paſſionatly and tenderly he takes it; yea his affliction and grief herein is farr the more redoubled, in that (contrary to his deſires and wiſhes) he is aſſured his Siſter *Paulina* is likewiſe acquainted with the vanity and injuſtice of theſe ſpeeches: the conceit and remembrance whereof make her inraged and ſorrowfull eyes powr forth many Rivolets and Rivers of tears, upon the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty. But as ſhe is too impatient to reliſh this ſcandalous affront and diſparagement; ſo her Brother *Brellati* is too generous and noble to digeſt it; whereof burning to know the truth, and reſolving, if he found it true, ſharply to revenge it on *Bertolini*, he paſſeth away the night in reſtleſs and diſtracted ſlumbers; And ſo the very next morn taking his Sword and Lackey with him, he goes to *Bertolini* his Father's houſe, and meeting firſt with him, demands of him for his Son *Seignior John Battiſta Bertolini*. His Father informs him, he is the Garden very ſolitarily walking, and prayes *Brellati* to go to him; who needing not many requeſts, entreth, and with his hat in his hand approacheth him. *Bertolini* doth the like, and meets him half way; when he being pale for anger, and *Bertolini* bluſhing for ſhame, he prayes him to exempt the Garden of his Servants, becauſe he hath ſomething to reveal and impart him in ſecret, which needeth no witneſſes; when *Bertolini* commanding his Servants to depart, *Brellati* chargeth him with theſe diſgracefull Speeches, vomited forth two dayes ſince, againſt his honour;

as

as alſo that of his onely dear Siſter *Paulina*, in Cardinal *Farneſi* his Palace, in preſence of Seignior *Aleſſandro Fontani*, Seignior *Rhamutio Pluvinio*, and Seignior *Antonio Voltomari* (which words we have formerly underſtood.)

Bertolini is no way diſmayed or daunted hereat, either in courage or complexion; and ſo loſing his honour in his indiſcretion, or rather burying his diſcretion in his diſhonour, hee, with fire in his looks, and thunder in his ſpeeches, tels *Brellati*, that he confeſſeth theſe ſpeeches his; adding withall, that what his tongue hath affirmed, his ſword ſhall be ready to make good and juſtifie; whereon they cover: When *Brellati* demanding of him if this were his laſt reſolution, he told him yea. Then (quoth he) I pray expect mine ſhortly: and ſo without giving each other the good morrow, they part; *Brellati* ſtill leaving *Bertolini* in his Fathers Garden. His Siſter *Paulina* having notice of her Brothers ſpeaking with *Bertolini*, very curiouſly and carefully awaits his return; when ruſhing into his chamber, ſhe, with tears, and ſighs, demands him of the iſſue of his conference with *Bertolini*, and whether he were ſo impudent to deliver theſe diſhonourable and baſe ſpeeches both of her ſelf and him. But her Brother, like a true noble *Roman*, is too generous and brave to acquaint her with his deſign and reſolution; and ſo in general terms, prayes her not to afflict her ſelf at theſe ſpeeches, and that this difference will be very ſhortly decided and ended, to her honour, and his own content. Brother (quoth ſhe) if you will not right mine honour, and vindicate the unſpotted purity of my reputation, I am ſure that my true Lover Seignior *Paulus Sturio* will, though with the hazard and loſſe of his own life, had he but the leaſt notice thereof. He ſhall not need, Siſter, quoth he; for a day or two will reconcile and finiſh this buſineſſe: and ſo for that time he leaves his Siſter *Paulina*, and ſhuts himſelf up in his chamber, where, not long able to contain himſelf againſt the inſolencie and baſeneſs of *Bertolini*, he calls for pen and paper, and more reſpecting his honour than his life, writes him this challenge; the which immediately after dinner he ſends him, by Seignior *Valerio*, a confident Gentleman his follower.

BRELLATI to BERTOLINI.

THy ſcandalous reports, like thy ſelf, are ſo baſe, and I and my Siſter ſo honourably deſcended and bred, as I doubt not, but the diſgrace and diſparagement, which thou haſt unjuſtly offered us, will as juſtly retort and fall on thy ſelf. And to the end thou mayſt find, that my Sword is purpoſely reſerved to correct and chaſtiſe thy tongue, as thou art a Roman, *and a Gentleman, meet me ſingle to morrow at five in the morn, without* Port Populi, *in the next field behinde Cardinal* Borromeo's *Palace; and there I will give thee the choice of two good Rapiers and Ponyards, and gladly accept of the refuſal, to draw reaſon of thee for thoſe wrongs wherewith thou haſt injuriouſly and maliciouſly traduced us: and to write thee the truth, as I deſire, ſo I can receive no other ſatisfaction but this, whereunto thy malice invites, and my honour obligeth me.*

BRELLATI.

Valerio performs his part well, and fairly working and ſcrewing himſelf into *Bertolini*'s preſence, very ſecretly delivers him his Maſters challenge. *Bertolini* not ignorant, but conjecturing what it means, breaks off the Seals, and at the peruſal thereof, though his cauſe be unjuſt and diſhonourable, yet in his countenance and ſpeeches, he ſhews much conſtancy, fortitude, and reſolution; when conſidering they were to fight ſingle, and that therefore *Valerio* could be no ſecond, he deeming his Maſter had concealed this ſecret buſineſs from him, contents himſelfe to give him onely this anſwer; Tell your Maſter Seignior *Brellati* from me, that I will not fail to meet him according to his deſire and appointment. And ſo *Valerio* takes his leave and departs; when finding out his Maſter, he reports him *Bertolini*'s anſwer: whereat he is ſo farre from being any way appald or daunted, as he infinitely rejoyceth thereat. In the mean time he is curious in preparing two ſingular good Rapiers and Ponyards of equal length, hilts, and temper. And thus with much impatient patience (as Love is an enemy to ſleep) they not out-ſleep, but out-watch the night. So the morn and day ſtealing and breaking into their windows, they are no ſooner out of their beds, but into the field; their Chirurgions awaiting their arrivals by the Pyramides, in the place of *Port Populi*, by which of neceſſity they were to paſs; when, tying up their horſes to the hedges, like reſolute Gentlemen, they throw off their doublets, commanding their Chirurgions not to ſtir from their ſtations, when, diſdaining words, they both draw, and fall to deeds, thus:

Brellati preſenteth the firſt thruſt, and *Bertolini* gives him the firſt wound in his left ſhoulder; whereat he is inflamed, and ſo returns *Bertolini* the intereſt of a moſt dangerous one, on his right ſide, but it toucht neither his bowels nor quayſe. They try again; ſo *Brellati* again wounds *Bertolini* in his left hand, when his Rapier running thorow his Sinews and Arteries, he is no longer able to hold his Ponyard; but deſpight his reſolution and courage, it falls out of his hand; which unlooke for diſaſter doth much perplex and afflict him. But *Brellati* is too generous and noble, to blemiſh or taint his honour, by taking any advantage of this his adverſaries misfortune: and ſo to clear his doubts and ſcruples, very valiantly and bravely throws away his own Ponyard to the hedge, that they might be as equal in weapons as courage. But *Bertolini* will baſely requite this courteſie. They retire and take breath; and ſo traverſing their grounds, thereby to take the benefit of the Sun, they again joyn; at the firſt cloſe of this ſecond meeting, *Brellati* runs *Bertolini* into the right flank, when withdrawing his Rapier, and leaping back to put himſelf upon his defenſive guard and poſture, his foot ſlipping, he could not prevent falling to the ground; when *Bertolini* following him cloſe, and being eager in his purſute, and blood-thirſty in his revenge, he forgetting *Brellati*'s former courteſie, and working upon the fortune of his misfortune, right then and there nayled him to the ground, and ſo redoubling his thruſt, acted a perpetual divorce betwixt his body and ſoul: when *Brellati*'s Chirurgion ſhedding tears on his dead Maſter, and beginning to take order for his decent conveyance into the City, *Bertolini* takes up his Chirurgian behind him, and ſo with all poſſible ſpeed and celerity (the better to avoyd the danger of the Law) poſts o'r the fields, and comes into Mount *Cavallo* Gate, and huſheth himſelf up privately in a friends houſe of his near his fathers.

All *Rome* begins to ecchо forth and reſound this Murther, and far the more, becauſe *Bertolini* and *Brellati* were ſo dear and intimate friends; but as good news comes alwaies lame, and bad rides poſt, ſo within one hour of *Brellati*'s Murther, the news thereof is brought firſt to his Father, then to his Siſter *Paulina*; whereat he grieves, and ſhe ſtorms; he ſorroweth, and ſhe weeps and laments; and in a word, the Father would, but cannot, and the Daughter can, but will not be comforted, at this ſad and mournfull Tragedy. Neither muſt we forget, but remember Seignior *Paulus Sturio*, who loving *Paulina* a thouſand times dearer than his own life, is no ſooner acquainted but afflicted with this news of *Brellati* his death, as being his dear friend, and which is more, the onely Brother of his deareſt and only Miſtris, *Paulina*; ſo as Lovers and friends being beſt known, and diſcerned in calamities and afflictions, he repairs to her, condoles with her, and uſeth his chiefeſt art and zeal, not only to participate, but wholly to deprive her of her ſorrows; yea, to prove himſelf a conſtant friend and a faithfull lover to her, he profereth her not onely his ſervice, but his life, as well to right her honour, as to revenge her Brothers death on *Bertolini*: but this affection and perſwaſion of *Sturio* is not capable to wipe off, or exhale his Lady *Paulina*'s tears.

But again to *Bertolini*, who is ſo far from contrition and repentance of this his bloody fact, as like a prophane miſcreant, and debauſht and diſſolute Gentleman, he triumphs and glories therein; yea, his impudency is become ſo ignorant, and his ignorance ſo ſottiſh, as he began to enter into a reſolution again to court and ſeek *Paulina* for his Wife, without reſpecting or regarding either the publike danger of the Law, or that of *Paulina*'s private revenge; for ſure her Brothers death had thrown her into ſuch violent paſſions of grief, and extremities of ſorrow, as if his folly had made her ſo happy, doubleis her revenge would have made him more miſerable; but God had taught her rage more reaſon, and her malice and cruelty not ſo much impiety; yea, it pleaſed his Divine Majeſty not ſo ſoon to call him to an account, and puniſh him for this his bloody fact; but reſerving him for a future ſhame and puniſhment, being affrighted with a tumultuous rumour and alarum of a general ſearch to be made that night for his apprehenſion, he very ſubtilly, in a *Capuchins* habit, paſſeth *Saint John de Laterans* Gate, and there having Poſt-horſes laid for him, he as ſwift as the wind gallops away for *Naples*, and imbarking himſelf for *Sicilie*, paſſeth the *Pharre* of *Meſſina*, lands at that City, and ſo rides up to *Palermo*, where he thinks himſelf ſafe.

But having not made his peace with God, where ever he flye, God will in due time find him out, when he leaſt dreams thereof. But although the power and influence of time be ſo predominate to deface the actions and accidents of time, yet *Paulina* can give no truce to her tears, nor will ſhe adminiſter any conſolation to her ſorrows for her brothers death: And if ever, now it is that *Sturio* reſembling himſelf, begins to make her ſorrows his; for having deeply rooted and ſettled his affection on *Paulina*, and naturally ingraven her beauty and picture in the very centre of his heart and thoughts, he begins to make his private affection to her publike, and ſo having already won her heart from her ſelf, he now endeavoureth to win her from her friends,

and then to marry her. But old Seignior *Sturio* his Father, is no ſooner adyertiſed of *Brellat* his death, of *Bertolini's* flight, and of his Sonnes affection and intent to take *Paulina* to Wife, but diſdaining he ſhould match ſo low, and withall ſo poor, as alſo fearing that this might likewiſe ingage his Son in ſome quarrel betwixt him and *Bertolini*, he reſolves privately to convey him away out of *Rome*, in ſome retired or obſcure place, from whence he ſhould not return, till his abſence had cooled and extenuated the heat of his affection to *Paulina*, and of his malice and revenge to *Bertolini*: to which end, three weeks are ſcarce paſt, but taking his Son with him in his Coach, under colour to take the air in the fields of *Rome*, beyond Saint *Pauls* Church, he having given the Coach-man his leſſon, commands him to drive away, and having two *Braves* or *Ruffians* with him, they diſpoſe, or rather inforce the humor of his Son *Sturio* to patience, as deſpight himſelf, they carry him to *Naples*, where a Brigantine being purpoſely prepared, he ſhippeth over his Son for the Iland of *Capri*, or *Caprea* (where long ſince, *Sejanus* his ambition cauſed *Tiberius* to ſojourn, whiles he played the petty King, and domineered as Emperour at *Rome* in his abſence) and gives him to the keeping and guard of Seignior *Alphonſus Driſſu*, Captain of that Iland, with requeſt and charge not to permit him to return, for the main, for the term of one whole year, without his expreſs order to the contrary.

It is for none but for Lovers to judge, how tenderly *Sturio* and his ſweet Lady *Paulina* grieve at the news of this their ſudden and unexpected ſeparation: yea, their ſighs and tears are ſo infinite for this their diſaſter, as all the words of the world are not capable to expreſſ them. As for *Paulina*, ſhe had ſo long and ſo bitterly wept for her brothers death, as it was a meer cruelty of ſorrow, to inforce her to play any further part in ſorrow, for the departure and captivity of her Lover *Sturio*: but her afflictions falling in, each on the neck of other (in imitation of the waves of the Sea, occaſioned by the breath and blaſt of *Boreas*) threaten her not onely with preſent ſickneſs, but with approaching death. Again, ſhe underſtands of *Bertolini's* ſafety and proſperity in *Cicilia*, where he triumphs in his victory, for killing her Brother *Brellati*; and like a baſe Gentleman, continually erects his Trophes of detraction upon the ruins and tomb of her honour: and theſe conſiderations (like reſerved afflictions) again newly afflict and torment her; ſo as having loſt her jewel and her joy, her Brother and her Lover, *Brellati* and *Sturio*, ſhe begins to be extreme ſick; weak, and faint; yea, the Roſes of her cheeks are transformed to Lillies; the relucent luſtre of her eyes, to dimneſs and obſcurity; and to uſe but a word, not onely her heart, but her tongue begins to fail, and to ſtrike ſail to immoderate ſorrow and diſconſolation. Her parents and friends grieve hereat, and farre the more, in reſpect they know not how to remedy it: and for her ſelf, if ſhe enjoy any comfort in this life, it is onely in hope that ſhe ſhall ſhortly leave it, to enjoy that of a better. Thus whiles ſorrow, vexation and ſickneſſe make haſte to ſpin out the thred and web of her life, if her griefs are extreme and inſupportable in *Rome*, no leſſe are thoſe of her Lover *Sturio* in *Caprea*; for it frets him to the heart and gall, to ſee how his Father hath bereaved and betrayed him of his Miſtris *Paulina's* preſence, the onely content and felicity which this life or earth could afford him; a thouſand times he wiſheth himſelf with her, and as often kiſſeth her remembrance and Idea; and then, as their affections, ſo their malice concurring and ſympathizing, he again wiſheth that he may be ſo happy to fight with *Bertolini* for the diſgrace of his Lady *Paulina*, and ſhe for the death of her Brother *Brellati*, and in that affection and thir revenge, he with much affliction and no comfort, paſſeth away many bitter daies and torments, in the miſery of this his inforced exile and baniſhment: and although his curioſity, and affection, or ſubtilty could never crown him with the happineſs or felicity to free himſelf of his guards and captivity, and ſo to ſteal away from that Iland in ſome Foiſt or Galley for the main; yet underſtanding that two dayes after there was one bound for the Port of *Civita Vetcha*, he, to teſtifie his affection, conſtancy, and torments to his dear and fair *Paulina*, takes occaſion to write her a Letter to *Rome*, the which, that it might come the ſafer to her own hands, he incloſeth in another, to an intimate dear friend of his. The tenour of his Letter was thus.

STURIO

STURIO to PAULINA.

I Know not whether I more grieve at my abſence from thee, than at the manner thereof; yet ſure I am, that both conjyn'd, make me in this Iland of Caprea, *feel the torments, not of a forged Purgatory but of a true Hell. It was my purpoſe to condole with thee for the untimely death of thy Brother; it is now not onely my reſolution, but my practice, to mourn with my ſelf for thy baniſhment, or rather with thee for mine; and when my ſorrows have moſt need of conſolation, then again that conſolation findes moſt cauſe of ſorrow; for thinking of* Bertolini, *me thinks I ſee thy falſe diſparagement on his malicious tongue, and thy Brother* Brellati *his true death on his bloody Sword; and yet have neither the honour or happineſſe to revenge either; and, which is worſe, not be permitted to know where he is, that I may revenge them. But I wiſh I were onely incident and obliged to ſupport this affliction, conditionally thou wert exempt thereof, or that I might know the limits and period of our abſence, thereby to hope for an end and remedy thereof, which now I can find no motives to know, nor cauſe to hope. O that I have often envyed* Leanders *happineſſe! And if Love could make any impoſſibilities poſſible, the* Mediterranean *Sea ſhould long ſince have been my* Hellеſpont, *my Body my Bark, my Arms my Oars, to have waſted me from my* Abidos *to thy* Seſtos, *from my* Caprea, *to thy* Rome, *to thee ſweet* Paulina, *my onely fair and dear* Hero. *And although the conſtancy and fervency of my love to thee, ſuggeſt me many inventions to eſcape the miſery of my exile, yet the* Argus *eyes of my Fathers malice, in that of my Guardians jealouſie, cannot be inchanted or lulled aſleep with the melody of ſo unfortunate a* Mercury *as my ſelf: but time ſhall ſhortly act and finiſh what impatience cannot; till when, dear and ſweet* Paulina, *retain me in thy thoughts, as I doe thee in heart and memory; and doubt not but a few weeks will make us as happy, as we are now miſerable.*

STURIO.

Paulina, in the middeſt of her ſorrows and ſickneſſe, receives this Letter from her beſt and deareſt friend *Sturio*, and although ſhe rejoice to hear of his health and welfare in *Caprea*, yet ſhe is more glad, that the extremity of her ſickneſs and weakneſs inform her, ſhe ſhall ſhortly dye in *Rome*: for vanquiſhed with afflictions, and overcome with variety of grief and diſcontents, ſhe in conceit already hath left this world, and is by this time half way in her progreſs and pilgrimage towards Heaven, yet in love to her dear *Sturio*, who wrote her this kind Letter, ſhe will not be ſo unkind, but will kiſſe it for his ſake that ſent it her: and peradventure if ſhe had been ſo happy, that he might have been the bearer and deliverer thereof himſelf, or that he had born and delivered himſelf to her inſtead of his Letter, he might then have given ſome comfort to her ſorrows, and ſome conſolation to her diſcontents and afflictions, whereas now ſeeing him exiled and mewed up in *Caprea*, without any apparence of return, ſhe ſees ſhe hath more reaſon to flye to her old deſpair, than to any new hope; and ſo wiſheth the deſired hour were at laſt come, wherein ſhe might give her laſt farewel to this world: but again peruſing and over-reading his Letter, ſhe findes it full fraught with love and affection towards her; and therefore diſdaining to prove ingratefull to any, eſpecially to *Sturio*, who is ſo kind and courteous to her, calls for pen and paper, and by his own conveyance returns him this Anſwer.

PAULINA to STURIO.

I Cannot rightly define whether the receipt of thy Letter made me more glad, or the contents ſorrowfull: for as I infinitely rejoyced to underſtand thou wert living, ſo I extremely grieved to hear there was no certainty of thy releaſement and return. Whether or no Caprea *be thy Purgatory, I know not, but ſure I am,* Rome *is my Hell, ſith I cannot be there with thee, nor thou here with me; and as I lamented with ſighs I could not dye with my brother, ſo I grieve with teares, that I cannot live with thee. But why write I of living, when his mournful Tragedy, and thy diſaſterous Exile hath made me more ready to dye than live, or rather not fit to live, but dye? For, deſpairing of thy return, how can I hope for comfort, ſith it onely lived in thy preſence, as my heart and joy did in thee? As for* Bertolini's *folly to me, and crime to my Brother, if thy Sword puniſh him not, Gods juſt revenge will, and wiſhing this as a woman, as a Chriſtian I pardon and forgive*

him.

him; and ſo I pray doe thou for my ſake, if thou wilt not that of my dead Brothers. Could prayers or wiſhes have effected thy return to me, my tears had long ſince been thy Helleſpont *and* Mediterranean *Sea, and my ſighs had fill'd the Sails of thy deſires and reſolutions, to have paſſed* Oſtia, *floated up* Tiber, *and landed at* Rippa *to me. But alaſs, alaſs! here in remembring* Hero's *felicity and joy, I cannot forget my ſorrows and afflictions; for as* Leander *lived in her arms, ſo I cannot be ſo fortunate, either to live or dye in my* Sturio's; *and if now, as a skilful* Mercury, *thou couldſt inveagle the eyes both of thy Fathers malice, and guardians jealouſie, yet that happineſs would come too late, and out of ſeaſon for me; for before thou ſhalt have plotted thy flight and eſcape from* Caprea *to* Rome, *I ſhall have acted and finiſhed mine from* Rome *to Heaven. I would ſend thee more lines, but that my weak hand and feeble fingers have not the power, though the will, any longer to retain my pen. Heaven will make us happy, though Earth cannot; therefore my dear* Sturio, *let this be our laſt and beſt conſolation; as theſe joyes are temporary and tranſitory, ſo thoſe will be permanent and eternal.*

PAULINA.

This Letter of *Paulina* to *Sturio* meets with a ſpeedy paſſage from *Rome* to *Caprea*, who receiving it, and thinking to have found her in her true and perfect health, with much joy and affection breaks up the ſeals thereof; when, contrary to his hope and expectation, underſtanding of her ſickneſſe and approach to death, he tenderly and bitterly weeps at his own misfortune, in her diſcontent and diſaſter; yea, he paſſionately and ſorrowfully bewayles his Fathers cruelty, in thus baniſhing him from her ſight and preſence, from the contemplation of whoſe beauty, and from his innate affection to her, the Fates and Deſtinies cannot baniſh him. But alaſs, unfortunate *Sturio*! the news of thy *Paulina*'s ſickneſſe is but the Prologue to the inſuing ſorrows and afflictions that are ready to befall and ſurpriſe thee: for the news of her death ſhall ſhortly follow her Letter; and if that drew tears from mine eyes, this ſhall drown thine eyes in the Ocean of thy Tears: neither ſhall he ſtay long to feel the miſerable impetuoſity of this mournfull Storm. For ſcarce twenty daies are paſt, after the writing of her Letter to *Sturio*, but *Paulina* languiſhing with grief, deſpair, ſorrow, and ſickneſs, as a female Love-Martyr, takes her laſt leave and farewel of this world in *Rome*; it being not in the power or affection of her parents, any longer to divert her from paying this her laſt due and tribute unto Nature, ſith we all have our lives lent, not given us; and therefore as we receive, ſo muſt we repay them to our Creatour and Redeemer, of whom we have firſt received them.

Old *Sturio* is as glad in *Rome* for the death of *Paulina*, as her Parents grieve thereat; and now it is that he intends to be as happy and joyfull in his Sonnes preſence, as he hath formerly made himſelf ſorrowful in occaſioning his abſence: whereupon, with all expedition, he diſpatcheth a Servant of his to *Caprea*, with a Letter, to ſignifie his Son thereof, and conſequently, to recall him. This news of *Paulina*'s death infinitely afflicts and torments our *Sturio*; for ſhe being the Queen of his affections, and the ſoveraign Goddeſſe of his delights and deſires, he reſembleth himſelf, and ſo like a true Lover, as he is, acteth a wonderful mournfull part of ſorrow for her unwiſhed and unexpected Death: he is no longer himſelf; nay, ſuch was his living affection to *Paulina*, and ſuch is his immoderate ſorrow for her death, as hee will not be himſelf, becauſe ſhe is gone, who was the greateſt and chiefeſt part of himſelf. But as wounds cannot be cured, e'r ſearched; ſo paſſion tranſporting his thoughts beyond reaſon, and revenge beyond paſſion, he, for the time preſent, forſakes the effect, to follow the cauſe, and ſo hath no other object before his eyes and thoughts, but that of *Bertolini*'s killing of her Brother *Brellati*, and this of his Fathers unkind baniſhing of him from *Rome* to *Caprea*: wherefore, that he may out-live his ſorrows, and apply a Lenitive to his Corroſive, he vows to revenge both. The manner is thus:

That, as his Father deceived his hopes in carrying him from *Rome* to *Caprea*; ſo hee will deceive thoſe of his ſaid Father, in carrying himſelf from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, there to finde out *Bertolini*, and to fight with him. It is not the point of honour, much leſſe, Judgement, and leaſt of all, Religion, that precipitates and throws him on this bloody, and therefore uncharitable reſolution: but it is the vanitie of his thoughts, and his living affection to his dead Miſtris *Paulina*, which gives life and birth to it: for he (trampling on all diſſwaſion and oppoſition) finding a Galley of *Naples*, bound from *Caprea* to *Cicily*, very ſecretly imbarks himſelf in her, and contemning the impetuoſity of the Winds, and the mercileſs mercy of the Seas, lands at *Palermo*, where huſhing himſelf up the firſt night privately in his Inne, and informing

ing himſelf that *Bertolini* was in that City, he, the next morn, by his Lackey, ſends him this Challenge.

STURIO to BERTOLINI.

HAving killed my dear Paulina *in the ſcandal of her honour, and the death of her Brother* Brellati, *my afflictions and ſorrows to ſurvive her, make me contemn mine own life; to ſeek thine: to which purpoſe I have left* Capreæ *to finde* Cicily, *and in it thy ſelf. Wherefore, as thou art* Bertolini, *fail not to meet me this Evening 'twixt five and ſix of the Clock in the next Meadow, behind the* Carthuſians *Monaſtery; where my ſelf, aſſiſted onely with a Chirurgian, and the choice of two ſingle Rapiers, will expect and attend thee. Thy Generoſity invites thee, and my Affection and Honour obligeth me, to be the onely Gueſts of this bloody Banquet.*

STURIO.

Bertolini receives and reads this Challenge, which, to write the truth, is not ſo pleaſing to him, as was that of *Brellati*: he ſees himſelf and his honour engaged to fight, and knows not how to exempt and free himſelf thereof. For, firſt, he conſidereth that the ground of his Defence and Quarrel is not good, ſith he knew in his ſoul and conſcience, that *Paulina* was as chaſt as fair, and that hee had wronged himſelf in ſeeking to wrong and ſcandalize her; then, that he perfectly underſtood *Sturio* was valiant and generous, yea, and very expert and skilfull in handling his Weapons; and withall, that ſingle combats were variable, and onely conſtant in unconſtancie: ſo that he began not onely to doubt, but fear, that as he had killed *Brellati*, ſo *Sturio* was reſerved to kill him; but again, conſidering that his birth and blood was noble, it contrariwiſe ſo incited and animated his courage, and inflamed, and ſet an edge on his Generoſity, as with a kind of unwilling willingneſſe he accepts of *Sturio*'s Challenge; and ſo bade his Lackey tell his Maſter from him, that he would not fail to meet him, to give him his welcome to *Palermo*. The Clock ſtrikes five, and long before ſix, our two young Gentlemen come ride into the Field; where, giving their Horſes to their Chirurgians, with command not to ſtir till their duty and office call them, they both draw; and ſo approach each other: but although this fury of theirs begin in blood, yet it ſhall not here end in death. At the firſt comming up, *Sturio* wards *Bertolini*'s thruſt, and runnes him into the right flank, of a deep wound; at the ſecond, he wounds him again in the neck, which draws much blood from him; neither is the third meeting more propitious, or leſſe fatall to him; for *Sturio*, without receiving any touch or ſcarre, gives him a third wound betwixt his ſmall ribs; whereat his courage feareth, and his ſtrength fainteth; when willing to ſave his life, though with the loſſe of his honour, he throws away his Rapier, and with his Hat in hand, begs his life of *Sturio*, and with as much truth as integrity, confeſſeth, and voweth that he is infinitely ſorrowful and repentant for the ſcandal delivered againſt the honour of his moſt fair and chaſte Lady *Paulina*, for the which he craves pardon and remiſſion. *Sturio* is aſtoniſhed at this unexpected and cowardly act of *Bertolini*: whereat he bites his lip, but I know not whether more with diſdain than anger; onely at firſt the remembrance of *Brellati* and *Paulina*'s deaths, for the preſent make him inexorable to his requeſt and ſubmiſſion: but at laſt, making reaſon give a law to Choler, and Religion to Revenge, and conſidering that he was more than a Man, ſith a Chriſtian, as alſo that the luſtre of his blood and extraction, had diſtinguiſhed him from the vulgar, and ſo made him honourable and noble, he, not as a cruel Tyger, but as a generous Lyon, diſdaineth to blemiſh his reputation and valour, in killing a diſarmed man; and ſo his honour outbraving his valour and revenge, he as a truly noble Gentleman, gives *Bertolini* his life, as holding himſelf ſatisfied, by having righted the honour of his dead Miſtris *Paulina*, in *Bertolini*'s confeſſion and contrition. So they ſheath up their ſwords, and like loving friends, return together into the City, where *Sturio* prepareth for his departure, and *Bertolini* betakes himſelf to have his wounds dreſſed and cured.

This Combate, or Duel, is not ſo ſecretly carryed betwixt them and their Chirurgians, but all *Palermo* reſounds and prattles thereof; and which is more, this news ſpeedily ſailes from *Cicily* to *Naples*, and from thence rides poſt to *Rome*, where *Sturio* and *Bertolini* likewiſe in ſhort ſpace arrive; but firſt comes *Sturio*, then *Bertolini*, whoſe Father by this time hath obtained his pardon for killing of *Brellati*. The Nobility and Gentry of *Rome* ſpeak diverſly and differently of our two late returned Gallants: ſome, out of reaſon, highly applaud

Sturio's

Sturio's fighting with *Bertolini*, occaſioned through his affection to his dead Miſtreſſe *Paulina*; and then his humanity and curteſie ſhewed and extended him, in giving him his life: others, out of the errors of youth and vanity, tax and condemn him for not diſpatching and killing him: Again, many extol *Bertolini*'s valour in killing *Brellati*, but all taunt and tax him for his Cowardiſe, in not fighting it out with *Sturio*; and which is worſe, for diſgracefully begging, and receiving his life of him.

Bertolini finds this ſcandal thrown and retorted on him, to be very diſtaſtful and diſhonourable; inſomuch as he cannot relliſh it, but with diſcontent, nor digeſt it, but with extreme indignation and choler; which throws him ſo violently on the execrable humour of revenge, as he vows to make *Sturio* pay dear for giving too much liberty to his tongue, to the prejudice of his honour and reputation.

Puſt up thus with theſe three execrable humours and vices, diſdain, envy, and revenge, whereof the leaſt is great and capable enough to ruin both a fortune and a life, he, out of a wretched reſolution (unworthy the generoſity of a Gentleman) not onely forgets *Sturio* his ſingular courteſie in giving him his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to take it from him, but alſo remembreth, and that in remembrance reſolveth to repay him with the ungrateful requital; and mournful intereſt of depriving him of his. O extreme ingratitude! O uncharitable and baſe reſolution! Yea, he is ſo devoyd of reaſon, and the purity of his ſoul and conſcience ſo contaminated and vilified with the contemplation and object of blood, as he gives way thereto, and reſolves thereon; yea, permits it to forſake G O D, of purpoſe wilfully to follow the Devil. Yea, his thoughts are ſo ſurpriſed and taken up with this execrable and helliſh reſolution of Murther, as he thinkes of nothing elſe but of the means and manner how to diſpatch *Sturio*, and ſo to ſend him in a bloody Winding-ſheet from this life to another. To fight with him again in the field, he dares not; to aſſaſſinate and murther him in his bed, he cannot, ſith he muſt paſs five or ſix ſeverall chambers, ere he can come at his; and to piſtoll him in the open ſtreet, though it be leſſe difficult, yet he findes it moſt dangerous, ſith he ſees *Sturio* ſtill went better followed and accompanyed than himſelf, as indeed being farre more eminent of Birth, and more noble of extraction than himſelf. But hee ſhall want no invention to accompliſh and bring this his bloody reſolution to paſſe, for if he fail thereof, the Devil is ſtill at his elbow to prompt and inſtruct him therein; yea, his impiety is grown ſo ſtrong with the Devil, and his Faith ſo weak with G O D, as now having turned over the Records of his Revenge, he at laſt reſolves to ſhoot *Sturio* from a Window, with a Petronel, as he paſſeth the ſtreet: and upon the attempt and finiſhing of this helliſh ſtratagem and bloody Tragedy, the Devil and he ſtrike hands, and conclude it; the contriving and perpetrating whereof ſhall in the end ſtrangle him, becauſe he was ſo prophane and graceleſs as he would not ſtrangle the firſt conceit thereof in their births and conceptions.

But leave wee here *Bertolini* ruminating on his intended bloody crime of Murther, and come we a little to ſpeak of poor unfortunate *Sturio*, who not dreaming of his malice, much leſſe of his ungratefull and bloody revenge intended againſt him, like a mournfull and diſconſolate conſtant Lover, is thinking on nothing ſo much, as on the living beauty and Idea of his dead *Paulina*: And although he knew it as palpable folly to bewray his immoderate ſorrows, as diſcretion to conceale them; yet their impetuoſity and fervency gives ſuch a predominating law to his reſolutions, as hee cannot refrain from often ſtealing into *Sanctæ Mariæ de Rotundæ*'s Church, where ſhe was buried, and there ſecretly bedewes her Tomb, and waſhes her Sepulcher with his teares: an act and ceremony of Lovers, which though affection authorize, yet Religion doth neither juſtifie, nor can approve. All the care of his Father and Friends is to ſeek how to purge his penſiveneſſe, and to wipe off his melancholy ſorrowes and ſorrowfull melancholineſſe; to which end they proferre him great variety of Noble and Beautifull Ladies in Marriage, hoping that the ſight and preſence of a new Beauty would deface the memory and abſence of an old: but their policy proves vain; for noble *Sturio* will be as conſtant in his ſorrows for his ſweet *Paulina*'s death, as hee was in his affection to her whilſt that ſhee lived; and therefore, although that their power inforce him for to ſee divers, yet his will can never by any means be drawn, or inforced for to love any, as having inviolably contracted himſelf to this definitive reſolution, that ſith he could not be *Paulina*'s husband, he will never wed himſelf to any other Wife than his Grave.

And here I begin to write rather with tears than ink, when I apprehend and conſider how ſoon our poor and innocent *Sturio* ſhall be by the bloody hand of *Bertolini* layd in his un-

unfortunate and untimely Grave. Ah *Sturio*, *Sturio*, hadſt thou been more vindictive, and leſſe generous and compaſſionate, thou hadſt prevented thy death by killing *Bertolini*, when thy valour in *Caprea* formerly reduced and expoſed him to the mercy of thy Sword; or if thou hadſt believed this Maxim, that dead men can never offend or hurt, thou needſt not have relyed and truſted upon the falſe promiſes of an incenſed and irreconcileable enemy, but what ſhall I ſay? It was not thy honour, but *Bertolini*'s infamy, which haſteneth and procureth thy death. O that thou ſhouldeſt be ſo true a friend to thine enemy, and hee prove ſo deadly an enemy to thee his true friend! *Sturio* gave *Bertolini* his life, and *Bertolini* in requitall will give *Sturio* his death: but ſuch monſtrous and bloody ingratitude will never go unpuniſhed of God; for as it is odious to Earth, ſo it is execrable to Heaven: But I muſt bee ſo unfortunate to bring this deplorable Tragedy upon the Theater of this Hiſtory. A miſery of miſeries, that we are many times neareſt our ends, when wee think our ſelves fartheſt from them; and (not to ruſh into the ſacred and ſecret cloſet of Gods inſcrutable providence) I can finde no other pregnant reaſon thereof, either in Divinity or Nature, but that at all times, and in all places, we ſhould bee ſtill prepared and ready for death, ere death for us, and not protracting or procraſtinating the hour thereof; but that whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe God for to call us to him, or himſelf to us, that (like good and pious Chriſtians) death may ſtill finde us alwayes armed for to meet, never unprovided for to incounter it.

But *Bertolini* is ſo obſtinate in his malice, and ſo wretchedly implacable in his revenge, as underſtanding that *Sturio* is accuſtomed to goe to his Mornings Maſſe at the Engliſh College, he provides both himſelf, and his Petronel charged with a brace of Bullets; or rather the Devil provides both the Bullets, the Petronel, and himſelf; and ſo, watching the advantage of his hour and time, on a Munday morning, a little after the Cardinals, *Farneſi* and *Caponius* were ridden with their trains to the Conſiſtory, putting himſelf into an unknown houſe betwixt the ſaid Engliſh College and the Palace of *Farneſi*, he having his Cock bent, and ſeeing *Sturio* comming in the ſtreet, upon his prancing *Barbary* Horſe and Footcloth, like a graceleſs and bloody villain (having neither the fear of God, nor the ſalvation or damnation of his ſoul before his eyes, nor once imagining that he ſhoots at the Majeſty of God the Creatour, in killing and defacing Man, his Image and Creature) lets flye at him, and the Devil had made him ſo curious and expert a Mark-man, as both the Bullets pierce the trunk or his breaſt; with which mortal wounds our innocent *Sturio*, no longer able to ſit his Horſe, tumbles down dead to the ground, without having the power to utter a word, but onely to breath forth two or three lamentable and deadly groans. And this was the unfortunate and mournful end of this noble Gentleman *Sturio*, which I cannot relate without ſighs, nor remember without tears.

This bloody Tragedy, acted on ſo brave a Gallant, in the very bowels and heart of *Rome*, doth extremely amaze, and draw all the Spectatours to lamentation and mourning, and his two ſervants, who walked by his Horſe-ſide, are ſo buſie in lifting him up, and rubbing the temples of their dead Maſter, as they forget to reſearch and inquire for his Murtherer; but the Aſſiſtants, and the ſtanders by, hearing the report of the Peece, and not onely ſeeing the ſmoak in the window and air, but this noble Gentleman dead in the ſtreet, they aſcend the houſe, and finde the Petronel on the Table, but the Shooter fled away upon a ſwift Spaniſh Gennet, by the back door, they of the houſe affirming with tears in their eyes, that they knew not the Gentleman that did it, neither was it in their powers to ſtop or prevent his eſcape.

This Fatal and mournful news diſperſed and ſpread o'r the City of *Rome*; the Serjeants and Captains guard are buſie to find out the Murther, who by this time they know to be Seignior *Bertolini*; but being gallantly mounted, he ſpeeds away thorow the ſtreets amain, and is ſo far from deſpair, as he makes no doubt but to recover the *Lateran Gate*, and to eſcape this his ſecond danger, as fortunately as he did his firſt; by flying into the kingdom of *Naples*: but his hopes ſhall deceive him; for if he bought *Brellati*'s murther at an eaſie rate, God hath now ordained and decreed that he ſhall pay dear for this his ſecond of *Sturio*: and lo, here the impetuous ſtorm of Gods juſt revenge and indignation now befalls him, when he leaſt feares or thinks thereof. The manner thus.

As he was ſwiftly galloping thorow *Campo de Fuogo* (the publike place where the Pope (that Antichriſt of *Rome*) burns the children of God, for the profeſſion of his glorious Goſpel) and being at the farther end thereof, with an intent to draw towards the back-ſide of the Capitol, behold, two Brick-layers, building of a houſe upon a Scaffold, two Stories

high

high in the ſtreet, as *Bertolini* paſſed, both the Scaffold and the two Brick-layers fell down upon him, and his horſe, and ſo beat them both to the ground: but as yet the news of *Sturio*'s Murther was not arrived thither; ſo as danger and fear making *Bertolini* forget the hurt of his fall, he again riſeth up, and calls for his horſe, which was ſpeedily brought him: ſo leaping into the Saddle, he ſpurs away, with as much celerity as his Gennet could poſſibly drive under him. But if he have eſcaped this firſt judgement of God, he ſhall not the ſecond; for having paſt the *Capitol* and the *Amphitheater*, his Gennet 'twixt that and the *Lateran*, fell under him, which putting his ſhoulder out of joynt, the poor afflicted Beaſt could not riſe with his Maſter, who by this time is more afflicted and grieved than the harmleſs Gennet he rides upon. Whereupon being amazed, and fearing that the ſearch would inſtantly follow and ſurpriſe him, he leaving his horſe, betakes himſelf to his own heels: and ſo with much terror both of mind and conſcience, he knows not whither to go, or where to hide himſelf: but at laſt conſidering that the greateſt dangers have need of the leaſt diſtraction, and moſt diſcretion, he thinks to flie on his right hand to *Horta Farneſi*, or the Gardens and Orchards which belong to that illuſtrious Family: but then again fearing to meet with a wooden face, inſtead of finding an open door, he leaves that reſolution, and (as faſt as his legs and feet can bear him) flies on his left hand up towards *Nero*'s Tower (ſo famous for that Emperors infamy, in ſtanding thereon, when he delighted to ſee all *Rome* on fire) and here in the ruins and demolitions of an infinite number of Palaces, Churches, and other ſtupendious buildings, our murtherous *Bertolini* hides and huſheth up himſelf, hoping if the day were paſt, to eſcape, and recover ſome ſecret friends houſe by night.

But God is too juſt to let this his cruel fact paſs unrevenged, and this bloody Murtherer unpuniſhed: for he hath ſcarce been there half an hour, but he is known there, found out, and hemm'd in of all ſides by the Captains Guard, arm'd with Partiſans and Piſtols. Here, *Bertolini* conſidering himſelf a *Roman* Gentleman, would fain have made ſome reſiſtance with his Rapier: but ſeeing their numbers to increaſe, and himſelf alone, as alſo that it would farther augment his crime, and exaſperate his Judges againſt him, he at their firſt aſſummons delivereth up his Rapier, and yields, and rendereth himſelf into their hands, who preſently convey him to priſon, where he ſhall have but little time to think of his hainous and bloody Murthers, ere we ſhall ſee him brought forth and arraigned before his Judges: but in the *Interim* all *Rome* is poſſeſſed and informed hereof.

So the ſecond morning of *Bertolini* his impriſonment, he is fetcht before his Judges, where at firſt the Devil is ſo ſtrong with him, as he once thought to have denyed this Murther of *Sturio*: but God proving more merciful to his ſoul, he upon his Judges grave and Religious Remonſtrances, with many ſighs and tears freely confeſſeth it, humbly beſeeching them to take pity of his young years, and that it was only the heat of youth, and the vanity of his ambitious honour, which had thus betrayed and ſeduced his Soul to perpetrate this cruel and impious Murther, and for the which he extreamly and bitterly repented himſelf.

But the arrow of Gods wrath and Revenge is now fully bent againſt *Bertolini*, as his bullets were againſt *Sturio*: ſo as his ſacred Majeſty, cauſing his Judges to reſemble themſelves, they are deaf to his requeſts, and tell him, it is not his youth or his ambition, but the Devil that hath ſeduced and drawn him to perform this bloody Murther: and ſo for expiation thereof, they, in conſideration he is a *Roman* Gentleman, nobly deſcended, will not hang him, but adjudge his two hands to be cut off before the houſe where he ſhot at *Sturio*, and then afterwards to be beheaded at the Common Place of Execution, at the foot of *Saint Angelos* Bridge, his head to be ſet upon a Pole, over *Saint John de Laterans* gate, and his body to be thrown into *Tiber*: which the next day was accordingly executed in preſence of many thouſand people of both Sexes, and of all Ranks, notwithſtanding the importunate ſolicitations which his Father made to *Cardinal Borgheſe* (the *Pope Paulus Quintus* Nephew) to the contrary; who was too noble and generous to aſſiſt him in ſo baſe and ignoble a Murther.

And theſe were the lives and deaths of theſe three unfortunate *Roman* Gentlemen, *Brellati*, *Sturio*, and *Bertolini*, and of that beautiful, chaſt, and ſorrowful Lady *Paulina*. And here to conclude and ſhut up this their mournful Hiſtory: I have been informed, that the curious wits of *Rome* made many exquiſite Epitaphs upon the deaths of *Sturio* and *Paulina*, as alſo that *Bertolini* made a Religious and moſt Chriſtian ſpeech at his end, of which I muſt confeſs I was not ſo happy to recover the ſight, or Copies of either: for if I had, I would not have failed to have inſerted, and placed them at the end of this their Hiſtory, to have ſerved as a

grace and ornament thereunto, in interlacing my Proſe with others verſes, for the better delight and recreation of my Reader. But I muſt (juſtly) crave excuſe herein: for my curioſity ſought them, though my unfortunacy found them not. And becauſe I wholly aim rather to profit than to pleaſe my Reader, let us forget the ſhadows, to remember the ſubſtance, and ſo look from the Map, to the Moral of this Hiſtory: that the foul example of *Bertolini*'s crime of Murther, and the juſtneſs of his puniſhment, may make us leſs bloody, and more compaſſionate and charitable to our Chriſtian brethren, and conſequently more pious towards God, of whom we all bear the living Image, and true and lively character.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contein great variety of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book III.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON:

Printed by *Sarah Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the ſign of the *Turks*-Head, near the *Miter*-Tavern. 1656.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND TRULY WORTHY OF ALL HONOUR,

WILLIAM

EARL OF

PEMBROKE,

Lord Chamberlain to his Majeſty, Knight of the thrice Noble Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of his moſt Honourable Privy Council.

Right honourable,

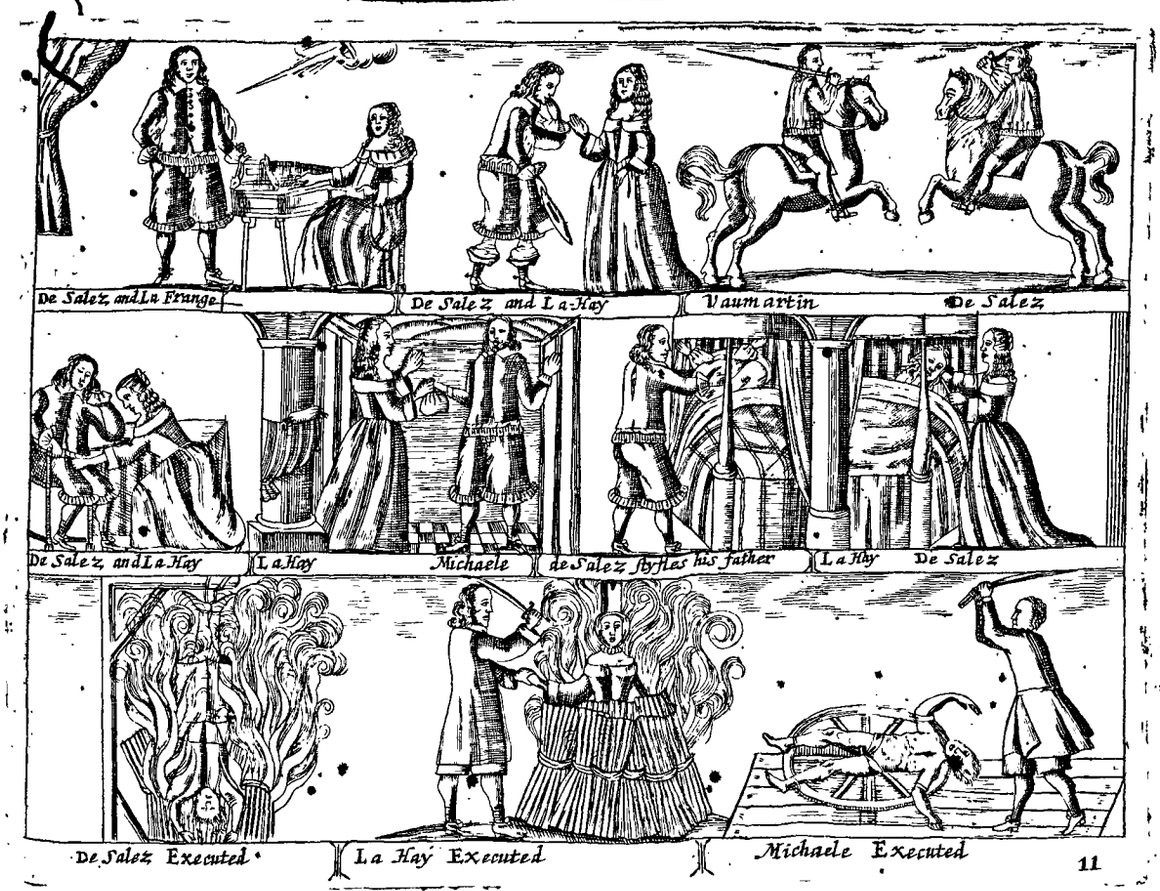
IT is not your *Dignity*, but your *Virtues*; not your *Greatneſs*, but your *Goodneſs*, which firſt conjured my affection, then commanded my reſolution to direct theſe (forein) *Tragical Hiſtories* to your *Honours* Protection and Patronage: For, others (ſayling with the corrupt Tide and Current of the Times) not onely admire, but adore the exteriour parts of men, their *Fortunes*; I, for my part, both honour and reverence their interiour qualities, and ornaments, *Piety*,

Fidelity, *Generoſity* (three Daughters of *Heaven*, embling and perſonating the three Heavenly Graces on Earth, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*.) who tranſport and conveigh our *Memories* as farre as the limits of *Time*, and a degree beyond it, and (on the wings of *Truth*) mount our *Fames* from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Envy* to *Glory*, and from *Mortality* to *Eternity*. Not but that I every way reſpect and honour that blood which is *Noble*, but that I yet more dearly honour, and deeply affect thoſe *Virtues* which have a ſecret, and (as I may juſtly ſay) a ſacred power in them to ennoble *Nobility*, both which tranſcendent *Privileges*, finding hand in hand cheerfully march, and really to ſimpathize in your *Honour* (ſith upon the reſplendent luſtre of our actions, *Envy* is not capable to inſinuate a blemiſh, nor *Detraction* of power to introduce or inforce a diſparagement) was the ſole prevailing motive of this my *Zeal* and *Ambition*. And when I conſider that the Morality, Ends, and Puniſhments of theſe foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books (of this nature) have already related and divulged to the world, have not onely been approved, but applauded of our moſt *Excellent* and *Sacred King* (as onely aiming at Gods glory, and our own reformation and preſervation) I rather hope than deſpair, that this *Third* (wherein the juſt revenge of *God*, the Great and Supreame *King of Kings*, is no leſſe apparent and conſpicuous) will be accepted of your *Honour*. Again, it fights againſt Murther, which not onely ſeeks to ſlay *Humanity*, but therein to murther *Religion*, which is the *Life* and *Soul* thereof. It denounceth War againſt *Nature* and *Grace*, againſt the Divine Ordinances of *Heaven*, and the Coactive and Penal Laws of *Earth*, whereby they are eſtabliſhed and maintained, as being the *Cimment* and *Sinews*, the *Veines* and *Arteries* of *Monarchies* and *Common-weales*; as alſo againſt the Majeſty of *GOD*, and the Crowns and Dignities of *Soveraign Kings* and *Princes*, his Royal *Deputies* and *Vicegerents* here on Earth, ſith thereby he loſeth ſouls, and theſe ſubjects; yea, ſo general, and prodigious a progreſſion doth this Scarlet Sinne of premeditated and wilfull Murther make in the univerſall World, and with ſo bloody a deluge and inundation, it not onely waſhes, but (as it were) drowns the face of *Chriſtian*, that we have now farre truer cauſe to cry out, and juſter reaſon to exclame than *Quintus Catulus* (ſo many centuries of yeares ſince) *O with whom, or where ſhall we live in ſafety, ſith in Wars we kill thoſe who are armed, and in peace who are unarmed?* Yea, your *Honour*, who (with a happy conſtancy, and conſtant happineſſe) is ſtill a profeſſed Champion for *Charitie* againſt *Envie*, and a *Tutelary* Protector

(te&tor for *Virtue* againſt *Vice* (whiles divers great ones of the World make it not onely their practice, but their glory to perform the contrary) will, I hope, run over theſe mournful *Hiſtories* (and the ſeveral accidents they relate) with your eye of pitty and ſpirit of compaſſion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious inſultation, not onely admire the *Providence*, but applaud and magnifie the *Juſtice* of *God*, in ſo timely cutting off theſe Monſters of *Nature*, and bloody Butchers of *Mankinde*, with theſe their condign puniſhments and deſerved deaths: In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your *Honours*, and no leſſe is hee who collected and penned it; and that my Name may futurely oblige me to make this preſent promiſe of my Pen real: Whiles many others (in a virtuous emulation) contend to deſerve the *Honour* of your *Favour*, and ſtrive to purchaſe the felicity of your *Commands*, none ſhall doe it with more Integrity, and leſſe Vanity, than

Your Honours truly devoted

JOHN REYNOLDS.



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez *killeth* Vaumartin *in a Duel:* La Hay *cauſeth* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange: De Salez *loves* La Hay, *and becauſe his Father* Argentier *will not conſent that he marry her, ſtifleth him in his bed, and then takes her to his wife: She turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying he accuſeth her of this bloody fact, and himſelf for murthering his father* Argentier: *ſo his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt.* La Hay *confeſſeth this Murther, and likewiſe that ſhe cauſed* Michaelle *to poyſon* La Frange: *ſhe hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive:* Michaelle *is broken on the wheele, and his dead body thrown inio the River.*

ALthough our perverſe Nature, and rebellious thoughts may for a while make us eſteem Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and ſo look from our ſelves to our ſouls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, wee ſhall then aſſuredly finde, that hating our Chriſtian Brother, we hate Chriſt who made us Brothers; and murdering him, that we maliciouſly and preſumptuouſly attempt to re-crucifie Chriſt, by whom we muſt, without whom we cannot be ſaved. But if we will turn Atheiſts, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and ſay there is a God, but no Heaven, than that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody poſition of Murder, practiſed, becauſe priviledged, elſe not. Wherefore let us who are Chriſtians reſend this devilliſh doctrine, and doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it firſt came, and to the Devill himſelf who firſt broached and invented it; ſith we cannot profeſſe it without making or ſelves Agents, nor perpetrate it, without becomming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove wofull fore-runners of our miſery, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: As the bloody Actors of this inſuing mournful Hiſtory will make good, and inſtance to us in themſelves

ſelves when the ſevere judgements and puniſhments of GOD befell them ſo ſuddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of theſe their foul and inter-hall crimes.

Tholouſe (as well for greatneſſe as ſtate, the third City and Court of *Parliament* of *France*) is the place wherein we ſhall underſtand, there was lately committed and perpetrated, a *tragical Hiſtory*, which hath many mournful, and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we muſt underſtand that therein lived a Councellour of that famous *Court* (being a rich Gentleman, well deſcended) tearmed *Monſieur de Argentier*, whoſe Wife being deceaſed, left him father onely to one hopefull Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed *Monſieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martiall Profeſſion it was impoſſible for his old Father to divert and withdraw him) he procured him an *Enſignes* place under *Monſieur de Roquelaure*, whom he ſerved in the *Adriatick* Sea, under the *Noble* and *Generous Venetians*, who then ſtood rather jealous than fearfull of the power and greatneſſe of *Spain*; but the *Chymera* of that War (after the term of three or four yeares) being vaniſhed and blown away, and conſequently betwixt thoſe two mighty *Eſtates*, a new *Peace* contracted and concluded, although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returnes *Monſieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gaſcogny*, and with him *De Salez* for *Languedoc* and *Tholouſe*, where hee is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to ſee his Son profeſſe theſe Military courſes (which only affords the ſmoak of Honour, and not the ſolidity of Profit) but rather that hee exceedingly rejoyced him to ſee him return therefrom; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requeſts will ſolely divert him, yet he is reſolved and aſſured that his commands both will and ſhall. To which end (as any humour is ſooneſt ſubject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary) ſo the old Councellour having as much *Judgement* and *Providence* in his head, as his Sonne hath *Vanity* in his thoughts, and *Raſhneſſe* in his reſolutions, doth both requeſt and command to leave the Warre for Peace, Armes for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and ſo no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*; to which effect, he profers him the choice of many rich and fair young *Gentlewomen* of the Country to his Wife; but eſpecially (and with farre more earneſtneſſe than any other) to an exceeding rich match in the City, which was a young *Gentlewoman* termed *La Frange*, being the onely childe of *Monſieur de Clugny*, one of the moſt famous and richeſt *Preſidents* of that *Court*, young of yeares, as being but fixteen or ſeventeen, but withall deformed both in favour and body; for ſhe was of a brown and ſoure complexion, and not onely a Dwarfe in ſtature, but alſo exceeding crook-back'd, and yet beyond meaſure very amorous and deſirous of a Husband: onely the endowments of her minde moſt richly recompenced and made ſatisfaction for the defects of her body; for ſhe had an active and nimble wit, a ſweet and ſugred tongue, a rich memory, and a powerfull and happy judgement; and was indeed an excellent Dancer, and Singer, and withall a moſt perfect and exquiſite Muſician: But as yet *De Salez* Warlike and Generous reſolution could not be ſo ſoon made flexible, to embrace the motion of a Wife, and ſo returns his denyal inſtead of his conſent: But his wiſe old Father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his Sonne *De Salez* his proſperity and welfare, becauſe hee apparently ſaw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himſelf (his Sonnes exorbitant reſolution notwithſtanding) although he knew that *Madmoyſelle La Frange* had many *noble Sutors*, who fought her in Mariage; yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the Preſident *De Clugny*, and alſo that that Daughter of his, and this his Sonne were of both parties their onely children. He taking time at advantage, breaks with him about this Match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight than diſtate: for if there were any diſparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows, that *Argentiers* blood and wealth did at leaſt equalize, if not exceed his: or if he conceited any ſcruple in his thoughts which impugned, or impoſed it, it was onely becauſe *De Salez* was a Souldier, and not a Lawyer, and conſequently delighted to uſe his Sword before his Pen, and to wear and preferre a Scarlet Cloak before a Black. But then again, theſe repugnant and averſe reaſons were as ſoon buried, as born, and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when hee conſidered that he himſelf in his adolenſcy was of the ſame humour and inclination, and therefore that *Experience* had made him a *Preſident* to himſelf, that *Time* was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born, and well-bred ſpirits) the *Precepts* of a Father, and the ſweet converſation and counſel of a Wife, had power to metamorphoſe the conditions of a young Husband; wherupon the old Fathers often meet and conſult hereon, and ſo being fully agreed on all conditions,

ons they likewiſe appoint a ſolemn meeting for their children, but the effect and iſſue of this their enterview, will not correſpond and anſwer their deſires.

La Frange (as we have formerly ſaid) being deformed and crook-backt, was no way agreeable but diſpleaſing to *De Salez*; but he being a tall, and neat-timbred Gentleman, of a fair and feminine complexion, ſhe inſtantly moſt tenderly affected, and dearly loved him. In a word, I muſt requeſt the curioſity of the Reader briefly to be informed and advertiſed, that as ſhe beheld him with the eyes of *Love* and *Deſire*, ſo did he her with thoſe of *contempt* and *diſdain*, ſhe building Caſtles of content in the air of her thoughts and hopes, that *Heaven* would make him her husband; and he raſing both her and her memory out of that of his contemplations, vowing that Earth ſhould never make her his wife. Thus though the Parents have already ſhut up the Contract, yet their children ſhall never live to celebrate the Nuptials; for we ſhall ſee diverſity of *Tragical Accidents* which are providing, and almoſt ready to oppoſe and impugn it. Parents think to be the cauſes, but GOD will ſtill be the *Author* of Marriages: for if his ſacred and divine *Majeſty* make them not firſt in *Heaven*, they ſhall never ſee them ſolemnized nor conſummated on *Earth*.

And here, to make an orderly progreſſion in this *Hiſtory*, the Reader muſt likewiſe underſtand, that of all other of *La Franges* Suters, none ſought her with ſo much importunity and impatiency, as the Baron of *Vaumartin*, whoſe chiefeſt houſe and lands lay betwixt *Aigue-mortes* and *Narbone* (a Nobleman of ſome thirty years old) who (like many others of his ſtamp and rank) had ſpent the greateſt part of his youth and means in *Paris*, in laſciviouſly debauſhing and revelling with the *Pariſian* Ladies and Dames: ſo that the vanity of his pleaſures and expences making his Lands flie away piece-meal, and the devaſting and fall of his Trees and Woods, making the reſt of his Mannors ſhake, (an example and preſident for all other debauſhed Gallants to obſerve and beware of) he leaves *Paris* with curſes, and his bitter-ſweet ſins with repentance; and ſo (to repair his errors, and to redeem his loſt time, and decayed eſtate) he comes home to *Languedoc*, where hearing in *Tholouſe* of the *Preſident de Clugny's* great wealth, which he muſt ſolely leave to his only childe and daughter *La Frange*, who was now marriageable, he reſolves to ſet all his other buſineſs and deſigns apart, and ſo to lay ſiege and ſeek her of her father and ſelf in Marriage. Now to take the better direction, and obſervation of this Hiſtory, we muſt likewiſe underſtand that this Baron of *Vaumartin* was of a ſwart complexion, a dwarf of ſtature, and every way as crook-backt as *La Frange*, which the more flattered him in his hopes, and egged him on in his purſuit, hoping indeed (though with as much *Vanity* as *Ignorance*) that this their corporal Reſemblance would the ſooner induce and draw her to affect him: but his *Arithmetick*, or rather his *Judgement* will deceive him: for it is conformity of *Humors* and *Inclinations*, and not of faces and bodies, which breeds and inflames a *ſympathie* in affections. But he is reſolute in his reſearch, and ſo better loving the fathers wealth, than the daughters *Beauty*, he well aſſiſted and followed (with a train and equipage worthy of his birth, and her merits) firſt ſeeks the daughter of her father, then her ſelf of her ſelf. As for the old *Preſident de Clugny*, he hath heard of his debauſhed pranks and ryots in *Paris*, and therefore vows that his wealth gotten with wiſdom, and purchaſed with providence, ſtudy, and care in his Age, ſhall never pay for the obſcene pleaſures and vicious prodigalities of his Youth: and ſo with many verball Complements (reſolving that he ſhall never triumph in the Conqueſt of his Daughter) he in generall tearms puts him off.

As for *La Frange* her ſelf, the ſweetneſſe of *De Salez* complexion and perſonage is ſo deeply imprinted in her heart and thoughts, that it is impoſſible for *Vaumartin* to finde any admittance or entrance; for ſhee ſpeaks of none but *de Salez*, thinks of none but of *De Salez*, nor wiſheth her ſelf with any but with *De Salez*. Again, ſhe wonders at *Vaumartin's* ſimplicity, in ſeeking her for his Wife: for if ſhee hate deformity in her ſelf, how is it either likely or poſſible that ſhe can love it in her Husband? No, no; though *De Salez* will not love *La Frange*, yet *La Frange* muſt and will love *De Salez*, and none but him; and therefore ſith *De Salez* his ſweet feature is a pearl in her eye, needs muſt *Vaumartin* be an eye-ſore to her; yea, and if modeſty will permit me to ſpeak or write an immodeſt truth, her heart doth ſo burn and flame in love to *De Salez*, that both day and night, ſhe many times with ſighs, ſometimes with tears, wiſheth her ſelf either impaled in his arms, or he encloyſtered in hers.

Now by this time *Vaumartin* hath full notice and advertiſement of her dear affection devoted to none but to *De Salez*, as likewiſe his ſleighting and diſdaining her:

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Whereupon encouraged by this, and diſheartned by that, he leaves no coſt, care, or curioſity (either in gifts, dancing, muſick, or bankets) unattempted, to crown his wants, rather than his deſires and pleaſures, with this though deformed, yet rich heir *La Frange*: ſo leaving him to his vain ſuit in courting her, ſpeak we a little of *de Salez*, that ſith he will not affect *La Frange*, we may yet obſerve and diſcover which way he intends to ſhape the courſe of his affections and reſolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himſelf and reſolutions to be a profeſſed Souldier, yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleaſure*, and that to *effeminacy*, a fatal and dangerous *vice*, which in the iniquity of theſe our times, and depraved manners, not only moſt inſenſibly creeps into common Souldiers and Commanders, but alſo into all Armies, and into many *Estates* and *Kingdoms*, ſtill to the diſparagement of their glory, and ſometime to the price of their ruine, and peril of their ſubverſion; he began to let his Colours hang dully, and his Pike and Partizan ruſty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies, which the old Counellor his Father obſerves with joy, hoping that in the end he ſhall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but theſe hopes of his will prove vain, and this his joy will ſoon be exchanged into ſorrow, and metamorphoſed into affliction and miſery: for that his Son is purely reſolved to marry, tis true, but as true it is, that he is fully reſolved never to love, much leſs to marry *La Frange*.

Now we muſt underſtand, that in *Tholouſe* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in *England* ſay a Silk-man, termed *Monſieur de Soulange*, rather reputed rich of others, than known ſo of himſelf; and yet being an old widdower, to the end the ſooner to get him a new wife, he puts a good face on his eſtate, and maintains himſelf, family, and houſe, with great pomp and expences, having no ſon, but three fair daughters, all marriageable; and yet (out of *ambition*, and in *Emulation* of the *Gentry*) ſeverally known and ſtiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Meſdamoyſelles de Marſy*, *La Preverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for the pureneſs and excellency thereof juſtly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngeſt of them *La Hay* was the *Phœnix* of all the three: for ſhe was ſo ſweetly fair, and fairly ſweet of complexion, as ſhe drew all eyes to do homage to hers; ſo as it was almoſt impoſſible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her without deſiring her: for her body was ſo ſtraight and ſlender, and the roſes of her cheeks ſo deliciouſly gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roſes, that the greateſt Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himſelf not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her preſence and company. But in one word, to give theſe three ſiſters their true characters, *de Marſy* and *La Preverte* were far more vertuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they: for as *Religion* and *Piety* was their chiefeſt delight and exerciſe, as more deſirous to embelliſh their ſouls than their bodies; ſo wanton pleaſure and vain laſciviouſneſs was hers, as rather delighting to pleaſe and adorn her body than her ſoul, they being more vertuous than fair, ſhe more fair than vertuous; different inclinations and reſolutions; theſe as happy and bleſſed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have been a Preſident, yea a Pilot to have conducted her fame as well to the Temple of *Honour*, as to the harbour of immortal glory, and of glorious immortality, but ſhe vows ſhe will prove a Preſident to her ſelf, and her pleaſure ſhall be a Pilot to her will, although ſhe miſs the Temple of *Honour*, to finde out that of beaſtly concupiſcence; and the harbour of immortal glory, to ſuffer ſhipwrack upon the ſhelves of inglorious infamy, and the rocks of infamous perdition.

To this *Monſieur de Soulanges* houſe the beauties of his three daughters, but eſpecially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleaſing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminenteſt Citizens, who there paſs their time in courting and converſing, in dancing, ſinging, and the like, whereunto the Youth of *France* more than any other people of the world are moſt licentiouſly addicted; and as things are beſt diſcerned and diſtinguiſhed by their contraries, ſo the vertues of *De Marſy* and *La Preverte* were made more apparant by *La Hayes* vices; and her luſt and whoredoms were more palpably notorious in their Chaſtity. O that ſo ſweet a creature ſhould be ſubject to ſo foul a ſin, and that Beauty the beſt gift (and as I may ſay the gold) of Nature, ſhould be thus vilified and polluted with the beaſtly pleaſures of Carnal concupiſcence and obſcene ſenſuality! For aye me, I write it with as much grief to my ſelf, as ſhame to her, ſhe was too prodigal of her favours; for ſhe imparted them liberally unto ſome for love, but unto moſt for money, not caring to whom ſhe proſtituted her body, ſo they filled her purſe, thereby to ſupport her pride, and maintain the exceſs and vanity of her bravery; and yet ſhe was

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ſo ſubtill and cautious therein, that although ſhe were a profeſſed *Courteſan*, ſhe would nevertheleſs publikely ſeem a pure and unſpotted *Virgin*; and the better to fortifie her fame, and to make the reputation of her *Chaſtity* paſs current with the world, ſhe would ſwear all thoſe to conceal her favours, on whomſoever ſhe imparted and beſtowed them: but if this laſcivious ſubtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beaſtly ſin of fornication be unſeen of God, when the windows, walls, and beams of her chamber, yea her very bed whereon ſhe hath acted her whoredoms, ſhall one day give in evidence, and ſerve as witneſſes againſt her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confuſion from Heaven?

Now, among the reſt of thoſe debolhed Gentlemen, who devoted their laſcivious ſervice, and ſacrificed their fond affections to *La Hays* beauty, in comes our *De Salez* to inroul himſelf one; who, feaſting and ſurfetting his eyes on the delicacies of her freſh and ſweet complexion, leaves his own Fathers houſe, to frequent hers; yea his deſires are ſo luſtfully inflamed with her beauty, as with his beſt art and policy he lays cloſe ſiege to her chaſtity, and with many gifts, requeſts and oaths, ſeeks to endear her to his deſires and pleaſure: But ſee the ſubtillty of this laſcivious young *Courtiſan*; for knowing *De Salez* deeply in love with her, and to be the only child of his Father, and h one of the richeſt Councellors of *Tholouſe*, ſhe conceives a plot in her head, to go a fiſhing to make him her Husband, and ſo bears her ſelf wonderfull modeſt and coy, caſting a cloak and veil of chaſtity over her unchaſt deſires and actions, as if ſhe were now a Virgin, yea a Saint to him, though heretofore ſhe had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denyall doth rather inflame, than quench the fire of his luſt, ſo as making many aſſaults to raze down the defences of her refuſall, that he may enter and take poſſeſſion of her heart and favour, his beſt Art and Oratorie proves vain; for ſhe outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finiſh her purpoſes: ſo this repulſe of hers makes him hang his head, and become penſive and melancholy; the true ſignes and ſymptomes of a fooliſh and fantaſticall lover, as in effect we ſhall ſhortly ſee *De Salez* will prove himſelf. For the colder ſhe is in affection to him, the hotter is he in luſt with her, forgetting the warrs, yea, his diſcretion, himſelf and all, to crown his deſires in enjoying her: the which ſhe well obſerving, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook, and ſo hopes that if the line of his *folly* and her good *fortune* and *wit* hold, ſhe will ſoon make him her Husband, and her ſelf his wife: For having formerly met with many knaves in others, ſhe now begins to reſt confident, either to find, or to make a fool of him, thereby to ſerve as a veil to over-veil her whordoms. He pleads hard to her for love; ſhe replies, it is impoſſible to find love in luſt. He vows he will die her ſervant; ſhe ſwears ſhe will never live his Strumpet. He proteſteth that ſhe ſhall ſhare of his eſtate; ſhe tells him plainly that ſhe had rather live a poor *Wife*, than die a rich *Courteſan*. Hee replies, that he adores her beautie; ſhe anſwers, that ſh. knows no other, but that he only ſeeks to prophane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him ſwallow either a Gull, a Gudgin, or both, ſh. by ſtealth permits him to cull ſome kiſſes, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roſes of her cheeks: and in the Interim, like an hypocriticall diſſembling queen, reads him many lectures on the pureneſs of *Chaſtity*, and the foulnenſs of *Luſt*, on the bleſſednes of *Marriage*, and the wretched eſtate of *Fornication*. Prophane and impious giglet, whoſe ſpeeches are perfumed with *Vertue*, and yet her actions ſtink, and are polluted and infected with *Vice*: diſſembling *Syren*, who caſts forth bitter ſweet inchanting tunes and charms to pleaſe the ſenſe, and yet purpoſely to poyſon the ſoul; pills of worm-wood, candied in Sugar, honey to the palat, but Gall to the ſtomack; A fatall rock whereon many inconſiderate and deboſhed young Gentlemen have unfortunatly ſuffered Shipwrack, a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endleſs miſeries and calamities, whereunto whoſoever enters with pleaſure, is ſure to retire with tears, curſes, and repentance: A plague ſent us from Heaven in our age for a juſt guerdon and recompenſe of the ſinnes and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth and bottomleſs Gulph of miſery and calamity, is our raſh and luſtfull young *Gallant*, cheerfully entring and ſteering his courſe, without either the Starr of hope, or Compaſs of felicity and ſafety, bearing out top and top Gallant, yea (as I may ſay) with all the ſayles of his folly bearing; and with the Flag, Enſign and Pendants of his obſcene and laſcivious deſires, playing and dallying in the Aire of *La Hayes* fatall and infectious beauty; which hath ſo ſolely ſurpriſed his judgement, captivated his thoughts, and eclipſed his diſcretion, as in her abſence and preſence he exrolls as well her *Vertues* as her beauty to the Skies: vowing that ſhe is ſo fair a *Nymph*, and ſo pure a *Virgin*, as ſhe deſerves rather to be his wife than his Strumpet, or rather not his Strumpet but his wife. And ſo two moneths being paſt ſince he

firſt frequented her, and ſought to ſeduce and obtaine her to his laſcivious deſires; and ſeeing (diſſembling queen as ſhe is) that therein ſhe bore her ſelf infinitely chaſt and modeſt, and that it was impoſſible for him to obſerve or remark any other inclination or teſtimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are ſo beſotted and intangled in the fetters of her beauty, that he preferrs her ſweet feature and complexion, a thouſand times before *La Franges* deformed; and vowes that he had rather die *La Hayes* ſlave, than ever live to be *La Franges* Husband: But this folly of his in the end ſhall coſt him dear, and ſo lead him to another, farr more unnaturall, and as I may juſtly ſay, damnable: But we muſt proceed orderly in this Hiſtory, and doe therefore reſerve that part till anon.

By this time the ſlie ſubtiltie, and ſeeming chaſt behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez* heart, ſo as ſhe now hopes confidently, and ſhortly to play her priſe in ſurpriſing him, for he is extremely amorous, beſotted, and as I may ſay, drunk with the love of her ſelf and beauty: ſo on a Sunday, as ſhe returned from *Veſpers*, repaires to her Fathers houſe to ſee her, whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purpoſely dighted her ſelf in a rich new Gown and Petticote, and trimmed and adorned her ſelf in her gayeſt and moſt curious attire, thereby with more eaſe and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her beauty being both ſeconded, and graced by her apparell, ſhe ſo raviſhed his heart, and delighted his ſences, as he cannot refrain from kiſſing her; but this hony of her lips, will in the end prove poyſon to his heart. And here again he layes cloſe ſiege to her chaſtity, but ſtill ſhe gives him the repulſe and refuſall, as if ſhe were a *Diana*, and not a *Venus*: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her; And ſhe, that if he honour her, will ſtill affect him. In the way of *L O V E*, quoth he, I am wholly yours; and quoth ſhe, in that of *Honour* I will not be mine own but yours; I will quoth he in all affection both live and die your ſervant; and replyes ſhe, In all chaſtity, I will live to die your handmaid: He affirmes, he cannot be more hers in heart, than he is; nor I quoth ſhe, leſs yours in luſt, than I am; It is quoth he my *Love* which makes me report ſo much; and quoth ſhe it is my *Fear* which makes me affirm no leſs; why quoth he, ſhould my love procure your *Fear*? My fear, quoth ſhe, is wholly ingendred and derived from your luſt, but not from your *Love*: I pray expreſs your ſelf, quoth he; ſhe replyes, my bluſhes may, but my tongue dare not. Quoth he, did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *de Salez*, and not refuſe him; Nay quoth ſhe, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuſe *La Hay*, but accept of her; Why quoth he, *de Salez* deſires none but *La Hay*, Nor quoth ſhe, *La Hay* any in the World but *de Salez*: Whereupon *de Salez* being provoked with his own luſt, and animated and encouraged by her ſweet ſpeeches, he very joyfully (yet falſly) flattering himſelf with the conqueſt of her favour and conſent, ſhuts the door, and like a moſt laſcivious and diſſolute *Gentleman*, takes her in his armes, and ſtrives to convey her to the Bed, reſolving there to inrich himſelf with more than kiſſes, yea, to reap the fruit of his beaſtly pleaſures, and obſcene and brutiſh deſires; but his hopes ſhall deceive him: For although *La Hay* be a Courteſan in heart, yet ſhe will not be ſo in tongue, eſpecially now, where to get her ſelf a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her priſe in *Chaſtity*, as if ſhe were as vertuous, as fair, and as chaſt as lovely; Wherefore exclayming, and ſtorming at this his laſcivious attempt and enterpriſe, levelled at the defloration and ſhipwrack of her *Honour*, ſhee with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her ſelf forth his armes, and with a World of hypocriticall ſighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table, and unſheathing it, vowes that ſhe will be a ſecond *Lucretia*, and that if ſhe cannot kill him before he have defiled and defloured her, yet that ſhe will aſſuredly murther her ſelf after; becauſe ſhe is fully reſolved, that her chaſtity ſhall out-live her, not ſhe her chaſtity. A religious and *Honourable* reſolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaſt and ſanctified heart; but alas, nothing leſs; for ſhe ſpeaks it out of ſubtilty, not out of *Vertue*, out of *Policie*, no way out of *Pietie*: *de Salez* by this time having wholly loſt his judgement in the ſweet and roſeat garden of her delicious complexion, vowes that he is now as deeply in love with her chaſtity, as formerly with her beauty. When ſeeking to appeaſe her *Choler*, and to pacifie her *Indignation*, as alſo to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his deſires; he ſwears he is ſo farr from intending her any diſhonour, as he is

reſolved

reſolved to do her all the honour of the world: Yea ſo farr, as if ſhe pleaſe, he is ready to accept her for his wife, proteſting, that of all the maydens of the world, he is deſirous to be huſband to none but her ſelf, and that the fault ſhall be hers, if he make not his words deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleaſant melody of theſe his ſugred ſpeeches, doth thereat preſently bury her ſighs, and drie up her tears: when throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a moſt reſpectfull courteſie, and gratefull reverence, ſhe with extended armes runnes to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that ſhe loves no man in the world but himſelf; and in conſenting to be her husband, ſhe will till death yield, not only to be his faithfull wife in attending his pleaſures, but his obſervant handmaid, to receive and obey his commands: and ſo they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kiſſes. But yet ſhe knowing that his Father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her own poor and of a farr inferiour rank, ſhe is ſo politick and ſubtil in the managing of this her affection, as ſhe is reſolved to make ſure work, and to do nothing by halfs: ſo as knowing that words are but wind, and what *de Salez* promiſeth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow, ſhe intends to catch at opportunities forelock, and ſo with a ſweet and ingenious inſinuation, draws him to give her a *Diamond* Ring in token of marriage, and ſhe in exchange returns him a ſmall Gold bracelet, which ſhe wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again conſidering, that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to conſent to this match, ſhe can give no true content to her deſires, nor ſatisfaction to her fear, before ſhe have united and linked him to her, in a more ſtricter and firmer bond of aſſurance; when not only feaſting, but as it were ſurfetting him with variety of kiſſes, ſhe bethinks her ſelf of a *Policy*, as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her ſpeech (which ſhe accompained with many amorous, yet diſſembling ſmiles) ſhe told him ſhe would futurely exceed him in conſtancy, and now outbrave him in affection; when taking pen and paper, ſhe writes him a fair promiſe, and firm aſſurance of her ſelf unto him (in the manner of a contract) and to make it the more powerfull and authenticall, ſubſcribes her name and ſign to it, and betwixt ſighs and bluſhing, ſhe delivers it him; no way doubting, but rather aſſuring herſelf, that he would requite her with the like curteſie and obligation, as indeed the event anſwereth her deſires and wiſhes: For *De Salez* having now no power left him to ſee by his own eyes, I mean, by thoſe of his judgment, but only by theſe of his intemperat paſſion, and paſſionate affection, he is ſo farr from deſcrying (much leſs from ſuſpecting) her policy, as very ſimply and ſottiſhly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection, the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and ſo vowing not to dye her debtor for *Courteſie*, he very raſhly, and inconſideratly writes another to the ſame effect, and flyes ſo farr from wit or diſcretion, as to ſhew himſelf her ſuperiour in affection, as well as in ſex, he purpoſely cuts his finger, and ſo firms his name thereunto with his own bloud, and then with a million of kiſſes delivers it her, vowing that her pleaſure ſhall be his law in the accompliſhing thereof: only he prayes her for a time to be ſecret and ſilent herein, for that he fears he ſhall hardly draw his Father to conſent hereunto, the which ſhe very curteouſly grants him; and ſo he triumphing in her beauty, and ſhe in his wealth, he in her youth, and ſhe in his ſimplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they ſhall ſhortly reap the fruits of their matrimoniall deſires and wiſhes; for till then, ſhe ſwears (though with an equivocating reſervation to forſwear herſelf) ſhe will live a moſt pure and unſpotted Virgin, and that as the leaſt of her affection and courteſie toward him, ſhall be ſmiles, ſo the moſt ſhall be kiſſes.

But this affection (or rather folly) of *De Salez*, in contracting himſelf to *La Hay*, is not ſo ſecretly born, but as her former unchaſtity was a generall argument of talk to the whole City of *Thoulouſe*, ſo now this of her ſubtilty and good fortune, is that of its univerſall prattling and admiration, occaſioned and redoubled by the oppoſite conſiderations of *Argentiers* known wealth, and *de Soulanges* ſuppoſed poverty; and again of *de Salez* ſuppoſed chaſtity, and of *de la Hayes* notoriouſly known whoredoms. And as *Fame* is ſtill ſo tatling a goddeſs, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly ſuppreſſed and ſmothered; ſo by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers, the old Counſellor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwiſhed for familiarity betwixt his ſon, and that Strumpet *La Hay*; when conſidering the great oppoſition betwixt *de Clugney's* Nobility and wealth and *De Soulanges* mean extraction and poverty; as alſo by a true and uncontrolable *Antitheſis*, comparing the foul and enormous vices of *La Hay* with the ſweet and reſplendent vertues of *La Frange*, he (as much diſdayning that match; as deſiring this for his ſun, very haſtily ſends for him

into the Arbor, where purpoſely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his ſpeeches, layes before him the ſimplicity, and ſottiſhneſs of his reſolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedlars brat, before a rich gentlemans only daughter and heir; ſhews him the infamy of the firſt, and the glory of laſt match; there his unavoydable miſery, here his aſſured happineſs; in the firſt his utter ruine and ſhipwrack, and in the laſt, his infallible proſperity and felicity: and ſo intermixing threats with tears, with a paſſionate paternall affection, he endeavoureth to perſwade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*; or if not, he vowes and ſwears wholly to diſinherit him, and from thence-forth never repute or eſteem him for his ſon.

But *de Salez* his fooliſh vanity, and vain affection in himſelf towards his new contracted Love, *La Hay*, is ſo great, and conſequently his filiall obedience to his Father ſo ſmall, as notwithſtanding this his wholſom adviſe and counſell, he is ſtill reſolute and conſtant to preferr *La Hay* before *La Frange*, the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other, his own content before his Fathers, and *Soulanges* eſtate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: but this raſhneſs, indiſcretion, and ingratitude of his will coſt him dear.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his ſons familiarity with that fair yet lewd Curtezan *La Hay*; no leſs hath *La Frange*, who poor ſoul is ſo deeply inamoured of *de Salez*, as the very firſt news and conceit, that another ſhould injoy him, and not her ſelf, for every grief and ſorrow, ſhe ſeems to drown her ſelf in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick thereat, ſhe mournfull; he incenſed, ſhe afflicted; he inraged, and ſhe perplexed and tormented: his paſſions and anger proceed from ſuſpition, that he ſhall ſo ſoon find a Daughter in law in *la Hay*, her ſighs and tears from fear, that ſhe ſhall ſo ſoon loſe her Love, though not her Lover, his ſon *de Salez*: Again the argument of his choler, is *la Hayes* unchaſtity and poverty, and the cauſe of her diſconſolation, *de Salez* his wealth and vertues: likewiſe ſhe ſees that *Argentier* hath no reaſon to hope, that his ſon will marry her ſelf, ſuch is her deformity, and again, that he hath all the reaſons of the World, as well to doubt, as feat, that he will wed *La Hay*, ſuch is her beauty: But ſith *de Salez* will bear no more reſpect to his Father, nor affection to *la Frange*, leave we therefore his Father *Argentiers* paſſions, and *la Franges* perplexities, to be appeaſed and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and giver of time, who out of his all-ſeeing providence and ſacred pleaſure, only knows in Heaven, how beſt to diſpoſe and manage the actions of earth, and ſo come we to other unexpected occurrents and events, which like ſo many enterjecting, and intervening points, are contained within the circumference of this Hiſtory.

I have ſo long inſiſted on the affections of *de Salez* and *la Hay*, as but to the judicious and temperate Reader it would ſeem to appear, that the *Baron* of *Vaumartin*, hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of queſtion, and this queſtion out of doubt, we ſhall ſee him return too too ſoon, to act a part, not ſo religious and honourable, as bloudy, upon the Theatre of this Hiſtory: For by this time both his Creditors and his debts are grown ſo clamorous, and his reputation and lands ſo neer forfeited, for want of diſingaging, as to ſecure the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means but to gain *La Frange* to his wife: when as it were provoked and precipitated on by the neceſſity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven to flye to Hell, and conſequently fly from *God* to Sathan, to conſult how either by the by, or the main he may obtain her; yea, though with the perill and hazzard of his own life, to cut off theirs, who ſeek therein to prevent his deſires and deſignes. In which helliſh ratiocination, he as devoyd of *Reaſon*, as that is exempt either of *Grace* or *Piety*, thus reaſoneth with himſelf: *De Clugny* hates me, for ſeeking to marry his Daughter, and that time may remedy for me; but which is worſt of all, ſhe loves *De Salez*, and ſeek and deſires to marry him, and this I muſt remedy in time, if I ever expects to obtain or enjoy her; and ſo reſolves to make him away; but is as yet irreſolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finiſh ſo execrable a buſineſs. But this is not only the voyce of his malice, but the ſentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* muſt dye. Wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much leſs of a *Baron*, but leaſt of all of a *Chriſtian*, in that becauſe *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and ſhe loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love, but hate him; or becauſe ſhe loves him, and not thy ſelf, that therfore thou wilt kill him, that ſhe may love thee. See, ſee, raſh, and inconſiderate *Nobleman*, how treacherouſly the Devill hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and beſotted thy ſenſes, to kill one that loves thee, to kill, I ſay, a *Gent.* who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine nemy: or if thou think it wiſdom, that covetouſneſs muſt redeem thy former prodigality, *alas*, *alas*, canſt thou yet be ſo cruell to think it lawfull or religious, that future murther ſhould either occaſion or authorize it?

But

But the Devill hath ſo farr prevailed with his impious reſolutions, that again he reſolves, *De Salez* muſt dye: and yet thou thinkeſt poyſon as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword; ſo had thy laſt reſolution been anſwerable to thy firſt, aſſure thy ſelf thou hadſt made thy ſelf more happy, and not ſo miſerable: for as poyſoning was the invention of the Devill, and is practiſed by none but his agents; ſo this diſhonourable point of honour to fight Duels, was never inſtituted by *God*, nor profeſſed by thoſe who really profeſs his *Goſpell*; yea, it is not only truely to diſhonour *God*, in ſeeking falſely to preſerve our own *Honour* and reputation, but we aſſuredly ſtab at the *Majeſtie* of the *Creator*, in ſeeking to deface man his creature; and to uſe but a word, as it is repugnant both to *Nature* and *Grace*, ſo though it begin in the heat of paſſion and pleaſure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but ſtill in true infamy and miſery.

But *Vaumartins* faith being ſo ſtrong with *Sathan*, and ſo weak with his *Saviour*, he will not take a Law from *Religion* to give to his *Envie*, but rather takes one from his *Envie* to give to his *Religion*; and ſo very prophanely and raſhly by his Lackey *La Roſe*, ſends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAUMARIN to D: SALEZ.

IF thou ſeek the cauſe of my malice, thou mayeſt find it in the Lady La Franges *affection to thee, and hatred to my ſelf: wherefore hold it not ſtrange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horſe-back without Seconds, twixt five & ſix in the morning behind the* Jacobins *Garden.* Love *and* Valour *thou knoweſt, are never capable of much expoſtulation; as deſirous rather to be tryed in action, than ſeen in words. Could that ſweet* Lady, *(who will not be mine, becauſe thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee leſs, we might have prooved as true friends, as now our reputations conjure us either to live or dye* Honourable *enemies.*

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the *Baron* of *Vaumartins* ſtrange paſſion and reſolution, in ſending it him, eſpecially, ſith hee knows that the motives and grounds of his malice were ſo unjuſt and frivolous: ſo, how to anſwer him, as yet he knows not; for as his generoſity one way invites him to fight, ſo his diſcretion another way perſwades him from it: But conſidering the poor eſteem he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection, thinking it folly to fight without cauſe, and to hazard his life without reaſon, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wiſe, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey, returns the *Baron* of *Vaumartin* this anſwer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

I Have ſeen many Challenges, *but none of the* Nature *of thine now ſent me: for to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjuſt, falſe, or both; for bring but the eyes of thy Judgment, and not of thy paſſion, to be Judge and Umpier betwixt us, and thou ſhalt both ſee and find, that I not only diſclaim the Lady* La Franges *affection, but her ſelf; ſith I appertain to another, and ſhe ſhall never to me: I here ſhew thee my love through this true proſpective of my heart; and which if it will not ſatisfie thy malice, then know that my weak Valour is neither capable nor deſirous of further expoſtulation than that my* Sword *is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy* Pen *was to ſend me words: for either ſingle, or with Second, either on foot, or horſe-back, I will ſtill be ready to give reaſon to thoſe who will not reliſh, nor receive any but their own: and in this reſolution of mine, I know I ſhall either live with* Reputation, *or dye with* Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and peruſed this Letter of refuſall from *de Salez*, he out of the heat of his paſſion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardiſe, than diſcretion in him; and ſo his courage and revenge the more inſulting and inflam'd thereat, he bending his browes (as if *Contempt* and *Envie* ſate wreath'd in the furrows thereof) very ſpeedily again returns him his Lackey, with this raſh anſwer.

VAUMARTIN to DeSALEZ.

THy Anſwer gives mee no ſatisfaction, ſith I know that to deny thy affection to the Lady La Frange, *is to deny the light of the* Sun *in his brighteſt and hotteſt* Meridian; *neither are the grounds or foundations of my* Challenge, *either unjuſt or falſe, as thou in thy falſe Proſpective, endeavoureſt to make me ſee or believe: for being ignorant who is thy* Miſtris, *I know thou reſolveſt to make no* Lady *of the world thy wife but* La Frange, *ſo as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more ſubtill or malicious, or to what end thou ſhouldeſt attempt the one, or practice the other towards me, unleſs out of a premeditated reſolution and purpoſe, therby to make thy* glory *the more apparent and conſpicuous in my* ſhame: *Wherfore ſith thy friendſhip is falſe to mee, I muſt, nay I will ſee if thy valour will prove true to thy ſelf, and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in ſubſtance, as the vanity of thy Pen depaints them, in ſhew, and oſtentation: ſo my* Challenge *is ſtill my Reſolution, and the performance thereof muſt be mine, except thou reſolve to live with as much Infamy, as the concluſion of thy Letter promiſeth, thou art ready to dye with* Reputation *and* Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and ſeeing that *Vaumartin* was ſtill wilfull and reſolute to fight, thinks that he ſhould degenerate from himſelf, his Blood, and Profeſſion, if he did not now accept and anſwer this his Challenge: wherefore calling for *Vaumartins* Lackey, he rounds him thus in the eare; *Tell thy Maſter, that if I live, I will not fail to breakfaſt with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation.* Thus we ſee theſe two inconſiderate *Gentlemen* agreed, their match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting, as if their glory conſiſted in their ſhame, and as if *Nature* had never taught them how to preſerve their lives, nor *Grace*, their ſouls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the windows of *Heaven*, as ſoon as the *Sun* with his gliſtring beams began to ſalute the Woods and Mountains, our two reſolute *Champions* bravely mounted, with each his *Chirurgion*, are in the field at the aſſign'd Rendevous; and firſt comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediatly *De Salez*, when their *Chirurgions* performing the dutie and office of Seconds, being ſome hundred paces diſtant, they give Spurs to their Steeds, and ſo drawing their Swords, ſwiftly part, like two flaſhes of lightning each towards other. At their firſt meeting; *de Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the firſt hurt in the right ſhoulder; and *de Salez* another in requitall, in the right ſide of the neck: when being both good *Cavaliers*, (and well neer as equall in years as courages) they turn ſhort, and then fall to it again with bravery and reſolution, when again *Vaumartin* runs *de Salez* through his left Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only ſleightly cuts his ſhirt upon his Ribbs, giving him only a raze or ſcar, but as yet, both free from any danger of death, ſo they mutually conſent to breath: but their ambitions and courage of both ſides, are ſo exaſperated and inflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not ſuffice: ſo they fall to it again, and in this cloſe *de Salez* his horſe ſtumbles with him; whereat *Vaumartin*, (though a dwarf in ſtature, yet not in Valour and policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him firſt a lick ore his pate, and then runns him at the ſhort Ribbs: but *de Salez* reigning up his horſe, proved favourable to him; for by that means *Vaumartins* Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* ſeeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage, and diſdaining thus to be out-braved and beaten by a *Pigmey*, he lyes home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next cloſe, runs him thorow the body, of a deep and mortall wound, a little above the Navell: whereat his Sword preſently falls out of his hand to the ground, and he immediatly likewiſe from his horſe ſtark dead, without having the Grace or happineſs, either to call on, or name *God*. O what pitty, what miſery is it, that a *Chriſtian* ſhould die like a beaſt, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we ſee the Challenger killed, and he who would have murthred a ſtranger, murthred himſelf by a ſtranger: a Leſſon to teach others to beware, by the *Tragicall* and mournfull end of this raſh Nobleman. *De Salez* ſeeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiſeth *God* for his victory; and ſo leaving his breathleſs corps to his ſorrowfull *Chirurgion*, he gallops away to the next Village, where he cauſeth his wounds to be dreſſed, and from thence provides for his ſafety.

All *Tholouſe* rings and reſounds of this diſaſterous and *Tragical* accident: *De Clugny* is glad, that *De Salez* hath eſcaped death, yet ſorrowfull that *Vaumartin* is killed, in reſpect he fears

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he undertook this quarrell for his Daughter *La Franges* ſake: who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortall, infinitely rejoyceth, and triumpheth thereat, flattering her ſelf (though with this falſe hope) that he affected her farr more dearer than he made ſhew of, or elſe that he would never have fought with *Vanmartin* for her ſake, nor have killed him but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for *Vaumartins* death, yet that grief of hers was as ſuddenly converted into joy, when ſhe ſaw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom ſhe reſpected and affected more dearer than all the Gentlemen of the World. Now, as for his father *Argentier*, the life of his ſon likewiſe wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartins* death, and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, ſhould give death to another: and farr the more, in that this unfortunate accident muſt now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave *Court of Parliament*, for this murther perpetrated by his ſon, ſith he had formerly ſo often pleaded for juſtice againſt others, for the like crime and offence; but all theſe joyes of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his Daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to thoſe of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her dear *De Salez*: leaping as it were for meer content and pleaſure, that ſhe ſhould ſhortly ſee, and injoy him for her Husband, and that God hath both reſerved and preſerved him to crown her with the ſweetneſs of this deſired felicitie.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the return of *De Salez*, ſo *Argentier* publikely, and *De Clugni* privatly, imploy their chiefeſt power, friends and authority, to procure his pardon firſt from the King, then from the *Parliament*, wherof they are two famous members; Which at laſt, (by the means and favour of the *Duke* of *Ventadour*) they obtain. So this murther of his, is remitted in Earth, but I fear me, will not be forgotten in *Heaven*: for though men be inconſtant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, aſwell in the diſtribution, as execution of his judgments. Men as they are men may erre, but as they are *Chriſtians* they ſhould not; but God (either to pleaſe or diſpleaſe them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no ſooner hath eſcaped this danger, but forgetting his former follies, and his Fathers advice and houſe, he again, in a manner voluntarily impriſoneth himſelf with his Miſtris *La Hvy* in hers; whereat as his Father ſtorms, ſo *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lips; hoping that this good office in procuring him his pardon, would more ſtrictly have united him to her ſelf, and conſequently ſequeſtred him from *La Hay*; but nothing leſs, for he ſings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his Fathers diſpleaſure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat his Father *Argentier* reneweth his choler, and revives his indignation againſt him, as deſiring nothing ſo much in this life, as to ſee him maried to *La Frange*, but he ſhall never live to ſee it; for there are too many diſaſterous accidents preparing to croſs and prevent it.

Whiles theſe things happen in *Tholouſe*, there betides an unexpected and unwiſhed buſineſs, which muſt call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privie Counſell of *France* having received ſome informations and grievances againſt the body of the Court of *Parliament of Tholouſe*, command them ſpeedily to ſend up ſome Deputies to anſwer ſuch matters as ſhall be objected againſt them; whereupon, the gravitie and wiſdom of that Court, in obedience to their ſuperiours, elect two *Preſidents* and four Counſellours to undertake that journey and buſineſs, among whom *De Clugny* is choſen for one of the *Preſidents*, and *Argentier* for one of the Counſellours; as indeed their integritie and profound *Wiſdom* and *experience* had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny* at his importunat requeſt (made to the Court) he was diſpenſed with, from that journey; by alleging that his Age and ſickneſs made him altogether unfit to undertake it: but all the evaſions and excuſes, which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he muſt needs ſee *Paris*. But firſt, before his departure, he had a long and ſerious conference with *de Clugni*, how to effect the ſo long deſired match of his Son and Daughter, the finiſhing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which ſweet news infinitly rejoyced and delighted the young Ladie *La Frange*, and the immediat night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son *de Salez* to him, and with a perſwaſive and powerfull ſpeech, requeſted him in his abſence to love *la Frange*, which he in plain terms proteſted and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry *la Hay*, which likewiſe he would not grant; and to conclude, ſith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his bleſſing, that he would never marry any wife whatſoever without his conſent, the which indeed *de Salez* could not deny, but faithfully promiſed his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet ſtill hoping, that it was as poſſible for him to draw his Father to conſent he ſhould marry *la Hay*, as it was impoſſible for his Father ever to perſwade him to marry *la Frange*: and ſo that night the Father takes leave of the ſon, and he the next morning of his Father, wiſhing him a proſperous journey, and a ſpeedy

return: who ſuſpecting, and fearing, that in his abſence, contrary to his requeſts and prayers his *Son* would only abandon *la Frange* to frequent *la Hay*; he being arrived to the city of *Toures* thought himſelf bound in *Nature*, aſwell for his own content, as his ſons tranquillity and proſperity, again to ſignifie him his mind in ſome few lines of advice and counſell, and to ſend it him by the ordinary Carrier to *Tholouſe*, which was then in that City, bound thither from *Paris*: his Letter ſpake thus,

ARGENTIER to de SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may ſay) a religious care of thy good, that I now ſend thee theſe few enſuing lines, for thy Youth *cannot ſee that which my* Age *knows, how many miſeries are ſubject to wayt and attend on* Vice, *and how many bleſſings on* Vertue; *if* La Frange *be not fair, yet ſhee is comely, not contemptible: but ſith her defects of* Nature *are ſo richly recompenced with the Ornaments of* Fortune, *and the excellencies of* Grace; *why ſhould thy affection preferr* La Hay *before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveil the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a* Saint *to marry a Strumpet, then take* La Hay, *and forſake* La Frange; *but if thou wilt forſake a Strumpet to take a* Saint, *then marry* La Frange, *and leave* La Hay; *for look what difference there is between their births, thou ſhalt find ten times more between the chaſtity of the one, and the levitie of the other: if thou eſpouſe the firſt, thou ſhalt find* Content *and* Honour; *if the ſecond, ſhame and repentance: for I know not whether* La Frange *will bring thee more hapineſs, or* La Hay *miſery. This Letter ſhall ſerve as a witneſs betwixt* God, *my ſelf, and thee; that if thou perform me not promiſe and oath, I will deny thee my bleſſing, and deprive thee of my lands.*

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his Fathers letter in *Tholouſe*, exceedingly grieves to ſee him diſgrace his Miſtriſs, by the ſcandalous name of a ſtrumpet, which he knows ſhe is not, and therfore will never believe it; yea, he vowes, that if it were any other in the World, who had offered him that intollerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and perill of his life. *La Hay* perceiving this diſcontent and alteration of mirth in him, but from what point of the Compaſs this wind proceeds, ſhe neither knows, nor as yet can conceive: but withal, determineth to make the diſcovery therof her greateſt *Ambition*, and not her leaſt *Care*; which ſhe now well knows it behoves her to do, ſith ſhe finds *de Salez* leſs free, and more reſerved and penſive in his ſpeeches, than accuſtomed. But when in vain ſhe had hereunto uſed many ſmiles and fetches, loe here falls out an unlook'd-for accident, which betrayes her the very pith and quinteſſence of the Myſtery: For on a time, when he lay ſlumbring on the table, ſhee as accuſtomed, diving into his pockets for ſweet meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furniſhed) ſhe finds his Fathers (aforeſaid) letter, which ſhe knew by the direction; and ſo flying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, ſhe there reads it both with grief and choler; when ſtung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to ſee her reputation and Honour thus traduced and ſcandalized by the Father of her pretended Huſband; ſhe with tears and interjected ſighs and grones, flies back to *de Salez*, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a diſſembling and impious ſtrumpet as ſhe was, there ſhews it him, takes Heaven and Earth to bear witneſs of her innoceney, and of the irreparable and extreme wrong his Father hath offered her, in ſeeking to eclipſe the Glory of her chaſtity, which ſhe ſwears ſhe will bear pure and unſpotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But *Alas, alas*, theſe are the effects and paſſions of diſſimulation, not of truth; of her prophaneneſs, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *de Salez*; though now her beauty and tears be ſo predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, becauſe he will not, ſee it: So being ſtill as conſtant in his ſottiſhneſs, as ſhe in her hypocriſie, he gives her many ſweet kiſſes, and with a Catalogue of ſugred words, ſeeks to appeaſe and comfort her, whom he hath farr more reaſon to execrate and curſe. But for her part, her heart is not ſo afflicted, for remembring herſelf, ſtill her wits are her own, and ſo remembring the concluſion of the letter, and fearing that *de Salez* his promiſe and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her, ſhe tells him, that her love is ſo fervent and infinite towards him, as ſhe can give no intermiſſion, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promiſe, which his Fathers letters informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez ſeeing himſelf put to ſo ſtrict an exigent and puſh, doth both bluſh for ſhame, and again look pale for anger, when for a ſmall time, irreſolute how to bear himſelf in a matter of this different Nature, wherin he muſt either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his

his fidelity and honour to his Miſtriſs; he at laſt (conſulting with folly, not with diſcresion, and with Vanity, not with Judgement) doth ſo adore her beauty, and commiſerate her tears, as he ſottiſhly reveals her his oath, given his Father (*Verbatim* as we have formerly underſtood it) adding withall, that ſhe hath far more reaſon to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time ſhall cancell his ſaid late promiſe and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her: For ſweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two moneths ſhall never paſs, ere I marry thee; when ſealing his ſpeeches with many kiſſes, our hypocriticall afflicted *Gentlewoman* is preſently again come to her ſelf, and in all outward appearance, her diſcontents are removed, her choler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her ſighs evaporated and blown away.

But all this falſe, like her ſelf, and treacherous like her beauty; For this letter of *Argentier* to his ſon, and his promiſe and Oath to his Father, hath acted ſuch wonders in her heart, and imprinted ſuch extravagancies in her thoughts, as ſhe cannot eaſily remove or ſupplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatſoever ſhe ſpeak or make ſhew of to the contrary; for thus ſhe reaſoneth with her ſelf: That her whoredomes are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing ſhe knowes, may likewiſe be diſcovered to his ſon, how cloſely ſoever ſhe either act or conceal them. That *La Franges* deſcent, wealth, and vertues, will in the end over-priſe and weigh down her mean extraction, poverty and beauty; and in the end, that the wiſdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the ſon, except her policy interpoſe, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, ſhe ſees no other obſtacle to her content, nor barre to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth ſhe, if *La Frange* ſhine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* muſt ſet; or if *La Hay* will ſhine, *La Frange* muſt ſet: again, if ſhe fall not, I cannot ſtand; and if ſhe ſtand, I muſt needs fall; and as the Skie is not capable of two ſuns, ſo both of us cannot ſhine in the Horiſon of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to ſee *La Frange* his wife, and her ſelf his Strumpet; when burning with falſe zeal to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, ſhe forgetting God, ſwaps a bargain with the Devill, that *La Frange* muſt firſt go to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and ſo reſolves to ſacrifiſe her as a *Victim* to her malice and jealouſie, and to ſend her out of this world in an untimely and bloody Coffin. Helliſh *Aphoriſmes*, Infernall *Poſitions*, odious to *Earth*, and execrable to *Heaven*.

For wretched and impious ſtrumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop, but flye to hell, and ſo redouble thy crimes purpoſely to redouble thy torments; as firſt of Whoredom, then of Murther? Wretched, yea thrice wretched woman, how dareſt thou ſee Earth, or think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are ſo odious, and thy pretended ones ſo monſtrous, as thou deſerveſt to be ſhut forth of the one, and ſpued out of the other? For alas, conſider what this poor Genlewoman hath done to thee, that thou ſhouldeſt do this to her; She bears the image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the devill to deſtroy her? Ah me, where is thy religion, thy conſcience, thy ſoul; that thou wilt thus helliſhly imbath thy hands in her bloud, and imbrue thy heart in her murther? If it be not that her vertues cry fie on thy vices, thou haſt no reaſon in Nature, and leſs in Grace, to attempt a deed ſo Tragicall, an act ſo inhumane and execrable: But reſt aſſured, that if thou proceed and finiſh this infernall and bloudy ſtratagem of thine, although thou chance go unpuniſhed of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee out, and both ſeverely ſcourge and ſharply revenge and chaſtize thee.

The effects of malice, and revenge in men, are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but theſe none, or at leaſt, ſeldom and difficultly: for having once conceived theſe two monſters in their fantaſies and brains, they long till they are delivered and diſburthened of them; and ſo to bring their abortive iſſue to perfection, they (for the moſt part) are ſharp and ſevere in their deſignes, and ſudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delayes, ſo it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is reſolute to advance, and not to retyre in this diabolicall buſineſs of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, ſhe thinks none either ſo ſure and ſecret as poyſon; whether ſhe conſider the manner, or the matter: If the Devill himſelf had not invented this unparalleld cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have adminiſtred and practiſed it. But having reſolved on the drug and ingredient, ſhe now bethinks her ſelf of ſome helliſh Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her, and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the reſearch and inquiry thereof, ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is an old *Italian Emperick* in *Mompellier*, tearmed *S. Barnardo Michaele*, who is his *Arts* maſter in that infernall profeſſion, when wholly concealing this myſtery and buſineſs from *De Salez*, ſhe by a ſecond means (with promiſe of ſtore of Gold) ſends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three day arrives at *Tholouſe*; where ſhe thinks no where ſo fit and ſecret as the Church to conſult and reſolve on this bloody buſineſs, the hour

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is eight the next morn, and the place the *Cordeliers* (or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet, but ſhe (the better to diſguiſe her ſelf, and to blear the eyes of the World) wraps her ſelf about in a great furred cloak, and muffles her ſelf up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Taffata Scarf over it, as if ſhe were ſome grave and reverend old Matron; ſo being brought to each others preſence, they being both on their knees, he to his book, and ſhe to her Beads, ſhe propoſeth him the poyſoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the *Preſident de Clugny*, for the which ſhe promiſeth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he ſhall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath diſpatched her. *Michaele* like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when ſwearing ſecrecy, and withall to perform it within ten dayes, ſhe gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her handkercher, and ſo for that time they part.

Good *God*, what prophane *Chriſtians*, what monſters of *Nature*, and Devils incarnat by profeſſion are theſe, thus to pollute & defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and ſale of innocent blood, a moſt prodigious and helliſh impiety, ſince there is no ſin ſo odious or execrable to *God*, as that which is masked with piety, and overveyled with the cloak of ſanctity. And what a damnable young Strumpet, and old villain are they, in ſo holy a place to treat and conclude ſo helliſh a buſineſs? but beware, for the Sword and Arrow of *Gods* juſt revenge, and revenging Juſtice, threatens ye with no leſs than utter confuſion and deſtruction.

La Hay infinitly glad of this agreement, returnes from the Church, and *Michaele* as glad of her Gold, (being informed of *La Franges* deformity, and to loſe no time) trips away towards *Preſident de Clugny* his houſe, taking that for a fit occaſion to aſſay to make his Daughter become his Patient, and he her *Emperick*: who fleeringly inſinuating, and skrewing himſelf into his knowledge and acquaintance, (in which profeſſion the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of *Italy*, come no way ſhort, but rather exceed all other Nations of the world) he profers him his beſt ſervice and skill, to redreſs and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding withall (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his ſpeeches,) that he is ſo farr from deſpairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and in the phraſes and myſteries of his profeſſion, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plauſible reaſons to induce him to believe it. The good old *Preſident*, who preferring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly reſpect, having heard of *Michaeles* fame, begins to reliſh his reaſons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charletans* of *Italy*, are Couſin germans to the *Alcumiſts* of *Frauce*, who promiſe to make Gold of droſs, and yet only bring forth droſs for Gold, he holds is fit to take a conſultation of the learneſt *Phyſicians*, and expert *Chirurgions* of the City, whereunto *Michaele* willingly conſents; ſo they ſit, being ſix in number, *Michaele* delivers them his reaſons to redreſs the deformity of this young Ladies body (the *Preſident* her Father being preſent) whoſe reaſons are heard, and controverted of all ſides betwixt them; the concluſion is, four are of opinion that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of *Phyſick*, and the principles of *Chirurgery*, and therefore impoſſible to be effected; the other two are of a contrary judgement, and held it feaſable, and that many times God bleſſeth the Art and labours of a man, not only beyond expectation, but alſo beyond hope and reaſon: ſo *De Clugny* ſeeing that theſe two with *Michaele* were three againſt four, he in reſpect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, reſolves to imploy him, and gives him an hundred double Piſtollets in hand to attempt it; with promiſe of as much more when he hath performed it; whereof this miſcreant and helliſh *Emperick Michaele* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himſelf to his buſineſs, viſits the young Lady, who promiſeth him to redouble her Fathers ſum, if he make her body ſtraight: when to reduce his impious contemplation, into infernall action, he outwardly applyeth Playſters and Sear-cloths to her body, and inwardly adminiſtreth her pils and potions, and (O grief to write it) therein infuſeth deadly poyſon, which he knows at the end of ten dayes will aſſuredly make a divorce between her body and ſoul, and ſo ſend that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this ſweet and innocent *Lady* (wiſhing good to her ſelf, and hurt to none in the World) firſt finds a giddineſs and ſwimming in her head, and within ſome ſix dayes after (in which time the poyſon had diſperſed it ſelf throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many ſharp gripes, and bitter throwes and Convulſions, whereat her Father grieves, and ſhe weeps; only that graceleſs villain her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief ſhe ſuffered, the better and ſpeedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his deviliſh heart, knows that the poyſon effectually operated and wrought with her as he deſired and expected, and that by theſe infallible ſignes and ſymptoms, his patient drew neer towards the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs ſecretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the reſt of his mony; for that *La Frange* could not

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poſſibly live two dayes to an end, wherat ſhe triumphing and rejoycing with much alacrity, again promiſeth it him: and indeed the helliſh Art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devill his Doctor will; for juſt as the tenth day was expired, this harmleſs ſweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unſpeakable grief of the good old *Preſident* her Father; for that ſhe was the Staff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his life, who diſconſolatly and mournfully ſeemed to drown himſelf in tears hereat, curſing the hour that he firſt ſaw this accurſed Emperick *Michaels*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and ſweet Daughter *La Frange*. But this murdrous *Michaele* having learnt of the Devill to fear no colours, means not to ſtep a foot from *Tholouſe*, and ſo ſends privatly for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promiſe, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crook-backt dwarf *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michaele*) to her eternall reſt: when *Lay Hay* not able to retain herſelf for exceſs of joy, runnes to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kiſſes, which take (quoth ſhe) as a pledge of my continuall good will towards thee, when again ſwearing ſecreſie, they both take leave each of other, and part.

The news of *La Franges* death, ratleth and reſoundeth over all *Tholouſe*, her Kinsfolk grieve at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewayle it, only *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been the only ſtop and hinderance of their marriage, they are ſo raviſhed with joy hereat, as they ſeem to conteſt and envy each other, who ſhall firſt bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the exceſs of *De Salez* his joy is as boundleſs, as that of *La Hayes* delight, ſo that he ſeems to flye to her Fathers houſe, where ſhe with out-ſpread armes receives and entertaines him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death, he affirming, and ſhe believing, that *La Frange* being gone to Heaven, it ſhall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time, he being wholly ignorant of her poyſoning, and yet the old *Preſident* her Father, and the reſt of her friends ſuſpecting it, they cauſe her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyſon, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as alſo ſome ſhew thereof through her frozen veins, They cauſe *Michaele* to be apprehended and impriſoned, and ſo procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof, *La Hay* is extremely tormented and perplexed, as well foreſeeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his ſecreſie, and thereby to ſecure her own fear and danger, ſhe by a confident friend of his, ſends him a hundred French Crowns more, and promiſeth him to give him a rich Diamond worth as much again; who (as before) being extremely covetous, and the Devil (reſembling himſelf) ſtill harping to him on that ſtring which moſt delights him, his heart is ſo devilliſhly obdurated, and his fortitude ſo armed and prepared, as his patience and conſtancy not only indures, but outbraves the cruelty of his torments, and ſo he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but her hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* reſolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his Fathers conſent that he may marry *La Hay*; but the wiſdom of the Father ſhall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and ſtill fearing, that becauſe of his frequent familiarity with that Strumpet *Lay Hay*, he will in the end marry her, He in *Paris* buyes a Captaines place for him in the *Regiment* of the *Kings* Guard, and likewiſe dealt with a very rich Counſellour of that *Court* of *Parliament*, named *Monſieur De Brianſon*, that his Son may marry his eldeſt Daughter *Madamoyſelle de Pleſſis*, a very ſweet and fair young *Gentlewoman*; and the old folks are already agreed on all conditions, only it reſts, that the young, ſees and loves; To which end *Argentier* writes away with all ſpeed to *Tholouſe* for his Son *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his Fathers Letter, (as we have formerly underſtood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitly fearfull and jealous to loſe her prey, with *Crocodile* tears in her eyes, and *Hyena* aſpects in her looks, informs *De Salez*, that ſhe feareth that his Father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*, but he vows and ſwears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, ſhall make him marry any other than her ſelf, and ſo after many embraces and kiſſes, he takes horſe and leaves *Tholouſe*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and referrs to confere with him till the next morning; but ſuch is *De Salez* raſhneſs and folly, as he hath no ſooner ſupped in company of his Father, but he prayes to ſpeak with him. When the ſervants voyding the Chamber, he earneſtly and humbly beſeecheth him, ſith that *La Frange* is dead, he will now be pleaſed that he may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth he, I only affect and love before all the maids of the World: His Father exceedingly incenſed hereat, vowes that he had

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rather ſee him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the females of the World, he ſhall not marry *La Hay*: and ſo for that night they betake themſelves to their Beds; the Father grieves with his Sons folly, the Son with his Fathers averſneſs. The next morn *Argentier* cals for his Son. When the doores ſhut, he bids him ſhut his eyes to his fooliſh familiarity with *La Hay*: and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchaſed him, and ſo relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a *Captaines* place, with *Regiments* of the Kings Guard, as alſo a very fair young *Gentlewoman* for his wife, tearmed *Madamoyſelle De Pleſſis*, the eldeſt Daughter of *Monſieur De Brianſon*, one of the richeſt Counſellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a diſcontented look, returns his Father this perverſe and diſobedient replie.

That he will not accept of the *Captaines* place, nor once ſee *De Pleſſis*, but that he is conſtantly reſolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his grave; whereat his Father is ſo extremely incenſed, as with much paſſion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare ſo much as to name him *La Hay*, ſwearing by his *Saviour*, that if he do, for his obſtinacy and diſobedience, he will diſinherit him, as indeed he might, having himſelf purchaſed three parts of his Lands and revenews, through his care and induſtry in his profeſſion, and ſo in much diſcontent and choler leaves him, going to his *Coleagues* of *Tholouſe*, who are already waiting and attending his comming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his Fathers bitter reſolution againſt him, and ſtormes and fumes, not only beyond the bonds of reaſon, Religion, and humanity, but alſo beyond himſelf. For ſith *La Hay* is his ſole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he ſhall never marry her, his affection to her makes him reſolve to diſpatch his Father, yea, his head conceives ſuch murtherous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and aſſumes ſuch degenerate and devilliſh blood againſt him, that like an execrable wretch, and a helliſh Son, diſdayning to take Counſell from *God*, and therefore taking it from the Devill his bloody *Tutor* and *Abettor*, he vowes he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father, and that he will therefore ſend him into another world, becauſe he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monſter of *Nature*, Limb of the Devill, nay a very Devill thy ſelf, thus to reſolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foul ſtain of mankind, bloody Paracidious miſcreant, can no reſpect either of thy naturall and filiall obedience to thy kind and dear Father, or of his white haires, and venerable old age, reſtrain thee? or no conſideration of thy conſcience or thy ſoul, of Heaven or Hell deterr thee from this bloody, inhuman, and damnable deſign of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy ſenſes, where thy heart, thy ſoul, to act ſo execrable and infernall a *Tragedie*, on him without whom thou hadſt not been! on thy Father, whom by the Laws of *Heaven* and *Earth*, thou oughteſt both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being reſolute in this inhumane rage, and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finiſh this his bloody buſineſs, and one night after ſupper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himſelf not well, and commanding his Clark *De Buiſſie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to *Doctor Salepin*, a famous *Phyſician*, whoſe Chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himſelf lying in *Grennelles* ſtreet, *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to diſpatch his Father, the which, O a thouſand griefs and pities to ſpeak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having ſent away his Clark with his water, and betaking himſelf to ſleep till he return; His watchfull and murtherous Son, having purpoſely made himſelf ready, and through the key-hole and cranies of the Chamber door, eſpying his Father ſleeping, he intends that this ſhall be his laſt ſleep: When ſoftly ſtealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the Devill) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumſtance, ſtifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathleſs in his bed, his face expoſed to the ayr, and the door ſhut, goes down, gives the Maſter of the houſe the good morrow, and ſo trips away as faſt as he can, to the ſign of the Swan within Saint *Honorves* Gate; and from thence rides away to Saint *Clow*, (two leagues diſtant from *Paris*) to ſee *Gondies* Gardens, Fountains, and houſe wherein that execrable and damnable *Jacobine* Frier, *Jaques Clement*, murthered *Henry the third King of France*, but with an intent to return to his Fathers Lodging immediatly after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact, and withall, if occaſion ſerve, to ſtand upon his innocency, and juſtification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clark *De Buiſſie* returning in the morning from Doctor *Salepin*, entring his maſters Chamber, finds him ſtark dead, and almoſt cold in his Bed: whereat he makes many outcries, and grievous exclamations; the man of the houſe hereat aſcends the Chamber, infinitely

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laments, grieves at this ſorrowfull accident and ſpectacle, vowes to *De Buiſſye* that he ſaw none whoſoever in his houſe, much leſs in his Maſters Chamber, and that his Son *Monſieur de Salez* departed as ſoon as he himſelf; they ſearch his body, and find it no way wounded, ſo they believe and reſolve that ſome ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wiſdom than folly to acquaint the *Lieutenant Criminall* therewith, fearing leſt he might after ſuſpect either violence or poyſon; So he comes, conferrs with his Son *De Salez*, with his Clerk *De Buiſſye*, and with the man of the houſe, he viſits the dead Body, finds only his head ſomewhat ſwollen, which his Phyſicians affirm, may be his ſtriving and ſtruggling with death. When the Lieutenant, out of his zeal and integrity to Juſtice, having informed himſelf of Doctor *Salepin* of *de Buiſſyes* being with him, as alſo from Saint *Clou* of his Son *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunks were all ſafe, and nothing wanting, they baniſh all ſuſpition, and without farther enquirie, or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whoſe Funerall, with exteriour ſhew of extreme grief and ſorrow, *De Salez* performs in *Paris*, with all *Decencie* and *Decorum*, anſwerable in all reſpects to his Fathers rank and quality. But we ſhall ſhortly ſee this maſk of his devilliſh Hypocriſie pulled off, and this inhuman paricide of his, both ſhamefully, and ſharply revenged, by the juſt judgment and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmleſs and innocent old Father *Argentier*, is no ſooner laid in his untimely grave, but his bloudy and execrable Son *De Salez*, within eight dayes after leaves *Paris*, and returnes to *Tholouſe*; where already this ſorrowfull news is diſperſed and divulged, being for his vertues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City, only graceleſs and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her verie heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof; ſhe welcoms home her *De Salez* with a World of ſweet and ſugred kiſſes, who as glad of her preſence, returnes her them with a plentifull and prodigall intereſt; but his luſtfull love to her is ſo fervent, and his folly in himſelf ſo perverſe and obſtinate, as he hath ſcarce the patience, much leſs the reſpect and modeſty to wear blacks for his Father ſix weeks, but caſts them off, takes on gaudie, and Scarlet Apparrell, and very ſolemnly marries *La Hay*. Wherby in reſpect of the inequality of their deſcents and means; but eſpecially, of her whoriſh conditions, he makes himſelf the laughter and May-game of all *Tholouſe*.

But good God, what a prodigious and helliſh match is this, ſith man and wife, and both are Murtherers. O execrable and miſerable wretches, O bloudy and impious miſcreants, for ſure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly ſay; there will never any prove unfortunate and miſerable. For alas, alas, what do thoſe impious and damnable crimes of theirs deſerve and portend, but miſery, ruine, and confuſion of all ſides? neither ſhall the curioſity of our enquiry carry us far, before we ſee it ſurprize and befall them.

For before they had been fully marryed three Moneths, *De Salez* reaping his deſires, and feaſting himſelf with the pleaſures of her youth, he directly, contrary to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to ſee and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or ſeen: for thinking his wife to have been a modeſt and chaſt *Diana*, he now ſees ſhe is a debauſhed *Layis*; yea, his miſery is ſo great, as he needs no ſpectacle to ſee, that ſhe daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almoſt every hour, deſpight of his care and jealouſie, claps a Cuckows Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, he firſt adminiſtreth requeſts and perſwaſions, and then complains to her Father; But theſe are too weak reaſons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with ſo inſatiable a Strumpet; ſo as he is conſtrained to add threats to his requeſts, and in the end blows to his threats. But as it is impoſſible for the Leopard to change his skin, and the Æthiopian his hew, ſo *de Salez* ſees it labour loſt to think to reclaim his wife from her beaſtly ſin of Adultery, wherein (notwithſtanding all that poſſibly he can do) ſhe takes ſuch a delight and habit, as by this time ſhe is grown ſo extremely impudent, as when her Husband is at home, ſhe is abroad ranging; and he is no ſooner abroad, but ſhe is inſtantly at home revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, ſhe is grown to that height of obſcenity, as ſhe contemns and ſleights her Husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, ſhe will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grievs him to the gall; and now it is that he a thouſand times thinks of his Fathers advice and counſell in forſaking her; and as often wiſheth he had followed it. Now it is that his unnaturall murthering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, & repentance to his foul and guilty conſcience; and now it is that he wiſhed from his heart, that he had been blind when he firſt ſaw her, & fairly laid in his grave, before he lay with her in bed. But theſe his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miſeries inſtead of comfort; for now he utterly deſpairs, and ſees no hope of his wives reformation: Whereupon he reſolves

ſolves to divorce himſelf from her, and to that end takes counſell thereon: but it is not ſo ſecretly managed by him, but the Strumpet his wife hath preſent notice and inckling thereof, whereupon ſeeing her Husband exceeding rich, both in *Lands*, Coyn, Plate, and other rich houſhold-ſtuff, ſhe vowes not to quit her great Joynter, ſhare and intereſt hereof thus. But before he had inrolled his ſute in the Spirituall Court, or any way vented his own ſhame, and his wives infamy in publike, ſhe like a true Courtiſan, and debauſhed Strumpet as ſhe was, vowes to prevent him that would prevent her, and to ſend him to his death, that would ſeek to divorce her; and in reſpect of his jealouſie and malice, that as ſhe had formerly poyſoned *La Frange* for her Husbands ſake, ſo ſhe would now murther him for her own.

But miſerable and execrable wretch, Oh to what a monſtrous height and huge ſum will all theſe thy beaſtly ſins, and bloudy enormities ariſe and amount unto? But *Luſt*, *Malice* and *Revenge*, like three infernall Furies, ſo poſſeſs and preoccupate her ſenſes, as ſhe will not retire, till ſhe hath ſent her Husband unto another world in a bloudy winding-ſheet. To which end, watching the time when moſt of her ſervants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, ſhe ſoftly opening her Husbands Chamber door, ſteals in, and finding him ſoundly ſleeping, approacheth his Bed, when drawing forth a Raſor from her ſleeve, which ſhe had purpoſely provided, ſhe with an implacable and damnable malice ſteps to him, and cuts his throat, ſpeaking only theſe words to her ſelf, *Loe here the reward of thy jealouſie*; when throwing the Knife, and her outward Taffata Gown into the houſe of Office, ſhe leaving him weltring in his bloud, very ſecretly conveyes her ſelf thorow the Gallerie to the Garden, where her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends her, and ſo hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impietie to cloak this her ſecond murther, as her former, under the veil of Religion and piety; but her hopes, and the Devill that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her Husband ſtriving and ſtrugling for life againſt the pangs of death; fear and haſt (contrary to her intent and mind) had ſo made his murtherous wifes hand ſhake and tremble, as ſhe did not ſo fully cut his throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did verie mournfully, and which indeed was ſoon over-heard by a man and a maid-ſervant of his, who only remained in the houſe, who hearing their maſters voyce, and haſtily running up, at theſe his pitifull and lamentable out-cryes; ſtepping to his aſſiſtance, they hear him (with his beſt power) utter theſe fearfull ſpeeches; *That Strumpet my wife hath kill'd mee: O that ſhee-Devill my wife hath murthered mee.* Whereat they cry out at the windows to the neighbours for help, alledging that their Maſter is murthred. The Neighbours aſſemble, and hear him report ſo much; ſo they ſend away for his Confeſſor, and the *Lieutenant Criminall*, to both whom he again confeſſeth, *That it is the Strumpet his wife who hath murthered him.* And then raiſing himſelf up in his Bed (with as much ſtrength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite ſighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was, who at the ſeducing of the Devill, had ſtifled his Father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*, that he did it only to marry this whore his murtherous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his Father, yea the very remembrance thereof infinitly grieves his heart and ſoul, and for the which he infinitly repenteth himſelf, and beſeecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewiſe prayed all that were preſent to pray unto God for him; and theſe were his laſt words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to ſay no more.

All that were preſent are amazed at this lamentable confeſſion of his, to ſee that he ſhould murther his Father, and his execrable wife, well near himſelf; ſo they all glorified God for the detection and diſcovery hereof: But the *Lieutenant Criminall*, and the *Counſellors* his aſſociates ſtep to the window, and conſult to have him hanged, whles he is yet living, for the murthering of his Father. But *De Sales* ſaves them that labour; for there and then he ſinks into his Bed, and dyes away before them; ſo they inſtantly ſearch the houſe and City for this wretched Murtheres *La Hay*, whom impious and bloudy Strumpet they at laſt find in the *Dominican Friers Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to Priſon, where they charge her with the murther of her Husband *De Sales*, which the Devill as yet will not permit her to confeſs; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, ſhe at the very firſt torment confeſſeth it.

Upon which ſeverall Murthers, the *Criminall Judges* of the *Tournells* proceeded to ſentence: ſo firſt they adjuged the dead body of *De Sales* for ſo inhumanly murdring his Father *Argentier*, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallowes, and then to be burnt to Aſhes, which is accordingly executed: then they adjudge his Wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to be ſtrangled, then burnt: ſo that night ſome Divines deal with her in Priſon about the ſtate of her ſoul, whom they find infinitly obdurated through the vanity of her youth, and the temptations of the Devill; but they work

work effectually with her, and ſo and laſt (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance, when willing her not to charge her ſoul with the concealing of any other crime, and ſhewing her the dangers thereof, ſhe very freely, yet ſorrowfully, confeſſeth, how ſhe it was, that for three hundred Crowns had cauſed the *Emperick Michaele* to poyſon *La Frange*, for the which ſhe told them ſhe was now exceedingly repentant and ſorrowfull: Whereof the Divines (ſith it was not delivered them under the ſeal of Confeſſion) advertiſing the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to ſee how all theſe murthers are diſcovered and burſt forth, one in the neck of the other; ſo they alter her ſentence, and for theſe her double murthers, they condemn her to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and ſo they make curious inquiry and reſearch to apprehend this old bloudy varlet *Michaele*.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miſerable and murtherous Curteſan *La Hay*, though to the grief of her ſorrowfull Father and Siſters, yet to the joy of all *Tholouſe*, is brought and faſtened to the ſtake, where her hand being firſt ſtruck off, ſhe with many ſighes and teares delivereth theſe few words: That her crimes were ſo foul and odious, as ſhe was aſhamed to look either God or man in the face; That ſhe was very ſorrowfull for cauſing *La Frange* to be poyſoned, as alſo for murthering of her Husband *De Salez*, whoſe wealth ſhe only affirmed ſhe loved, but not himſelf, the which ſhe wholly attributed to the luſt and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer, and forſaking of God; which made the Devill ſo ſtrong with her, and ſhe with the Devill, and which was the ſole cauſe and ground of this her miſerable ruine and deſtruction; ſhe with tears and prayers beſought the Lord to be good unto her ſoul; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewiſe beſeeches the whole aſſembly to pray heatily unto God for her: when recommending her ſoul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was ſoon conſumed to aſhes, whoſe lamentable, yet juſt end and puniſhment, cauſed a number of ſpectators to weep, as yet pittying her youth and beauty, as much as they deteſted the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this devilliſh and murtherous Emperick *Michaele*, although as ſoon as he heard of *La Hayes* impriſonment, he (to ſave himſelf) left *Tholouſe*, and fled towards *Caſtres*, diſguiſed in a *Friers* habit, with his Beard ſhaven: yet by the care of the *Court* of *Parliament*, or rather by the immediat finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought back to *Tholouſe*, where for poyſoning of *La Frange*, (the which he now without the Rack confeſſeth) he is adjudged to be broken on the wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of *Garrone*; the which the ſame day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinit joy of all the ſpectators: but as he lived an *Atheiſt*, ſo he deſperatly dyed a Devill, without any ſhew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vomitted forth this wretched ſpeech; That becauſe the World had ſo much to ſay to him, he would ſay nothing to the World, but bad the Executioner diſpatch him.

Now by the ſight of this mournfull and bloudy *Hiſtory*, the *Chriſtian Reader* may obſerve and ſee how *Gods* revenge doth ſtill triumph againſt murther, and how hee in his due time and providence doth aſſuredly ſtill detect and puniſh it. It is a Hiſtory which may ſerve to deterr and forewarn all young *Gentlemen*, not to frequent the companies of whores and Strumpets; and all Sons not to tranſgreſs the will of their Parents, much leſs not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glaſs wherein young *Gentlewomen* and *Wives* may at life ſee, what bitter fruits and ſharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murther: it is a lively *Example* for all kind of *Empericks* and *Drugſters* whatſoever, to conſider how ſeverely *God* doth infallibly revenge and puniſh the poyſoning of his *Saints* and *Children*. In a word, it is a *Leſſon* and *Caveat* for all people, and for all degrees of people, but eſpecially of *Chriſtians*, (who profeſs the Goſpell of *Chriſt*) not only to deteſt theſe foul ſins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhorr them in themſelves; which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good *God*, who indeed art the only giver of all goodneſs.

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Exe-

ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare *cauſeth* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther* Baretano, *and he after marrieth* Clara, *whom* Baretano *firſt ſought to marry: He cauſeth his man* Valerio *to poyſon* Pedro *in Priſon, and by a Letter which* Leonardo *ſent him,* Clara *perceives that her Husband* Albemare *had hired and cauſed* Pedro *and* Leonardo *to murther her firſt* Baretano, *which Letter ſhe reveales to the Judge, ſo he is hanged, and likewiſe* Valerio *and* Leonardo *for theſe their bloudy crimes.*

With what face can we preſume to tread on the face of *Earth*, or dare lift up our eyes to that of *Heaven*, when our thoughts are ſo rebellious to conſpire, and our hearts and reſolutions ſo cruell to imbrue our hands in the innocent bloud of our harmleſs and *Chriſtian* Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in ſeeming to pleaſe our ſenſes, poyſon our hearts, (and do therefore truly poyſon our ſoules, becauſe they ſo falſely pleaſe our ſenſes,) Reſolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finiſh with miſery. Sith in thinking to ſend them to their untimely graves, we aſſuredly ſend our ſelves to our own miſerable and infamous ends; whereof in this enſuing *Hiſtory*, we ſhall find many woſull *Preſidents*, and mournfull examples, in divers infortunate and wretched perſons, who were born to happineſs, not to infamy; to proſperity, not to miſery; If they had ſo much *Grace* to ſecure their lives, as *Vanity* and *Impiety* to ruin them. It is a *Hiſtory* purpoſely produced and penned, for our deteſtation, not for our imitation; Sith it is a point of (true and happy) wiſdom in all men to beware by other mens harms. Read it then with a full intent to profit thy ſelf thereby, and ſo thou mayeſt boldly, and ſafely reſt aſſured, that the ſight of their ſins and puniſhments, will prove the reformation of thine own.

Fruitfull

FRuitfull and fair *Lombardy* is the Country, and the great, populous, and rich *City* of *Millan* (the Capitall of that Dutchie) the place where the Scene of this mournfull and *Tragicall Hiſtory* is layen, where perpetrated; The which to reſetch from its firſt ſpring and *Original*, thereby the more truly to inform our curioſity, and inſtruct our knowledg, We muſt then underſtand, that long ſince the *Duke of Feria* ſucceded the *Count de Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flouriſhing Dutchie, for *King Philip the third of Spain* his Maſter. There was native and reſident in that *City* an ancient *Nobleman*, tearmed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger years had married a *Spaniſh* Lady, and brought her from *Spain* to *Millan*, tearmed *Don Maria de Caſtiana*; He exceeding rich and noble, and ſhe as noble and fair; he by his Fathers ſide allyed to *Cardinall Charles Borromeo* (ſince Sainted by Pope *Paul V.*) ſhe by her mother to the preſent Duke of *Albucurque*; he infinitly honoured for his extraction and wealth, ſhe no leſs beloved and reſpected for her beauty and vertues; and although there are but few marriages contracted between the *Millaneſes* and *Spaniards*, and thoſe very ſeldome prove ſucceſſefull & proſperous, in reſpect of the antipathy, which for the moſt part is hereditary betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the ſubjection of the *Millaneſes*; yet it ſeemed that this of *Capello* and *Caſtiana* was firſt inſtituted in Heaven, ere conſummated on earth; for ſo ſweetly did their years, humours, and affections conjoyn and ſympathize, as although they were two perſons, yet I may truly affirm and ſay, they had but one heart, affection and deſire, which was mutually to pleaſe, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not bleſſed and crowned with the bleſſings of children, (which indeed is not only the ſweeteſt life of human content, but alſo the beſt and ſweeteſt content of our human life) ſo they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their nuptiall Bed, with a beautifull and delicate and young Daughter, tearmed *Dona Clara*, the only child of their loynes, and heir of their Lands and vertues; being indeed the true picture of themſelves, and the joyfull pledge and ſeal of their intire and invaluable affections; who having overpaſt her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, ſhe was ſo exquiſitly adorned with beauty, and ſo excellently endued and enriched with vertues, as diſtinctly for either, or joyntly for both, ſhe was, and was truly reputed, the *Parагon* of *Nature*, the pride of *Beauty*, the wonder of *Millan*, the glory of her *Sex*, and the *Phœnix* of her *Time*. And becauſe the purity and perfection of her beanty deſerves to be ſeen through this dim Perſpective, and the dignity of her vertues known of the Reader in this my impoliſhed relation; For the firſt, ſhe was of ſtature indifferently tall, but exceeding ſtreight and ſlender; her hair either of a deep Cheſtnut Colour, or rather of a light black'; But to which moſt adhering and inclyning fancy mought, but curioſity could difficultly diſtinguiſh; her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a Roſeat and Lilly die; but yet ſo ſweetly pure, and purely ſweet, (and withall rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and pleaſe the eye, or raviſh the ſenſe. And for her eyes, thoſe two relucent lamps and ſtarrs of love, they were ſo black and peircing, that they had a ſecret and imperious influence, to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers; as if all were bound to love her, and ſhe ſo moddeſt, as if purpoſely framed to love none but her ſelf: Neither did her Front, Lipps, Neck or Paps any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of *Nature*; For the firſt ſeemed to be the *promontory* of the *Graces*; The ſecond, the Reſidence of delight and pleaſure; The third, the *Pyramides* of *State* and *Majeſty*; And the fourth, the *Hills* and *Valley* of love. But leave we the dainties of her body, now to ſpeak of the rarities and excellencies of her mind, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curioſitie and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to *Vertue* and *Honour*, were more predominant in her; for in either, or rather in both, ſhe was ſo exquiſite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Muſick*, *Dancing*, *Wiſdom*, *Temperance*, and *Modeſty*, ſhe was ſo fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due and no more, ſhe could not be paralleld by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equalliz'd but by her ſelf.

Thus if her noble extraction, and Fathers wealth made her ſurmount others, and her delicious ſweet beauty and vertues excell her ſelf, no marvell if thoſe *Adamants*, and theſe excellencies draw divers of the beſt *Cavaliers*, and chiefeſt *Gallants* both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to affect and ſeek her in marriage; and indeed although ſhe be ſought by divers of them with much reſpect and honour, anſwerable in all regard to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or ſelf, are ſo much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovani Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortified with theſe humane privileges, to be well deſcended, rich, and of ſome twentie five years old; a match in the eye and cenſure of the world,

yea, and in all outward appearance, correſpondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and vertues had paralleld hers, or if the candour and ſincerity of her affection had not juſtly tranſported her thoughts and heart from him, becauſe ſhe had formerly fixed and ſetled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than *Albemare*, but in all other reſpects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, every way his ſuperiour, named *Seignior Alphonſus Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the nobleſt families of *Millan*, of ſome eighteen years old, whoſe Father was lately deceaſed, and had left him ſole heir to many rich Lands and poſſeſſions; but (withall) exceedingly entangled in Law, and ingaged in many debts and mortgages, whereinto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which conſequently reflecting and falling on his ſon, we ſhall ſee will prove a hindrance to his marriage, and an obſtacle to his content and preferment. But to obſerve ſome order and decorum in the conduction and relation of this Hiſtory, we muſt briefly be informed, that as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; ſo of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*: for as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a ſympathy in affections; ſo they in their tender youth often frequented on the others company, ſometimes at the Dancing, and Muſick Maſters, but many times at Weddings, Feaſts, and noble Aſſemblies; being well near as equall in age, as in complexion and ſtature. Again, the vicinity of their reſidence added much to the combining and inflaming of their affections; for they were oppoſite in nothing but in their manſion houſes, from whoſe Galleries and windows many times publickly, but more often by ſtealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other, with the inviſible launces of love and affection, which bred ſuch a habit, and that habit ſo powerfull a ſecond Nature, that it was now become impoſſible for them not to gaze each on other; ſo as if the innocency of their puerility, made them delight in each others ſight and company with deſire; ſo now their more ripe years inforce them to deſire it with delectation; for when as yet they were ſo youug, as they knew not the inſtinct and influence of *Nature* (which cannot be taught by a more powerfull or ingenious Tutrix than her ſelf) yet they never met but kiſſed, nor kiſſed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checkd their lips for taking ſuch ſhort farewels each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymenæus*; This *Venus* and that *Adonis*, for ſoft her freſh beauty, and his flouriſhing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally entituled them; They felt ſome pleaſure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marveil, if they deſired to find that which they wanted; So as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing ſpoken of a Husband, infinitly wiſhed that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a wife, he ardently longed, and fervently deſired that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly ſay, whether he were more affectionat in his conſtancie to her, or ſhe conſtant and reſolute in her affection to him; ſo that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kiſs, now time (running on her ſweet career) had taught them to deſire to marry; and that wheras formerly *Baretano* only tearmed *Clara* his ſweet Maid, and ſhe him her dear Friend; Now love had ſuggeſted and given them new deſires, and therefore new Epithets: for ſometimes, as well in earneſt as in jeſt, he could not refrain to tearm her his ſweet wife, nor ſhe him her dear Husband; and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more ſecret and retired deſires And as fervent love, and true diſcretion, very ſeldom concur and meet; ſo although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kiſs; yet they were ſo poor, or rather ſo blind in diſcretion, as they could not bear their affections in ſecrecie and ſilence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance; but if any grieve and ſtorm at this unexpected news, it is firſt *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, betwixt whom there was a ſecret promiſe, and verball contract, that he and no other ſhould marrie their Daughter.

Thus we ſee that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections, for either of them affect *Clara* as the Miſtris of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queen Regent of their deſires. But as they ſympathize in their hopes to purchaſe her to their wife; ſo they differ in the means and progreſs of their reſolutions, how to obtain her. For whiles *Baretano* ſues the Daughter before her Parents, ſo doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter; but what effects and ends theſe beginnings will produce, ye ſhall ſhortly ſee, and they themſelves very ſoon both feel and find.

Capello and *Caſtiana* (as we have formerly ſaid) with much affliction and grief, underſtanding of their Daughters affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and paſſion) relate it to *Albemare*, whoſe affection to *Clara* hath made him ſo ſubtill towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge

knowledge therof; when proteſting of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he muſt either wed her or his Grave, they conſult on their important buſineſs, how they may dethronize *Baretano*, & inthronize *Albemare* in the chair & choice of *Clara*'s affection; As for *Capello* & *Caſtiana* they ſo highly affect *Albemares* great and free eſtate, and ſo diſdainfully hate the intricat incumbrances of *Baretano's*, as they vow their reſolutions ſhall ſail by the compaſs of his deſires; & he in exchange, that his affections and deſires ſhall ſtill ſteer their courſe by that of their reſolutions; So, from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; To which end her Father and Mother ſingle their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair tearms demand of her, what hath paſt betwixt her and *Baretano*, and whether ſhe be ſo ſimple and inconſiderate to take ſo poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whoſe eſtate is ſo weak and ſmall, as it cannot well maintain himſelf, much leſs her; *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive theſe or the like ſpeeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice Metamorphoſed the Lillies of her cheeks into Roſes, very temperatly and modeſtly returnes them this diſcreet and reſpective anſwer.

That as ſhe muſt needs affirm ſhe is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her, ſo ſhe muſt as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, conſidering that his birth, means, and vertues were ſuch as every way deſerved not only her equall but her ſuperiour, ſhe is enforced to reveal them, that ſhe loves him ſo tenderly and dearly, as if her will and pleaſure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy but her felicity, to accept and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modeſt anſwer of hers, they hold too peremptorie for a child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it ſavoured more of irregular zeal to *Baretano*, than of due reſpect and obedience to themſelves; yet the ſooner to divert her from her own deſires and reſolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her, and ſo by depraving the deſerts and debaſing the merits of *Baretano*, to ſeek to extoll and magnifie thoſe of *Albemare*, as if the firſt were only a foyl, and the ſecond a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing; and indeed ſo exquiſite and excellent a Cavalier they depaint him to her in the richeſt frame and pomp of all his praiſes, aſwell of the endowments of mind, as of thoſe of Fortune, that they leave no inſinuating Oratorie uneſſayed, nor perſwaſive attempt unattempted, to make her ſhake hands with *Baretano*, and conſequently to extend her armes and heart to receive and retain *Albemare*; But although ſhe were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flouriſhing ſpring of her youth, had ſo refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts commanded and marſhalled by her heart, and both by her deſires and affection to *Baretano*, ſhe confuſedly intermixing, and interrupting her words with many far-fetched broken ſighs, again returns her Parents this reply.

If your age will not, yet my youth, or rather my heart informes me, that *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the privileges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in thoſe of Fortune; but that my reſolutions and anſwers may anſwer and correſpond with my obedience, although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my Husband, or my ſelf his wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; And I humbly beſeech ye, that this may reſt your reſolution, as I aſſuredly think it ſhall and will remain mine.

Capello and *Caſtiana* (like diſcreet Parents) ſeeing their Daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the ſingularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requiſite to revert her reaſons by fair means, than refute and refell them by force, ſith love and diſcretion hath ſtill reference to that, and this relation ſtill to choler, many times to repentance: whereupon minding her of the bleſſings which infallibly attend filiall obedience, and the miſeries and curſes which individually wait on contempt and diſobedience, hoping that time will effect that which Importunity cannot, they as then leave her to her thoughts, and ſhe them to their care, caring for nothing ſo much, nay, I may well ſay, for nothing elſe, than to ſee her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correſpondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon aſcertained, not only what hath, but what doth paſs betwixt them and their Daughter; and withall, is adviſed by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghoſt and ſhaddow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and ſuit from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, ſith it was no diſparagement, but rather [illegible] honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, *Albemare* is ſo far from rejecting this advice and counſell, as he embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vowes (though with the perill of his life) to perſevere and purſue her in marriage. To which end, authorized as well

by

by his own affection, as their authority, *Clara* is neither abroad nor at home, but he meets her gives away all time from himſelf, to give himſelf to her; ſo as it ſeems to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* houſe is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewiſe ſhortly ſhall be: yea, he adds ſuch curioſity to his care, and ſuch care to his affection in courting her, as ſhe cannot be either at Maſs, or Veſpers, but he is either with her, or near her, and when in ſolemn pomp or zeal ſhe viſits the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new *Saint Charles*, then he waits and attends on her at the Porch ſtairs, ſometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the cuſtom of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing Barbarie horſe, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any Complement of an accompliſhed Lover, beſides the harmony of his own inſinuation and ſolicitation, he greets her with rich preſents, and ſalutes her with all variety of melodious Muſick, and mellifluous voyces; but all this notwithſtanding, although he every way uſe his beſt art and induſtrie, and her Father and Mother their beſt skill to make her flexible to his deſires, and their pleaſure; yet ſhe, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and ſweet *Baretano*, looks haggard and averſe on *Albemare*, giving him ſuch generall anſwers, and cold entertainment, as he ſeeth he hath far more reaſon to deſpair than hope to obtain her. Wherupon doubting of her affection, he hath again recourſe to her parents love, who to confirm and ſeal it him, ſeeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they reſolve to uſe force, and ſo to add threats to their requeſts, and choler to their perſwaſions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the firſt prevail not with her, the ſecond cannot; for ſhe now tels them plainly, that ſhe neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband but *Baretano*; and yet ſhe is ſo farr from any determinate reſolution to marry him, as ſhe affirmes, that their will ſhall be her law, and their pleaſure her reſolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage ſeeks our fair and ſweet *Clara* publikely, no leſs doth *Baretano* privatly; and although with leſs vanity and oſtentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacie and ſucceſs; as grounding his hopes upon theſe reaſons; That in heart and ſoul *Clara* is only his, as both in ſoul and heart he is hers: ſo he entertains her many times with his letters, and yet not to ſhew himſelf a novice in diſcretion, nor a coward in affection, he making her content his commands, as ſhe did his deſires her felicity, he in remote Churches and Chapels, (for whoſe number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happineſs and honour privatly to meet her, where if they violate the ſanctity of the place, in conferring and cheriſhing their affections, yet they ſanctifie their affections, in deſiring that ſome Church or Chapell might inveſt and crown them with the religious honour, and holy dignity of marriage. For having jeſted of Love heretofore, now like true Lovers, they henceforth reſolve to love, not in jeſt, but in earneſt; and as of their two hearts they have already made one, ſo now they mean and intend to diſpoſe of their bodies, thereby to make one of two; And this is their ſole deſire, and this, and only this is their chief delight, & moſt pleaſing deſires & wiſhes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to deſire to ſee none but themſelves, and yet are ſeen of many; ſo this their familiarity and frequent meeting is again reported to her father & mother, wherat they murmur with grief, and grieve with diſcontent and affliction; and now not to ſubſtract, but to add to their vexation, it is reſolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, *Baretano* and his fair *Clara*, that he ſhould publikly motion them for her in marriage; wch he in wonderfull fair tearms, and orderly Decorum, (as well by his friends as himſelf) performeth. When contrary to his wiſhes, but not his expectation, they give him ſo cold entertainment, and his ſute ſuch poor and ſharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeal to *Albemare*) not only deny him their daughter, but their houſe; an anſwer ſo incivill, and therefore ſo injuſt, as might give a teſtimony ſome way of their care, yet no way of their diſcretion to themſelves, or affection to their daughter. And here I muſt confeſs, that I can difficultly define, whether this reſolution and anſwer of *Capello* and *Caſtiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, diſcontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*; who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes ſeem'd to be nipt, and their deſires croſt by the frowns of their parents, yet they love each other ſo tenderly and dearly, as theſe diſcontents notwithſtanding, they will not retire, but are reſolute to advance in the progreſs of this their chaſt and fervent affections, and although their commands endeavour to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is ſo inforced to take a more ſtronger of her affection, as deſpight her Parents malice, and jealouſie towards them, when they are ſweetly ſleeping in their beds, then is their daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and he with her, oftentimes walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the cloſe galleries of the Garden; which they cannot conceal or bear ſo cloſely, but her father and mother have exact notice and intelligence therof by ſome of their truſty ſervants, whom they had purpoſely appointed as Sentinels to eſpie and diſcover their meetings.

Whereupon

Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano*, as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cauſe be once removed, the effect is ſubject ſoon to follow and enſue; they very ſuddenly and privatly ſend away their Daughter from *Millan* to *Modena* by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, and beſides her Waiting-gentle-woman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her but only *Albemare*, hoping that a ſmall time, his preſence and importunat ſolicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his ſweet *Clara*. Who poor ſoul, ſeeing her ſelf exiled and baniſhed from the ſociety of her *Baretano's* ſight and company, wherein under Heaven ſhe chiefly and only delighted; ſhe hereat, doth as it were drown her ſelf in the Ocean of her tears; ſtorming as well at the cruelty of her parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no leſs doth her *Baretano* for the abſence of his ſweet Saint, and dear Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, ſo their afflictions is equall; now mourning as much at each others abſence, as formerly they rejoyced and triumphed in their preſence. But although the jealouſie of *Capello* and *Caſtiana* were very carefull to watch and obſerve *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeal and affection of *Albemares* ſafely to guard, and ſweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: Yet as fire ſuppreſſed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers ſtopped, overflow with more impetuoſity; ſo deſpight of the ones vigilancie, and the others jealouſie, though *Baretano* cannot be ſo happy and bleſſed to ride over to *Modena*, to ſee and ſalute his *Clara*; yet love, which is the refiner of inventions and wit, and the poliſher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from viſiting her with his Letters, the which in reſpect of the hard acceſs and difficult paſſage to her, he is enforced to ſend her by ſubtill means, and ſecret meſſengers. And the better to overſhadow the curioſity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein, he among many others, makes uſe of a Frier and a Hermite, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena*, to his Lady: which (as fit Agents for ſuch amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeal, and Religion) ſafely delivered her, and likewiſe returned him her anſwers thereof. And becauſe the fervency of their affections and conſtancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and repreſented in theſe two than in any other of their Letters; therefore I thought my ſelf in a manner bound, here to inſert them, to the end to give the better ſpirit and Grace to their *Hiſtory*, and the fuller ſatisfaction and content to the curioſity of the Reader. That which *Baretano* ſent *Clara* upon her departure for *Millan* to *Modena* by the Frier, ſpake thus.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOw juſtly may I tearm my ſelf infortunate, Sith I am enforced to be miſerable before I know what belongs to happineſs: For if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy ſweet preſence; which thy ſudden abſence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at leaſt, my Purgatory, if not my hell. Fair Clara *judge of thy* Baretano *by thy ſelf, what a matchleſs grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terrour to my thoughts, to ſee thee made captive to my rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents ſeem to be ſo propitious to his deſires, and ſo inexorable and cruell to mine; That I muſt live alone in* Millan *without thee, and he alone in* Modena *with thee: which makes that, I know not, whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pitty mine own ſorrows and afflictions: But if I have any ſenſe or ſhadow of comfort in this my calamity, it only conſiſts in this, that as thou carriedſt away my heart with thee; ſo thou wilt vouchſafe to return me thine in thy letter by a reciprocall requitall and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy ſelf, nor ſend me that, I may be ſought in* Millan, *but found no where but in Heaven. Were I privileged by thy conſent, much more authorized by thy command, I would ſpeedily rather flye than poſt to thee: for Fair and Dear* Clara, *as thou art my ſole joy, and Soveraign felicity, ſo whiles I breath this air of life, thy will ſhall be my law, thy command my compaſs, and thy pleaſure my reſolution.*

Baretano.

Her

Her Anſwer returned by the Frier to *BARETANO* at *Millon*, was to this effect.

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our ſelves to judge how equally we participate and ſhare of miſery, in being deprived of each others preſence. Thou tearmeſt mine abſence either thy purgatory, or thy hell, and my afflictions and torments for thine are ſo great, and withall ſo infinit, as I have all the equity and reaſon of the world to repute them not only one, but both. Thou art miſtaken in the point of my thraldome, for whiles Albemare *vowes himſelf my captive, I diſdain to be his, and both vow and triumph to be only* Baretano's. *I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to* Modena, *but ſure I am, I left mine with thee in* Millan. *If my Parents ſeem now pleaſing and propitious to him, I am yet ſo far from diſpair, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruell or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my ſelf: but rather that a little time will change their reſolutions and decrees, ſith they cannot our affections and conſtancy. If* Clara *be thy ſole joy and ſoveraign felicity, no leſs is* Baretano hers: *and albeit, I could wiſh either thou here with my ſelf in* Modena, *or I there with thee in* Millan; *Yet ſuch is my Aunt* Emelia's *care, and* Albemares *jealouſie over me, that were thou in this City thou couldeſt difficultly ſee me, but impoſſibly ſpeak with me; wherefore refrain a whiles, and let thy Journey hither to me be ended ere begun; yet with this proviſo and condition, that the cauſe thereof, thy affection to me, be begun never to be ended: and think that my ſtay and exile here ſhall be as ſhort, as either my beſt Art in my ſelf can invent, or trueſt zeal to thee ſuggeſt. In which* Interim *let us ſolace our ſelves, and viſit each other by the Ambaſſadors of our hearts, I mean our letters: And this reſolve my dear* Baretano, *that during our abſence whiles thou doeſt feaſt on my* Idæa, *I will not fail to ſurfet on thine.*

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letters ſent *Clara* to *Modena*, by the Pilgrim, was couched and penned in theſe tearms.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAd not thy requeſts (in thy laſt letter) granted out a Prohibition againſt my deſires and wiſhes, I had long ſince left Millan *to have ſeen* Modena, *and in it thy ſelf my ſweet and dear Lady; but I ſpeak it to my preſent comfort, and future conſolation and joy, that it is exceſs, not want of affection which infuſeth this provident care and careſull providence to thy reſolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyfull as thy departure ſorrowſull, and conſequently that the laſt prove as ſweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the firſt was bitter: And yet believe me dear* Clara, *that my affection is ſo intire and fervent to thee, becauſe I know thine is reciprocally ſo to my ſelf; that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things eaſie, but which is more, impoſſibilities poſſible: For, for thy ſake what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy ſight and preſence what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit mee to come to thee to* Modena, *nor yet ſpeedily reſolve to return to me to* Millan, Sorrow *will then prevent my* Joy, *and* Deſpair *my* Hope; *For if thou haſten not thy arrivall and our interview, ſickneſs will be my death. Wert thou as kind as fair, or as affectionate as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt then rather ſuffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this reſt confident, that if thou deny me that requeſt, I cannot* Nature *this tribute, my affection this homage, or thy beauty this ſacrifice.*

BARETANO.

And *Clara* her Anſwer hereunto retuned to *Millan* to *Bretano*, by the foreſaid *Pilgrim*, was traced in theſe words;

CLARA

CLARA to BARETANO.

THe laſt command of my Parents, and the firſt reſolution of my Aunt Emelia, *and my ſuter* Albemare, *have now reduced me to ſo ſtrict a Sequeſtration (or rather captivity) as only my thoughts, hardly my pen hath the freedom and power to ſignifie thee ſo much. But as calmes enſue tempeſts, and Sun-ſhine ſhowres, ſo I beſeech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope, but reſolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extremes ſubject to revolution and change. Wherefore my dear* Baretano, *conſider and think with thy ſelf, that my ſtay from* Millan, *and thy prohibition from* Modena, *hath his two-fold excuſe, that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accompliſhing of our deſires; Sith a little time may effect that with my parents, which I fear importunity will never; neither can thy heart ſo much long for my ſight, or wiſh for my preſence, as my ſoul doth for thine: Sith to give thee but one word for all, thy ſelf, and only thy ſelf, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thouſand times a day I wiſh* Modena *were* Millan, *and again, as often that* Albemare *were metamorphoſed into* Baretano. *Therefore I am ſo farre from preventing thy joy, as though at the price of my death, I am ready to ſacrifiſe my life for the preſervation of thine; as alſo for the baniſhing of thy deſpair. VVrite me not then of thy ſickneſs, leſt thou as ſoon hear of my death, and I knew not what requeſt to deny thee, ſith I have already granted and given thee my ſelf, which is all that either I can give, or thou deſire; cheriſh thy ſelf for my ſake, and I will thy remembrance for mine:*

CLARA.

By theſe loving Letters of theſe our Lovers, the Reader may obſerve and remark, what a firm league, and ſtrict and conſtant friendſhip there was contracted and ſetled betwixt them, and what a hell their abſence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the mean time, whiles *Baretano* entertains *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words, wherein he uſeth his beſt Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his deſires; and withall, to liſten and eſpie out, if there paſs any paſſages of Letters, or other correſpondency betwixt them. Which although *Clara* her affection to *Baretano* vow, and her diſcretion to her ſelf reſolve to conceal and obſcure from *Albemare*, yet loe here falls out a ſiniſter and unexpected accident, which will diſcover and bewray it; yea, and of all ſides, and to all parties produce grief, ſorrow, choler, and repentance, which in effect (briefly) is thus.

Clara had reaſon in her former Letter ſent by the Pilgrim, to tearm this her ſequeſtration in *Modena* a captivity, ſith the bounds of her Aunt *Emelias* two ſmall Gardens, and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her ſelf as it were, immured, for farther ſhe was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but ſtill accompained by *Albemare*, who left no minutes or occaſions, as well to ſee her, as to be ſeen of her. Now to give ſome truce (though not peace) to her diſcontents, and thereby ſomewhat to calm the impetuoſity of thoſe tempeſts, which love had ſtirred up in her heart and thoughts for the abſence of her *Baretano*, ſhe never better accompanied than when alone, ſometime paſt away the irkſomneſs of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park cloſe ſhut, followed only by her Wayting-gentlewoman *Adriana*; for in reſpect of her Aunts unkindneſs, and *Albemares* jealouſie, ſhe would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the neareſt end of the Park, not farr diſtant from the ſecond Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rowes of *Sycamore* trees, and at the farther end thereof a cloſe ore-ſhadowed Bower; yea ſo cloſely veiled, that the raies of the Sun could neither peep in, to ſcorch the pureneſs of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing luſtre and reſplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, *Clara* (about three of the clock after dinner) repaires, having in her hand to delude the time, the old amorous Hiſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illuſtrated, and newly reprinted in *Millan*, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own, ſhe took a ſingular delight to read; but that which gave ſweeter muſick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart, and mind, were her *Baretano's* two Letters (which we have formerly ſeen) and which as then ſhe had purpoſely brought with her to ſurvey and peruſe; yea, ſhe reads them ore again and again, and to write the truth, more oftner than there are words, or I think ſillables therein contained; but when ſhe deſcends to his name, ſhe cannot refrain from kiſſing it; yea, and ſuch is her tender love to *Baretano*, as ſhe bedews it with her tears; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed her ſelf with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for ſeparating

their

their bodies, ſith ſhe not only hoped, but aſſured her ſelf, that God had conjoyned, and united their hearts. But whiles ſhe in the middeſt of theſe paſſionat extaſies ſeems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the peruſall of theſe Letters of *Baretano*; and then again to be plunged into the hell of ſorrow, at the conſideration and remembrance of his abſence, ſhe hears a voice, which ſhe thinks is not farr off from her, when looking forth the Bower, and deeming it to be that of her Waiting-gentlewoman, whom ſhe ſaw ſomewhat near her gathering of Strawberries and wild Lillies, ſhe within a flight ſhoot from her, perceives it to be her *Lover*, (but not her love,) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talk, ſpeaking to the Eccho, ſhe gueſſed by his courſe, (wherein ſhe was not deceived) that he had an intent to ſalute and ſpeak with her; which to prevent, becauſe it wholly diſpleaſed her, to be cumbred with the company of ſo unwelcomed a gueſt as himſelf, ſhe haſtily folds up her Letters in her Handkercher, and clapping them (at leaſt as ſhe thought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her book in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other ſide of the Park, purpoſely to eſchew and avoyd him, as indeed ſhe did.

Albemare grieves to ſee *Clara's* coyneſs and cruelty toward him, although ſhe were departed forth the Park from him, yet his affection is ſo fervent to her, as he will needs aſcend the Bower, eſteeming it not only a kind of content, but a bleſſing to his thoughts, ſith he canot be where ſhe is, yet to be where ſhe hath been; when thinking to mount the ſtairs of the Bower, he unexpected at the foot thereof, finds the two Letters whereof we have formerly ſpoken, which it ſeems ſlipt forth of *Clara's* Handkercher, as ſhe was putting it into her pocket; *Albemare* taking up the Letters, and ſeeing them directed to his ſweet *Clara*, he betwixt the extremes of love and joy, kiſſeth them again and again for her ſake; when ſitting down in the Bower, he betakes himſelf to read and peruſe them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and draw ſomething from them which might tend to advance the proceſs of his affection towards her; But when he had read the firſt, he was ſo extremely perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruſe the ſecond, and yet at length haſtily and paſſionatly running it over, and ſeeing by all the circumſtances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, ſith ſhe was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, he like one Lunatick, ſtamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer violence to himſelf; But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over-blown, and that he had again recalled his wits to take place in the proper ſeat of his judgment and diſcretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down his ears, he leaves the Bower and Park, and ſo going into the houſe, ſhews them the Lady *Emelia* her Aunt, who prayes him not to diſpair, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithſtanding, he himſelf ſhall ſhortly marry her Niece *Clara*; only ſhe prayes him for the two Letters, becauſe ſhe affirms, ſhe will to morrow ſend them to *Millan* to her Father and Mother; Wherein he ſaith, he will take adviſe of his pillow; when faſting out his Supper, he betakes himſelf to his Bed, to ſee whether he can ſleep away thoſe his paſſions and vexations: And by this time *Clara* going to lock up theſe two aforeſaid letters in her Trunk, ſhe finds her Hankercher, but miſſeth her Letters, whereat blushing for ſhame, and then again looking pale for ſorrow, grief and anger, ſhe ſpeedily ſends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then ſhe knows for certain that *Albemare* hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her ſelf ſick, ſhe withdraws her ſelf to her Chamber, and there preſently betakes her ſelf to her bed.

I may well ſay that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themſelves to their beds; but I am ſure not to their reſt; For grief and love ſo violently act their ſeverall parts in their hearts and thoughts, as ſigh they do, but ſleep they cannot; Yea their paſſions and ſorrows are as different as their deſires; for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found theſe Letters; ſo doth *Clara* that ſhe hath loſt them; and as he vows not to reſtore her them, ſo ſhe neither dares, and yet diſdaineth to demand them of him; Yea again, which is more, as their ſorrows are different, ſo are their pretended conſolations, at leaſt if I may properly and truly tearm them conſolations: For as *Clara*, although ſhe have loſt her *Baretano's* Letters, doth yet rejoyce that ſhe ſtill retains the Writer and Authour thereof ingraven and charactered in her heart; ſo doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rivall, and who by all probability is like to bear his miſtris from him, he hath (as he injuſtly conceives) a juſt reaſon to be revenged, and a true occaſion to fight with him; but as *Clara's* comfort and conſolation herein proceeds from true affection, ſo doth the vanity and impiety of this reſolution of *Albemares* from helliſh malice & devilliſh indignation; yea, although the night doth or ſhould bring counſel, yet as *Clara* paſſeth it over only with ſighs, ſo doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge againſt *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morn towards *Millan*, and there trie his fortune, either to kill him, or to be killed of him, in a Duel; to which end he is no ſooner ready, but he acquaints the

Lady

Lady *Emelia* with his intended journey, but not with his reſolution to fight with *Baretano*; and the ſame he doth to (the Empreſs of his thoughts, and Queen of his deſires) *Clara*, demanding her if ſhe pleaſe to command him any ſervice for *Millan*; who both bluſhing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano* having now made her expert in the ſubtilties of love, ſhe well knows what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*; and therefore guided by diſcretion, and not by paſſion, ſhe returns him this Anſwer; That having neither reaſon nor deſire to command him, ſhe only prayes him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and ſo wiſheth his journey proſperous; which anſwer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiſs her at parting; which her civility, though not her affection, granted him; not ſo much as once dreaming or ſuſpecting that he conceived the leaſt thought or intent to fight with her ſweet *Baretano*, and ſo he takes horſe, having only one ſervant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint *Remie*, a ſmall Town within fifteen miles of *Millan*, he reſolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himſelf to ſleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horſe, and ſeeing the Hoſt of the houſe in his Chamber, inquires of him if there were any Gentlemen in the houſe riding to *Millan*, who as ſoon turns him this unlook'd-for and unexpected anſwer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the houſe named *Signior Baretano*, who was to ride thither ſome two hours hence. *Albemare* no ſooner hears the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart-blood flaſheth up in his face, when demanding him again what manner of Gentleman he was; he told him he was a tall ſlender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his face, and out of this window, quoth he, you may now ſee him walking in the Garden; when *Albemare* looking forth ſees indeed that it was his very rivall *Baretano*; when enquiring further of the Hoſt what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but ſometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breath his horſe, he was attended by two or three; and ſo the Hoſt leaves him, not once ſuſpecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* ſeeing his enemy (becauſe his rivall) brought to him, whom he formerly reſolved to ſeek and find out; aſſumes a baſe and a bloody reſolution to ſet upon him in the high way diſguiſed, and there to venture his own life, to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye-witneſſes of this his ignoble and trecherous buſineſs; and therefore purpoſely ſends away his man to *Millan* before him, and ſo ſlipping into the Town, provids himſelf of a Mask or Viſard; then takes his horſe, and rather like a theef than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (ſome three miles from Saint *Remy*) attending *Baretano*'s comming, who poor harmleſs young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wiſhes than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear *Clara*, likewiſe takes his horſe, and draws homeward toward *Millan*; when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* ſecretly lay in ambuſh for him; he furiouſly and ſuddenly ruſheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runnes *Baretano* into his right arm, who feeling the wound almoſt as ſoon as he ſaw his enemy who gave it him, he is at firſt, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his mask to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very buſie in *Lombardy*, but eſpecially in the Dutchy of *Millan*, he told him that all the coyn he had, which was ſome ten double Piſtols in Gold, and two Duckats in ſilver, were at his ſervice, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; ſo that he perfectly knew that her affection was ſo dear and tender towards him; as either the loſs or preſervation of his life would be that of hers; *Albemare* galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing anſwer to him, is wholly inflamed with choler againſt him, when ruſhing towards him, he delivers him theſe words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I ſeek, and then ſtrayning himſelf to run *Baretano* thorow, lo the ſtring of of his Mask breaks, where *Baretano* apparently ſees it is his Rivall *Albemare*; whereat ſuch is his tender affection to his ſweet and fair *Clara*, that he who before turned craven, and would not fight for his own ſake, is now cheerfully reſolved, not only to fight, but if occaſion require, to die for hers; and ſo returning the villain to *Albemares* throat, he inſtantly draws, and joyns with him; and if *Albemare* be reſolute in fighting, no leſs valiant and couragious is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara*'s ſweet Idea, and freſh delicious beauty, infuſeth ſuch life to his valour, and ſuch generoſity, and animoſity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly; and his thruſts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his heart of a better; And *Albemare* ſeeing he muſt buy his victory dearer than he expected, and diſdaining to be out-braved and beaten by a Boy, plucks up his beſt ſpirits and courage to him, and ſo likewiſe behaves himſelf manfully and valiantly, in ſuch ſort, that

within

within leſs than a quarter of an hour, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three, when the *Count* of *Martingue* paſſing that way in his Coach towards *Millan*, and ſeeing two Gentlemen ſo buſily fighting, he cries out to his Coach-man, to gallop away with all celerity, and ſo parts them; when ſeeing them full of blood, ſweat and duſt, having his Chirurgion ſtill in his train with him, he out of an honourable courteſie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next houſe, where he cauſeth their wounds to be dreſt and bound up; when by their Apparrell ſeeing them to be *Millaneſes*, is deſirous to know their quarrell, and proffers his beſt aſſiſtance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are ſo great, and their malice ſo implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courteſie, but beſeech him to pardon them, in obſcuring their names and quarrell; and yet he is ſo Noble and generous, as he will not ſo leave them, but ſeeing them ſhrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater eaſe and ſafety, cauſeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their horſes, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and ſo brings them within the Gates of *Millan*, where after they had ſeverally rendred him many thanks for his *Courteſie* and *Honour*, hee commends them both to their good Fortunes, and ſo leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millan*, they conceal their fighting, and ſo keep their Chambers, till they have ſecured their wounds; when *Albemare* viſits *Capello* and his Ladie *Caſtiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as alſo her averſneſs towards him, and withall ſhews her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that ſhe is ſo wholly his, as he himſelf is ſure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the firſt, ſeem to hang their heads at this news, and the peruſall of the Letters; but at laſt bid him not deſpair, but be couragious, for he, and only he ſhall be their Son in law. But *Albemare* conſidering that for the term of at leaſt ſix Moneths, hee, *Camelion*-like, had only been fed with the air of their vain promiſes, and that he perfectly knew, that *Clara* only intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him; his love to her was ſo tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the ſhadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have ſent *Baretano* to another; when he being conſtant in his reſolution thereof to himſelf, becauſe he was reſolute in his conſtancie and affection to *Clara*; no reaſon, no Religion, not his Conſcience, not his Soul, can divert him from this bloody deſign, from this murtherous and therefore damnable project; Feeding therefore on malice, and boyling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, hee, not as a Gentleman, but rather degenerating from the vertue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himſelf either by Piſtoll or poiſon, how he may treacherouſly diſpatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as malice and Revenge may perchance ſlumber, but difficultly ſleep) the *Devill*, who is never abſent in ſuch helliſh ſtratagems and occaſions, gives him means (though by a contrary courſe) how to diſpatch him; For on a day, deſcending the ſtairs of the *Domo*, he ſees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Caſtle of *Pavia*) paſs by him, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but ſo poorly Apparelled, as weighing their bloody humours by their neceſſity, he (in favour of mony) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Inſtruments* to murther and make away *Baretano*, to which end, to play the *Practique* part, as well as the *Theorique*, and ſo to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action, he ſends his man *Valerio* after them, and prayes them to repair to him in the *Cloyſters* of *Borromoes* Palace, for that he hath a buſineſs to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Maſters pleaſure; who nettled with this word Profit, they repair to the *Rendevouz*, and meet *Albemare*; when having refreſhed their acquaintance, and he ſworn them to ſecreſie, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his deſire, ſome ten daies hence to have them murther *Seignior Baretano* in the ſtreet by night, and to give it out, that it was done by ſome *Spuniards* of the *Viceroyes* Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they ſhall receive of him, when they have diſpatch'd him; and for his own part, ſome four or five dayes hence he will away for *Modena*, to caſt the better varniſh and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the buſineſs.

Pedro and *Leonardo* ſeeing that *Albemare* profered them Gold, which they ſo much wanted and deſired, like two limbs of the Devills, and as a couple of helliſh Blood-Hounds, not only promiſe, but ſwear to him punctually, in all reſpects to perform his deſires, and ſo they touch their firſt hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledge and price of innocnt blood, it will aſſuredly coſt them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruine and confuſion on their heads from Heaven, when they leaſt think or dream thereof.

Albemare

Albemare having ſettled this his bloody and mournfull buſineſs with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is again ſolicited by *Capello* and *Caſtiano*, to return to their Daughter in *Modena*; whereunto he willingly conſenteth; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and bleſſing, to diſpoſe her ſelf to affect and marry him, he within four daies departeth; But having ſecretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to ſome of *Capello* his chiefeſt and moſt confident ſervants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* ſo well in her abſence, as they ſend her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemare*, the which being unknown to him, he is no ſooner arrived there, but he ſalutes firſt the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Neece and his Miſtreſs *Clara*; to whom having delivered her Parents Letters, ſhe ſtepping aſide to the window, reads them, and ſo returning to him again, gives him this ſharp and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, ſince upon the highway, thou baſely and treacherouſly attempteſt to kill my dear* Baretano, *whom I love a thouſand times dearer than the whole world?* when with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, ſhe very ſuddenly and paſſionatly flings from him; wherat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both ſtormes and grieves; and ſo they betake themſelves to their Chambers, where *Albemare* throwing himſelf on his bed, ſaith thus to himſelf; Unkind and cruell *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death? On the other ſide, *Clara* grieves a much at her *Baretano*'s wounds, as ſhe rejoyceth at his ſafety and recovery; yea, ſo tender is her affection to him, as ſhe a thouſand times wiſhes, that the blood he loſt, had ſtreamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, ſhe cannot but ſmile, and delight to ſee his dear and true affection to her, in remembring that he would not fight for his own ſake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to loſe his life for hers; and in theſe amorous conceits and contemplations ſhe penſively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while ſhe hears not from her *Baretano*; But *alas, alas!* ſhe ſhall hear too too ſoon of him, though indeed never more from him; for theſe execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, ſome four daies after *Albemares* departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promiſe and oath given him, like two moſt bloody and butcherly villaines, cruelly aſſault and murther this harmleſs and innocent young Gentleman, *Baretano*, in the ſtreets of *Millan* by night, with no leſs than ſeven ſeverall wounds, whereof four were clean thorow his body; and ſo give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murthered by ſome *Spaniards* of the *Vice-royes Guard*; when the ſame night they repair to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and ſo provide for their ſafety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruell murther, will in the end coſt them dearer than either they imagin or dream of.

Whiles *Millan* ratleth with the news of *Baretano*'s bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitly lament and grieve, ſo *Capello*, and his wife *Caſtiana*, cannot refrain from rejoycing thereat, as now aſſuring themſelves, that *Albemare* ſhall ſhortly be their Son in Law; and for *Valerio*, he with all poſſible ſpeed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Maſter, who entertains this news with infinit joy and delectation, and preſently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith; whereat ſhe rejoyceth, and he triumphs; but they both reſolve as yet, to conceal it from *Clara*, becauſe they know ſhe will even diſſolve and melt into tears thereat. But four daies after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertiſe their Daughter *Clara*, their ſiſter *Emelia*, and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman, a ſervant of theirs, whom they purpoſely ſend to *Modena* to bring back *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millan*. But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extreme exceſs of grief and immoderate ſorrow our poor *Clara* underſtands this heart-peircing news of her *Baretano*'s mournfull and ſorrowfull death; for ſhe is no ſooner advertiſed thereof, but ſhe throws off her attire, tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a ſwound; ſo as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her Fathers Gentleman, can hardly reſetch and keep life in her; but being come again to her ſenſes and ſelf, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamoured of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; ſhe wringing her hands, then croſſing her armes, and laſtly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt ſighing and ſpeaking, breaths forth theſe mournfull paſſionate and affectionat ſpeeches.

O my *Baretano*, my ſweet and dear *Baretano*, and ſhall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? when the violence of her affection and ſorrow making her forget her ſelf, and her God, ſhe ſecretly unſheathes her knife, and then and there would have ſtabbed her ſelf to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* ſpeedily ſtept to her aſſiſtance, and prevented her, by wreſting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, ſhe praies *Albemare* to leave her, and in his abſence often again repeating the name of her dear *Baretano*, ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth that her life had ranſomed his, vowing, that although ſhe were a woman, yet if

ſhe knew his murtherers, ſhe would flie to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhumane and cruell death; when her ſorrows are ſo infinite, and her grief ſo unſupportable, as ſhe cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her ſelf from the Garden to her Chamber, whither her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; ſo as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and ſtopped her, ſhe had then undoubtly entered the *Nunnery* of her own name, Saint *Clara*, and in that retired and obſcure life, there ended her daies in *Modena*; reſolving in true affection and zeal to her dead *Baretano*, never thence forth, either to ſee her Parents, or *Millan*; but being diverted and comforted by ſome Divines, and many Ladies of that City, ſhe brooking her ſorrows as patiently as ſhe may, (with much ſolicitation) after ten daies, permits her ſelf to be conveyed home to *Millan*, where, although ſhe were very cheerfully received, and joyfully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet ſhe likewiſe went neer to have there mewed her ſelf up a ſpirituall ſiſter in the *Nunnery* of the *Annunciation*; but that again ſhe was prevented; whereat grieving, ſhe takes on mourning attire, and vowes to wear it a whole year for his ſake; when to make her ſelf (as ſhe was) both a true Lover, and a true Mourner to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, ſhe oftentimes ſteals into Saint *Euphemias* Church, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living ſo penſively, and diſconſolatly, that although ſhe live in the world, yet it ſeems ſhe neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as Time is a ſoveraign remedy for all diſeaſes and ſorrows; ſo about ſome ten moneths after, the inceſſant importunity of her Father and Mother, and the continuall tender reſpect and obſervant courteſie of *Albemare* towards her, make her ſomewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to look on him with a more pleaſing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a conſideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almoſt as ſoon as it begins to live; For why (quoth ſhe) ſhould ſhe affect or love him, who at Saint *Remy* gave her *Baretano* three ſeverall wounds? But then Love againe ſteps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*; That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him loſe far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his, was only occaſioned through his affection to her, and only for her ſake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts ſuch ſatisfaction, as weighed down and vanquiſhed, as well by the power and prayers of her Parents, as alſo by the endleſs ſighs, letters, and preſents of *Albemare*; the year is no ſooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unſpeakable joy of their Parents, they in *Millan* (with great pomp and bravery) are very ſolemnly married. But this marriage of theirs ſhall not prove ſo proſperous as they expect and hope; For *God* in his all-ſeeing *Providence*, hath decreed to diſturb the tranquillity and ſerenity thereof, and to make them feel the ſharp and bitter ſhowers of affliction and miſery, which briefly doth thus ſurpriſe and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly been married together a year and quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her, yea, albeit ſhe affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the ſweetneſs of her youth, and the freſhneſs of her beauty, his luſtfull eyes and thoughts carry his laſcivious ſelf abroad among Curtezans, when they ſhould be fixed on her, and reſident at home with his chaſt and fair Lady; ſo as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude her unſpeakable affliction and vexation; ſhe with infinite ſighs and tears repents her matching him, and a thouſand times wiſheth ſhe had been ſo happy and bleſſed to have died *Baretano*'s Martyr, and not ſo unfortunat and accurſed to live to ſee her ſelf *Albemares* wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, ſhe ſhould then prefix bounds to her calamities and ſorrows; But ſeeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into deſpair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward diſcontents ſo apparently bewray themſelves in her outward ſorrowfull complexion and countenance, that the Roſes of her cheeks are metamorphoſed into Lillies, and her heart ſo wholly taken up with anguiſh, and ſurpriſed with ſorrow, as ſhe wiſheth that her bed were her Grave, and her ſelf in Heaven with God; becauſe ſhe could find no comfort here on Earth with her Husband; But beyond her expectation, God is providing to redreſs her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very ſtrange and unlooked-for accident.

The *Providence* and *Juſtice* of *God* doth now again refetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the *Stage* and *Theater* of this *Hiſtory*; For having ſpent that mony lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are ſo great, and his neceſſity ſo urgent, as having played the murtherer before, he makes no conſcience nor ſcruple now to play the thief, and ſo

by

by night breaks into a Jewellers ſhop, named *Seignior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a ſmall Trunk or Casket, wherein were ſome uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emralds*, with ſome *Venice* Chryſtall pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but *Fiamatta* lying over his ſhop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him, for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarum forth the window, which ringing in the ſtreets, makes ſome of the neighbours, and alſo the watch approach and aſſemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arm, he is preſently hemb'd in, apprehended and impriſoned, and the Casket took from him, and again reſtored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he ſhall die for this robbery, as a juſt puniſhment and judgement of God, now ſent him for formerly murthering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to eſcape death, but by the means of *Albemare*, he ſends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the priſon to him, whom he bids to tell his Maſter *Albemare* from him, that being ſure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his ſoul any longer with the murther of *Baretano*, but will on the ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himſelf and *Leonardo* to perform it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Maſter, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conſcience and courage, to ſee himſelf reduced to this miſery, that no leſs than his life muſt now ſtand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impoſſible to obtain a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own ſafety, by ſtopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he reſolves to heave *Oſſa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murther to murther, and now to poyſon him in Priſon, whom he had formerly cauſed to murther *Baretano* in the ſtreet, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or ſin, but rather a juſt reward and recompence for his former bloody ſervices; ſo to feed *Pedro* with falſe hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to ſilence, and to lull his malice a ſleep, he ſpeedily returnes *Valerio* to priſon to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Maſter had vowed to get him his pardon, as he ſhall more effectually hear from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoyceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Maſter *Albemare* is the moſt generous and braveſt Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joyes in their untimely bloſſoms, and to diſturb the harmony of his falſe content, that very day, as ſoon as he hath dined, he is tried and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibbet purpoſely to be erected before *Fiamata's* houſe, where he committed his delict and crime; which juſt ſentence not only makes his joy ſtrike ſail to ſorrow, but alſo his pride and hopes let fall their Peacocks plumes to humility and fear; But his only truſt and comfort, yea, his laſt hopes and refuge is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning; he is enforced to play his bloody prize that night, and ſo in the evening ſends *Valerio* to priſon to him, with a Capon, and two Fiaſcoes (or bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Viceroyes* ſign to it, which he ſhall have to morrow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the bottles was intermixed with ſtrong and deadly poyſon, which was ſo cunningly tempered, as it carried no diſtaſtfull, but a pleaſing reliſh to the palat; *Valerio* like an execrable villain, proving as true a ſervant to his Maſter, as rebellious and falſe to his God, he punctually perfomes this fearfull and mournfull buſineſs; and having made *Pedro* twice drunk, firſt with his good news, and then with his poyſoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his reſt, promiſeth to be with him very early in the morning with his pardon. When this miſerable and beaſtly prophane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his ſoul; of Heaven, or Hell; betakes himſelf to his bed, where the poiſon ſpreading ore his vitall parts, ſoon bereaves him of his breath, ſending his ſoul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold in his bed; and thus was the miſerable end of this bloody and inhumane murtherer (and thief) *Pedro*, who yet for example ſake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his ſhirt, at his appointed place of execution, becauſe his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poiſoned and made away himſelf. And now doth *Albemare* again rejoyce and triumph, to ſee he hath avoided that dangerous ſhelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have ſuffered ſhipwrack, yea, and now he thinks himſelf ſo abſolutly ſafe and ſecure, as he holds it impoſſible, that either his murthering of *Baretano*, or his poiſoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any further ſtorms or tempeſts; but his hopes and joyes will deceive him, for God, who is the infallibe revenger of innocent blood will not ſo leave him, but ere long when he leaſt thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect theſe his foul crimes, but in his Juſtice ſeverely puniſh them; and the Readers curioſity ſhall not go farr to ſee it; for as to a guilty Conſcience, it is the pleaſure of the Lord, that one miſery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, ſo *Albemare*

is no ſooner freed of *Pedro* in *Millan*, but behold he is a freſh intangled and aſſaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murtherer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatons, and alſo run himſelf far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and ſo clap him priſoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to relie on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Millan*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and miſery, and praies him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatons; *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former ſervice; as alſo thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for ſo many Duckatons, as God would have it, he very inconſiderately burns this his Letter, and anſwereth it with ſilence; but he ſhall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiſcretion:

Leonardo having at leaſt fifteen daies expected an anſwer from *Allbemare*, and receiving none, he is extremely incenſed and inraged to ſee himſelf thus ſleighted and forgotten of him, when exaſperated by his miſery, and animated by his extream poverty and indigence, in that he is now inforced to ſell away his apparell, and ſo to uncloth his back, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to requeſt and pray him, but now reſolves to touch him to the quick the which he doth in theſe few lines which he ſends him to *Millan* by a meſſenger of purpoſe.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

IF my firſt Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Ducatons, to free me from this my miſerable impriſonment; I make no doubt but this my ſecond will, for being a Souldier, I give thee to underſtand that I hold it far more generous to hang than ſterve; ſith as a halter is only the beginning of my friends ſorrows; ſo it will likewiſe be the end of my own miſeries; yea, if thou ſpeedily furniſh and accompliſh not my requeſt, although it coſt mee my life, I will no longer conceal, how thou did hire Pedro *and my ſelf, for two hundred Duckatons, to give* Signior Baretano *his death, which at thy requeſt we performed: Think than how near my ſecrecy concerns thy life, ſith when I ſuffer death, I know thou haſt but a ſhort and poor time left thee to ſurvive mee; Therefore thank thy ſelf if thy ingratitude turne my affection into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.*

LEONARDO.

Now, although *Leonardo* mean not as he write, yet this his meſſenger comming to *Millan*, and not finding *Albemare* at his houſe, he knows not (and is reſolute) what to do, either to ſtay his comming in, or to deliver his Letter to ſome of his ſervants; But waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prayes him ſafely to deliver it to his Maſter, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an anſwer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Maſters comming; but he is ſo bad a Husband to himſelf, and ſo diſloyall and unkind a one to his chaſt and fair wife, as he was out all night with his Curtizans, which good and vertuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and ſorrow. Now *Valerio* ſeeing his Maſter abſent, his comming uncertain, and himſelf inforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Maſters ſtudy, that it might be apparant to his eye when he came in, and ſo departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invites the Chriſtian-Reader to admire and wonder at the ſtrange diſcovery and detection of this Letter; for as *Albemare* (more for ſport than charity) kept a man-fool of ſome forty years old in his houſe, who in indeed was ſo naturaly peeviſh, as not *Millan*, hardly *Italy* could match him for ſimplicity. It ſo chanced, that this harmleſs fool gat into the room after *Valerio*, and ſaw him put up this Letter on the Cupboard; Now, as Children and Fools may in ſome ſort be termed Couſin Germain to Apes; ſo as ſoon as *Valerio* was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and ſimplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a ſtool to aſcend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he toſſes and dandles in his hand, as if this new-found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and ſimple thoughts; when, behold our ſweet and vertuous *Clara* comming from Saint *Ambroſe* Church, where ſhe had been to hear *Veſpres*, and ſeeing a fair Letter faſt ſealed in the Fools hand, ſhe enquires of him from whence he had it? who ſinging and hopping, and ſtill playing with the Letter, he could get no other anſwer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had ſent it him, that God had ſent it him*; which ſpeeches of his he often redoubled.

When

When *Clara* weighing his words, and conſidering out of whoſe mouth they came, her heart inſtantly began to grow, and her colour to riſe, as if God and her ſoul prompted her, that ſhe had ſome intereſt in that Letter; whereupon ſnatching it from the Fool, whom ſhe left crying in the Hall for the loſs thereof; ſhe ſeeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there ſitting down in a Chair, and breaking up the ſeals thereof, ſhe begins to read it; but when ſhe draws toward the concluſion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband *Albemare's*, who had cauſed her dear Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murthered; then not able to contain her ſelf for ſorrow, ſhe throws her ſelf on the floor, and weeps and ſighs ſo mournfully, as the moſt obdurateſt and flintieſt heart could not chooſe but relent into pity to ſee her; For ſometimes ſhe look'd up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth, now wringing her hands, and then croſſing her armes, in ſuch diſconſolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewiſe refrain from tears to behold her; when after a deep and profound ſilence, ſhe bandying and evaporating many volleys of far fetcht ſighs into the aire, ſhe commanding *Adriana* forth, the door ſhut; with the two extremities of paſſion and ſorrow, ſhe alone utters theſe mournfull ſpeeches to her ſelf.

And ſhall *Clara* live to underſtand, that her *Baretano* was murthered for her ſake, and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare*? and ſhall ſhe any more lye in bed with him, who ſo inhumanly hath lain him in his untimely and bloody grave? And *Clara*, *Clara*, wilt thou prove ſo ungratfull to his memory, and to the tender affection he bore thee, as not to lament, not to ſeek to revenge this his diſaſtrous and cruell end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her ſighs her tears; ſhe entring into a further conſultation with her thoughts and conſcience, her heart and her ſoul at laſt continues her ſpeech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what ſpeakeſt thou of revenge? for conſider with thy ſelf, yea forget not to conſider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband; the firſt loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the ſecond, and therefore thou muſt love him; and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection; yet ye two are but one fleſh, and therefore conſider, that malice is a bad advocat, and revenge a worſe Judge: But here again remembring that a foul and odious crime, murther was, in the ſight of the Lord, that the diſcovery thereof infinitly tended to his glory and honour; and that the poor Fool was doubtleſs inſpired from Heaven, to affirm that *God* ſent the Letter ſhe knows that her bonds of conſcience to her *Saviour*, muſt exceed and give a Law to thoſe of her duty towards her Husband; and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, ſhe immediatly calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Unkle, *Seignior Giovan de Monteſiore*, and with ſighs and tears ſhews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had moſt curiouſly and exactly hunted to diſcover the murtherers of his Nephew. *Monteſiore* firſt reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commands her zeal and Chriſtian fortitude towards *God*, in ſhewing her how much the diſcovery of this murther tended to his glory; and ſo preſently ſends away for the *Preſident Criminall*; who immediatly repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, ſhews him the Letter, and prayes him to examin the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modeſty and equity he doth, and then returnes with her to her houſe, and there likewiſe examineth the Fool where he had the Letter; who out of his incivility and ſimplicity, takes the *Preſident* by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard tells him; *Here God ſent the Letter, and here I found him*; when *Valerio* being preſent, and imagining by his Ladies heavie and ſorrowfull countenance, that this Letter had, perhaps, brought her into ſome affliction and danger, he looking on the direction of the Letter, as alſo on the ſeal, he reveals both to the *Preſident* and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom ht knew not, and that he left it purpoſely on the Cupboard for his Maſter, againſt his comming. The *Preſident* being fully ſatisfi[illegible] herein, admires at Gods providence, revealed in the ſimplicity of this poor harmleſs Fool in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light, (when knowing that God doth many times raiſe up the fooliſh and weak, to confound the wiſe and mighty things of the world) he preſently grants out a Commiſſion to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the moſt famous Beauties and reputed Curtezans of *Milan*; He, both aſtoniſhed and amazed by the juſt judgments of God, is drawn from his beaſtly pleaſures and adulteries, to priſon; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murthered *Baretano*, he ſtoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Conſcience ringing him many thundring peals of terrour, he there at large confeſſeth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the ſame afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which adminiſtreth matter of talk, and admiration thorowout all *Millan*; when

Serjeants

Sergeants are likewiſe ſent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not ſo much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and miſery.

And now *Albemare* advertiſed of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo's* was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance juſtly befell him for his ſins) he curſed the cruelty of his wife, the ſimplicity of the Fool, but moſt bitterly exclaims againſt the remiſneſs and careleſneſs of his ſervant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cauſe of his death; yea, he is ſo far tranſported with choler againſt him, as although he hath but a few hours to live, yet he vows he will aſſuredly cry quittance with him ere he die.

Now the charity of his Judges ſend him Divines that night in Priſon, to prepare and clear his conſcience, and to confirm and fortifie his ſoul againſt the morn, in his laſt conflict with the world, and her flight and tranſmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiouſly admoniſhing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he ſhould now do well to reveal it; He likewiſe there and then confeſſeth, how he had cauſed his man *Valerio* to poiſon *Pedro* with Wine in Priſon, the very night before he was executed; whereupon this bloody and execrable wretch (according to his helliſh deſerts) is likewiſe apprehended and impriſoned.

And now Gods mercy and Juſtice brings this unfortunate (becauſe irreligious) Gentleman *Albemare*, to receive condign puniſhment for thoſe his two horrible murthers, which he had cauſed to be committed on the perſons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*, who aſcending the Ladder, in preſence of a world of ſpectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world; The ſight and remembrance of his foul crimes, having now made him not only ſorrowfull, but repentant, he briefly delivered theſe few words.

He confeſſeth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the ſtreet, and ſeduced his ſervant *Valerio* to poiſon *Pedro* in Priſon; wherof, with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himſelf, and beſought the Lord to forgive it him; he likewiſe beſought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in reſpect he knew he was the cauſe of their deaths; becauſe he was ſure they ſhould not long ſurvive him. He likewiſe forgave his Fool, as being aſſured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him that had revealed the Letter for his juſt puniſhment and confuſion. And laſtly, he with many tears, forgave his wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by far too vertuous for ſo diſſolute and vile a Husband as himſelf. He blamed himſelf for neglecting to love her, and curſed his Queans and Curtezans, as being the chief cauſe of all his miſeries, when requeſting all that were preſent, to pray for his ſoul, he was turned off.

But his Judges ſeeing that he had added murther to murther, they held it Juſtice to add puniſhment to his puniſhment; and ſo he is no ſooner cut down, but they cauſe his body to be burnt, and his aſhes to be thrown into the air, which is accordingly performed.

Now, becauſe the Lord in his Juſtice, will puniſh as well the Agents, as the Authors of murther; whiles *Albemare* is acting the laſt *Scene* and *Cataſtrophe* of his *Tragedy*; His wretched hireling *Leonardo*, and his execrable ſervant *Valerio* are likewiſe arrained, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their ſeverall murthers of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and ſo the very ſame afternoon they are brought to their Executioners, where *Leonardo* his former life and profeſſion having made him know better how to ſin than repent; he out of a ſouldier-like bravery (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death ſhould terrifie him; begging pardon for his ſins in generall of God and the world, and then bidding the hangman do his office, takes his laſt adiew of the world.

When immediatly *Valerio* aſcends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and ſorrow in his looks; as near as could be obſerved and gathered, ſpake theſe words.

That being poor both in friends and means, the only hope of preferment under his Maſter, made him at his requeſt to poiſon *Pedro* in Priſon; That many times ſince he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very ſoul repents himſelf of it, and beſeeching the Lord to forgive it him, That he was as guilty of his murther, as innocent of *Baretano's*; yea, or of the knowledge thereof, before his Maſter was impriſoned for the ſame; and that as this was his firſt Capitall crime, ſo ſith he muſt now die, he rejoyced it was his laſt, and ſo praying all ſervants to beware by his miſerable example, not to be ſeduced to commit murther, either by their Maſters or the Devill; and beſeeching all that were preſent, to pray for his ſoul, he [illegible]ing and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewiſe turned off.

And

And thoſe were the miſerable (yet deſerved ends) of theſe bloody murtherers; and thus did Gods juſtice and revenge triumph over their crimes, and themſelves, by heaping and raining down confuſion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devill (falſely) made them believe they ſate ſecure; yea, when they leaſt dream'd thereof on earth. Oh that the ſight and remembrance of their puniſhments, may reſtrain and deterr us from conſpiring and committing the like crimes! ſo ſhall we live fortunate, and die happy; whereas they dyed miſerably, becauſe they lived impiouſly and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory, and therein as I think to give ſome ſatisfaction to the curioſity of the Reader, who may perchance deſire to know what became after of the fair and vertuous *Clara*. Why her ſorrows were ſo infinite, and her quality and nature ſo ſorrowfull, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the inceſſant vanities, croſſes and afflictions thereof; ſhe (notwithſtanding the power and perſwaſions of her parents) aſſumes her former reſolution, to retire and ſequeſter her ſelf from converſing with the world, and ſo enters into the *Nunnery* of the *Annunciation* (ſo famous in *Millan*) where for ought I know, or can ſince underſtand to the contrary, ſhe yet lives a penſive and ſolitary Siſter.

GODS

13

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vaſelay *poyſoneth her waiting-maid* Gratiana, *becauſe ſhe is jealous that her Husband* De Merſon *is diſhoneſt with her; whereupon he lives from her: In revenge whereof ſhe cauſeth his man* La Villete *to murther him in a Wood, and then marries him in requitall. The ſaid* La Villete *a year after, riding thorow the ſame Wood, his horſe falls with him, and almoſt kills him, when he confeſſeth the murther of his Maſter,* De Merſon, *and accuſeth his wife* La Vaſſelay *to be the cauſe thereof; So for theſe their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and ſhe burnt alive.*

HOw falſly, nay, how impiouſly do we term our ſelves *Chriſtians*, when under that glorious and ſanctified *Title*, we ſeek to prophane and deface the glory of *Chriſt*, in cruelly murthering our Brethren his members? effects, not of *Zeal* but of Rage; not of *Piety*, but of madneſs, invented by the Devill, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents; lamentable effects, yea, I ſay, bloody and infernall crimes, which ſtill ruine thoſe who contrive, and confound thoſe who finiſh them: For let us but look from *Earth* to *Heaven*, from *Satan* to *God*, from *Nature* to *Grace*, and from our Hearts to our Soules, and we ſhall aſſuredly find it very difficult for us to define, whether *Charity* be a ſweeter *Vertue*, and *Malice* a fouler *Vice*; whether that be more ſecure, or this pernicious, fatall, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent teſtimony of *Gods* ſaving *Grace* towards us, or this of our own inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious ſin, and diſpleaſing ſacrifice in the ſight of *God*, for one ſtranger to kill another; O then, how much more execrable and diabolicall muſt it be, for a *Gentlewoman* to poyſon her waiting-maid, and for a ſervant to piſtoll his Maſter to death, at the inſtigation of the ſame *Gentlewoman* his wife; for murthers, no leſs ingrateſull and cruell, doth this ſubſequent *Hiſtory* report and relate; wherein we ſhall ſee, that *God* in the *triumphs* of his revenging

enging *Juſtice*, and out of ſacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as harp and ſevere, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable. May we then read it to Gods lory, and our own conſolation, which we ſhall aſſuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes n others, and deteſt them in our ſelves.

In the fair and pleaſant City of *Mans*, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of *Maine* in *France*) in the very latter years that the *Marſhall* of *Boyes-Daulphin* was Governour hereof, under the preſent King *Lewis* XIII. his Maſter (there dwelt a *Gentlewoman*, aged threecore and three years, termed *La Vaſſelay*, being well deſcended, and left very rich, (as well n Lands as moveables) by her late deceaſed Husband *Monſieur Froyſet*, who was ſlain in the behalf of the *Queen* Mother, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, aſſaulted and taken by the *King* her Son. Now, although this old Widow *La Vaſſelay* (in reſpect of her *Age*) was farr more fit o ſeek *God* in the *Church*, than a new *Husband* in her bed; yet ſhe is weary of a ſingle life, although it be not fully ſix moneths ſince ſhe hath buried her ſecond Husband; (for the Reader muſt underſtand, ſhe had formerly buried her firſt, at leaſt five and twenty years before, and is now again reſolved to take a third) and albeit ſhe knew that the civility of the Widows in *France* was ſuch, that they ſeldome marry, but almoſt never within the term of a whole year; yet her conceit and fancy thinks it not only lawfull, but fit to break this too auſtere cuſtome; and therefore ſhe peremptorily reſolves to live a wife, and not to die a Widdow. But this reſolution of hers, were ſhe either in the *Summer* or the *Autumn* of her years, had been as excuſable and praiſe-worthy, as now it ſavoured of undecency and inconſtancy, ſith ſhe was in the Winter thereof: For *Age*, deſpight of her *Youth*, and youthfull deſires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new died the colour of the hair from black to white; yea, ſhe was ſo farr from retaining any ſignes or reliques of an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face could not juſtly ſhew any ruines or demolitions thereof; and yet (forſooth) ſhe will marry again. Now her birth and wealth, rather than her Vertues and Perſonage, invite many old Widdowers, and ſome rich *Genlemen* and Counſellours of the famous *Preſidiall* Court of that City to ſeek her in marriage; and indeed, both for Lands and mony, none her inferiours; but at leaſt her equalls, and ſome her betters; But in vain, for the vanity of her thoughts ſuggeſts her, that either ſhe is too young for them; or they too old for her, and therefore he will have none of them; yea, her luſt ſeems ſo youthfully to give a Law to her age, and lie lye to her years, as ſhe caſts off her mourning attire, decks her ſelf up in gay apparell, powders her hair, paints her face, with a reſolution (forſooth) to have no old *Doard*, but a young *Gallant* to her Husband, as if therein ſhe wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times ſee ſuch irregular deſires, and ſuch incontinent deſignes met with unexpected miſery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old *Gentlewoman* and Widow, *La Vaſſelay*, made her ſelf the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*; home comes a young *Gentleman* of this Countrey of *Maine*, termed *Monſieur de Merſon*, from his travell in *Italy*, whoſe Father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monſieur de Manfrelle*, being a Gentleman well deſcended, and rich, and to whom *De Merſon* was ſecond ſon, who in a years abſence in *Italy*, being purpoſely ſent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity, (which is the true eſſence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to ſerve his Prince and Country, as alſo to be a comfort to his age, and a ſecond prop to his Houſe and Linage) he had made ſuch poor and unprofitable uſe of his travells, as forgetting he obtaining of the language, and all generous exerciſes, perfections and qualities (ſo requiſite and gracefull in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing ſo much, nay, in nothing elſe, but o paſs his time with Curtiſans and ſtrumpets, eſpecially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*, where or their ſakes and his laſcivious pleaſures, he built up the greateſt part of his Reſidence; where he ſo prodigally ſpent and exceeded his Fathers exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not loaden with *Vertues* and *Experience*, but with *Vices* and *Debts*; being otherwiſe ignorant n all things which he ſhould know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he ſhould be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby ſet the better counterfeit tincture on himſelf, and falſe luſtre on his *Endowments* and *Proficiencie*, he ſuperficially brought away, or rather borrowed ſome *Italian* Phraſes and complements, which he thought would not only paſs current with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but alſo draw them into admiration, as well of himſelf, as them. When immediatly upon his arrivall, that he might the better ſee and make himſelf ſeen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparrell, both in *L'avall*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*; Yea, there is ſcarce any great feaſt or marriage in all thoſe parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purpoſely invites himſelf thereat, thereby to make himſelf the more conſpicuous

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and apparent to the eyes of the World, eſpecially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whoſe acquaintance and favour he nor only endeavours to initiate, but ſtrives to ingraft himſelf; But his old Father *Manfrelle*, judiciouſly obſerving the vain behaviour, and deportment and carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat, becauſe he had well hoped, that his Travells would have returned him as capable and diſcreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and which is worſe, deboſh'd; ſith he well knew that either of theſe two vices was enough ſufficient and powerfull, not only to ruin his reputation, but his fortunes.

Again, to add more ſorrows to his grief, and more diſcontent to his ſorrows, for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almoſt every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of firſt and ſecond, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his eſtate, or at leaſt his pleaſure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son *De Merſon* aſide, and very ſharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities; vows that he will neither ſell nor morgage his Lands to diſcharge his fooliſh debts, and therfore he bids him look to ſatisfie them, for that he is fully reſolved not to ſee, much leſs to ſpeak with any of his Creditors, how great or ſmall ſoever the ſummes be he ows them. This cooling card of *Manfrelles* makes his Son *De Merſon*, not only bite his lips for ſorrow, but hang his head for anger and vexation, yea, his folly doth ſo eclipſe and overveil his judgment herein, as inſtead of making good uſe hereof, he takes a contrary reſolution, and ſo reſolves to embrace and follow the worſt; for whereas he ſhould have made his pride and prodigality ſtrike ſail, and now rather ſeek to re-integrat himſelf into his Fathers favours, than any way futurely to incenſe or exaſperate him againſt him, he only taking counſell of his *Youth*, *Paſſions*, and *Choler*, (which as falſe and treacherous guides, moſt commonly lead us to miſery and repentance;) again precipitates and ingulphs himſelf afreſh in new debts, both with his *Uſurer*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*, and no longer able to digeſt his Fathers checks and frowns, he very inconſideratly and raſhly packs up his baggage, leaves his houſe, rides to *Mans*, and there reſolves to paſs his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will diſcharge his debts in his abſence, but more eſpecially to become acquainted with the beauties of that City, thereby to obtain ſome rich young heir, or old Widdow for his wife, whoſe eſtate and wealth might ſupport his pride, and maintain his exceſſive prodigality and voluptuouſneſs; and indeed although the two former of theſe his hopes deceive him; yet he ſhall ſhortly find and ſee, that the third and laſt will not.

Living thus in *Mans*, the bravery of his Apparrell and equipage, the freeneſs of his expences, his comely talk, perſonage, black beard, and ſanguine complexion, makes him as ſoon acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen, and farr the more, becauſe they know his Father *De Manfrelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Country of *Maine*, and although he is not his heir, yet in regard he is his ſecond Son, as alſo a Traveller, he was the more honoured and reſpected of all thoſe he frequented; ſo that the very fame and name of *Monſieur de Merſon* began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and becauſe he was a great *Balladine*, or *Dancer*, there was no ſolemn aſſembly, either pupplike or privat, but ſtill *De Merſon* made one; and there was not a reputed beauty, or ſuppoſed courteous Lady in *Mans*, or thereabouts, but ſuch was his vanity, as he ſoon wrought and inſinuated himſelf into her acquaintance and familiarity, the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a ſmall time, the wiſer ſort of the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* of the City found his wit and experience to come infinitly ſhort of his brave Apparrell; yet the more illiterat and ignorant of them (who eſteem all men by their luſtre, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay Apparrell, and the comelineſs of the body, before the exquiſite endowments and perfections of the mind; they hold him in ſo high a repute and eſteem, as they think him to be the moſt abſolute Gallant, not only of *Mans*, but of all the Countrey of *Maine*; ſo eaſie it is to captivat the conceits and judgments of thoſe who only build their judgments in their conceits, and not their conceits in judgment.

And of this rank and number was our old widdow *La Vaſſelay*, who having many times heard of *De Merſons* fame, and comely perſonage, and ſeen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two ſeverall Nuptiall feaſts, where his skill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers, ſhe is ſo farr in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart, ſhe wiſheth ſhe had given half her eſtate and Dowry, conditionally that ſhe were his wife, and he her Husband; yea ſhe is ſo raviſhed with the comlineſs of his feature, and the ſweetneſs of his complexion and countenance, as all the world is not half ſo dear to her as *De Merſon*, nor any man whatſoever by many thouſand degrees, ſo delicious to her eye, and pleaſing to her heart and ſoul, as himſelf. And although ſhe be in the frozen *Zone* of her age, yet her intemperate luſt makes her

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deſires ſo youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reaſon and modeſty (that the beſt virtue of our ſoul, and this the chiefeſt ornament of our body) ſhe a thouſand times wiſheth, that either *De Merſon* were impalled in her arms, or ſhe incloyſtered in his.

But doting (yea I may well near truly ſay) dying old Gentlewoman, is this a time for thee to think of a young husband, when one of thy ol l feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Clymacterical* year of threeſcore and three, art thou yet ſo fraughted with levity, and exempt of continencie, as thou wilt needs ſeek to marry one of five and twenty? Fooliſh *La Vaſſelay*, if it be not now time, yea high time for thee to ſacrifice thy deſires to continency, when will it be, if ever be? Didſt thou reſolve to wed a husband near of thine own age, and ſo to end the remainder of thy daies with him in chaſt and holy wedlock, that reſolution of thine were as excuſable, as this in deſiring ſo young a one, is worthy, not onely of blame, but of reprehenſion, and I may ſay, of pitty. Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, what a prepoſterous attempt and enterpriſe is this of thine, that when thou ſhouldſt finiſh thy daies in devotion and prayer, thou then delighteſt to begin them in concupiſcence and luſt. O *La Vaſſelay*, mock at thoſe rebellious and treacherous pleaſures of the fleſh, which ſeem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any ſpark of thy youth, which lyes burning under the embers of thy age, why if thy chaſt thoughts cannot, yet let modeſty, or at leaſt piety extinguiſh them. God hath already given thee two husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy ſelf to God? Hitherto the chaſtity of thy youth hath made thee happy, and wilt thou now permit that the luſt of thine age make thee unfortunate or peradventure miſerable? and that the purity and candeur of that be diſtained and polluted by the foulneſſe and obſcenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconſiderate Gentlewoman, of a grave Matron, become not a youthfull Giggles; or if thou wilt not ſuffer the eyes of thy body, at leaſt permit thoſe of thy ſoul to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy ſnow-white hair, who can inform and tel thee that thou art far fitter for heaven than earth, ſith thoſe pleaſures are tranſitory, and theſe eternal; for God, than a husband, ſith he only can make thee bleſſed, whereas (in reward of thy laſcivious luſt) this peradventure may be reſerved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewomans thoughts and deſires do ſo violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young, and (as ſhe immodeſtly terms him) fair *De Merſon*, as the onely conſideration of her delight and pleaſure, weighs down all other reſpects; ſo that neither reaſon nor modeſty, advice nor perſwaſion, can prevail with her reſolution to divert her affection from him; but love him ſhe doth, and (which is repugnant, as well to the inſtinct of Nature, as to the influence of Modeſty, and rules of Civility) ſeek him for her husband ſhee will; yea, ſhe is already become ſo fottiſh in her affection, and ſo laſciviouſly fervent in her deſires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her ſoul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity, and this adores him as the onely content and glory of her life: ſhe will not ſee the greatneſs of her own eſtate and wealth, nor conſider the ſmallneſs of his means and hopes, in that he is not an heir, but a ſecond brother; ſhe will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what thoſe may be, what theſe are; ſhe will not think what a prepoſterous diſparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of diſcontents and affl ctions are incident to proceed thereof: ſhe will not conſider, that in endowing him with all her wealth; that ſhe thereby impoveriſheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of thoſe of her two former husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more juſtly and properly belongs; and to conclude and ſh rt up this point, ſhe will not imagine or dream, to how many laughters and ſcandals of the world ſhe expoſeth her ſelf, who will not onely call her diſcretion but her modeſty in q eſtion, for marching with ſo young a Gentleman as *De Merſon*, to whom for ag , ſhe may not onely well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother: But contrariwiſe, this fooliſh old Gentlewoman having ſent her wits a wool-gathering on his ſweet and comly perſonage; his youth and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other reſpects and conſiderations before them: yea, they ſo ſubmerge her reaſon, and q ite drown her diſcretion, as ſhe hath no eyes unſhut to ſee the one, nor eares unſtopped to hear the other, ſo that if ſhe d ſire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is obſerved) that ſhe live to ſee *De Merſon* her husband, and her ſell his wife: which to effect and accompliſh, ſhe knows no better nor fitter *Agent* to employ herein, than one Mounſier *de Pruneau*, an ancient C unſellour of the *Preſidial Court* of that City, who was the only C unſellour both to her laſt husband and her ſelf, and of whoſe diſcretion, integrity and fidelity, ſhe had all the reaſons of the world to reſt confident and aſſured.

Now although the *Wiſdom* and *Experience* of *De Pruneau* ſuggeſted him with what an extreme ineq ality there was betwixt *De Merſons* youth, and *La Vaſſelayes* age, which he could not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer; the Spring and Harveſt:

and therefore how many afflictions and miſeries were ſubject to attend and wait on ſuch prepoſterous marriages, whereof he had formerly ſeen divers lamentable examples and wofull experinces, as well of men as women, who had ſuffered ſhipwrack upon that *Sylla* and this *Charibdis*, he like an honeſt man, and indeed a truer friend to her than ſhe was to her ſelf, produceth ſome of the former alleged reaſons to her conſideration, thereby to divert the ſtream of her ill-grounded affection from *De merſon*, and (in generall tearms) to convey and conduct it to ſome elder perſonage, whoſe years (and therefore their diſpoſitions and affections) might the better agree and ſympathize. But when he ſees that her love to *De Merſon* was ſo firmly and immoveably ſetled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief but her torment to be any way croſſed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language, and becauſe the will not harken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her reſolution, promiſeth her his utmoſt power, and beſt endeavours ſpeedily to effect and compaſs her deſires when taking leave each of other, at laſt *La Vaſſelay* remembring ſhe had forgotten ſomething, cals him again, and prayes him that if *De Merſon* be inquiſitive to know her direct age, that he ſubſtract away at leſt ten years thereof; ſo that whereas ſhe is fixty three to affirm that ſhe is very little above fifty; whereunto ſhe her ſelf bluſhing, *de Pruneau* not able likewiſe to refrain from ſmiling, promiſeth her to be very mindfull thereof. To which end, he (with the firſt conveniencie) finds out *de Merſon*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Madamoyſelle La Vaſſelay*, for her affection to him, layes before him the Nobility of her deſcent and blood, the greatneſs of her Eſtate and means, as alſo the excellency of her vertues; that fifty years is the moſt of her age, and that ſhe is not by farr ſo old, as pleaſing and lovely; that ſhe affects him above all the men in the World, yea, and deſires no man of the world for her Husband but himſelf; and that when he pleaſeth, ſhe deſires the honour of his company to her houſe, with many other intimations and inſinuations conducing that way.

De Merſon having formerly underſtood of *La Vaſſelayes* rich Eſtate and Dowrie, as alſo of the truth of her age, he likes the firſt well, and although he diſtaſt, yet he will diſſemble the ſecond; he thanks *de Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vaſſelay* for her love toward him; promiſeth to requite the firſt, and if her wealth and vertues correſpond with his relation, to deſerve the ſecond; alleging further, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet ſith he is no heir but a ſecond Brother, that it is rather likely than impoſſible for it to be a match betwixt them; and in the mean time to requite part of her affection, he promiſeth to Sup with her the night following at her houſe, where he only deſires his company and aſſiſtance, that they may the more effectually and ſecretly conſult of this buſineſs, which he hopes will ſo much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good; and ſo for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received his pleaſing and diſcreet anſwer from *De Merſon*, he returns with the relation, and repetition thereof to *La Vaſſelay* vows that his exteriour feature is not way anſwerable, but comes far ſhort of his interiour Vertues and diſcretion; and that by all which he either can collect from his ſpeeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is in his conceit the moſt accompliſhed Gentleman, not only of *Maine*, but of *France*; and ſo bids her prepare her Supper, and her ſelf to entertain him the next night. Which anſwer of *De Merſons*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is ſo pleaſing to her heart and thoughts, as her age ſeems to be already raviſhed with joy at the conceit of his youth; when thinking every minute a moneth, and every hour a year, before ſhe be made happy, and her houſe bleſſed with his preſence, ſhe leaves no coſt unſpared, or unſpent, to make his entertainment anſwerable to his welcome; whereof whiles ſhe is not only carefull, but curious in providing, let us curſorily ſpeak a word or two how *De Merſon* entertains and digeſteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vaſſelay*.

He laughes in his ſleeve to ſee her youthfull affections ſo flouriſhing in this *Autumn*, nay, in the *Winter* of her age, as to deſire and ſeek ſo young a Gentleman as himſelf for her Husband; but he underſtands ſhe is exceeeding rich, and therefore reſolves that this vertue is capable to overvalue and ranſome that defect and errour of hers. He ſees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himſelf cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will ſhortly become ſcandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruine his fortunes. He conſidereth how diſpleaſing her age will be to his youth, as alſo that there is no hell comparable to that of a diſcontented bed, and then again, his deboſht and luſtfull thoughts, ſuggeſt him this remedy: That *Mans*, hath beauties enough for him to recreat himſelfe, and to paſs his time with, although ſhe have him ſometimes in her bed, yet he may have younger laſſes & ladies in his armes both when, and were he pleaſeth: He conſideh that rich widdows are not ſo ſoon found as

ſought

ſought, nor ſo ſoon obtained as found; and that if he refuſe *La Vaſſelay* this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the daies of his life; and although his will may, his power ſhall not be able to repair or redreſs this errour of his, all his life after; He is not ignorant that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth are ſubject to be as ſoon loſt as won in a humour; and therefore then loſt, becauſe not then won. Again that the elder ſhe is, the ſooner ſhe will die, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaſeth, and that her wealth would then prove a true prop, and ſweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finiſh this conſultation of his, ſhe is without children to moleſt and trouble him, and therefore to be deſired, ſhe is vertuous, diſcreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deſerves to be accepted and not refuſed.

Upon the grounds of which reaſons and conſiderations, he makes good his promiſe to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to viſit, and ſupp with *La Vaſſelay*; who having purpoſely deckt her ſelf up in her youthfull and gayeſt Apparrell; receives him, with all demonſtrations of affection and joy. At his firſt arrivall he affords her two or three kiſſes, whereat ſhe infinitly both rejoyceth and triumpheth; and in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his deſerts, but his expectation; and believe me it was worth the obſervation, to ſee how ſuperficially his youth looked on her age, and how artificially and luſtfully her age gazed on his youth. Now, by this time Supper is ſerved in, wherin her affection was again diſcovered him in the curioſity and bounty thereof. Where *De Pruneau* to give life to their mirth, tels them both, that he hope this their firſt meeting and interview will produce effects anſwerable to both their contents and deſires; Whereat *De Merſon* cannot refrain from bluſhing, nor *La Vaſſelay* from ſmiling; They are all very pleaſant and jocond at Table, and ſhe to give the better edge and reliſh to his affection, ſtrives to ſeem farr younger than indeed ſhe is, and then he knows her to be; yea, ſhe doth ſo cunningly entermix and diſperſe youthfull ſpeeches amidſt her aged gravity, as if ſhe were not old, or at leaſt, newly made young. Now, whiles ſhe feaſted her eyes on his freſh countenance and fair complexion, he ſends his abroad to look on her plate, rich hangings, and houſhold-ſtuff, wherewith he ſaw her houſe was richly and plentifully furniſhed: Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no ſooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. *De Merſon* kindly and familiarly taking his new old *Miſtris* in his *Armes*, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her beyond her ſelf, both merry and joyfull. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what ſpeeches and complements here paſt betwixt them; becauſe in this, and my future Hiſtories I will follow the ſame method of brevity which I have propoſed and obſerved in my former. Let then his inquiſitive curioſity underſtand, that they parted very lovingly, and affectionatly this firſt time; and *De Merſon* although he were a deboſhed Gentleman, yet he is not ſo ſimple to omit, but rather ſo well adviſed to prie into the true depth, and naked truth of her eſtate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one Widdow have match't themſelves to two thieves, and credulouſly thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very begger; Whereupon he takes three daies reſpite to reſolve, and ſo with ſome kiſſes and many thanks for her affection, and her kind entertainment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her, whoſe fair carriage and diſcreet reſolution in temporizing, *La Vaſſelay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves; So *De Merſon* having ſpent the firſt and ſecond day in ſurveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leaſes of her Lands and houſes, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Mony, Plate, and other moveables; he finds her eſtate to anſwer his expectation and her report, and that ſhe is really worth in Land, ſix thouſand Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at leaſt eighteen thouſand more, he the third day publikly contracts himſelf to her; and having advertiſed his Father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the Widdow, within eight dayes after privatly marryes her, which adminiſtreth cauſe of ſpeech and wonder in and about *Mans*; ſome blaming her of indiſcretion and levity, to match ſo young a Gentleman, others taxing him of folly to marry ſo old a Widdow; ſome extolling and applauding his judgement, in enriching himſelf with ſo great an eſtate; which would not only deface his debts, ſecure his youth and age from the ſtorms of want, and the tempeſts of neceſſity, but alſo in the one and the other maintain him richly, proſperouſly, and gallantly. And others again believing, and preſaging, that this their great inequality and diſparity of years, would either of the one ſide or other, or both, produce many diſcontents and afflictions, inſtead of hoped-for joyes and proſperities. Thus every one ſpeaks differently of this prepoſterous match, according to their paſſions and fancies dictate them; but which of all theſe opinions and judgments ſpeaks trueſt, we ſhall not go farr to underſtand and know.

We have ſeen the conſummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*; *May* to *December*, and young *De Merſon* to old *La Vaſſelay*; in which contract and nuptialls, either of them are ſo vain, and both ſo irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleaſures of their bodies, they have not therein ſo much as once thought of their ſouls, or of Heaven, Yea, God is not ſo much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of marriages are only two; *Gods glory*, and the propagation of children; and becauſe they cannot hope for the ſecond, muſt they therefore needs be ſo impious, as to forget the firſt? *Aye me*, if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodneſs; or how can they flatter themſelves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can poſſibly proſper, when only her aim and end therein is luſt, and his wealth? If a building can ſubſiſt and flouriſh, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may proſper, otherwiſe cannot; for what more rotten, than the beaſtly pleaſures of her luſtfull, and yet decayed age, and what more reeling and fickle than the conſtant inconſtancy of his laſcivious youth? which make my thoughts juſtly fear, and my heart truly preſage and appeehend, that repentance, not pleaſure; affliction, not joy; miſery, not proſperity, is at the heels to attend and follow theſe their Nuptialls; As mark we the ſequell, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merſon hath not been married two whole moneths to *La Vaſſelay*, but he begins to repent himſelf that ever he matched her, far he now ſees, though before he would not, that it is impoſſible for youth to fadge and ſympathiſe with her age, he ſees that ſhe hath a deſcrepit, ſickly and decayed body, and that ſhe is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as alſo of an iſſue in her left arm, which is not only diſpleaſing, but loathſome to him. Yea, when ſhe hath taken off her Ruff and head attire, and dighted her ſelf in her night habiliments, then he vowes he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred cap and waſt-coat; and takes her withred face for a *Vizard* or a *Comet*, which yeelds no delight but terrour, to his eyes, ſwearing that he ſerves only for a bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it ſelf is far colder than a *Marble Statue*; Yea, he is ſo far out of love with her, becauſe, to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her ſight is a plague to him, her preſence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But deboſhed and diſſolute *Gentleman*, theſe vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediatly from *Hell* and *Satan*, and are no way infuſed in thy thoughts by *Heaven* much leſs inſpired in thy heart by God; Conſider, conſider with thy ſelf, that if *La Vaſſelay* be old, yet ſhe is now thy wife, and that whatſoever *De Pranean* or her ſelf informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knoweſt ſhe could not be leſs than ſixty three, and more ſhe is not. In which regard marriage (the holy inſtitution of *Heaven*) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at leaſt thou ſhouldſt reverence it; or if thou canſt not affect her, thou ſhouldeſt not hate her. Hath ſhe imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is ſhe peſtred with diſeaſes, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou haſt vowed in the Temple of the Lord, and in the preſence of him and his people, not only in love, but to honour her; and is thy inconſtancy and impiety already ſuch, as forgetting that promiſe and vow of thine, thou doſt now not only diſhonour, but deſpiſe and contemn her; and that thou only madeſt that vow purpoſely to break it? O *De Merſon*, if thou art not capable of Counſell, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, becauſe ſhe is too old to be thy wife; yet thou ſhouldeſt reſpect and regard her, becauſe ſhe is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence *Age*; ſo it is impiety to diſdain and malign it; and if in any man towards a meer ſtranger, how much more a Husband to his own wife? And becauſe it is eaſier to eſpie our Wives imperfections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife *La Vaſſelay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is becauſe ſhe loves thee too well, and affects the to dearly.

We have ſeen *De Merſons* diſtaſt of his wife *La Vaſſelay*, Let us now ſee how ſhe likes, or rather why ſhe ſoon diſlikes him; for he bears himſelf ſo ſtrangely, and withall, ſo unkindly towards her, as her deſires of his youth come far ſhort both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wanteth ſix from her; is ſtill abroad and ſeldom or never at home with her; yea, he is of ſuch a gadding humour, and ranging diſpoſition, and his thoughts and delights are tranſported elſewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her ſelf; and the vanity of his pleaſures do ſo far ſurprize and captivate him, that he is already become ſo vitious, as he makes day his night, and night his day, living rather like a voluptuous Epicure, than a temperate or Civill Chriſtian; Neither, quoth ſhe, is it jealouſie but truth which makes her prie ſo narrowly into ſuch lewd and laſcivious actions, wherein the further ſhe wades, the more cauſe ſhe finds both of grief and vexation, which makes her wiſh, ſhe had been blind when ſhe firſt ſaw him; and either he or her ſelf in Heaven, when they ſo unfortunately marryed each other here upon Earth.

How

How now fond and fooliſh old *Gentlewoman*, are thy joyes ſo ſoon converted into ſorrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou haſt juſt cauſe to thank none but thy ſelf for theſe thy croſſes and afflictions; ſith thy luſtfull and lacivious deſires were not only the authour, but the procurer of them; for hadſt thou been more modeſt, and leſs wanton, thou mighteſt have apparently ſeen, and providently foreſeen, that *De Merſons* youth was too young for thy age, becauſe thy age was too old for his youth; ſo that hadſt thou been then but half ſo ſtayed and wiſe, as now thou art ſorrowfull, thou needeſt not grieve for that which thou canſt not redreſs, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But raſh and inconſiderat woman, how comes this to paſs, that thou art ready to entertain jealouſie, when death ſtands ready to entertain thee? Could all the courſe of thy former yeers be ſo happy, not to be acquainted with this vice, and doth now thy frozen age think it a vertue to admit and imbrace it? Ay me, I grieve to ſee thy folly, and lament to underſtand thy madneſs in this kind: for what is jealouſie, but the rage of our thoughts, and brains, the diſturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happineſs, the traitour to our judgment and underſtanding, the plague of our life, the poyſon of our hearts, and the very bane and Canker of our ſoules? Jealouſie, why, it is the daughter of frenzie, and the Mother of madneſs, it is a vice purpoſely ſent from hell to make thoſe wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not; yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more eaſie to admit, or difficult to expell, being admitted. But *La Vaſſelay*, expell it thou muſt, at leaſt, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to die miſerable. Wert thou as young as aged, thy jealouſie might have ſome colour and excuſe in meeting with the cenſures of the world; whereas now not deſerving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as thoſe women are both wiſe and happy, who wink at the youthfull eſcapes of their Husbands; ſo thy jealouſie makes thee both meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, becauſe thou wilt be ſo fooliſh to eſpie, and ſo malicious to remember theſe of thine. Is *De Merſon* given and addicted to other women? why pardon him, becauſe he is a young man; and as hee is thy Husband, and thou his wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envie.

Thus we ſee upon what fatall and ominous tearms theſe late married couple now ſtand; *De Merſons* youth ſcorning and ſpurning at his wife *La Vaſſelay*'s age, and wholly addicting himſelf to others, and her age growing infinitly jealous of his youth; ſo that for any thing I ſee or know to the contrary, theſe different vices have already taken ſuch deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the ſhipwrack of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for us to find out the particular object of *La Vaſſelay*'s jealouſie, as her fooliſh curioſity hath already the generall cauſe, we muſt know, that ſhe hath a very proper young *Gentlewoman* who atteuds her, of ſome eighteen years of age, tearmed *Gratiana*, of a middle ſtature, ſomewhat enclining to fatneſs, having a freſh ſanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair, ſhe being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this *Gratiana*, ſhe fears her Husband is more familiar than either modeſty or chaſtity can permit; and yet ſhe hath only two poor reaſons for this, her credulity and jealouſie, and God knows they are poor and weak ones indeed; The firſt is, that ſhe thinks her own withred face ſerves only but as a foyl, to make *Gratiana*'s freſh beauty ſeem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The ſecond is, that ſhe once ſaw him kiſs her in her preſence in the Garden, when ſhe brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and triviall reaſons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealouſie on, or to invent and raiſe ſo foul a ſcandall and calumny; and yet not to ſuppreſs, but to report the whole truth, *De Merſon* was laſciviouſly in love with *Gratiana*, had often tempted her defloration, but could never obtain her conſent thereunto; for ſhe was as chaſt as fair, and impregnable either to be ſeduced by his gifts and preſents, or to be vanquiſhed and won by his treacherous promiſes, proteſtations, and Oaths: for ſhe told him plainly and peremptorily, when ſhe ſaw him begin to grow importunate, and impudent in this his folly, That although ſhee were but a poor Gentlemans daughter, yet ſhe thanked God, that her Parents had ſo vertuouſly train'd her up in the School of *Honour*, that ſhe would rather die, than live to be a Strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the World; which chaſt anſwer, and generous reſolution of hers, did then ſo quench the flames of his laſcivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his luſt into love towards her, and vowed, that he would both reſpect and honour her as his Siſter. Now although they both keep the paſſage of this buſineſs ſecret from his wife her Miſtris, yet notwithſtanding, as it is the nature of Jealouſie, not to hearken to any reaſon, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore ſhe is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* more oftner than with her ſelf; which ſhe vowes ſhe cannot digeſt, and will no longer tolerat. To which end, (with a moſt malicious and ſtrange kind

of treachery) ſhee makes fair weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day ſtedfaſtly in her face, ſhe tells her, that ſhe hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Fever; whereunto, although chaſt and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, ſhe notwithſtanding willingly conſents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vaſſelay* (like a baſe Miſtris, and a treacherous ſtep-dame) ſends for an Apothecary, named *Rennee*, gives him a watchword in his ear, to draw at leaſt ſixteen Ounces of blood from *Gratiana*, for that ſhe was ſtrongly entred into a burning Fever; But he being as honeſt as ſhe was treacherous and cruell, told her, that the drawing of ſo great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impair her health, but endanger her life. But ſhe replies, it was ſo ordered by a *Doctor*, whereupon he opens her right-arm veyn; and as he had near drawn ſo much from this poor harmleſs young Gentlewoman, ſhe faints twice in a chair betwixt their armes, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly refetch her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag ſtill notwithſtanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reaſon for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed ſhe thought it not enough, or ſufficient to quench the unquenchable thirſt and flame of her jealouſie; of which this is the firſt effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman, but we ſhall not go farr to ſee a ſecond.

Gratiana is ſo farr from dreaming of her Miſtris jealouſie toward her Maſter, and her ſelf; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as ſhe thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after *De Merſon* dyning at home with his old wife, (which he had not done in many dayes before) and ſeeing *Gratiana* look ſo white and pale, demands her if ſhe be not well, and then queſtioneth his wife what ayles her Gentlewoman to look ſo ill, which ſhe ſeems to put off with a feigned excuſe; but withall (as if this care of her Husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their diſhoneſty, and her jealouſie) ſhe retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is ſo frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as ſhe cannot, ſhe will not any longer ſuffer or endure this affection of her Husband to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana*'s youth ſhall wrong *La Vaſſellay*'s age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore caſting ſad aſpects on him, and malignant looks on her, ſhe to pleaſe and give ſatisfaction to her jealouſie (which cannot be pleaſed or ſatisfied with any thing but revenge) reſolves to make her know what it is, for a waiting-Maid to offend and wrong her Miſtris in this kind; when not to diminiſh, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her, Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves which abound in thoſe vaſt and ſpacious woods of *Maine*, ſhe under pretence of ſome other buſineſs, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, ſhe with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choler in her ſpeeches, chargeth her of diſhoneſty with her Husband; calling her whore, ſtrumpet, and baggage; affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor *Gratiana* both amazed and affrighted at this ſudden and furious, both unexpected and undeſerved alarum of her *Miſtris*, ſeeing her honour, and (as ſhe thinks and fears) her life called in queſtion, ſhe after a world of ſighes and tears, cearms her accuſers Devils and witches, vowes by her part in Heaven, and upon the perill of her own ſoul, that ſhe is innocent of that crime whereof ſhe accuſed her, and that neither in deed or thought, ſhe was ever diſhoneſt, or unchaſt with any man of the world, much leſs with her Maſter. But this will not ſatisfie incenſed *La Vaſſelay*, neither are theſe ſpeeches or tears of *Gratiana* of power to paſs current with her jealouſie; but reputing them falſe and counterfeit, ſhe calls in her Chamber-maid, and Cook-maid, whom ſhe had purpoſely led there, and bids them unſtrip *Gratiana* naked to her waſte, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed poſt, which with much repining and pitty, they are at laſt inforced do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, ſhe not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great burchen rod, doth not only raze but ſcarifie her armes, back and ſhoulders; when harmleſs ſoul, ſhe (though in vain) having no other defenſive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cries aloud to Heaven and Earth for ſuccour. But this old Hag as full of malice as jealouſie, hath no compaſſion of her cries, or pitty of her ſighs; yea neither the ſight of her tears, or blood, (which trickling down her cheeks, and ſhoulders, doth both bedew, and ingrain her Smock) are of power to appeaſe her fury and envy, untill having ſpent three rods, and tyred and wearied both her armes, ſhee in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her theſe bitter and ſcoffing words; *Minion this, this is the way, yea the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy luſt*; When calling in her two maids, ſhe commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to help on her cloaths. Whentriumphing in her cruelty, ſhe furiouſly departs and leaves them; who

cannot

cannot retrain from tears, to ſee how ſeverely and cruelly their *Miſtris* had handled this her poor *Gentlewoman.*

Gratiana, the better to remedy theſe her inſupportable and cruell wrongs, holds it diſcretion to diſſemble them, and ſo providing her ſelf ſecretly of a horſe and man, ſhe the next night ſteals away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her Father at *Nogent le Retrou*, where he was ſuperintendant of the *Prince of Condes* houſe and Caſtle in that Town; and where the *Princeſs Dowager* his mother built up the greateſt part of her ſorrowfull Reſidence, whiles he was detained priſoner in the Caſtle of *Boys de Vincennes* near *Paris*. *La Vaſſelay* grives at this her ſudden, and unexpected departure, the which ſhe fears her Husband *De Merſon*, and her Father *Monſieur de Bremay* will take in ill part; wherein ſhe is no way deceived, for the one grieves, and the other ſtorms thereat; yea, when *De Merſon* (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his wives cruell whipping of *Gratiana*, as alſo the cauſe thereof, her jealouſie, He juſtly incenſed and enraged, flies to this his ſottiſh and cruell wife, tels her, that jealouſie comes from the Devill, whoſe part he affirmes ſhe hath acted, and acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, then whom their lives not a chaſter maid in the world; That although ſhe were poor, yet, that ſhe was as well deſcended as herſelf. In which regard, if ſhe did not ſpeedily right and redeem her wrongs, and ſeek means to pacifie and recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forſake her; which cooling-card of his to his wife, makes her look on her former erroneous cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grief, than inward repentance. But ſeeing that her jealouſie muſt now ſtoop and ſtrike ſail to her Husbands *Choler*, and that to enjoy his company, ſhe muſt not be exempted and deprived of hers; ſhe contrary to her deſire and will, (which ſtill retaines the fumes and flames of jealouſie, as that doth of revenge) is inforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, and ſo to bear up with the time, ſubſcribes herſelf repentant and ſorrowfull for that ſhe had formerly done to *Gratiana*; ſhe to recommend her, buyes her ſo much wrought black Taffety for a Gown, and ſo much Crimſon Damask for a Petticoat, and with a bracelet of Pearl which ſhe accuſtomed to wear upon her right arme, ſhe ſends it to *Nogent* to her by *La Vilette*, a *Gentleman* of her Husbands, and accompanieth it with a Letter to her Father, *Monſieur de Bremay*, which contained theſe words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

HAving vindicated Truth *from* Error, *and metamorphoſed* Jealouſie *into* Judgment, *I find that I have wronged thy* Gratiana, *wherefore I grieve with contrition, and ſorrow with repentance, ſith my Husbands vowes and Oaths have fully cleared her* Honour *and* Chaſtity, *which my fooliſh incredulity and fear raſhly attempted both to ecclips and diſparage; in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy ſelf to forget that wrong, I earneſtly deſire her ſpeedy return by this bearer, and ye both ſhall ſee, that I never formerly hated her ſo much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now ſent her ſome ſmall tokens of my affection; and ere long ſhe ſhall find greater effects and teſtimonies thereof, for knowing her to be as chaſt as fair; In this* De Bremay *I requeſt thee to reſt confident, that as ſhe is now thy daughter by* Nature, *ſo ſhe ſhall be henceforth mine by adoption.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* theſe kind tokens from her *Miſtris La Vaſſelay*; his choler, and her grief and ſorrow is ſoon defaced and blown away; ſo he well ſatisfied, and ſhe content and pleaſed, he ſends her back from *Nogent* to *Mans* by *La Villette*, by whom he writes this enſuing Letter to his *Miſtris La Vaſſellay* in anſwer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THy Letter hath given me ſo much content and ſatisfaction, as thy undeſerved cruelty to my daughter Gratiana *did greif and indignation. And had ſhe been guilty of that crime, wherof thy fear made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my Daughter, and deprived her of my ſight: for as her* Vertues *are her beſt wealth, and her* Honour *her chiefeſt revenew; ſo if ſhe had failed in theſe, or faltred in this, I ſhould then have joyned with thee to hate her, as I do now to love her: But her* Tears *and* Oaths *have cleared her innocency, and in hers, thy Husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy profeſſed kindneſs, ſhe forgetting, and I forgiving things paſt, I now return her thee by thy ſervant* La Villette; *hoping that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted* Daughter, *yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and obſervant Handmaid,*

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's

Gratiana's hopes, and his Fathers credulity of *La Vaſſelay*'s future affection towards her, as alſo her gifts and promiſes, ſo farr prevail with them, as ſhe is now returned to her, from *Nogent* to *Mans*. But I fear ſhe had done farr better to have ſtill remained with her Father; for ſhe might conſider, and he know, what little ſafety, and apparent danger there is to rely upon the favour of an incenſed jealouſie. *La Vaſſelay* (in all outward ſhew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expreſſions of love, and demonſtrations of joy, thereby to pleaſe her Huſband; who indeed likes ſo well of her return, as he likes his wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to humane conceit and ſenſe, all three parties are reconciled and ſatisfied, as if *La Vaſſelay*'s jealouſie had never heretofore offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*; or as if he had never known the one nor ſhe felt the other. But we ſhall not go farr to ſee this calm oretaken with a tempeſt, and this Sunſhine ſurpriſed with a diſmall and diſaſtrous ſhower.

For three moneths were not fully expired, ſince *Gratiana*'s return to *Mans*, but *La Vaſſelayes* old jealouſie of her, and her Husband *De Merſon*, which ſeemed to be ſuppreſſed and extinguiſhed, doth now flaſh and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuoſity; yea, he cannot look on *Gratiana*, much leſs ſpeak to her, but preſently this old jealous Beldame in her heart and thoughts proclaimes them guilty of Adultery; whereat ſhe indiſcreetly ſuffers her ſelf to be ſo farr tranſported with *Indignation* and *Envy*, as ſhe vows ſhe will no longer tolerate or digeſt it. And now it is that like a fury of hell ſhe firſt aſſumes damnable and execrable reſolutions, not only againſt the Innocency, but againſt the life of innocent and harmleſs *Gratiana*; who poor ſoul is the nearer her danger, in reſpect ſhe holds her ſelf fartheſt from it; yea, this jealous old Hag, this Fury, nay, this ſhe Devill *La Vaſſelay*, hath not only conſulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that ſhe will ſpeedily ſend *Gratiana* into another world; becauſe her youth ſhall no longer abuſe and wrong her age in this. When forgetting her ſelf, her ſoul, and her God, thereby purpoſely to pleaſe her ſenſes, her jealouſie, and her Tutor the Devill, ſhe vows, that no reſpect of Reaſon or Religion, no conſideration of Heaven or Hell, ſhall be capable to divert her from diſpatching her; yea, and as if ſhe not only rejoyced, but glorified in this her pernitious and bloody deſign, ſhe thinks every hour a year before ſhe hath performed it; To which end, providing her ſelf of ſtrong poyſon, and watching, and catching at the very firſt opportunity, as ſoon as ever *Gratiana* found her ſelf not well, ſhe under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her ſome white-broth, wherein infuſing and intermixing the aforeſaid poyſon, ſhe (graceleſly and cruelly) gives it her, the which within ſix daies, fainting and languiſhing, makes a perpetuall divorce and ſeparation betwixt her ſoul and her body, leaving this to deſcend to earth, and that to aſcend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this helliſh and execrable *La Vaſſelay*, for ſo inhumanly and cruely murthering this her harmleſs and innocent waiting-Gentlewoman *Gratiana*.

De Merſon underſtanding of *Gratiana*'s death, almoſt as ſoon as of her ſickneſs, he very ſorrowfully bites the lip thereat; for conſidering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts ſuggeſt him, and his heart and ſoul prompts him, that his wife *La Vaſſelay* had undoubtedly occaſioned her death, and ſo metamorphoſed her jealouſie into murther; yea, and notwithſtanding the fair and ſorrowfull ſhew which ſhe puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premiſes conſidered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear; when grieving at the cruelty of this diſaſter, and abhorring the author of ſo monſtrous and bloody a fact, the very ſight of this his old wretched wife is odious, and the remembrance of this her cruell crime, deteſtable and execrable unto him. Again, when he conſidereth *Gratiana*'s beauty and chaſtity, and that ſhe was ſent to her untimely Grave for his ſake, this doth not only redouble his ſorrows, but infinitly augment and increaſe his afflictions, ſo that beginning to fear his wives envy, as much as he hated her jealouſie, in that it was not only poſſible, but likely, that it might alſo futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmleſs and innocent *Gratiana*, he aſſumes a reſolution to leave and forſake her, the which ſhe ſhall ſhortly ſee him put in execution; when the better to curb and vex her, he ſecretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leaſes, and Conveyances, as alſo, all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richeſt Houſhold-ſtuff; and ſo giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance, very ſuddenly (when ſhe leaſt expected or dreamt therof) takes horſe and rides home to his Fathers, where he reſolves to make the greateſt part of his reſidence; and all the tears and prayers of his wife, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vaſſelay ſeeing the unkindneſs of her Husband *De Merſon*, in making her a Widdow, almoſt as ſoon as a Wife; as alſo his ingratitude, in depriving her of the uſe and fruition of her own Eſtate and means, and leaving her ſo poor an allowance as could ſcarce

warrant

ſcarce warrant her a competent maintenance, ſhe is almoſt ready to die for meer grief and ſorrow thereof, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not; And now ſhe repents her folly and indiſcretion, in matching her aged ſelf to ſo young a man as *De Merſon*; now ſhe doth not only accuſe, but condemn her own jealouſie, which drew her to this foul fact of murthering her harmleſs, and as ſhe now believes her innocent Wayting-maid *Gratiana*; for which, this ingratefull departure, and hard uſage of her Husband, is but the leaſt, and as ſhe tearms it, but the forerunner of greater puniſhments, which God hath ordained and reſerved for her; yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and ſoul, to ſee her ſelf made the mocking-ſtock and laughter of all *Mans* and *Maine*, who rather excuſe he Husbands youth, than any way pitty or commiſerate her age; and to ſee that the friends of her proſperity turn their backs and faces to her, in her affliction and poverty; and if ſhe have any hope yet left, to aſſiſt and comfort her in theſe her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclame her Husband to her by letters; when taking pen and paper, ſhe within a month of his departure ſends him theſe few lines:

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

SInce at thy requeſt I both recanted my Jealouſie *to thy ſelf, and repented my* cruelty *to my maid* Gratiana, *what have I committed or done, that ſhould deſerve this thy ingratefull, and as I may truly ſay, Heart-killing departure? for having made a moſt exact* Scrutiny *in my thoughts and ſoul, either of them inform me, and both aſſure me, that the freeneſs and fervency of my affection, towards thee, deſerved not ſo cruell but a farr more courteous requitall. If my Age be any way diſpleaſing to thy youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy ſight and preſence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou ſurfeit with my wealth, yet make me not ſo miſerable, as to ſtarve both in and for thy preſence. If any have given thee any ſiniſter or falſe impreſſions, either of my ſelf or actions; why if thy affection to me will not deface them, at leaſt let thy pity: Yea, return my ſweet and dear* Husband, *and what errors or faults ſoever thou ſaieſt I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kiſſes, but with tears.*

LA VASSELAY.

De Merſon having received this his wives Letter, it works ſuch poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce than commiſerat her eſtate and ſorrows; yea, he ſo ſleights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have anſwered her Letter with ſilence; but at laſt he (ſome eight daies after) returns her this anſwer.

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

WHat hope can I have of thy Affection, *when I ſee thou art inviolably conſtant to thy* Jealouſie? *and if the* Scrutiny *of thy thoughts and ſoul be as true as thou pretendeſt, yet I fear, that this Jealouſie of thine, is not the greateſt, but the leaſt of thy crimes. Thou writeſt to mee, that I give a cruell requitall to thy affection, but pray* God, *thou have not given a more ſharp and inhumane one to* Gratiana's *ſervice and* Chaſtity. *Neither is it thy* Age, *but thy* Imperfections *and* Vices, *which are both diſpleaſing and odious to my youth; for I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digeſt theſe with impoſſibilities. If thou wantſt means, I will grant thee more; but for my preſence, I have many reaſons to deny thee. I know none but thy ſelf, which hath given mee any impreſſions of thy actions; and if thoſe were falſe, they would prove thy true happineſs, as now they do thy miſery, which, my affection doth pity though cannot redreſs it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return; and ſith thy faults and errors are beſt known to thy ſelf, let thy repentance redeem them towards* God; *for neither thy kiſſes nor tears, can or ſhall to me.*

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merſon* to his wife *La Vaſſelay*, is ſo farr from comforting, as it doth extreamly afflict her; And although his diſcontents be ſuch, as ſhe ſees it almoſt impoſſible to reconcile and reclaim him; yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her ſolitary and diſconted life, ſhe yet hopes, that a ſecond Letter may obtain that of him, which her ſelf could not; when ſix moneths time being now ſlipt away ſince his departure, ſhe feigning her ſelf ſick, writes unto him again to this effect.

LA VAS SELAY to DE MERSON.

THy abſence hath ſo deprived my joyes, and ingendred my ſorrows, that ſickneſs threatens my life to be neer her period; So among a world of diſcontentments, let me yet bear this one Content to my grave, that I may once more ſee thee, whom ſo tenderly I both deſire, and long to ſee; and if I cannot be ſo happy as to live, at the leaſt make me ſo fortunate, as to die in thine Armes; which I know not not whether it be a greater Charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny mee this requeſt of mine; For my dear De Merſon, *if thou wilt not be pleaſed to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember that I am thy wife; and withall that as I deſire thy return, ſo that I have not deſerved thy departure; But if thou wilt ſtill be inexorable to my requeſts, theſe Lines of mine, which I writ thee, rather with Tears than Ink, ſhall bear witneſs betwixt thy ſelf and me, of my Kindneſs, of thy Cruelty, and how my Life ſought thy Affection, though my Death could neither find, nor obtain it.*

LA VASS ELAY.

De Merſon reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is ſo inſenſible of her Lines, Requeſts and Tears, as if another had ſent him news of her dearh, as ſhe her ſelf did of her ſickneſs, it had been farr more pleaſing, and better welcome to him. but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth ſave her labour to write him any more Letters, and himſelf to receive and peruſe them, he returnes her this ſharp and bitter anſwer.

DE MERSON to LA VASS ELAY.

IT is thy Errour, not my Abſence, which hath exchanged thy Joyes into Sorrows; and if thy life draw neer her period, they cannot be farr from theirs. My ſight is a poor content for thee to bear to thy grave, ſith as a Chriſtian, *thou ſhouldeſt delight to ſee none but thy* Saviour, *nor be Ambitious to live in any armes but his; and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy* Huſband *I grant, and that thou art my* Wife *I not deny: but yet I fear thy heart knows though thy Pen affirmes the contrary, that I have farr more reaſon for my departure, than thou to deſire my return. And if thou wilt yet know more, if the Ink wherewith thou writeſt thy Letter be Tears, pray God thou didſt not bedew* Gratiana's *Winding-ſheet and Coffin, both with her tears and blood; for badſt thou not been cruelly, yea, inhumane to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, live as happy, as I fear her death will make thee die miſerable.*

DE MERSON.

The receit and peruſall of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment *La Vaſſelay*; for the remembrance of *De Merſon* his ſuſpition and apprehenſion that ſhe had a hand in the death of *Gratiana*, doth, as it were, pierce her heard, as well with fear as ſorrow; For as her poverty lay before at his mercy, ſo now ſhe knows doth her life; and that ſith he will not love her, he may chance ſo maligne and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to ſecure her ſelf, and to warrant the ſafety of her life, ſhe ſoon exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealouſie into envie towards him; yea her enraged and incenſed thoughts, ingender and imprint ſuch bloody deſignes of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the fear and grace of God, ſhe impiouſly concludes a match with the Devill, to diſpatch and murther him; and from which bloody and damnable deſign, no regard of God or her ſoul, nor reſpect of *Heaven* or *Hell*, can, or ſhall divert her; when overpaſſing a ſmall parcell of time, wherein ſhe ruminated and pondered, how he ſhould ſend him from this life to another; at laſt her malicious curioſity makes her thoughts fall on *La Vallette*, being his Gentleman, who ſtill followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and inſtrument to finiſh this bloody buſineſs, which ſo much imported her content and ſafety, grounding her reaſons upon the greatneſs of his heart and mind, and the weakneſs of his Purſe and means; as if poverty were a ſufficient cauſe and privilege to commit ſo treacherous and bloody a fact; When knowing him to be then in *Mans*, receiving up his Maſters Rents, ſhe ſends for him; to whom (the door bolted) ſhe tells him ſhe is to requeſt his ſecrecy in a buſineſs which infinitly tends to his good. He promiſeth it her; but ſhe will have him ſwear thereunto, which he doth; when with ſighs and tears making a bitter invective, and recapitulation of her Husband, his Maſters undeſerved indignity and cruelty towards her; ſhe then and there, makes a propoſition to him, to murther him for her; and that ſhe will give him a thouſand Crowns to effect it. *La Vallette* ſeeing the greatneſs of the danger in that of the crime, ſeems not only diſcontented, but a amazed

hereat

hereat; for although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchaſe it at ſo dear a rate, and baſe and damnable a price as that of his Maſters blood; when ſeeing ſhe could not prevail, ſhe again puts him in mind of his oath to ſecrecy; which he again vows never to infringe or violate; and withall, like a good ſervant, ſeeks to diſſwade and divert her from ſuch bloody thoughts and attempts. Had *La Villette* remained in the purity and candeur of this his Religious and Chriſtian Reſolution, not to imbrue or diſtain his hands in the innocent blood of his Maſter, it would have made him as happy, as we ſhall ſhortly ſee him miſerable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propenſion and reſolution to *Vertue*, breeds not only *Honour*, but ſafety; ſo the contrary effects thereof produce not only ſhame, but miſery. To foreſee ſin, is a pious wiſdom; but to prevent and eſchew it, is alwayes a moſt wiſe and bleſſed piety.

And whereas *time* ſhould rather decreaſe than increaſe, and rather root out, than plant *Malice* in our thoughts, and *Envy* in our reſolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vaſſelay* to her Husband *De Merſon*, doth not die, but live, will not fade, but flouriſh; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* again in *Mans*, her malice unto her Huſband is ſo inveterate and implacable, as ſhe again ſends for him to her houſe, where (in great ſecrecie and intended affection) ſhe tels him, that if he will murther his Maſter, ſhe within ſix moneths will marry him in requitall, and not only live his faithfull wife, but die his obedient and conſtant hand-maid. Now, although her firſt profer of a thouſand crowns could not procure of *La Villette*, theſe her ſugred ſpeeches, which ſhe intermixeth with kiſſes, and the conſideration of ſo many thouſands, which her eſtate not only promiſeth, but aſſureth, doth; ſo as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable villain) ſwears to her to effect it; which wretched Verball contract, they interchangeably ſeal with Oathes and kiſſes, which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their ſalvations) they ſhould have deteſted with horrour, and abhorred with detſtation. Neither will his malice (or the Devill the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or deferr it: for having reſolved to murther him as he rides abroad; his Maſter on a time being invited to a generall hunting, by the *Baron* of Saint *Suſanna* (Son and heir to *Mounſieur de Varennes*) at his ſaid Town of *Suſanna*, as he came riding homewards towards his Fathers houſe of *Manfrelle*, he in the midſt of a great Wood, near unto the ſmall village of Saint *Georges*, riding behind his Maſter, diſchargeth his Piſtoll, loden with a brace of bullets, thorow his reynes, which makes him inſtantly fall off dead from his horſe to the ground. When this helliſh ſervant *La Villette*, ſeeing his Maſter devoyd of breath, and groveling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a ſinfull Devill, in committing this cruell murther, now reſolves to aſſume and repreſent that of a ſubtill Hypocrite in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both aſſaulted, and his Maſter ſlain by thieves, he to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Piſtoll again with another brace of Bullets, and ſhoots thorow his own hat, gives himſelf a cut ore his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier, takes his own Piſtoll, and his Maſters Rapier, and throws it into a Pond cloſe adjoyning; takes likewiſe his Maſters Purſe and Watch out of his pocket, and hides it ſecretly; and then the more cunningly and knaviſhly to bleer and deceive the eyes of the World, thereby to make this his hypocriſie paſs the currenter, he having purpoſely provided himſelf of two ſmall cords; with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty ſlight) ſlips therein his armes behind his back, and then ſetting himſelf againſt a Tree, he very pitifully weeps, groans, and cries out upon the thieves and murtherers of his Maſter *De Merſon*; when three Gentlemen of Brittain, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repair to his aſſiſtance, whom they find out by his cries; to whom he relates, that five thieves had aſſaulted his Maſter and himſelf, that fought in the defence as long as his Sword held; that his Maſter was killed with a Piſtoll, then robbed, and himſelf ſhot thorow, and wounded, and bound as they ſaw. When theſe three *Britiſh Gentlemen*, grieving at this mournfull accident, and bloody ſpectacle, they inſtantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound, and ſo having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the Wood to find out theſe thieves and murtherers, but in vaine: ſo *La Villette* having thanked theſe Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Maſter, and living ſelf, H: with a wonderfull exteriour ſhew of ſorrow, takes care for the ſpeedy and decent tranſporting home of his breathleſs Maſter to *Manfrelle*; where his mournfull Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation and tears.

In the mean time, this murtherous *La Villette* gives privat intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vaſſelay*, who although ſhe inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to ſee her ſelf freed of ſo unkind and ingratefull a Husband; yet publikely to the eye of the World (thereby the better to delude and deceive the World) ſhe contrariwiſe takes on blacks, ſeeming to be exceedingly mournfull, penſive and ſorrowfull thereat; but *God will* ſhortly

diſcover

diſcover the falſhood of theſe her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the maſk of this her diſſembling and treacherous Hypocriſie: For as *Mans*, *Laval*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Towns and Countries grieve at this lamentable Murther of *De Merſon*: ſo they as much admire and wonder to ſee his old widow *La Vaſſelay* ſo ſhortly married and eſpouſed to his Gentleman *La Villette*, whoſe Nuptials are celebrated and conſummated far within the term of ſix months after. For the curious wits of theſe Cities and Countries, conſidering what a prepoſterous courſe & reſolution this was for her to marry her Husbands man, and withall ſo ſoon; as alſo that there was none other preſent but himſelf, when his maſter *De Merſon* was murthered, it is umbragious, and leaves a fear and ſting of ſuſpition in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known, and therefore knowing no more, they defer the detection thereof to the providence and pleaſure of God, who beſt, yea, who only knows in heaven how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit theſe their cruel and bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive condign puniſhment; and for want of other evidence and witneſſes, they themſelves ſhall be witneſſes againſt themſelves. And although *La Vaſſelayes* poyſoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villettes* piſtolling of his Maſter *De Merſon*, were cunningly contrived, and ſecretly perpetrated; yet we ſhall ſee the laſt of theſe bloody murthers, occaſion the diſcovery and detection of the firſt, and both of them moſt ſeverely and ſharply puniſhed for theſe their bloody crimes and horrible offences. The manner is thus:

Theſe two execrable wretches, *La Villette* and *La Vaſſelay* have not live married above ſome ſeven or eight moneths, but he being deeply in Law with *Mounſieur De Manfrelle*, his Predeceſſors Father, for the detention of ſome lands and writings, he takes an occaſion to ride home to his houſe of *Manfrelle* to him, to conferre of the differences, and by the way falls into the company of ſome Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, who were returning from the Fair of *Chartres*; when riding together for the ſpace of almoſt a whole dayes journey, the ſecret providence and ſacred pleaſure of God had ſo ordained, that *La Villette*'s horſe who bore him quietly and ſafely before, on a Sunday, firſt goes backwards, in deſpight of his ſpur or ſwich, and then ſtanding an end on his two hind legs, falls quite back with him, and almoſt breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to ſpeak, his breath failing him, and hee ſeeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the Spirit of God doth ſo operate with his ſinful ſoul, as he there confeſſeth how his wicked wife *La Vaſſelay*, had cauſed him to murther his Maſter *De Merſon*, whom he ſhot to death with his Piſtol; that ſhe firſt ſeduced him with a thouſand Crowns to perform it, which he refuſed; but then her conſent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finiſh that bloody buſineſſe, whereof now from his very heart and ſoul he repented himſelf, and beſeeched the Lord to forgive it him.

But here, before the *Readers* curioſity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both requeſt and conjure him, to ſtand amazed, and wonder with me at his ſacred providence, and inſcrutable wiſdom & judgment which moſt miraculouſly concurs & ſhines in this accident, and eſpecially in three eſſential and moſt apparent circumſtances thereof. For, it was on the very ſame Horſe, the ſame day twelve month, & in the very ſame wood & place, where this execrable wretch *Villette* formerly murthered his Maſter *De Merſon*: Famous and notorious circumſtances, which deſerve to be obſerved, and remarked by all the children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and ingraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter us from the like crimes of Murther.

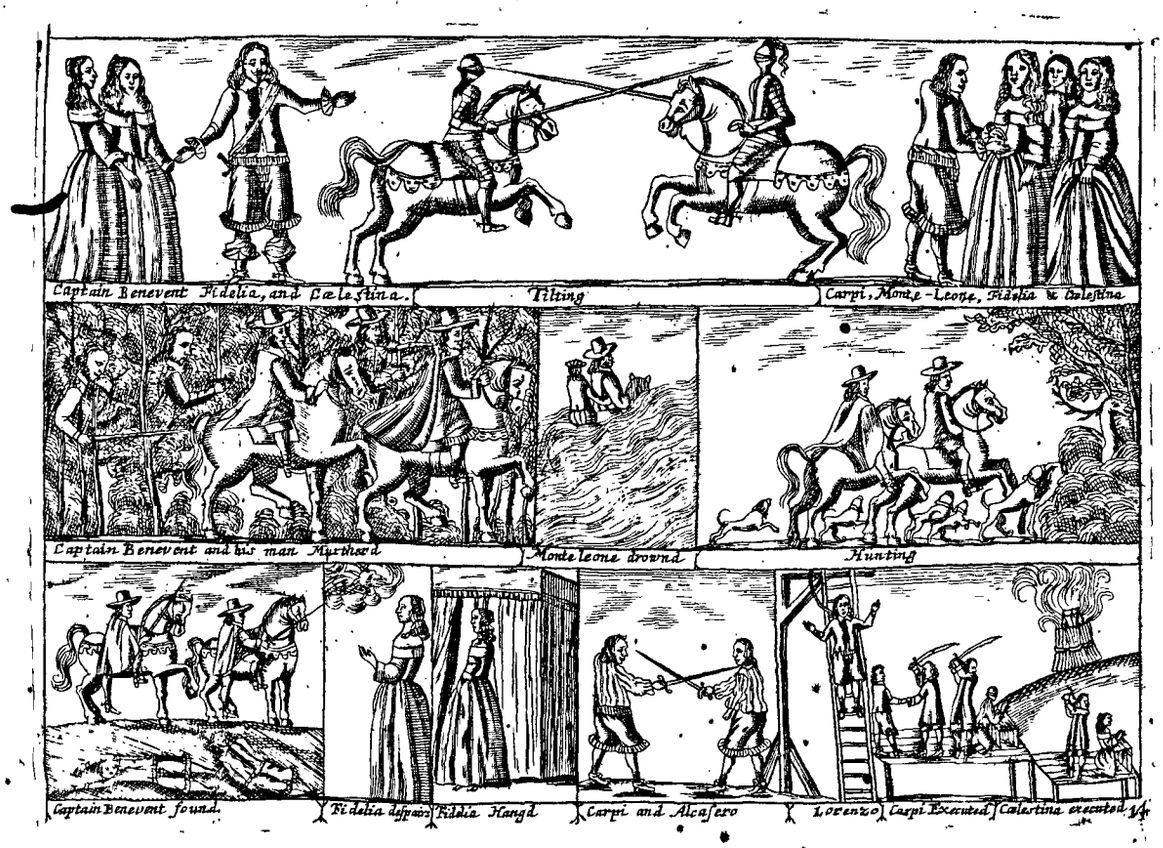
Now theſe honeſt Merchants of *Laval*, and *Vitry* (as much in charity to *La Villette*'s life, as in execration of that confeſſed Murther of his Maſter *De Merſon*) convey him to an Inne in St. *Georges*, when expecting every minute, that he would dye in their hands, they ſend away poſt to advertiſe the *Preſidial* Court of *Mans* hereof (within whoſe Juriſdiction St. *Georges* was) who ſpeedily commanded *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: but God reſerved him from that natural, to a more infamous death, and made him live til he came thither; where again he confeſſeth this his foul Murther of his Maſter *De Merſon*, and likewiſe accuſeth *La Vaſſelay* to be the ſole inſtigator therof, as we have formerly heard and underſtood. Whereupon he is no ſooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewiſe impriſoned; who with many aſſeverations and tears, denyes, and retorts this foul crime from her ſelf to him. But her Judges are too wiſe to believe the weakneſs and invalidity of this her fooliſh juſtification: So whiles they are conſulting on her, *De Bremay* having notice of all theſe accidents, but eſpecially of *La Vaſſelay*'s impriſonment, he (ſtill apprehending and fearing, that ſhe undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*) takes poſt from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuſeth her thereof to the *Criminal Judges* of the *Preſidial Court*; who upon this her double accuſati-

on, adjudged her to the Rack, when at the very firſt torment thereof, ſhe (at laſt preferring the life of her ſoul, before that of her body) confeſſeth her ſelf to be the Actor of her firſt crime of *Murther*, and the *Author* of the ſecond; when, and whereupon the *Judges* (reſembling themſelves) in deteſtation, and for expiation of theſe her foul crimes, condemn him to be hanged, and ſhe to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution (near the *Halls* in *Mans*) is accordingly executed, in the preſence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of theſe their bloody crimes, as they rejoyce and glorifie God, for this their (not ſo ſevere, as deſerved) puniſhments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Chriſtian) ſaid little elſe, but that which he had formerly ſpoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he ſaid, That he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vaſſelay*, would have ſheltred and preſerved him from this infamous death, for murthering her Husband, and his Maſter, *De Merſon*.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vaſſelay*, ſhe was content to grieve at *Gratiana*'s death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Merſons*; yea, and although ſhe ſeemed to blame her jealouſie towards her; yet her age was ſo wretchedly inſtructed in piety, as ſhe could not find in her heart, either to make an *Apology*, or any way to ſeem repentant for her inhumane cruelty towards him: For as ſhe demanded pardon of *De Bremay* for poiſoning his Daughter, ſo ſhe ſpake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for cauſing his Son to be Piſtoll'd; only in particular termes, ſhe requeſted God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and in generall ones, the world to forget the offences and crimes of her age: And ſo conjuring all old Widdows and Wives, to beware by her mournfull and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body, and her ſoul mounted and fled to *Heaven*, to crave remiſſion and pardon of God, who was the only *Creator* of the one, and *Redeemer* of the other.

And ſuch were the deplorable, yet deſerved ends of this bloody, and wretched couple, *La Vaſſelay* and *La Vellette*, for ſo cruelly murthering harmleſs *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merſon*; and thus did Gods all-ſeeing, and ſacred Juſtice, juſtly triumph ore theſe their crying and execrable crimes. O that their examples may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable *Hiſtory*, may teach us, not only how to meditate thereon, but alſo how to amend thereby.



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Exe-

ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia *and* Cæleſtina *cauſe* Carpi *and* Monteleon, *with their two Lacquies,* Lorenzo *and* Anſelmo, *to murther their Father,* Captain Benevente, *which they perform.* Monteleon, *and his Lacquie* Anſelmo *are drowned;* Fidelia *hangs her ſelf;* Lorenzo *is hanged for a robbery, and on the Gallowes confeſſeth the murthering of* Benevente; Carpi *hath his right hand, then his head cut off.* Cæleſtina *is beheaded, and her body burnt.*

OUr beſt parts being our Vertues, and our chief and ſoveraign Vertue, the purity and ſanctity of our ſelves, how can we neglect thoſe, or not regard this, except we reſolve to ſee our ſelves miſerable in this life, and our ſouls wretched in that to come; and as Charity is the cyment of our other vertues, ſo Envie (her oppoſite) is the ſubverſion of this our charity; from whence flowes rage, revenge, and many times murther, (her frequent (and almoſt) her inſeparable companions;) but of all degrees of malice and envie, can there be any ſo inhumane and diabolicall, as for two graceleſs Daughters to plot the death of their own Father; and to ſeduce and obtain their two Lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this enſuing Hiſtory, we ſhall ſee a moſt barbarous and bloody preſident, as alſo their condign puniſhments afflicted on them for the ſame. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the ſight of theſe their fearfull crimes and puniſhments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty with charity, on their rage with reaſon, on their errors with compaſſion, on their deſperation with pity, and on their inhumanity with piety; that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choler; quench, both the fire of our luſt, and the flames of our revenge: ſo ſhall our faith be fortified, our paſſions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both bleſſed and ſanctified: to which end, I have written and divulged it. So Chriſtian Reader, if thou make this thy end in peruſing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby; and therefore fail not to give God the Glory.

Many

Many years ſince the Duke of *Oſſuna* (under the command of *Spain*) was made *Viceroy* of the noble Kingdom of *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour, although his fortunes or actions (how juſtly or unjuſtly I know not) have ſince ſuffered and received an Eclipſe. In the City of *Otranto*, within the *Province* of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient rich and valiant Gentleman (nobly deſcended) termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceaſed Lady *Sophia Elianora* (Niece to the Duke of *Piombino*) had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcaſero*, they two, the Ladies *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, names indeed, which they will no way deſerve; but from whom they will ſolely diſſent and derogate, through their helliſh vices, and inhumane diſpoſitions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcaſero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the moſt part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Viceroy*, where he profiteth ſo well in riding and tilting, (a noble vertue and exerciſe (beyond all other *Italians*) naturall and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchaſed the name of a bold and brave Cavalier; but for *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, the clocks of their youth having ſtruck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father, (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and deſcent far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husband, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a bleſſing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children, and had their obedience anſwered his affection, and their duty his providence, we had not ſeen the *Theatre* of this their Hiſtory ſo beſprinkled and gored with ſuch great effuſion of blood.

This Captain *Benevente* their Father (for his blood, wealth and generoſity) was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*, and for his many ſervices, both by Sea and Land, was held in ſo great eſteem in *Otranto*, that his houſe was an *Academy*, where all the Gallants, both of City and Country reſorted to back great Horſes, to run at the Ring, and to practiſe other ſuch Courtly and Martiall Exerciſes, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: ſo as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, could not be long, either unſeen, or unadmired; for they grew ſo perfectly fair, of ſo ſweet complexions, and proper ſtatures, that they were juſtly reputed and held to be the *Paragons* of *Beauty*, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*; ſo as beauty being the Gold and Diamonds of *Nature*, this of theirs (ſo ſweet in its influence, and ſo excellent and delicious in that ſweetneſs) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them; ſo had they been as rich in Vertue, as in Beauty, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their friends nor enemies ſhould have lived to have ſeen them die ſo miſerably; for now that proves their ruine, which might have been their glory. They are both of them ſought in marriage, by many *Barons* and *Cavaliers*, as well at home as abroad, but the Captain their Father will not give eare, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that ſuch motion be moved him: They are ſo immodeſt, as they grieve hereat, and are ſo extremly ſorrowfull, to ſee that a few years paſt away, makes their Beauties rather fade than flouriſh; where *Vertue* graceth not *Beauty*, as well as *Beauty Vertue*, it is often a preſage and fore-runner of a fortune as fatall, as miſerable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodeſt, to give way to ſuch incontinent and irregular conceits; ſo on the other ſide, the Captain their Father, was too ſevere, and withall, too unkind, I may ſay cruell, to hinder them from *Marriage*, ſith their beauty and age had long ſince made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodeſty; in him unkindneſs, to propoſe ſuch ends to their deſires and reſolutions; for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, ſo have they likewiſe reaſon to expect Fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetouſneſs, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully reſolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a reſolution better left than imbraced, and infringed than kept of him; ſith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and deſires. It is commonly dangerous for *Parents*, to content themſelves with their childrens diſcontents; for where *Nature* is croſſ-d, it many times degenerates, and proves unnaturall, as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it ſubmerge and waſh *Egypt* with her inundation: But *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*, will make triall of one invention and concluſion more before they will give way to their diſtaſt, or ſtrike ſail to their choler or revenge. They ſee their Father is reſolute, and ſevere in nipping their hopes and croſſing their deſires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcaſero* may; to which end, the ſooner to obtain and crown their deſires with content, they conſult together, and ſo by a confident friend of theirs, ſend him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and CÆLESTINA to ALCASERO.

DEſpairing of our Fathers reſolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourſe, but to thy ſelf and thy affection, in requeſting thee powerfully to ſolicite him herein, that he may not preferre

his Gold before our content, and conſequently his hopes before our deſpair; neither could our hearts or thoughts perſwade us, either to imploy or acquaint any other but thy ſelf with theſe our deſires, which Modeſty *would have ſuppreſſed, but that* Truth *contradicted and oppoſed it; for his ſeverity and cruelty is ſuch towards us, that although we are ſought in marriage by divers* Cavaliers *our Superiours, yet he will not permit us to be ſeen, much leſs to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our wiſhes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents, and we then doubt not, but to be as happy in a* Brother, *as otherwiſe we fear we ſhall ſee our ſelves unfortunate, yea, miſerable in a* Father: *and as thou canſt not forget our deſcent and Blood, ſo we zealouſly pray and beſeech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.* FIDELIA, CÆLESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter; he is too brave, generous, and courteous, to be unkind to any, eſpecially to young Ladies, and moſt eſpecially to his Siſters, whoſe content he makes and reputes his own. He comes to *Otranto*, deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this anſwer, That he hath provided the *Baron* of *Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomeo Monteleon* for *Cæleſtina*; and that within fifteen daies they are to come to *Otranto* to ſee them; which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, firſt himſelf, then his Siſters; but their joy ſhall not laſt long, but be buried as ſoon as born. Within the prefixed time, theſe two noble men come, but they are hatefull, and not pleaſing to *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina*; for the *Baron* of *Carpi* is crook-back'd, and ſquint-eyed, and *Monteleon* is lame of one leg. Theſe Ladies valew their beauty at too high a rate, to beſtow it on ſuch deformed Husbands; and although *Venus* accepted of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of theſe, becauſe they deem no hell to that of a diſcontented bed; heretofore they wiſhed for Suters, and now they wiſh they were well rid of theſe, and ſo ſacrificing to their own contents, they ſet up this reſolution in their hearts and ſoules, that they will rather die Maidens, than live to ſee themſelves wives to ſuch Husbands. Their Father receives *Carpi* and *Monteleon* courteouſly, and entertains them nobly, according to their rank and merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they ſhall marry theſe, and none others. Thus the Bark of theſe their reſolutions is ſurpriſed and beaten with two contrary winds, he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents, to force the affections of their children in their marriages, ſith it is a buſineſs, which not only lives, but dies with them; but withall, their own wills muſt neither be their law, nor their guide, for their Parents have (or at leaſt ſhould have) more experience and judgment than they, to ſee who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority oppoſeth affection, or affection reaſon, there ſuch marriages are ſtill uſhered on with diſcontent, and waited and attended on with miſery. Likewiſe, there is a great reſpect and conſideration to be obſerved by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for ſome will be perſwaded or reproved with a word, whereas others will become more head-ſtrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practiſed the firſt, and not the ſecond towards theſe two Ladies his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reaſon to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to deſpair; yea, I dare preſume to averr with truth and ſafety, that we ſhould have ſeen them all as happy, as I now fear we ſhall ſee them miſerable.

But to proceed with their Hiſtory, they are preſſed by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Suters, to finiſh and confirm theſe contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* with a true ſemblance of diſtaſt, and yet a falſe ſhew of curteſie, give the deniall to their Father in particular terms, and to them in generall. He ſtorms at their diſobedience, and they impute this excuſe of theirs to modeſty, rather than unkindneſs. They flatter themſelves with this hope, that ſith they are fair, they muſt be courteous, and cannot be cruell; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will ſo mannage his Daughters affections, as all things ſhall ſort to their deſires and expectations: but they ſhall come too ſhort of their hopes; for they are neither reſerved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whiles thus they are buſie in advancing the proceſs of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* attempt a contrary enterpriſe, for they with tears and prayers, requeſt their Brother *Alcaſero*, importunatly to ſolicite their Father in their behalf, that he will not enforce them to marry thoſe whom they cannot affect, much leſs obey; which like a noble and dear brother, he performs with much zeal and perſwaſion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other anſwer, than that they muſt and ſhall marry them, and only them.

Had this reſolution of their Father been more courteous and leſs rigorous towards his daughters, this Hiſtory of theirs had not deſerved ſo much pity and compaſſion, nor would have drawn ſo many ſighs from the hearers, or tears from the Readers: for ſeeing their Father cruelly reſolved

ſolved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, becauſe he will not better love them. And here (O here) they enter into devilliſh machinations, and helliſh conſpiracies againſt him: for as he plots their diſcontents, ſo do they his deſtruction. *Fidelia* and *Cæleſtina* ſee their blood, and cauſe one, and therefore ſo they pretend ſhall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and deſignes each to other; but the fact is ſo foul and unnaturall, as for a whiles they cannot, but they need no other Oratory than their own ſullen and diſcontented looks, for either of them may read a whole Lecture of grief and choler in each others eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their Father, and the impatiency of *Carpi*, and *Monteleon*, *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, firſt breaks it to her Siſter *Cæleſtina*, in this manner. That ſhe had rather die, than be compelled to marry one whom ſhe cannot affect; that the *Baron* of *Carpi* is not for her, nor ſhe for him; and that ſith her Father is reſolute in this match, (although ſhe be his Daughter) ſhe had rather ſee him laid in his Grave, than her ſelf in *Carpies* bed. There needs not many reaſons to perſwade that which we deſire: For *Cæleſtina* tels her Siſter plainly, that ſhe (in all points) joyns and concurrs in opinion with her, adding withall, that the ſooner their Father is diſpatched, the better; becauſe ſhe knows they ſhall never receive any content on *Earth*, till he be in *Heaven*; and ſo they conclude he ſhall die.

But *alas*, what helliſh and devilliſh Daughters are theſe, to ſeek the death of their Father, of whom they have received their lives? who ever read of a *Paricide* more inhumanely cruel, or impiouſly bloody? ſo if ever murther went unrevenged, this will not; for we ſhall ſee the Authors and Actours thereof moſt ſeverely puniſhed for the ſame. Men and women may be ſecret in their ſins, but God will be juſt in his decrees, and ſacred in his judgments. What a religious reſolution had it been in them, to have retyred, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too prophane to have ſo much pity, and too outragious to harken to this religious reaſon; yea, they are too impious to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengefull and bloody minded, to give ear either to *Reaſon*, *Duty*, or *Religion*. So now, like two incenſed and implacable furies, they conſult how, and in what manner they may free themſelves of their Father; *Fidelia* propoſeth divers degrees and ſeverall ſorts of murthers, but *Cæleſtina* likes none of them; in ſome ſhe finds too much danger, in others too little aſſurance; and therefore, as young as ſhe is, ſhe invents a plot as ſtrange as ſubtile, and as malicious and diabolicall as ſtrange; ſhe informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a ſecurer courſe, than to engage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Monteleon* to murther him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, ſaying, it will be impoſſible for them to be drawn to perform it, ſith they both know and ſee, that the Captain their Father loves them ſo well, as will or nill, they muſt be their Husbands. But *Cæleſtina*'s revengfull plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly ſpun; for ſhe hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfiniſhed, but is ſo confident in her devilliſh induſtry, as ſhe affirms ſhe will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Cæleſtina* anſwereth, That they both muſt make a feigned and flattering ſhew, to change their diſtaſt, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge marriage, they ſhall both agree to enform them, that it is impoſſible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives, ſith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair ſhew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing leſs; for that he hath given them expreſs charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and ſole cauſe, that hath ſo long with-held them from making ſooner demonſtrations of their affections towards them; and this (quoth ſhe) will occaſion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this means they may give two ſtrokes with one ſtone, and ſo not only be rid of our Father, but likewiſe of *Carpi* and *Monteleon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our ſafegard and ſecurity, we will powerfully conjure and ſwear them to ſecrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the Spider, nor treachery ſubtiller than that of a woman, eſpecially if ſhe contemn Charity for Revenge, her Soul for her Body, *God* for *Satan*, and conſequently *Heaven* for *Hell*; how elſe could this young Lady lodge ſo revengfull a heart in ſo ſweet a Body, or ſhroud ſuch bloody conceits and inventions under ſo fair and ſo beautifull complexion?

But the *Panther*, though his skin be fair, yet his breath is infectious; and we many times ſee, that the fouleſt Snake lurks under the greeneſt and beautifulleſt leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive eare to this her Siſters bloody *Stratagem* and deſign; ſhe finds it ſure, and the probabilities thereof apparent and eaſie, and therefore approves of it. So theſe two beautifull, yet bloody Siſters vow, without delay, to ſet it on foot, and in practice. It is the Nature of *Revenge* to look forwards, ſeldome backwards; but did we meaſure the beginning

by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would ſavour of far more Religion, and of far leſs impiety, and we ſhould then rejoyce in that which we muſt now repent, but cannot remedy. They take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The paſſions of affection prove often more powerfull than thoſe of Reaſon, they ſuffer themſelves to be vanquiſhed and led away by the pure beauty and ſweet *Oratory* of theſe two diſcontented and treacherous Ladies, without conſidering what poiſon lurks under their ſpeeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a groſs and main errour, in relying more on the Daughters youth, than the Fathers gravity; on their verball, than his reall affection; and ſo they ingage themſelves to the Daughters, in a very ſhort time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a baſe vice in Gentlemen of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hoſpitality, in ſo high a degree, as to kill him who loved them ſo dearly, and entertained them ſo courteouſly; and it is ſtrange, that both their humors were ſo ſtrangely vicious a to concur and ſympathize in the attempt of this execrable murther: But what cannot vice perform, or Ladies procure of their Lovers? at leaſt if they love Beauty better than Vertue, and Pleaſure, than Piety.

Captain *Benevente* is many times accuſtomed after dinner to ride to his Vineyard, and now & then to *Alpiata*, a neighbour-village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenants wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forſake in her middle age; perſeverance in vice never makes a good end: a ſingle ſin is diſtaſtfull; but the redoubling thereof, is both hateſull and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Laquies, *Lorenzo* and *Anſelmo* with them, aſſoon as they know the Captain to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and diſguiſing themſelves, they watch him at the corner of the wood; where of neceſſity he muſt paſs. The event anſwereth their bloody expectations & deſires: they ſee *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a ſoft trot, when like ſo many Fiends and Devills, they all four ruſh forth the thickets, and (without any other form) with their Swords and Piſtolls, (after ſome reſiſtance) kill them dead to the grouud; but this is not the end of their helliſh malice and envie; neither is the unſatiable thirſt of their revenge yet quenched; for they take theſe two murthred bodies (who are afreſh reeking, and weltring in their blood) and carry them to a Neighbour hill, and ſo throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick buſhes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortall eye ſhould ever have ſeen them more, and then there they conſult upon their flight. *Carpi* reſolves to take poaſt for *Naples*, and there for a time to ſhroud himſelf among the multitude of the *Nobility* and *Coaches*, which grace and adorn that City; And *Monteleon* reſolves to hye towards *Brunduſium*, with intent, that if theſe murthers were revealed, and himſelf detected and accuſed, he would there embarque himſelf either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Laquay poaſting for *Naples*, and let us ſee what accident will ſpeedily befall *Monteleon*. It is impoſſible for murther to go long unpuniſhed; *Monteleon* and his Laquay *Anſelmo* ſhall ere they ride farr, ſee this poſition verified in themſelves; He is provided of two fair Gennets, one for himſelf, the other for his Laquay, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brunduſium*; but he hath not ridden paſt twelve miles before his own horſe fell down dead under him, which doth ſomewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the leaſt part of his miſery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; he is enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, ſo he rides his Laquayes horſe, and he follows him on foot. It is impoſſible for a guilty conſcience to be ſecured from fear; he rides narrow lanes, and by-waies, but at laſt near the Village *Blanquettelle*, he meets with a ſwift Ford, which is paſſable for horſe, but not for foot; Here *Monteleon* is conſtrained to take up his Laquay *Anſelmo* behind him, which he doth; but being in the midſt thereof, the horſe ſtumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done ſo ſuddenly, that *Monteleon* had no time to caſt off his Laquay, and ſo they are both drowned, and have neither the Grace nor power to breath, or ſpeak a word more.

Gods Judgments are ſecret and inſcrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only loſt their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wiſhed, they likewiſe run the hazard of their ſoules. But as it is a vertue to think and cenſure charitably of the dead, ſo it muſt needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretofore they thirſted for blood, and (lo) now they have their fill of water. All Elements are the ſervants of God, but theſe two of fire and water, are the moſt terrible, the moſt impetuous. This is a teſtimony of our weakneſs, and of Gods power.

By this time, Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his houſe rings and reſounds with ſorrow, all his ſervants and friends mourn and lament for his abſence, and his two accurſed Daughters, they ſeem to be all in tears thereat; but we ſhall ſhortly ſee this their hy pocriſie and diſſimulation both detected

and

and revenged. They lay all the Countrey to purchaſe news of their Father, and ſpeedily by poaſt advertiſe their Brother *Alcaſero* hereof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all poſſible ſpeed and expedition; His two Siſters and himſelf wonderfully mourn and lament for the abſence of their Father, and now ſeeing five daies paſt and no news of him, they begin to ſuſpect and fear, that he is made away and murthered; and becauſe *Fiamento* was alone with him, they ſuſpect him of the fact, which they are the ſooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to be found; but they ſhall ſoon ſee the contrary, and that as he was a faithfull ſervant to their Father his Maſter, during his life, ſo he was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcaſero* his Son uſe all poſſible zeal and induſtry to finde out his Father, yet ſith Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and ſight of him. For as ſome neighbouring Gentlemen (his kinſfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stagg near *Alpiata*, they purſue him on Horſback ſome five or ſix hours, and at laſt being tired, he runs for refuge and ſhelter, thorow the buſhes and bryars, into the ſame old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* were thrown. The Gentlemen hunters deſcend from their Horſes, and with their Swords drawn, enter purpoſely to kill the Stagg, which they perform; when caſting aſide their eyes, they ſee two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whoſe leggs, hands, and faces, the Crows had pittifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournfull and unlooked-for ſpectacle, when approaching to diſcern them, they by their cloaths finde and know them to be Captain *Benevente*, and his Gentleman *Fiamento*. They are aſtoniſhed and amazed hereat; and ſo one of them rides back poſt to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcaſero* his Son hereof; who melting into tears, returns with him near to *Alpiata*, where, to his unſpeakable grief, he ſees the dead bodies both of his Father and *Fiamento*, which before all the Hunters he cauſed to be ſearched, and finds that his Father (with a Piſtoll bullet) was ſhot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiamento* had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one ſhot thorow the head. *Alcaſero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this ſorrowfull news; they know well that *Fiamento* did not ſet upon the Captain his Father, and that neither of them had Piſtols: and though they might imagin it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealouſie and ſuſpition, becauſe they finde rich Rings on his Maſters fingers, and ſtore of Gold in his pockets: So they referring the diſcovery of this bloody and damnable murther to Time, and to God, the Author and giver of Time, *Alcaſero* cauſeth the dead bodies, firſt of his Father, then of *Fiamento*, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purpoſely cauſed to be brought thither; and ſo accompanied with all the Gentlemen, returnes with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole City lament and bewail this tragicall diſaſter: and becauſe theſe dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being ſo long above ground, *Alcaſero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiamento* decently, and his Father honourably, according as the neceſſity and ſtrictneſſe of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcaſero's* curioſity and care to ſeek out the murtherers of his Father; and for his Siſters they are ſo irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much leſs from their ſouls. The morrow after their Fathers buriall, they are all three informed; *Montelon* and his Laquay *Anſelmo* are drown'd as they paſt the River *Blanquettelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two Siſters rejoyce and triumph, eſpecially *Cæleſtina*, who now ſees her ſelf freed, not only of the Captain her Father whom ſhe hated, but alſo of the Knight *Monteleon* her Suter, whom ſhe could not love: She is ſo impious and graceleſs, as ſhe doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pitty at theſe accidents; yea, ſhe ſo ſleightly and trivially paſſeth over the remembrance of her Fathers untimely and bloody death, as if murther were no ſin, or that God had ordained no puniſhment for it; She wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for ſhew than ſorrow; for her Father was no ſooner laid in his Grave, but ſhe builds many Caſtles of pleaſure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long ſhe will have a Gallant of her own chooſing to her Husband; but ſhe may come ſhort of her hopes, and perchance finde a halter for her neck, before a wedding Riug for her finger. As for her Brother *Alcaſero*, his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he finds it ſtrange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his ſute and affection to his Siſter *Fidelia*, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but alſo begins to ſuſpect, and to caſt many doubts and jealouſies thereon; and what the iſſue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we ſhall ſhortly ſee. But a moneth or two being blown away, *Carpi* hearing no ſuſpition or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readineſs for him to be aſſured and contracted to his Lady and Miſtris *Fidelia*; he takes a new Laquay, and apparelling him in a contrary Livery, ſends him ſecretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her:

CARPI to FIDELIA.

THere are ſome reaſons that ſtay me for not comming to Otranto, *to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy ſelf: when thy ſorrows are overblown, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy preſence, as thy abſence makes me miſerable. I have given thee ſo true and ſo reall a proof of my affection, as thou ſhouldeſt offer me palpable injuſtice, and to thy ſelf extreme injury to doubt thereof. For what greater teſtimony canſt thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever preferr thy love before mine own life, if thy conſtancy anſwer mine,* Heaven *may, but* Earth *cannot croſs our deſires. I pray ſignifie me how thy Brother ſtands affected to our affections; thy anſwer ſhall have many kiſſes, and I will ever both honour and bleſs that hand that writ it.*

CARPI.

The Lacquie comes to *Otranto*, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and ſecrecie) he delivers his Maſters Letter, and commends, and requeſteth an anſwer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiſeth the other; but ſhe is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a ſtand, and conſult whether ſhe ſhall open this Letter or no. Her Conſcience hath heretofore yeelded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conſcience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had ſhe perſevered in this courſe of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her diſobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but ſhe forſakes the Helm that might have ſteered her to the Port of happineſs and ſafety, and ſo fils the ſayles of her reſolutions with the wind of diſpair, which threaten no leſs than to ſplit the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her deſtruction and death. She now begins to hate company, which before ſhe loved, and to love ſolitarineſs, which before ſhe hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth ſo haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that whereſoever ſhe is, it is preſent with her. Remorſe, as a *Vulture* gnaws at her heart and conſcience; yea, though nothing do fear her, yet ſhe fears all things. She ſees no man running behind her, but ſhe thinks he purpoſely followes her to dragg her to Priſon; ſhe is afraid of her own ſhadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every houſe will fall upon her: ſhe will not come into any Boat nor paſs any River, Brook or Well, for fear of drowning. This deſpair of hers cauſeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which ſhould be both the preſervative and *Antidote* of the ſoul: her ſpeeches for the moſt part are confuſed and diſtracted, and her looks, ſullen, fearfull, and gaſtly (the proper ſignes and ſymtoms of deſpair.) *Carpi's* Lacquie having ſtayed two dayes in *Otranto* for his anſwer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be diſpatched, the which that night ſhe promiſeth him; and now in a ſad and melancholy humour ſhe breaks off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruſeth it; which not only renews, but revives the remembrance of her Fathers death; whereat ſhe enters into a ſtrange, and ſo implacable a paſſion, as ſhe once had thought to have thrown his Letters into the fire, and her ſelf after. Now ſhe is reſolved to write back to *Carpi*, and then preſently ſhe changeth her reſolution, and vows ſhe will anſwer him with ſilence. But the Devill is as ſubtill as malicious; and ſo ſhe cals for Pen and Ink, and out of the dreggs of diſcontent, and the gall of deſpair, writes and returns him this anſwer:

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MY Fathers death hath altered my diſpoſition; for I am now wholly addicted to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy ſelf to leave Naples, *to come to condole with me in* Otranto: *for the beſt comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impoſſible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, much leſs to fear mine. If this will not ſuffice, reſt aſſured I have reſolved, that either my Grave, or thy ſelf ſhall be my Husband. How my Brother ſtands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to underſtand or know, ſith I am only his* Siſter, *not his* Secretary, *but in all outward appearance, I think he neither loves thee for my ſake, nor my ſelf for thine. Live thou as happy, as I fear I ſhall die miſerable.*

FIDELIA.

What

What a fearfull Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to ſend, or *Carpi* to receive: but her diſtempered and diſtracted ſpirits can afford no other; and therefore ſhe diſpatcheth away the Lacquie with this. And now (as if her thoughs tranſported her to hell) ſhe cannot be alone, for the Devill is ſtill with her; he appears to her in a ſhape of an Angell of Light, and profers her Mountains of *Wealth*, and Worlds of *Honour*, if ſhe will fall down and adore him. To rebell againſt God is a ſin: but to perſevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treaſon in the higheſt degree againſt God. The beſt of Gods people are commonly tempted; but thoſe are, and prove the worſt, who are overcome with temptation. *Fortitude* is a principall and *ſoveraign vertue* in *Chriſtians*; and if we vanquiſh the Devill, it is good for us that he aſſaulted us, ſith thoſe Victories (as well ſpirituall as temporall) are ever moſt glorious and honourable, which are atchieved with greateſt danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counſell, and the ſtream of this adviſe, ſhe had never been ſo weak with God, nor ſo unfaithfull to her ſelf, as to deſtroy her ſelf: but forſaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the trueſt felicity, what can ſhe hope for but deſpair, or expect but deſtruction? Her Brother *Alcaſero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their beſt zeal, and poſſible power) endeavour to perſwade and comfort her; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray; She hearkneth to both theſe counſels, but neither can, or will not follow either; Her ſleeps are but broken ſlumbers, but diſtracted dreams, and ever and anon it ſeems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth ſpeak to her, and follow her. In a word, ſhe is weary both of the world, and of her life; yea; deſpair, or rather the Devill hath reduced her to this extream miſery, and miſerable extremity, that ſhe is ready to kiſs that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death; She never ſees a knife in the hands of another, but ſhe wiſheth it in her own heart: her Conſcience doth ſo terribly accuſe her, and her thoughts give in ſuch bloody evidence againſt her conſcience and her ſelf, for occaſioning her Fathers murther, that ſhe reſolves ſhe muſt die, and therefore diſdains to live. And now comes her Siſter *Cæleſtina* to her, to perſwade and conferr with her, but ſhe will prove but a miſerable comforter. *Fidelia* ſees her with hatred and deteſtation, and when ſhe begins to ſpeak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her ſpeeches thus; *Ah Siſter, would we had ſlept when we plotted our Fathers death, for in ſeeking his ruine, we ſhall aſſuredly find out our own: Provide you for your ſafety, for I am paſt hope of mine; and ſo get you out of my ſight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her ſpeech ſavoured more of *Heaven*, than the end thereof doth of *Hell*: for ſure if we paſs hope, we come too ſhort of ſalvation; and if we forſake that, this infallibly will forſake us.

This poor, or rather this miſerable Gentlewoman, having alwayes her murthered Father before her eyes, (which inceſſantly haunts her as a Ghoſt, and yet ſhe enforced to follow it as her ſhadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the inſtigation of the Devill, in what manner, or at what rate ſoever, to diſpatch her ſelf, being ſo wretchedly inſtructed in faith and piety, and ſhe adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions; but the beginning of her joyes. But, O poor *Fidelia*, with a thouſand pities and tears, I both pitty and grieve to ſee thee believe ſo infernall an Advocate: for what joy either will he, or can he give thee? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleaſures, and tortures for delights; or if thou wilt have me ſhew thee whereat his flatering oratory, or ſugred inſinuation tendeth, it is only to have thee deſtroy thy body in earth, that (as a triumph and *Tropbee* to the enlargement of his obſcure Kingdom) he may drag thy body and ſoul to hell fire. But *Fidelia* is as conſtant in her ſin, as impious in her reſolution; and ſo (all delayes ſet apart) ſhe ſeeks the means to deſtroy her ſelf: ſhe procures poyſon and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof anſwers not her deſires. I know not whether ſhe be more impatient to live than willing to die. We never want invention, ſeldom means to do evill; a little pen-knife of hers, ſhall in her conceit perform that which poyſon could not; ſhe ſeeks it, and now remembers it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her beſt gown: ſhe flies to her Wardrobe, and ſo to her pocket, but finds not her Knives, only ſhe finds her *Naples*-ſilk girdle in ſtead thereof. The Devils inſtruments are never far to ſeek; ſhe thinks it as good to ſtrangle her Throat, as to cut it. And here comes her mournfull and deplorable Tragedy, ſhe returns ſwiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and ſo (which I grieve and tremble to relate) faſtens it to the teaſter of her Bed, and there hangs her ſelf; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very inſtant, and for the ſpace of an hour, it thundred and lightned ſo cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the chamber where ſhe hung, but the whole houſe ſhaked thereat. The thunder being paſt, and the skies cleared, Dinner is ſerved on the Table, and *Alcaſero* and *Cæleſtina* ready to ſit, they call for their Siſter *Fidelia*, but ſhe is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is without ſide, and the door

bolted

bolted within, and yet ſhe anſwers not. They both flie from the Table to her Chamber, and call and knock, but no anſwer. *Alcaſero* commands his men to break open the doors, which they do, and there ſees his Siſter *Fidelia* hanging to the Bed-ſtead ſtark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitifull ſpectacle, and with all ſpeed take her down; but ſhe is breathleſs, though not cold; and they ſee all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as Snow, now to be coal black, and to ſtink infinitly. Theſe are the wofull effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Deſpair* and *Murther*. O, may Chriſtians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by *Fidelia's* mournfull and miſerable example, and withall remember, that murther will ſtill be revenged and puniſhed, eſpecially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents; a ſin odious both to God and man, ſith it not only oppoſeth Nature, but Grace; Earth, but Heaven.

No ſooner (with grief and mourning) hath *Alcaſero* buried this his unnaturall, yet unnaturall Siſter *Fidelia*, but as his other Siſter *Cæleſtina* weeps for her death, ſo ſhe again rejoyceth that her Siſter hath no way revealed the great buſineſs, which ſo much concerns her, I mean the murther of the Captain her Father. But *Time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not ſeem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this Hiſtory, flie we from *Otranto* to *Naples*, and leave we the fatall and wofull Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to ſpeak a little of the *Earon* of *Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the *Theatre* of this *Hiſtory*.

He hath no ſooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Lacquie, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he ſees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in deſpair to her ſelf, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, ſo it may be in his to comfort her with his preſence: but her requeſt and his conſcience inform him, that it is yet too ſoon to leave *Naples* to ſee *Otranto*; and yet that he may not fail in the compliment and duty of a Lover, he reſolves to viſit her by Letter, though not in perſon, and ſo writes her theſe few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

WEre thy requeſt not my Law, I would ſee Fidelia *to comfort her, and comfort my ſelf to ſee her: But ſith I muſt be ſo unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different ſorrows, my refuſall, and thy deſpair, what remedy (or* Antidote*) can I more aptly adminiſter, than Patience to the firſt, and Prayer to the ſecond. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occaſion of ſorrow than thy ſelf, and yet I am ſo far from deſpairing, as I hope* Time *will give thee conſolation and me Content. Endeavour to love thy ſelf, and not to hate me; ſo ſhalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and Iſecurity out of danger. I hope thy brother will not follow thy Fathers ſteps; his affection to thee, ſhall be mine to himſelf. Let thy ſecond Letter give me half ſo much joy, as thy firſt did grief, and I ſhall then triumph at my good fortune, as much as I now lament, and pitty thine, and in that mine own.*

CARPI.

He ſends this Letter of his to *Otranto*, by his Lacquie *Fieſco*, who carried his firſt; but he muſt go into another world if he mean to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Otranto*, and repairs to Captain *Benevente's* houſe; where as he is walking in the ſecond Court, *Alcaſero* being very ſolitary and penſive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and ſeriouſly thinking what two fatall diſaſters were befallen his houſe, as the loſs of his Father and Siſter, he by chance eſpies this Lacquie *Fieſco*; at whoſe ſight his heart beats, and his blood very ſuddenly flaſheth up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himſelf, a ſtep or degree to the diſcovery of his Fathers Murther, whereon his thoughts were alwaies fixed, and could never be withdrawn; he ſends a Gentleman of his, named *Plantinus*, to enquire whoſe Lacquie it was, and what was his buſineſs. *Plantinus* deſcends and examineth him, but he is cloſe, and will reveal nothing. He entreats him to enter and taſt the Wine, which he doth; when ingaging, and leaving him in the Celler, he trips up to his Maſter, and acquaints him with his anſwer, adding withall, that ſome fifteen dayes ſince he ſaw him here before. *Alcaſero* commands this Lacquie to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not diſcover himſelf; he threatens him with the whip, and impriſonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a vertue in a ſervant to conceal his Maſters ſecrets. *Alcaſero* is angry at his ſilence and fidelity, yet commends him; he bethinks himſelf of another courſe and ſubtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he praies him to dine with his ſervants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. *Alcaſero* takes him apart, and tels him, that ſome fifteen daies paſt

he

he ſaw him here: *Fieſco* anſwereth him with ſilence. *Alcaſero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and diſtraction in his looks and ſpeech; he thinks this boy can reveal ſomething which hee ought to know, and therefore thinks to ſurpriſe him with a ſilver hook; hee profers him twenty Duckets, and layes it down before him, to diſcover himſelf and his buſineſs.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indiſcretion and poverty. It is a ſmall point of ſmall wiſdom in Noblemen to commit ſecrets of importance to thoſe who have too much folly, and too little judgement to conceal them. The ſight of this Gold doth not onely dazle *Fieſco*'s eyes, but eclipſe his fidelity: ſo he holds it no ſin towards God, nor treachery towards his Maſter to reveal it; but takes it, and informs him that he is the Baron of *Carpi* his Lacquay, who ſent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia*, his Siſter. *Alcaſero* grows pale hereat, and is very curious and haſty to ſee the Letter: *Fieſco* delivers it him, who ſteps aſide, and reads it; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and ſo making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he ſees, and grieved not to ſee and find as much as he deſireth to know. He now confirms his former ſuſpicion of *Carpi*, and believes that he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Fathers Tragedy. But he knows it wiſdom to uſe ſilence in the diſcovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls *Fieſco* to him, bids him ſtay that night, and to ſpeak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcaſero withdraws himſelf from the Garden to his Cloſet, and there again peruſeth this Letter of *Carpi*'s: he finds it full of ſuſpition and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a myſtery in this Letter, the which he muſt unlock and find out e'r he be ſatisfied; for although *Carpi* be ſquint-ey'd, yet he fears he hath looked too right on his Father. He flies to *Fidelia*'s Cloſet, Trunk, and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi*'s to her, and the coppy of one of hers to him; and the peruſal of theſe two Letters are ſo far from diminiſhing his ſuſpicion, as it doth augment and increaſe it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his Siſter *Fidelia* have jointly had a great hand in his Fathers murther. But all this while he doth not once ſo much as ſuſpect or imagine that his other Siſter *Cæleſtina* hath played any part in this *Tragedy*: but *Time* is the daughter of *Truth*, as *Truth* is that of *Heaven*. In the morn he calls for *Fieſco*, to whom he gave this farewel; *Tell the Baron of* Carpi *thy Maſter, that my Siſter* Fidelia *is in another world, and not in this, and that ſhortly I reſolve to ſee him at* Naples, *and that in the interim I will reſerve his Letter. Fieſco* departs, but knows he hath ſo highly betrayed and wronged his Maſter, as he dares not ſee him, and ſo ſhews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquays far better deſerve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquays long ſtay: In which mean time *Alcaſero* comes to *Naples*, where he is yet irreſolute, whether to accuſe *Carpi* by order and courſe of Law, or to fight with him: but he reſolves to do both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murther of his Father, his ſword ſhall. He goes to the *Criminal Judges*, and with much paſſion and ſorrow accuſeth the Baron of *Carpi* for murthering of the Captain *Benevente* his Father; and for proof hereof, produceth his two Letters to his Siſter *Fidelia*, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*; ſo he is taken & conſtituted priſoner; & now he hath leiſure to think on the baſeneſs, & foulneſs of his fact. But he is ſo far from dejecting himſelf to ſorrow, or addicting himſelf to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and ſpeeches, and ſo peremptorily intends and reſolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or leſs impiety, he would have made better uſe of this his impriſonment, & have ſhewn himſelf at leaſt humble, if not ſorrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wiſdom in greateſt dangers to ſhew moſt courage and reſolution, and ſo makes himſelf fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatſoever.

Men may palliate their ſins, but God will find them out & diſplay them in their naked colours. *Alcaſero* is an importunate ſolicitor to the Judges to draw & haſten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (reſembling themſelves) proceed therein modeſtly and gravely: they conſult, & conſider the three Letters; they find conjectural ſentences enow to accuſe, but no ſolid proof to condemn him; they hold, that their opinions ought not to be ſwayed with the wind of every preſumption, and that it is not fit ſo trivially to ſet the life of a man at ſix and ſeven. Beſides, as they approve of *Alcaſero* his affection to his father, ſo they diſlike of his impetuoſity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all reſolve to lay the Sword of *Juſtice* in the ballance of *Equity*; and then ordain, that *Carpi* ſhall be rackt, to ſee whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures theſe his tortures & torments with wonderful conſtancy, & ſtil denies all. Had his cauſe been more religious & humane, and not ſo bloody, this fortitude & courage of his had been as praiſe-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by ſentence (pronounced in open *Senat*) acquit and clear *Carpi* of this murther; whereat *Alcaſero* exceedingly repines and murmures.

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It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now eſcaped this danger; for *Alcaſero* remains ſtill conſtant in his conceit, that he is the murtherer of his Father, and therefore vowes and reſolves to fight with him: He lets paſs ſome ſix weeks time, till he be found of his limbs, and then reſolves to ſend him a challenge. Had *Carpi* been innocent, it had been more honourable and requiſite, that he had challenged *Alcaſero*, than *Alcaſero* him; but his cauſe being unjuſt, and his conſcience fearfull, he dares not run the hazzard, to be deſirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcaſero*; which if he had attempted, *Alcaſero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his ſecond, he out of the Aſhes of his ſorrow, and the fire of his revenge, ſends him to *Carpi* with this Billet of Defiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murther of my Father, yet my Conſcience cannot, and my Rapier will not. I ſhould be a monſter of Nature, *not to ſeek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the cauſe of my diſaſter, I would not ſeek to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult, but impoſſible, pardon me if I requeſt thee to meet me ſingle, at eight of the clock after ſupper, at the Weſt end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof ſhall be thine, and the refuſall mine; or if thou wilt make uſe of a Second, he ſhall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thruſt or two with him.*

ALCASERO.

Whiles the *Baron* of *Carpi* is triumphing to ſee how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and ſo freed himſelf from the fears and danger of death, behold, *Plantinus* findes him out, and delivers him *Alcaſero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it, whereat he finds a reluctation and combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conſcience, whether ſhe ſhould accept or refuſe it. His *Honour* bids him do the firſt; but his Conſcience wills him to perform the ſecond; it were better to be born a Clown than a Coward. Beſides if he ſhould refuſe to fight with *Alcaſero*, he upon the matter makes himſelf guilty of the Captain his Fathers death. He knows he hath an unjuſt cauſe in hand, but he preferrs his *Honour* before his *Life*, when ſetting a good face upon his reſolution, he addreſſeth himſelf to *Plantinus*, thus.

Sir, I preſume you know this buſineſs; for I take you to be *Alcaſero*'s Second. He hath (replyed *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of me, in ſtead of a more worthy. Well (quoth the *Baron* of *Carpi*) tell thy Maſter from mee, That although I have not deſerved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will perform it, only I muſt fight ſingle, becauſe I am at preſent unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prayes him, that he may not ſee his hopes and deſires fruſtrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feaſt. But *Carpi* gives him this anſwer, which he bids him take for his laſt reſolution; That he will hazzard himſelf, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returns with joy to his maſter, and diſcontent to himſelf; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of theſe two Gentlemens courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with paſſion and vehemency; *Alcaſero* with judgment and diſcretion. *Carpi* looks red and fiery with choler, and *Alcaſero* pale and gaſtly, not for fear of his cauſe, but for the remembrance of his ſorrows; and to conclude and ſhut up this combat in the iſſue thereof, *Juſtice* is not now pleaſed to ſhew the effects of her power and influence, nor God that of his Juſtice, only it is reſerved for another time, and for a more ſhamefull manner; ſo *Carpi* hath the beſt of the day, for he is only hurt in his right hand, and ſcarred over both his lips, as if the providence and pleaſure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the murther, and that mouth which denied it, ſhould be purpoſely puniſhed, and no part elſe. As for *Alcaſero*, he had five ſeverall wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortall, and the rather, for that he fell therewith ſpeechleſs to the ground; ſo leaving him groveling & weltring in his blood, he departs, reſting very confident that he was at his very laſt gaſp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* (being more humane and charitable than his Maſter) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his aſſiſtance: He leans him againſt a bank, binds up his wounds and wraps him in his cloak, and ſo runs to a Litter, which he ſaw neer him, and prayes the Lady that was in it, that ſhe would vouchſafe to take in *Don Alcaſero*, who was there extreamly & dangerouſly wounded; and this did *Carpi* his *Chirurgion* perform, in the abſence of *Alcaſero's* own *Chirurgion*, who out of ſome diſtaſt or forgetfulneſs, came not at the hour and place aſſigned, according to his promiſe. It was the Lady *Marguerita Eſperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded *Alcaſero*, preſently deſcended her Litter, commanded her ſervants to lay him in ſoftly, and to convey him to his lodging, and ſhe her ſelf is pleaſed to ſtay in

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the fields till her ſervants return it her. It was a *courteſie* and a *charity* worthy of ſo honourable a Lady as her ſelf: and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this Hiſtory. All *Naples*, yea, the whole Kingdom rings of this combat; the Baron of *Carpi* and *Alcaſero* are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the ſame; the laſt for his affection and zeal to his dead father; the firſt, for giving *Alcaſero* his life when it was in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcaſero* to die of theſe wounds, but rather will have him live to ſee *Carpi* die before him, though in a far more ignoble and ſhameful manner.

As ſoon as *Alcaſero*'s wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered, he leaves *Naples*, and returns to *Otranto*, where his Siſter *Cæleſtina* did as much ſhake and tremble at the impriſonment of the Baron of *Carpi*, as he now rejoices at his liberty; eſpecially, ſith ſhe is aſſured, that he hath no way accuſed her, nor uſed her name for the death and murther of her Father, which indeed makes her far more pleaſant and merry than before, and within ſix months after marries with *Seignior Alanſo Ludovici*, whom ſhe ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom ſhe lives in great pleaſure, ſtate, and pomp; and no leſſe doth her brother *Alcaſero*, who for the courteſie which *Dona Marguerita Eſperia* ſhewed him when he was ſo dangerouſly wounded, in requital therof doth now marry the fair *Beatina*, her only daughter, with whom he lives in the higheſt content and felicity, as any *Gentleman* of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either deſire or wiſh.

But this Sun-ſhine of *Carpi*'s proſperity, and *Cæleſtina*'s happineſs and glory ſhall not laſt long; for there is a ſtorm breaking forth, which threatneth no leſs than the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot God will both detect and puniſh Murthers; yea, by ſuch ſecret means and inſtruments, as we leaſt ſuſpect or imagine. They are infallible *Maxims* that we are never leſs ſecured, than when we think our ſelves ſecure; nor nearer danger than when we eſteem our ſelves fartheſt from it. And if any be ſo incredulous, or as I may ſay, ſo irreligious as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they ſhall inſtantly ſee it verified and made good in the Baron of *Carpi*, and the Lady *Cæleſtina*, who thinking themſelves now ſafe and free from all adverſe fortunes, and fatal accidents whatſoever, and enjoying all thoſe contents and pleaſures which their hearts could either deſire or wiſh to enjoy, or which the world could proſtitute or preſent them, they in a moment ſhall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their daies on a baſe ſcaffold, with much ſhame, infamy, and miſery. The manner is thus.

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth ſquare out the rule of his Juſtice, according to that of his will. All men are to be accountable to him for their actions, but hee to none for his decrees and reſolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curioſity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not onely folly but impiety; for as we are men, we muſt look up to God, but as we are Chriſtians, we muſt not look beyond him. Hee oftentimes makes great offenders accuſe themſelves for want of others to accuſe them; and when he pleaſeth, he will puniſh one ſin by another, the which we ſhall now ſee verified in *Lorenzo*, the Baron of *Carpi* his Lacquay; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, aſſiſted this his Maſter to murther Captain *Benevente* and *Fiamento*, near *Alpiata*; who ever ſince being countenanced and authoriz'd by his Maſters favour, in reſpect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murtherous hand was deeply and jointly embrewed with him; he from that time becomes ſo debauſh'd and diſſolute in his ſervice, as he ſpends all that poſſible he can procure or get; yea, and runs likewiſe extremely in debt, not onely with all his friends, but alſo with all thoſe whom he knows will truſt him: ſo as his wants being extremely urgent, and inforced to ſee himſelf reduced to a miſerable indigence and poverty, He being one day ſent by the Baron his Maſter to the Senate houſe with a Letter to his Counſellor, he there in the throng and crowd of the people cut a purſe from a Gentlewomans ſide, wherein was ſome five and twenty Ducketons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended and impriſoned for the fact, and the next morn his Proceſs was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: So he is deals withall by a couple of Friars in priſon, who prepare his ſoul for *Heaven*: He ſees the foulneſs of his former life, and repents it. The Baron of *Carpi* his Maſter, no ſooner underſtands this news, but he ſhakes and trembles, fearing leſt this his Lacquay ſhould reveal the Murther of the Captain and his man: whereupon he reſolveth to flye; but conſidering again, that if his Lacquay accuſe him not, his very flight will proclame and make him guilty, he ſtayes, and as he thinks, reſolves of a better courſe. He goes to the priſon, and deals with his Lacquay to be ſecret in the buſineſs he wots of; proteſting and promiſing him, that in conſideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tels him, that he needs not fear; for as hath lived,

ſo he will die his faithful ſervant: But we ſhall ſee him have more grace, than to keep ſo grace-leſs a promiſe. *Carpi* flattering himſelf with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquey, reſolves to ſtay in the City: but he ſhall ſhortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fieſco*; which one thinks ſhould have made him more cautious and wiſe, and not ſo ſimple to entruſt and repoſe his life on the incertain mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but Gods Revenge draws neer him, and conſequently he neer his end; for he neither can nor ſhall avoid the Judgement of Heaven.

Lorenzo on the gallows, will not charge his ſoul with this foul and execrable ſin of murther; but Grace now operating with his ſoul, as much as formerly Satan did with his heart, he confeſſeth, that he and the *Baron* of *Carpi* his Maſter, together with the Knight *Monteleon*, and his Lacquey *Anſelmo*, murthered the Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true: and ſo uſing ſome Chriſtian-like ſpeeches of repentance and ſorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no ſooner turned over, but the *Criminal Judges* advertiſed of his ſpeeches delivered at his death, they command the *Baron* of *Carpi* his lodging to be beleagured, where he is found in his ſtudy, and ſo apprehended, and committed priſoner; where fear makes him look pale, ſo as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage ſtrike ſail. He is again put to the Rack, and now the ſecond time he reveals his foul and bloody murther, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzoes* accuſation of him to be true: So he is condemned, firſt to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithſtanding that many great friends of his ſue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn, one of his Judges was ſent to him to priſon, to perſwade him to diſcover all his Complies in that murther, beſides *Monteleon* and his Lacquey *Anſelmo*; yea, there are likewiſe ſome Divines preſent, who with many Religious exhortations perſwade him to it: So *Grace* prevails with Nature, and *Righteouſneſs* with Impiety and ſin in him; that he is now no longer himſelf, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather diſrepect *Cæleſtina*, than diſpleaſe God: whereupon he affirms, that ſhe and her deceaſed ſiſter *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monteleon* to murther their father, and his man *Fiamento*, and that if it had not been for their allurements and requeſts, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of ſo bloody a buſineſs: and thus making himſelf ready for *Heaven*, and grieving at nothing on *Earth*, but at the remembrance of his foul Fact, he in the ſight of many thouſand people, doth now loſe his head.

This *Tragedy* is no ſooner acted and finiſhed in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City ſend away Poſt to thoſe of *Otranto*, to ſeize on the Lady *Cæleſtina* (who in the abſence of her husband for the moſt part lived there:) A Lady whom I could pitty for her youth and beauty, did not the foulneſs of her Fact ſo foully diſparage and blemiſh it. She is at that inſtant at a Noblemans houſe, at the ſolemnity of his daughters marriage, where ſhe is apprehended, impriſoned, and accuſed to be the author and plotter of the Captain her Fathers death; neither can her tears or prayers exempt her from this affliction and miſery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but underſtanding that the *Baron* of *Carpi* and his Lacquey *Lorenzo* were already executed for the ſame in *Naples*, ſhe with a world of tears freely confeſſeth it, and confirms as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhumane *Paricide*, ſhe is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her aſhes thrown into the ayr; for a milder death, and a leſs puniſhment the Lord will not (out of his Juſtice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the perſon of her own father, or at leaſt ſeducing and occaſioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands poſſible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being ſent back that night to priſon, ſhe paſſeth it over (or in very truth the greateſt part thereof) in prayer, ſtill grieving for her ſins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when ſhe aſcended the Scaffold, ſhe was very humble, ſorrowfull, and repentant, and with many ſhowres of tears requeſted her brother *Alcaſero* and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occaſioning and conſenting to her fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her ſighs and tears ſo ſorrowfully interrupted and ſilenced her tongue, as ſhe recommending her ſoul into the hands of her Redeemer, whom ſhe had ſo hainouſly offended, ſhe with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his ſword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her ſoul; and then the fire (as if incenſed at ſo fiery a ſpirit) conſumed her to aſhes, and her aſhes were thrown into the ayr, to teach her, and all the world by her example, that ſo inhumane and bloody a daughter, deſerved not either to tread on the face of this earth, or to breathe this ayr of life.

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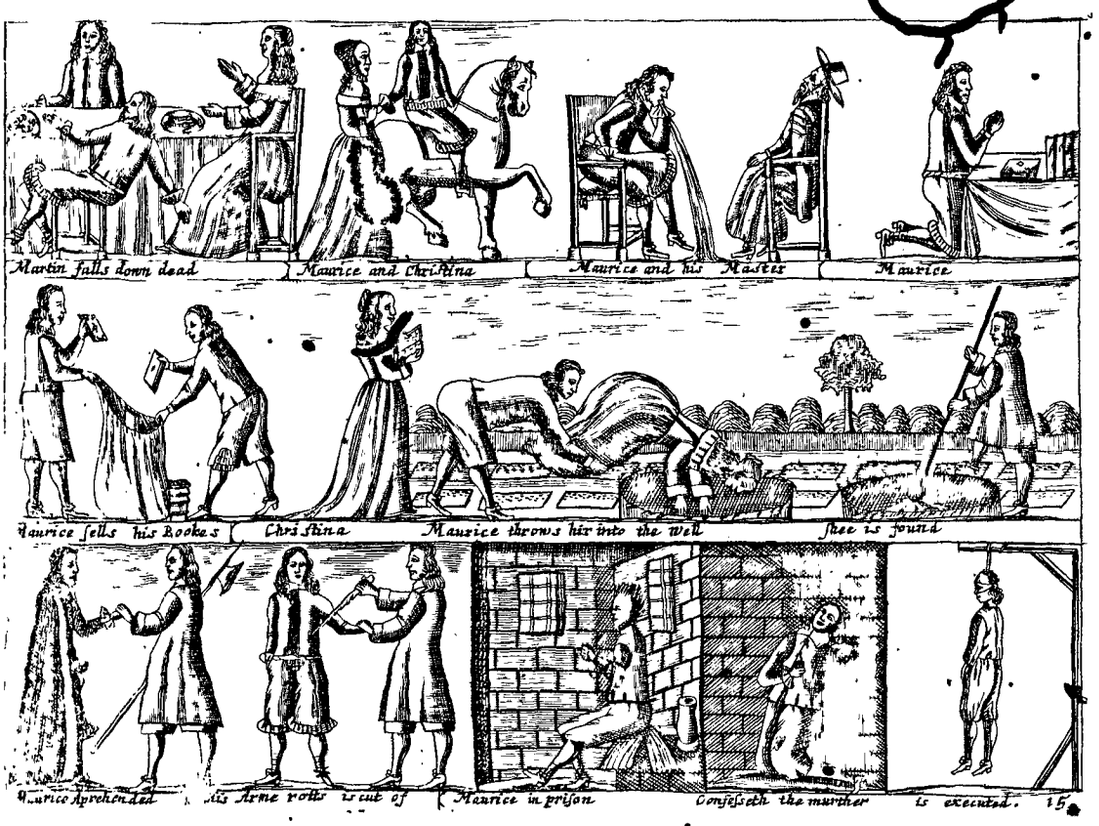
She was lamented of all who either knew or ſaw her, not that ſhe ſhould die; but that ſhe ſhould firſt deſerve, then ſuffer ſo ſhamefull and wretched a death: and yet ſhe was far happier than her ſiſter *Fidelia*, for ſhe deſpaired, and this confidently hoped for remiſſion and ſalvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young Gentlewoman lived impiouſly, yet ſhe died *Chriſtianly*: wherefore let us think on that with deteſtation, and on this with charity. And here we ſee how ſeverely the murther of Captain *Benevente* was by Gods juſt revenge puniſhed, not only in his two daughters who plotted it, but alſo in the two Noblemen and their two Lacqueys who acted it. Such attempts and crimes deſerve ſuch ends and puniſhments, and infallibly finde them. The only way therefore for Chriſtians to avoid the one, and contemn the other, is with ſanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, ſtill to pray to GOD for his Grace, continually to affect *prayer*, and inceſſantly to practiſe *piety* in our thoughts, and *godlineſs* in our reſolutions, and actions, the which if we be carefull and conſcionable to perform, God will then ſhrowd us under the wings of his favour, and ſo preſerve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we ſhall have no cauſe to fear either *Hell* or *Satan*.



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice, *like a bloody villain, and damnable ſon, throws his Mother* Chriſtina *into a Well, and drowns her: the ſame hand and arm of his wherewith he did it rots away from his body; and being diſcraſed of his wits in Priſon, he there confeſſeth his foul and inhumane murther, for the which he is hanged.*

IF we did not wilfully make our ſelves miſerable, God is ſo indulgent and merciſull to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and preſumptuous hands we violate the Laws of *Nature* and *Grace*, of *Earth* and *Heaven*, in murthering through envy thoſe, whom through *Duty* and affection we are bound to obey, honour, cheriſh and preſerve; then it is no marvel, becauſe we firſt forſook God, that he after abandoneth us to our ſelves, and ſins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Miſery, Infamy, and Perdition: and that we may ſee humane cruelty to be juſtly met with, and puniſhed by Gods upright and divine Juſtice, Lo here in this enſuing Hiſtory we ſhall ſee a wretched Son kill his harmleſs and dear mother. A very fearfull and lamentable Paricide, a moſt cruel and execrable Fact, for the which we ſhall ſee him rewarded with condign puniſhment, and with a ſharp and infamous death, although not half ſo deplorable as deſerved. It is a bitter and bloody Hiſtory, the Relation and Remembrance whereof, in the moſt barbarous and flinty hearts, is capable, not only to ingender Compaſſion, but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but tears, at leaſt if we have any place leſt in us for *Pitty*, or room for *Piety*; the which if we have, doubtleſs the end of our reading will not only bleſs, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon

Upon the North-eaſt ſide of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly known and called the Lake of *Geneva* (becauſe it payes its full tribute, and makes its chiefeſt *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it enviroyneth at leaſt one third part) There ſtands a pretty ſmall and ſtrong Town, diſtant a little daies journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the juriſdiction of *Bern*, one of the chiefeſt *Cantons* of that warlike people and country of *Swiſſerland*, wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honeſt Burger, or Burgemaſter (for of Gentry thoſe parts and people are not, becauſe they will not be capable) named *Martin Halſenorſe*, who by his wife *Chriſtina Snuytſaren*, had one onely child, a ſon, named *Maurice Halſenorſe*, now of ſome fourteen year old; whoſe father although he were by profeſſion a ſouldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of thoſe *Auxiliarie* Bands of that Country which are in pay to the *French King*, yet nevertheleſſe his chiefeſt ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, becauſe the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himſelf, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Son's youth, ſith he now knew and ſaw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a ſoul, or a ſoul without knowledge and reaſon, which are her chiefeſt virtues, and moſt ſacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So he bring him up to their own *Grammar* School in *Morges*, where in ſome three or four years his affection and care to ſtudy, makes him ſo good a *Proficient*, as he becomes not onely skilfull, but perfect therein, and almoſt as capable to teach his Schoolmaſter, as he was to inſtruct him; yea, and to add the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, he was of ſo mild and ſo modeſt a carriage, and the bloſſomes of his youth were ſo ſweetly watered with the *Heavenly* dew of *Virtue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himſelf were wholly compoſed thereof; ſo that for *Learning* and *Goodneſſe* he was, and was juſtly reputed, not onely the *Mirrour*, but the *Phœnix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he eſteemed himſelf happy in his Parents, ſo they reciprocally hold themſelves, not onely happy, but bleſſed in this their Son. But becauſe the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverſneſs and multiplicity of our ſins are ſuch, as they cannot promiſe us any true joy, much leſs aſſured and permanent felicity: ſo the Sunſhine of this their temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the father, mother, and ſon, will ſhortly receive a great eclipſe, and a fatal diſaſter, which will be to them ſo much the more bitter and mournfull, ſith both the cauſe and effects therof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For God in his ſacred decree and providence, ſeeing *Martin Halſenorſe* the father, his ſtrength arrived at his full meridian and height, and his daies to their full number and period: He, as he ſate at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and ſon, is ſuddenly taken with a deadly ſwoon, which preſently deprives his body of this life, and ſends his ſoul to enjoy the ſweet felicity, and ſacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A *Document* which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten privileges and ſtrength of youth, but ſo to prepare our lives that death at all places, and in all times, may ſtil find us armed and ready to encounter it. A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes as well of our faith as body ſo to look from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that our ſouls be not only ready, but willing to forſake this ſtinking Tabernacle and priſon of our mortality, to fly and be admitted into heaven, that *heavenly Jeruſalem*, and Celeſtial City, where they may enjoy the bleſſed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greateſt bleſſings of all joyes, and the moſt ſoveraign joy of all bleſſings, then to ſee our *Creator* and *Saviour*, *God* the Father, and *Chriſt Jeſus* his Son face to face, wherein indeed all the joyes and bleſſings of our ſouls are compriſed and included.

The death of *Halſenorſe* the Father, is not onely the *Argument*, but the cauſe of his widow *Chriſtina's* grief, of his Sonne *Maurice* his ſorrow, of her tears and groans, of his ſighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may ſtep a degree farther, and ſay, That this his death is a fatal herauld, and mournful harbinger, which portends and prepares both of them many diſaſterous calamities and woful miſeries, the which in a manner, are almoſt ready to ſurpriſe and befall them.

This ſorrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her ſtay and her Protector, her head and her glory; although he left her a good Eſtate, ſufficient enough to warrant her againſt the fear of poverty, and to ſecure her ſelf againſt the apprehenſion of worldly indigence; and wherewithall to maintain both her and her ſon, with ſomewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet ſhe ſaw her friends forſake her, and her Husbands familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendſhip dyed with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the duſt of his grave. A moſt ingrateful diſeaſe and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reproved than reformed, ſo fading and inconſtant are the unfriendly friendſhips of the world;

who for the moſt part are grounded on profit, not on honour, on avarice, not on virtue, on their own gold, not on the want of their Chriſtian neighbours and brethren: but enough of this, and again to our Hiſtory.

Now, if *Chriſtiana* (for only by that name I will henceforth intitle her) have any comfort or conſolation left her, to ſweeten the bitterneſſe of her Husbands death, it is onely to ſee him ſurvive and live in her Son *Maurice*, in whoſe virtues and years, her hopes likewiſe begin again to bud forth and flouriſh; when remembring what an earneſt care and deſire her Husband had to ſee him a Scholar, as ſhe inherits his goods, ſo ſhe will aſſume and inherit that reſolution of his: and although ſhe love her Sons ſight, and affect his preſence tenderly and dearly, yet ſhe can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her reſolutions, till ſhe ſend him from *Morges* to the Univerſity of *Loſanna*, ſome three Leagues diſtant from thence, there to perfect his ſtudies and learning, the ſeeds whereof already ſo hopefully bloſſomed forth, and fructified in him. To which end, her deepeſt affection and care having hearkned out one *Deodatus Vareſius*, a Bachelor of *Divinity* of that *Univerſity*, whom fame (though indeed moſt falſly) had informed her to be an expert *Scholar*, and an excellent *Chriſtian*, ſhe agrees with him; when allowing her Son an honeſt exhibition, and furniſhing him with Books, a Gown, and all other neceſſaries, ſhe ſends him away to *Loſanna*, charging him at his departure, to be carefull of his learning, carriage, and actions, and above all, to make piety and godlineſs in his life and converſation, the *Regent* of all his ſtudies; when with tears of natural affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Loſanna*, finds out his Tutor *Vareſius*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteouſly and kindly: but alaſs, the hopes of *Chriſtiana* the Mother, are extremely deceived in the virtues of *Vareſius*; becauſe his *Vices* will inſtantly deceive both the merits and expectation of her *Son*, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby ſhortly make him as vitious in *Loſanna*, as formerly he was virtuous in *Morges*: for I write with grief and pitty, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to ſay, whether he were more learned or deboſhed, a more perfect *Scholar*, or prophane *Chriſtian*; for although the dignity of his Bachelorſhip of *Theologie*, did hide many of his diſſolute pranks, and obſcene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and induſtry, could not ſo cloſely overvail and obſcure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beaſtly inclination to drunkenneſs, began now to become obvious and apparent to the Eyes and Heads of his *College*, yea, to the whole *Univerſity*: A moſt pernitious and ſwiniſh *vice*, indeed too too much incident and ſubject to theſe people the *Swiſſers*; but if it had been immured and confined within theſe Rocks and Mountains of *Germany*, it had proved not onely a happineſs, but a bleſſing to the other Weſtern parts of the Chriſtian world, where it ſpreads its infection like an uncontrolable and incurable *Gangrene*, yea, like a moſt contagious and fatal peſtilence: ſo as in *Vareſius* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profeſſion and converſation, his *Theorie* and his *Practice*, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-ſprings and fountains be corrupted with this vice and drunkenneſs, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of *Common-weals* be infected and poyſoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and reſidence in the *Claſſes* of *Univerſities*, from which Nurſes and Gardens of the Muſes, both the *Church* and *State* fetch their chiefeſt Ornaments and Members; how can we expect to ſee it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whoſe groſſe ignorance makes them far more capable to learn *Vice*, than *Virtue*; or rather *Vice*, and not *Virtue*; ſith there is no ſhorter nor truer Art to learn it, than of their *Arts Maſters*, becauſe the example and preſident of ill doings in our Teachers and Superiours, doth not only plant, but ingraffe and root it, not only privilege, but as it were, authorize it in us, ſtill with a fatal impetuoſity, with a dangerous violence, and pernitious event and iſſue: for if remedies be not found in learned *Phyſicians*, it is then in vain to ſeek them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the *Præceptor* himſelf be not ſanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his *Diſciple* will not. This (yea this) is a moſt mournful and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themſelves to death, to ſee their children ſuffer ſhipwrack; yea, this beaſtly and brutiſh ſin of Drunkenneſs, is ſtill the Devils *Uſher* and *Pander* to all other ſins; and therefore how cautious and carefull ought the Heads of *Schooles* and *Univerſities* be, to expel and root it out from themſelves, and to hate and deteſt it in others, ſith in the remiſs winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as ſafety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we ſhall not go far to ſee it made good and verified in this enſuing mournful Hiſtory; the which in exacting Ink from my Pen, doth likewiſe command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficultly hath *Maurice* been three months in *Loſanna* with *Vareſius*, but his virtues are eclipſed

eclipſed and drowned in vice; yea, he not onely thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himſelf culpable and guilty of this his Tutors *Vice* of *Drunkenneſs*, wherein within leſſe than three months he proves ſo expert, or indeed ſo execrable a *Scholar* in his beaſtly Art, as both day and night he makes it not onely his practice, but his delight, and not onely his delight, but his glory: He who was before ſo temperate in his drink and converſation in *Morges*, as for the moſt part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is ſo viciouſly metamorphoſed in *Loſanna*; as contrariwiſe, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to obſerve in this young *Scholar*, he drinks (or to write truer, devoures it) ſo exceſſively, as his Cups are become his Books; his Carrouſing, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenneſs the only Art he profeſſeth; which filthy and infectious diſeaſe, ſpreading from the *Præceptor* to the *Pupil*, from old *Vareſius* to young *Maurice*, hath ſo ſurpriſed the one, and ſeized on the other, as it threatens the diſparagement of the firſt his reputation, and the ſhipwrack of the ſeconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Vareſius*, who will not be aſhamed to pitty his beaſtly *Vice* in himſelf, doth yet pitty it with ſhame to behold it in his *Scholar Maurice*, and yet hath neither the *Grace* to reform it in himſelf, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but inſtead of ſtopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this ſwiniſh ſin, which inevitably draws after it theſe threefold diſeaſes and miſeries: The poyſon of our bodies, the conſumption of our purſes, and the Moth and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, theſe three not far different from the three former. The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life, and the conſumer of our Eſtates and friends: And within the compaſs of one whole year, to all thoſe diſeaſes and miſeries doth the drunkenneſs of our deboſhed young Scholar *Maurice* ſubject and reduce him; ſo as it being the nature of ſin (not checked and vanquiſhed with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flouriſh than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Loſanna*, the deeper root his beaſtly vice of drunkenneſs took in him, and he the dearer affection to it, ſo as that competent exhibition which his mother yearly allowed him, became incompatible with this his exceſſive prodigality and intemperancy: Yea, his extreme ſuperfluity in this kind, was without intermiſſion ſo frequent, as three quarters of his years penſion could not diſcharge one of his expences and debts, ſo ſtrong a habit (converted now to a ſecond Nature) had this bewitching beaſtly ſin of drunkenneſs exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he onely triumphed to become a ſlave to this his ſlaviſh appetite and ſwiniſh profeſſion, which to ſupport and maintain, he not only feeds, but ſurfets his mother with variety of ſubtil and inſinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers ſums of moneys from her, as indeed he doth; ſome under pretext of neceſſity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weakneſs and ſickneſs, and ſuch like colourable excuſes; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as faſt empty her purſe and ſtore, as her induſtrious frugality can poſſibly fill them; whereof having all the reaſons of the world to become ſenſible, ſhe at laſt, making her judgement conſult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become leſſe virtuous, and more deboſhed than ſhe hoped of, and that theſe his Letters and Petitions for mony, were onely tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence ſhe repoſed in his virtuous carriage and godly inclination; whereof being in fine informed and certified from ſuch *Students* & *Burgers* of *Loſanna*, whom ſhe had ſet as *Sentinels*, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lynceus* eyes over his actions and deportments, ſhe at laſt with few thanks to his Tutor *Vareſius*, many complaints & exclamations to her ſon, & inexpreſſable grief & ſorrow to her ſelf, commands him home from *Loſanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterneſſe and ſecrecy, ſhe taxes and rates him for his drunkenneſſe and prodigality, in that he had vainly ſpent in one year, more than either his father or her ſelf could collect or gather up in many.

But ſee the lewd ſubtilty, and wretched deceitfulneſſe of this diſſolute ſon towards this his dear and tender mother; for then and there, ſeaſoning his ſpeeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety, he modeſtly ſeems not onely to tax her credulity, conceived againſt the candeur and integrity of his actions, but alſo with a kind of tacite choller, to malign and traduce thoſe who unjuſtly and falſly had caſt ſo foul an aſperſion on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make thoſe his ſpeeches, and this his *Apology* and *Juſtification* paſſe current with his Mother, his diſcretion now deſcribes ſo fair a Law to his *Vanity*, and his reaſon to his intemperate and irregular deſires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and obſervant judgment, he ſeems to be the very picture and ſtatue of *Virtue*, although God and his foul ſoul and conſcience well knows, that he is the true, eſſential and real *Image* of *Vice*: and the better to cloak and overveyle this his diſſimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother; although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and eſpecially in his Mothers houſe and ſight, he caſts them off by day, and the better & more firmly to reintegrate

himſelf

himſelf into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is ſeen at his prayers, and ſpends the greateſt part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords ſuch ſweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as ſhe repents her ſelf of her unkindneſſe towards him, and not onely acquits him of his drunkenneſſe, prodigality and diſſolutenеſſe, but alſo accuſeth his accuſers, whom ſhe now as much condemns for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her Son, as ſhe highly (and as ſh: thinks juſtly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

But ſith Hypocriſie is worſe than Prophaneneſſe, as making us rather Devils than Saints; or indeed not Saints, but Devils; and that no ſacrifice is ſo odious, nor object ſo hateful to God, as he who denies and diſſembleth it in his looks, and yet profeſſeth and practiſeth it in his heart and ſoul: ſo we ſhall ſee to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his miſery, that thinking to deceive God, he ſhall in the end deceive himſelf; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his falſe *Virtue*, his true *Vice* will at laſt betray him, and make him as miſerable, as he flattereth himſelf it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his mothers conceit and minde, and ſo the more ſecretly to overveil his exceſſive affection and addiction to *Drunkenneſs*, he under the pretence of ſome neceſſary and profitable occaſions, gets leave of her, ſometimes to ride over to *Bern*, *Soleure*, *Fribourge*, *Apenſall*, and other capital Towns of the *Cantons*, where he falls afreſh to his cups, and there continually both day and night ſwils his brains, and ſtuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again, when he returns to *Morges*, he makes ſuch fair weather with his mother, and caſts ſo temperate a cloak and colour on his ſpeeches & actions, as if it were impoſſible for him to drink more than would ſuffice nature, or to deſire more than would meerly quench his thirſt. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himſelf into his Mothers good opinion and favour, as alſo ſome ſtore of money out of her purſe and coffers, he with a feigned ſhew of humility and diſcretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his ſtudies and learning, returns again to *Loſanna*, where he is no ſooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carrouſing companions, who like ſo many peſtilent Vipers, and contagious Moths and Caterpillars, are vitiouſly, and therefore fatally reſolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purſe, but alſo the heart of his happineſs, and as I may juſtly terme it, to devour the very ſoul of his felicity: and with theſe tippling Brats of *Bacchus*, doth our lewd and deboſhed Scholar *Maurice*, continually drink drunk, not only forgetting his learning but himſelf, and which is worſe, his God, having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; ſo beaſtly is he inclined, ſo ſwiniſhly and vitiouſly is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognoſticate, preſage, or promiſe to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, miſery and ruin of all ſides?

As the ſhorteſt errors are beſt, ſo thoſe *Vices* which have longeſt perſeverance and predominance in us, prove ſtill the moſt pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to cruſh a Serpent in the egge, but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then cruſh us; a plant may be removed with eaſe, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from ſin to repentance, is as great a happineſs, as it is a miſery to fall from repentance to ſin; and indeed to uſe but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater miſery befall us, than to think our ſelves happy, when (through our ſins) we are miſerable.

Here in *Loſanna*, *Maurice* eſteems this his beaſtly ſin of drunkenneſſe to be a *Virtue*, not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all ſhots and reckonings in Taverns, he ſottiſhly and fooliſhly thinks it the ſhorteſt and trueſt way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the leaſt ſpark of *Grace*, or ſhadow of conſideration, his ſtomack (like the Devils ſponge) and his inſatiable throat (like a bottomleſs gulf) ſo devoures his wine, and his wine his money, as that which ſhould be the *Argument* of his glory, he makes the cauſe of his ſhame; and his mony which ſhould fortifie his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a juſt revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoyceth to look on us, becauſe we firſt diſdained either to look on, or regard it; ſo he having ſpent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in waſting the monies his mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the froſty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redreſs. The Fellows and Students of his College look on him and his drunkenneſs, ſome with the eyes of pitty, others with thoſe of joy, according as their friendſhip or malice, their Charity or Envy either conduct their paſſions, or tranſport and ſteer their reſolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Vareſius*, how can he poſſibly ſeek to reclaim this his Pupil from *Vice* to *Virtue*, when he is ſo wretchedly diſſolute, as by the publike vote and voice of the *Univerſity*, he himſelf is already wholly and ſolely relapſed from *Virtue* to *Vice*?

In

In which reſpect this vitious young Student *Maurice*, having neither *Vertue* nor *Tutor*, money nor credit, diſcretion nor friend to ſecure him from the ſhelves of Indigence, or the rocks of Poverty and Miſery, whereon he is raſhly and wilfully ruſhing; he like a true deboſhed Scholar, or indeed, as a Maſter of Art in the Art of deboſhedneſs, firſt ſells his Books, then his Gown and Cloaths, and next his bed, being deſirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and fooliſhly) aſſured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miſerable conſideration and condition, a wretched eſtate and reſolution, only tending and conducing to direful miſery, and to deplorable poverty and deſolation.

But to repleniſh his purſe, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his cups and drunkenneſs, he hath no other hopes or refuge, than again to caſt himſelf on the affection and courteſie of his mother, whom he re-viſits with ſeveral Letters, which are only ſo many humble inſinuating Petitions, again to draw and wreſt moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation; or at leaſt they diſtinctly and ſeverally, and his mother joyntly with them, conſpire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, becauſe (by an uncontroleable relation of the truth) ſhe dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all thoſe of *Morges*, who came from *Loſanna*, as by all thoſe of *Loſanna* who came to *Morges*, ſhe is moſt certainly and ſorrowfully advertized of her ſons deboſhed and diſſolute life; of his neglect of Learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenneſs; of the ſale of his Cloaths, Bed, and Books; of the irreparable loſs, both of his time, moneys and reputation; and withal, how the dregs and fumes of wine hath metamorphoſed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily diſgraced it with many fiery Rubies, and flaming Carbunkles; as alſo how it hath ſtuffed and bombaſted up his belly and body, as if the dropſie and he contended who ſhould firſt ſeize each on other; and therefore ſhe being (with a mournfull unwillingneſs) enforced, not only to take notice, but ſorrowfully to reſt aſſured and confident of theſe diſaſterous premiſes, the infallible predictions and Symptomes of her Sons utter ruine and ſubverſion, She peremptorily and abſolutely refuſeth his requeſts, anſwereth his Letters with many ſharp complaints, and bitter exclamations againſt his foul ſin of Drunkenneſs, which threatens no leſs than the ruin both of his Reputation, Friends, Learning, Fortune, and Life, if not of his Soul.

Maurice, ſeeing himſelf wholly abandoned of his Mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not only ſurpriſeth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this diſcourteſie of hers, ſo near at heart, and withal is ſo extremely impatient to ſee himſelf forſaken of her, whom he knows the Laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cheriſh, as forgetting himſelf to be her Son, and ſhe his Mother; yea, forgetting himſelf to be a man, and which is more, a *Chriſtian*; his wants and *Vices* ſo far tranſport him beyond the bounds of *Reaſon* and *Religion*, of *Nature* and *Grace*, as he impiouſly and execrably degenerates from them all, and ſecretly vows to his heart and ſoul, or to ſay truer, to the Devil, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will ſpeedily ſend her into another world in a bloody Coffin, if ſhe will not believe his wants, and maintain him as her Son in this. So alas here it is, that he firſt gives way to the Devil to take poſſeſſion of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he firſt aſſumes bad blood, and ſuggeſts bloody deſigns, againſt the ſafety and life of his dear and innocent Mother. When like a miſerable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and ſtudies (like ſo many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finiſh and bring this deplorable Tragical buſineſs to an end: yea, the better to feed this his inſatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchleſs thirſt of his Matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affairs, to follow and haſten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his ſtudy and his time in *Loſanna*, caſting away his Books which would ſeem to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proſerpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the *Furies*, not the *Muſes*: and as afflictions ſeldom come alone, but many-times (as the waves of the ſea) fall one in the neck of another; ſo to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his exceſſive and frequent drunkenneſs makes him ſo notoriouſly apparent to the Heads of the *Univerſity* in general, and of his own *College* in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any ear to his *Apology* or Juſtification) expel him thence. So that being now deſtitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to ſee himſelf reduced to this point of miſery, that he muſt either beg or ſtarve, which to prevent, (becauſe he as much diſdains the firſt, as he is reſolved to provide a remedy for the ſecond) he leaves *Loſanna* (where his vices and debts have made the ſtones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his Mother to *Morges*, hoping that his preſence may prevail more with her than his abſence; and his tongue make that eaſie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not only difficult but impoſſible.

Being

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with tears, not of joy, but of grief; for his drunkenneſs hath ſo deformed his face and body, as at the firſt ſight ſhe difficulty knew him to be her ſon; and although he take pains to conceal that beaſtly vice of his, and ſo to plaiſter and varniſh it over with a feigned ſhew of repentance and reformation; yet ſhe ſees to her affliction, and obſerves to her miſery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as ſoon as ſhe once turns her back from him, he falls cloſe to them, and ſo tipleth and carouſeth from Morning to Night. Three days are ſcarce paſt, before he makes two requeſts to her; the one for new cloaths, the other for money; when to the end that her wiſdom might ſhine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wiſdom, ſhe chearfully grants him the firſt, but peremptorily denies him the ſecond, becauſe ſhe well knows it would be ſo much caſt away on him, ſith he would inſtantly caſt it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not ſo much content him, as the refuſal of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do ſo implacably take up and ſeize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his ſoul, he like a damnable villain, and an execrable ſon, ſwaps a bargain with the Devil, to deſtroy and make away his mother. Helliſh reſolutions, and infernal conceits, which will not only ſtrangle thoſe who embrace, but confound thoſe who follow them. His impiety made him formerly aſſume this bloody fact, and now his neceſſity and want of money (in that he cannot, as it were, drown himſelf in the exceſs of drunkenneſs) enforceth him to a reſolution to finiſh it. His faith is ſo weak towards God, and ſo ſtrong with the Devil, as he will not retire with Grace, but advance with impiety, to ſee as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody buſineſs: He conſults hereon with his delight, not with his reaſon; with his will, not with his conſcience; with his heart, not with his ſoul. He ſees he hath no money, and knows, or at leaſt believes, that his mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if ſhe were once dead, it were impoſſible that his life ſhould want any. So theſe two wretched Counſellors, *Covetouſneſs* and *Drunkenneſs*, (or rather Covetouſneſs to maintain his Drunkenneſs) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournfull murther of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true miſery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promiſe him falſe content and happineſs. His youth hath no regard to her age, and leſs to her life, neither will he vouchſafe to remember, that he firſt received his of her: yea, all the blood that flows in his heart, and ſtreams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and deſcended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Joſanna* ſhould; if his years cannot inſtruct him, yet his Books might; and if *Nature* prevailed not with his heart, yet me thinks *Grace* ſhould with his conſcience, to preſent him the foulneſs of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in reſolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of theſe earthly conſiderations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet me thinks looking from prophaneſs to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time preſent to the future; from the corruption of his Body, to the immortality of his Soul; from Sin to Righteouſneſs, from Revenge to Religion, and conſequently from Satan to God, he ſhould hate this bloody deſign and project of his as much as now he loves it, and ſeek the preſervation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and purſues her untimely end with impiety and deteſtation. But his Vices will ſtill triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miſerable, ever to ſee himſelf ſo happy.

Miſerable *Maurice* therefore (as the ſhame of his time, the diſgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious monſter of Nature) having helliſhly reſolved on the matter, now with a deviliſh fortitude and helliſh aſſurance paſſeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who ſeeks to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Devil, who uſeth his beſt Oratory to perſwade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his ſubtilty, ſo ſhould we be both wiſe and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if we believe God, we ſhall then betray him: he is impatient of delays, yea, his malice is ſo bloody, and his revenge ſo cruel, as he thinks every hour a yeer, till he hath ſent her from Earth to Heaven. He propoſeth unto himſelf divers ways to murther her, and the devil, who is never abſent, but preſent in ſuch Helliſh occaſions, makes him as well induſtrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finiſhing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as ſhe is in bed: Then to poiſon her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire ſome to kill her as ſhe is walking in her Vineyards; or elſe to cauſe two Water-men to drown her, as ſhe is taking the ayr in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly ſhe is accuſtomed to do; but yet ſtill he is irreſolute, either which, or [illegible] not to reſolve on,

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till at laſt, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and internal ratiocination banded and rebanded theſe ſeveral bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable ſafety, when conſidering there was a deep Well in the outer yard, adjoyning to the Garden, he holds it fitteſt for his purpoſe to drown her therein, whereon the Devil and he ſtrike hands, and ſet up their reſt and period.

Whiles thus this gracious Mother *Chriſtina* endeavours with her beſt care and prayers to divert her graceleſs Son *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beaſtly ſin of Drunkenneſſe, hee (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monſtrous and inhumane ingratitude, ſets his inventions and brains on the tenterhooks, to eſpie out the occaſion & time to diſpatch her. When burning with a flaming deſire to quench the inſatiable thirſt of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) ſeeing all his Mothers people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and ſhe with a Prayer-book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoyning, the Devil inſtilleth ſuch courage to his heart; his heart ſuch cruelty and inhumanity to his reſolutions, that all things ſeemed then to conſpire to ſee an end to this his ſo long deſired and affected buſineſſe of murthering and diſpatching his mother, he taking on him the part of a mad-man, whom it ſeemed ſorrow had ſuddenly afflicted, and grief diſtracted, he with his hat in his hand, haſtily and furiouſly ruſheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the neighbours children fallen into the Well, which he eſpied from his chamber window: whereunto (harmleſs good woman) ſhe adding belief to his falſe and perfidious ſpeeches; and (being beyond her ſelf) afflicted and amazed with this ſudden and ſorrowful news, ſhe throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her ſighs interrupting her words, and her tears her ſighs) ſhe (as if pitty added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to ſee this mournfull ſpectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her poſſible care to aſſiſt, or power to preſerve the ſaid childe from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a fury, than a man, and rather reſembling a meer Devil than a ſon, faſtneth his left hand on the Well-poſt, and as ſhe looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and ſo without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoicing in his heart that he had ſent her to death, becauſe he ſees it now not in the power of the whole world to ſave her life, He (the better to overveil this his impious villany) aſcends her chamber, breaks open her cupboards, truncks, & cheſts, takes away moſt of her mony, & ſilver plate, which he privately hides away for his own behoof & uſe, & ſo ſcattereth a few pieces of mony, & ſome of her clothes and apparel in the floor, therby ſubtilly to inſinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when ſtealing a horſe out of the ſtable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, & from thence rides to his mothers people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the air, & is now come to paſs the remainder of the day with them, & to be merry; to which end he ſends for wine from the skirts of the town; & ſo they carouſe & frolick it till towards night, & then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Miſtris wanting, & no creature in the houſe, wherat they much admire. So they ſeek & call her in the Orchards & Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids one way, & he and the men-ſervants another way, ſeek her where ſhe is accuſtomed to frequent; but to no purpoſe; for they can neither ſee nor hear of her; til at length the maidens ruſhing into her bed-chamber, they find her cupboards, cheſts & trunks broken open, & ſome of her mony and apparel ſtrew'd here and there on the floor; wherat amazed, they cry out at the windows, that thieves had been there & robbed their Miſtris her cheſts & trunks: which *Maurice* and the men-ſervants of the houſe over-hearing, they aſcend & admire at the ſight therof; neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehenſions, ſtop or ſtay at the meer loſs of the goods, but they fear the abſence of his Mother, & their Miſtris *Chriſtina*, & are already become jealous of her ſafety, & fearful that the thieves have offred her ſome violence & cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her ſon goes & acquaints the Baylif of *Morges*, & the reſt of the *Criminal Officers* therewith, who of all ſides inquire for her, & make a ſecret ſearch in the town, to find out the thieves; leaving not a room nor place of the houſe unſought for her; but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchaſe no news of her, much leſs of the thievs. They remain in the houſe all night, & they all with ſorrowful & watchful eyes expect every minute to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day ſtrikes, but as yet ſhe is not ſeen or heard of: So they again, in preſence of the Baylif ſearch all places & corners both in the houſe, gardens, orchards, & yards; but ſtil to no effect, when behold the ſacred providence of *God*, in revealing her to be drown'd in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were preſent; for as they are in the midſt of their doubts & fears, yea, in the very depth of their reſearch, lo, one of the ſervant maids, named *Heſter*, having that inſtant morning taken a nap of an hours ſleep in a chair, ſtarts ſuddenly out

of

of her ſleep and reſt, trips to them, and ſaies, ſhe then and there dreamed, that her Miſtris *Chriſtina* was caſt into the Well and drowned; the which ſhe affirmed with many words, and more ſighs, out-cries, and tears; which peircing into the ears and thoughts of the Baylif and ſervants, and into the very heart and conſcience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with griefe and amazement, and he ſtraineth the higheſt key of his art and policy to keep his cheeks from bluſhing for ſhame thereat; and the better to hood-wink their eyes and judgement from the leaſt ſpark or ſhadow of this his guiltineſs herein, he with many ſhowres of hypocritical tears, prayes the Baylif that upon *Heſters* dream and report, the Well may be ſearched; adding withall, that it was more probable than impoſſible, that thoſe thieves who robbed his Mothers houſe, might likewiſe be ſo devilliſhly malicious to murther her, and throw her into the Well: which the Baylif ſeriouſly conſidering, as firſt the mayds dream, then the ſons requeſt and tears, he inſtantly in the preſence of all thoſe of the houſe, as alſo of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purpoſely aſſembled, cauſed the Well to be ſearched and ſounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they inſtantly bring up the dead body of his mother and their Miſtreſſe *Chriſtina*; the skull of whoſe head was lamentably broken, and her brains pittifully daſhed out with her fall. All are amazed, her ſervants grieve, and her helliſh ſon *Maurice* weeps and cries more than all the reſt at this mournfull ſpectacle. The Baylif carefully and punctually again examines *Heſter*, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the perſons who had thus thrown her Miſtris into the Well; ſhe anſwereth negatively, according to the truth, that ſhe had already delivered as much as ſhe knew of that mournfull buſineſs. When *Maurice*, to ſhew his forwardneſſe and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his mothers murtherers, he pretends that he ſuſpects *Heſter* to be acceſſary, and to have a hand herein. But the Baylif and Common-council of *Morges*, having neither paſſion nor partiality to dazle and inveagle the eyes of their judgement, finding no reaſon or ground of probability to accuſe her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther queſtioning her, and ſo (as it hath been formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly thrown her into the Well, They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathleſſe Mother, which he doth with the greateſt pomp and decency, requiſite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the leaſt duſt or ſmoak of ſuſpition, which might any way fall upon the luſtre of his innocency, hee at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) ſheds many rivolets of tears. But, alaſs, what is this to this his foul and execrable ſin of murthering his Mother? for although it bleer the eyes, and inveagle the judgements of the Baylif and his aſſociates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*, yet God the great and Soveraign Judge of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no, for albeit he be mercifull, yet his Divine Majeſty is too juſt to let crimes of this helliſh nature goe either undetected or unpuniſhed.

Wee have ſeen this execrable ſon ſo bloody hearted and handed, as with a devilliſh rage, and inhumane and infernal fury, to drown his own dear, and tender Mother; and with as much cruelty as ingratitude, to throw her from the World into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and peril of her life) threw him from her womb into the world; and the Providence and Juſtice of God will not lead the curioſity of the Reader far, before we ſee this miſerable miſcreant overtaken with the impetuous ſtorm of Gods revenge, and the fiery guſts and tempeſts of his juſt indignation for the ſame, notwithſtanding that his ſubtil malice, and malicious ſubtilty, have ſo cunningly contrived, and ſo ſecretly acted and compacted it with the Devil, that no earthly perſon, or ſublunary eye can any way accuſe, much leſs convict him thereof; as mark the ſequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As ſoon as he hath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work ſuch poor and weak effects of repentance and ſorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwiſe rejoyceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her deceaſe being now become Lord and Maſter of all, he like a graceleſs villain, falls again to his old carrouſing companions, and vein of drunkenneſs, wherein he takes ſuch ſingular delight and glory, as he makes it not onely his paſtime and exerciſe by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and waies to ſcourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, ſo we ſhall ſhortly ſee for our inſtruction, and obſerve for our reformation, that this ungodly and beaſtly vice of drunkenneſſe of his, which is his moſt ſecret boſom and darling ſin, will in the end prove a ravenous *Vulture* to devour, and a fatall *Serpent* to eat out the bowels, firſt of his wealth and proſperity, and then of his life; for it not onely takes up his time, but his ſtudy, inſomuch as I may as truly averre to my

grief,

griet, as affirm to his ſhame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity, which Swiniſh exceſs and intemperancy, (as a puniſhment inſeparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that ſin) doth within three moneths make him ſell away all his Lands, yea, and the greateſt part of his Plate and houſhold-ſtuff; ſo his drunkenneſs firſt, but then chiefly Gods Juſtice and revenge purſuing his foul and inhumane crime of drowning his mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very ſhort time become very extream poor and miſerable; ſo as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become ſo exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he leaſt dreams thereof, he is impriſoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his mothers Funeral, to both whom he is indebted the ſum of three hundred crowns, which is far more than either his purſe can diſcharge, or his credit and eſtate now ſatisfie. When abandoned of all his friends, his means ſpent and conſumed, and nothing left him to exerciſe his patience in Priſon, but deſpair; nor to comfort him, but the terrors of his bloody and guilty Conſcience, He is clapt into a ſtinking Vault or Dungeon, where (in horror and deteſtation of his bloody crime) the glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, diſdains to ſend his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; ſo as he who was before accuſtomed to fare deliciouſly, and, as it were, to ſwill and drown himſelf in the beſt and moſt curious Wines, now he muſt content himſelf only with coarſe bread and water; and yet his miſery is ſo extream, and that extremity of his ſo miſerable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and ſuſtain life: But we ſhall ſee that this firſt affliction of his, will inſtantly be followed and overtaken by a ſecond.

Whitſunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Gaoler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the ayr, which is granted him, when at night deſcending the ſtairs, again to be pent up in his obſcure dungeon, his foot ſlips, and he receives a fearfull fall; whereof the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgeon to look to it, it putrifies and rots, ſo as for the preſerving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the ſhoulder; and this was the very ſame hand and arm which threw his mother into the Well. A ſingular act of Gods revenging Juſtice, and juſt revenge ſhewen herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our ſouls, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality ſoever, may as it were ſtand amazed at the conſideration of *Maurice* his impious ſin towards God, and of Gods due and true revenge and requital thereof in his juſt Judgement and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to ſuffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murthering his Mother; nor to ſay the truth, it is but the *Prologue* to the deplorable, yet deſerved puniſhment, which is immediatly ready to ſurprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curioſity, and our curioſity us, of the *Cataſtrophe* of this Tragedy, we muſt underſtand, that it was the pleaſure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arm, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgement. The devil cauſed him moſt inhumanely drown his Mother, the which he might have refuſed to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof ſends him Rage for Reaſon, Deſpair for Comfort, and Madneſs for Sobriety, the which he would flie and eſchew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the Rules and Laws of *Nature*; and therefore God hath ordained, that he ſhould feel many degrees of puniſhments, and this is not only the Law, but the rule of *Grace*. Of all degrees of afflictions, madneſs is the moſt to be pitied, and the worſt to be cured, ſith it makes a man go far beyond reaſon, and therefore to come far too ſhort of himſelf: it is held by ſome to be a ſickneſs of the Liver, of others, an over-fuming of the blood, and of others a debility of the brain: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his ſoul, which God ſent purpoſely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for ſo inhumanly drowning his Mother: for although his divine Majeſty hath infinite more ways to puniſh murther, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice* as ſtrange as the complotting and finiſhing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruel, he purpoſely ſends it him; for although ſince his impriſonment, hunger had ſo taken down his ſtomack, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of ſpeech was now reduced to a kind of ſorrowfull and penſive ſilence; yet as ſoon as his brains and ſenſes were poſſeſſed and captivated with this prodigious Lunacy, and outragious phrenſie, then his fits were ſo violent, and that violence ſo implacable, as his ſpeeches were ſo many fearfull outcries and howlings, and his words ſo many uncouth and unheard-of ravings; ſo that whoſoever either heard or ſaw him, he might juſtly conceive and affirm, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction and phrenſie of his ſo

miſerable, ſo impetuous, as he ſpake nonſenſe perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his foul conſcience and polluted ſoul rung him ſo many Panick fears and terrors of deſpair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himſelf, becauſe he could be no more afraid of himſelf; So as that Dungeon which could impriſon his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much leſs to immure his fears; and in this miſerable plight and perplexity he remained for the ſpace of ten days and nights, without any intermiſſion or hope of remedy, which infinitely diſturbed his fellow-priſoners, and chiefly his Gaoler, whoſe ears had never been accuſtomed to hear ſuch diſcordant tunes, much leſs to be taken up with ſuch diſtaſteſull and fearfull melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately ſolicites them, that they will remove his diſtracted priſoner *Maurice* to ſome more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembring what *Maurice* had been, and now conſidering and ſeeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be ſo charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now ſo religiouſly compaſſionate, as they pity his madneſs; ſo they command him from a Dungeon to a Chamber, from his Pallat of ſtraw to a Feather-bed, from his Bread and Water, to wholeſom Meats and Broths; but all this will not ſuffice; and to ſhew themſelves not only good men, but good Chriſtians, they to reſtore him to his wits and ſenſes, make yet a further progreſſion in charity. They cauſe him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not only eloquent, but powerfull to perſwade him to pray often, and to practiſe other Chriſtian duties and offices; but his cryes are ſo outragious, and his ravings ſo extragavant, as he is as uncapable to reliſh their reaſons, as they are to underſtand his rage: When the very immediate Finger and Providence of God, makes them yet ſo ſenſible of his unparallel'd miſery, as they are reſolved to remove him from his Priſon to an Hoſpital, thereby to take the benefit of the ayr in the Gardens, Walks, and Fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recall his wits, and re-eſtabliſh his ſenſes in their proper ſeats of *Underſtanding*, and ſtations of *Judgement*: When here, (oh here) I conjure thee Chriſtian Reader, to ſtand amazed and wonder with me, at the ſacred and ſecret Juſtice of the Lord, expreſſed and demonſtrated in this accident: For as his under Gaoler (by the Magiſtrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him forth from the Priſon to an Hoſpital, his bloody crime (like ſo many Blood-hounds) purſuing his guilty Conſcience and Soul; his Thoughts ſo enformed his knowledge, and his knowledge ſo confirm his belief, that the drowning of his Mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his Priſon to the place of Execution to ſuffer death for the ſame. Which apprehenſion and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in deſpight of his madneſs, he wanting an Accuſer, lo here he himſelf both accuſeth and condemneth himſelf for the ſame. For the very Image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrenſie and madneſs, he in the midſt of thoſe fits, and the height of that Agony and Anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confeſs it before he ſuffers you to hang me; I ſpeak it on earth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confeſs is true.* Which words no ſooner eſcaped his tongue, but he inſtantly returns again to his out-cries of phrenſie and madneſs. His Gaolers and the reſt are amazed at theſe fearfull ſpeeches, and bloody confeſſion of his; which notwithſtanding that they attribute to madneſs, yet they lead him to the Hoſpital, he ſtill raving and crying as he paſſeth the ſtreets. But oh! Let us here farther, admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculouſly made apparent and manifeſted in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outragiouſly cryed in his priſon, and licentiouſly raved in the ſtreet, is no ſooner entred into the Hoſpital, but the pleaſure of God had ſo ordained it, as his madneſs fully fals from him, and he abſolutely recovereth again his wits and ſenſes, in ſuch firm and ſetled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Gaolers make report to the Magiſtrates, firſt of his Confeſſion of drowning his Mother, and then of his ſudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgement and ſenſes, aſſoon as he ſet foot within the Hoſpital: Whereupon they as much aſtoniſhed at the one, as wondring at the other, do inſtantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuſe him, for that inhumane and bloody Fact of his, whereof his own Evidence and Confeſſion hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at leaſt, he will not be the ſame man: He denies this horrible and bloody Crime of his, with many Oaths and Aſſeverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath Confeſſed, ſays, that they either heard a Dream, or ſaw a Viſion, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to loſe all the blood and life of his body, to finde out, and to be revenged of the murtherers of his mother.

But

But the Magiſtrates are deaf to his *Apology*, and in conſidering the violence of his madneſs by its ſudden abandoning him, & alſo his free and uninforced confeſſion of drowning his Mother, they perceive that Gods Providence and Juſtice doth ſtrongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhumane Murther; and therefore contemning his requeſts and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency) they cauſe him to be refetched from the Hoſpital to the Priſon, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and ſoul be terrified and affrighted with his apprehenſion and accuſation, yet the Devil is ſo ſtrong with him, as he cannot yet find in his heart to relent, much leſs to repent this foul and inhumane crime of his; but conſidering that he acted it ſo ſecretly, as all the world could not produce a witneſs againſt himſelf, except himſelf, he vows to be ſo impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to diſdain theſe his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we ſhall ſee both his Conſcience and reſolutions taught another rule, and preſcribed a contrary Law; yea, here we ſhall behold and obſerve in him, that now *Righteouſneſs* ſhall triumph over *Sin*, *Grace* over *Nature*, his *Soul* over his *Body*, *Heaven* over *Hel*, and *God* over *Satan*; for at the very firſt ſight of the Rack, the ſight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him ſhake and tremble extremely, when his ſoul being illuminated by the reſplendent Sun-beams of Gods mercy, & the foggy miſts of Hell and Satan expelled & baniſhed thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, firſt beats his breaſt, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confeſſeth, that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remiſſion, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there be no doubt but God will forgive his ſoul for this his foul Murther, yet the Magiſtrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their looks, Religion in their hearts and ſpeeches, and Juſtice in their actions, will not pardon his body; ſo in deteſtation of this his fearfull crime, and inhumane paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, as he hath reaſon to approve the equity of their Juſtice in condemning him to dye, ſo he cannot refrain from grieving at the ſtrictneſs of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as ſoon as we forſake the devil, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Loſanna* rings of this mournful and Tragical news, and in deteſtation of this mournful, inhumane, and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and ſtreets to the place of execution, to ſee him expiate it by his death, and ſo to take his laſt farewel of this life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and aſſiſting his ſoul in this her flight and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiouſly prevailed with him, ſo as they make him ſee the foulneſs of his crime, in the ſharpneſs of his contrition and repentance for the ſame; yea, he is become ſo humble, and withall ſo ſorrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with deteſtation and repentance. At his aſcending the Ladder, moſt of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping, and the very ſight of their tears proves the *Argument* of his; as his remembrance of murthering his Mother, was the cauſe.

He tels them he grieves at his very ſoul, for the foulneſs of his fact in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms that drunkenneſſe was not only the root, but the cauſe of this his beggary and miſery, of his crime and puniſhment, and of his deboſhed life, and deſerved death, from which with a world of ſighs and tears he ſeeks and endeavours to divert all thoſe who affect and practice that beaſtly Vice. He declares, that his Mother was too virtuous ſo ſoon to go out of the world, and himſelf too vicious (and withall too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the ſins of his life had deſerved this his ſhameful death; and although he could not prevent the laſt, yet that he heartily and ſorrowfully repented the firſt. He prayed God to be mercifull to his ſoul, and then beſought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when ſpeaking a few words to himſelf, and ſealing them with many tears and far-fetched ſighs, he laſtly bids the world farewel, when enviting the Executioner to do his Office, he is turned over.

And ſuch was the vicious life, and deſerved death of this Execrable Son, and bloody villain *Maurice*: wherein I muſt confeſs, that although his end were ſhameful and ſharp; yet, it was by far too too mild for the foulneſs of his crime, in ſo cruelly murthering his dear mother *Chriſtina*, whom the Laws both of *Nature* and *Grace* commanded him to preſerve and cheriſh. Yea, let all Sons and Daughters of all ages and ranks whatſoever look on this bloody and diſaſterous example of his, with fear; and fear to commit the like by the ſight of his puniſhment.

It is a Hiſtory worthy, both of our meditation and deteſtation, whether we caſt our eyes on his drunkenneſs, or fix our thoughts and hearts on his Murther: Thoſe who love and fear God are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but thoſe who will neither fear nor love him, very ſeldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the [illegible] of our ſins, if we once conſent and give way to adde that ſcarlet, and crying one of Murther; that blood which we untimely ſend to Earth, will in Gods due time draw down vengeance on our Heads from *Heaven*; *Charity* is the mark of a *Chriſtian*, and the ſhedding of innocent blood, either that of an *Infidel*, an *Atheiſt*, or a *Devil*. O therefore let us affect and ſtrive to hate it in others, and ſo we ſhall the better know how to deteſt and abhor it in our ſelves, which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our conſolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and ſo we ſhall be directed.

FINIS.

THE TRIUMPHS OF GODS REVENGE AGAINST THE CRYING AND Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contein great variety of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

Book IV.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON:
Printed by *Sarah Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the ſign of the *Turks*-Head, near the *Miter*-Tavern. 1656.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE PHILIP

EARL OF

PEMBROKE AND *MONTGOMERY*,

Lord Chamberlain to the KING, one of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Having formerly dedicated the Third Book of theſe my Tragical Hiſtories (of Gods Revenge againſt Murther*) to your Incomparable* Lord *and Brother,* William *Earl of* Pembroke *(who now lives with God) I therefore held my ſelf bound (by the double obligation of my duty and your own generous merits) likewiſe to preſent this Fourth Book to your Protection and Patronage, becauſe as* England, *ſo* Europe *perfectly knows that you are as true an heir to his Vertues, as to his Fortunes, and to his Goodneſs, as to his greatneſs, and that therefore it may properly be ſaid he is not dead, becauſe they (as well as himſelf) do ſtil ſurvive and live in you, with equal luſtre and glory, as having made either a happy Metamorphoſis, or a bleſſed Tranſmigration into your Noble breaſt and reſolutions: and therefore as it was my ſincere reſpects and zeal to his Honour that then drew me to that ambition; ſo it is entirely the ſame which hath now both invited and induced me to this preſumption to your Lordſhip, having no other end or object in this my Dedication, but that this Book of mine having the honour to be countenanced by ſo great a perſonage, and the felicity to be protected by ſo honourable a* Mæcenas, *may therefore encounter the*

more ſafely with the various humours it ſhall meet with, and abide more ſecurely the different cenſures of this our too faſtidious age.

How theſe Hiſtories (or the memorable accidents which they contain and relate) will reliſh with your Lordſhips palate or judgement, I know not; Only becauſe you are a Noble Son of Gods Church, and an excellent Servant to your Prince and Country, I therefore rather hope than preſume, that your Honour will at leaſt be pleaſed to ſee, if not delight to know and conſider, how the Triumphs of Gods Revenge and puniſhments doth herein ſecretly and providently meet with this crying and ſcarlet ſin of premeditated Murther, and with the bloudy and inhumane Perpetrators thereof, who hereby (as ſo many mercileſs Butchers, and prodigious Monſters of Mankind) do juſtly make themſelves odious to Men, and execrable to God and his Angels.

God hath (deſervedly) honoured your Lordſhip with the favour of two great Earthly Kings your Soveraigns, as firſt of our royal King James, *the Father, and now of our preſent moſt Renowed King* Charls *his Son, and yet this external honour and favour of theirs is no way ſo glorious to you, as that (maugre the reigning vices of the world) you ſerve the true God of Heaven, in purity of your heart, and fear and adore him in the integrity of your ſoul. And to repreſent you with naked Truth, and not with Eloquence or Adulation, This Heavenly Piety of yours I beleeve is the prime reaſon, and true Eſſential cauſe of all this your earthly Honour, and ſublunary Greatneſs, & that this is it likewiſe which doth ſo rejoice your heart, and inrich and repleniſh your Houſe with ſo numerous and noble an Iſſue, of hopeful and flouriſhing Children, who (as ſo many Olive-branches of Virtue, and Syents and Plants of Honour) doe both environ your Bed, and ſurround your Table, and who promiſe no leſs, than futurely to magnifie the blood, and to perpetuate and immortalize the Illuſtrious Name and Family of the* Herberts *to all Poſterity.*

Go on reſolutely and conſtantly (Noble Lord) in your religious Piety to God, and in your candid and unſtained Fidelity to your Prince and Country, that your life may triumph o'r your death, and your Virtues contend to out-ſhine your Fortunes, and that hereafter God (of his beſt favour and mercy) may make you as bleſſed and as glorious a Saint in Heaven, as now you are a great Peer and Noble Pillar here on Earth; which none ſhall pray for with more true zeal, or deſire or wiſh with more real and unfeigned affection, than

Your Honours devoted

and moſt humble Servant,

JOHN REYNOLDS.

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVI.

Idiaques *cauſeth his ſon* Don Iuan *to marry* Marſillia, *and then commits Adultery and Inceſt with her: She makes her Father in Law* Idiaques *to poyſon his own old wife* Honoria; *and likewiſe makes her own brother* De Perez *to kill her Chamber-maid* Mathurina; Don Iuan *afterwards kils* De Perez *in a Duel:* Marſillia *hath her brains daſht out by a horſe, and her body is afterwards condemned to be burnt:* Idiaques *is beheaded, his body likewiſe conſumed to aſhes, and thrown into the air.*

LEt Malice be never ſo ſecretly contrived, and the ſhedding of Innocent blood never ſo wretchedly perpetrated, yet as our Conſcience is to us a thouſand witneſſes, ſo God is to us a thouſand Conſciences, firſt to bring it to light, and then their Authors to deſerved puniſhments for the ſame, when they leaſt dream or think thereof. For as there is no peace to the wicked ſo they ſhall find no peace or tranquility here on earth, either with God or his creatures; becauſe if they would conceal it, yet the very Fowles of the air, yea, the ſtones and timbers of their chambers will detect it: For the Earth or Air will give them no breath nor being, but they ſhall hang between both, becauſe by theſe their foul and deplorable facts, they have made themſelves unworthy of either. A powerful example, and a pittifull precedent whereof we ſhall behold in this enſuing Hiſtory, where ſome wretched miſcreants and graceleſs creatures making themſelves guilty of thoſe bloody crimes (by the immediate Revenge and Juſtice of God) received exemplary, and condign puniſhments for the ſame: May we read it to Gods glory, to our comfort and the hearts, and the inſtruction of our ſouls.

In the City of *Santarem*, which (by tract of time, and corruption of ſpeech) ſome term *Saint Aren*, and which (after *Lisbon*) is one of the richeſt and beſt people of *Portugal*; there dwelt

dwelt a Gentleman of ſome fifty five years old, nobly deſcended, and of a great eſtate and means, named *Don Sebaſtian Idiaques*, whoſe wife and Lady being aged, of well near fifty years, was termed *Dona Honoria*, and well ſhe deſerved that honourable name, for all ſorts of virtues and honours made her youth famous, and her age glorious to all *Portugal* and *Spain*. They had lived together in the bonds of Matrimony almoſt thirty years, with much honour, content and felicity, and for the fruits of their affection and mariage, they had two ſons and four daughters; but God in his pleaſure & Providence (for ſome reſerved reaſons beſt known to his All-Divine Majeſty) took from Earth to Heaven all their Daughters, and one of their Sons, ſo as now they have left them but one Son, named *Don Iuan*, a gallant young Gentleman, of ſome twenty five years old, of diſpoſition brave and generous, who after his firſt youthfull education under his Father, had his chief breeding under the Duke of *Braganza*, to whom he was firſt a Page, and then a chief Gentleman retaining to him, whom (in regard of the death of his Brother and Siſters) his Father called home unto him, to be his comfort and conſolation, and the prop and ſtay of his age, as alſo of the Lady his Mother, who had formerly acted a great part in grief, and a mournfull one in ſorrow for the death of her children; and indeed *Don Iuan*, this ſon of theirs, for all regards of Courtſhip, was held to be a compleat Gallant, and of the prime Cavaliers of *Portugall*.

As for *Idiaques* the Father, though in all the courſe and progreſs of his life, and in all the life and conduction of his actions, he bewrayed many morall and generous vertues, yet as one diſcordant ſtring marrs the harmony of the beſt-tuned Inſtrument, and the concent of the ſweeteſt melody and muſick; and as one foul Vice is naturally ſubject, and fatally incident to eclipſe and drown many rich and fair vertues, ſo (in this his old age, when time had honoured him with white hairs) he deboſhed himſelf ſo much, and ſo ſottiſhly ſacrificed his irregular affections to heart-killing concupiſcence, and his exorbitant deſires to ſoul-deſtroying adultery, that he very often made himſelf a falſe and inconſtant Husband to his wife, and a true, yea, too true a friend to Curtiſans and Strumpets. His vertuous Lady *Honoria* extreamly grieves hereat, that now in his later years he ſhould thus laſciviouſly forget himſelf, both towards her, and towards God. She uſeth all perſwaſions, prayers and tears, to diſwade and divert him from it, but ſeeing that all proves vain, and that he rather proves worſe than better thereat, her diſcretion makes her brook it with as much patience as ſhe can, and therefore ſhe ſeems not to ſee, or know that whereof (to her grief and diſcontent) ſhe cannot be ignorant. But here comes an accident which will breed both of them, and their Son *Don Iuan*, miſery of all ſides.

Some ſix leagues from *Santarem* was a wonderfull fair young Gentlewoman being a Widdow aged but of twenty two years, named *Dona Marſillia*, well deſended, but by her late deceaſed Husband left but ſmall means, yet ſhe bears out her port bravely, and maintains her ſelf highly and gallantly; and indeed ſhe is the prime young Lady for beauty in all thoſe parts; Now the baſe Ambaſſadors, and Emiſſaries of *Idiaques* his beaſtly and obſcæne luſt (the true Vipers and Cankers of Common-weals) give him notice of her, and of her ſingular beauty, as well foreſeeing and knowing that it would be ſweet and pleaſing news unto him. He viſits and courts her, but as young as ſhe is ſhe puts him off with peremptory refuſals, and in vertuous and modeſt tearms checks his age for this his laſcivious ſute and motion to her: But he is as conſtant in his affection to her, as ſhe is diſdainfull to him; for his heart is ſo inſnared and intangled in the fetters of her freſh and delicate beauty, that although ſhe refuſe him, yet he will not forſake her; but after many purſutes and viſits, ſhe at laſt well perceiving that he loved her tenderly and dearly, and that he ſtill moſt importunatly frequented her houſe and company, ſhe as a ſubtill and cunning young Gentlewoman, tels him plainly and privatly, that ſhe will acquaint him with a ſecret of her heart, and a requeſt of her mind and affection, which if he will cauſe to be performed, ſhe then vowes ſhe will for ever be at his diſpoſing aud command. *Idiaques* thinking that ſhe will crave ſome money of him, or ſome yearly penſion or annuity he conſtantly promiſeth to grant and perform her requeſt; ſo ſhe (taking time at advantage) firſt ſwearing him to ſeerecie, then (with many ſmiles and bluſhes) ſhe tells him, that if ever he think to enjoy her love and her ſelf, he muſt uſe the means to marry his Son *Don Iuan* to her, which being effected, ſhe with much pretended ſhew of piety and affection, religiouſly ſwears to him, that ſhe will never have the power or will to deny him any thing, but that his requeſts ſhall be to her as ſo many commands, and (but only for himſelf) if his Son *Don Iuan* her Husband, ſhe with many imprecations and aſſeverations ſwears, that ſhe will ſacrifice her beſt bloud and life, rather than diſtain his bed, or offer him the leaſt ſhadow of any ſcandall or diſhonour whatſoever. *Idiaques* wondreth with admiration, and admires with wonder at this her ſtrange Propoſition, the which he finds ſo knotty and intricate, as meaſuring Grace by Nature, his judgement by his Luſt

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and Concupiſcence, and his Soul by his Affections, he knows not what to ſay or do herein; ſo he anſwereth her with more love than wiſdom, and for that time leaves her in general terams. He goes home, walks penſively in his Garden, and there conſults *Pro* and *Con* on this buſineſs; fain he would preſerve his ſons honour, and keep the honour of his bed immaculate, but then the ſweet Roſes and Lillies of *Marſillia*'s youth and beauty act wonders in his heart, and bears down all other reaſons and conſiderations before it: He viſits her again and again, but he finds her inviolably conſtant in her former reſolution. All the favour and courteſie which he can gain from her, are a few extorted kiſſes, which ſo inflame and ſet on fire his aged heart and affections, as at laſt like a graceleſs Father, he faithfully promiſeth her to uſe his beſt Art and Power to procure his ſon to marry her. To which end he takes him aſide, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt tearms he can deviſe, paints out *Marſillia*'s praiſes and vertues to him in the pureſt and rareſt colours, adding withal, that although ſhe be not exceeding rich, yet that her perſonage is ſo exquiſite, and her perfections ſo excellent, as that ſhe every way meriteth to be wife to a Prince. *Don Juan* (by what fatal Fortune I know not) relisheth this motion of his Father, to ſeek the Lady *Marſillia* for his wife, with much delight and joy, and far the more and the ſooner, in regard he (in divers Companies) hath formerly heard the fame of her beauty extolled, and the glories of her Vertues advanced to the Skie; ſo he takes time of his father to conſider hereof, and rides over ſometimes with him to Saint *Eſtiene* to viſit her; He finds her wonderfull fair and beautifull, and wonderfull coy; of a very ſweet and Majeſtical carriage, and of a delicate and curious ſpeech, fit baits to enſnare the heart, and to betray the judgement of a more ſolid underſtanding than that of *Don Juan*. She acts her part as wiſely as he doth amorouſly and paſſionately; For the more ſhe makes ſhew to retire and conceal her affection from him, the more he is provoked to advance and diſcover his to her; but he cannot be ſo much enamoured of her beauty, as ſhe is with the great Eſtate of Lands and Demains whereunto God and his Father have made him heir.

Whiles thus the father privately, and the ſon publikely are ſeeking to make *Marſillia* his wife, the old Lady *Honoria* the mother, by many ſtrong reaſons ſeeks to divert him from her. She hath perfect notice of her husbands long and often frequenting of *Marſillia*'s houſe and company, and therefore fearing the vanity of his age, and doubting the frailty of her youth and chaſtity, her jealouſie and Judgment at laſt finds out and concludes, that his familiarity with her is far greater than honour can warrant, or honeſty allow of; Upon which foundation ſhe in her diſcontented looks and ſilence, bewrays unto her ſon *Don Juan*, her conſtant and reſolute averſneſs from him to marry her, the which ſhe peremptorily and religiouſly forbids him, upon her bleſſing, adding withal, that if he marry her, there will infallibly more miſeries and calamities attend their nuptials, than as yet it is poſſible for him either to know or conceive; the which ſhe prays him to read in her looks and ſilence, to remember it when he ſees her not, and to take it as the trueſt adviſe, and ſecureſt Counſel of a dear Mother to her only Son. *Don Iuan* ruminates on theſe ſpeeches and adviſe of his Mother, as if there were ſome deep abſtruſe myſterie or ambiguous Oracle contained and hidden therein, the which becauſe he hath equal reaſon as well to fear that this match of his with *Marſillia* may prove fatal, as to hope and believe that it may prove fortunate, he makes a ſtand thereat, as vowing to proceed therein with adviſement, and not with temerity and precipitation; and ſo forbears for a moneth or two to viſit her: But the more the Son flies off in his affection from *Marſillia*, the more doth ſhe do the like from his father in requital, whereat he grieves with diſcontent, and ſhe ſeems to bite her lip with ſorrow. *Idiaques* chargeth his ſon to tell him from whence this his ſudden ſtrangeneſs and unkindneſs towards *Marſillia* proceedeth; the which he anſwers with a modeſt excuſe, as favouring more of diſcretion than diſobedience, but yet wholly concealeth his Mothers counſel and adviſe to him from his Father, the which notwithſtanding he vehemently ſuſpecteth it proceeds from her and her Jealouſie. *Marſillia* is enraged to ſee her ſelf deprived of *Don Iuan*, whom in her ambitious thoughts, hopes, and wiſhes ſhe had already made her Huſband; and howſoever *Idiaques* his Father ſeeks to conceal and palliate this buſineſs towards her, yet ſhe believes it is his fault, and not his Sons. She lays it to his charge, and knitting her brows, ſhe conjureth him to tell her from whence his Sonnes unkindneſs to her proceeds: He tells her, he is confident, that it is his old Mother who hath diverted him from her, whereat ſhe is exceedingly enraged; When ſeeing this old Letcher ſo open and plain with her, ſhe ſoothing him up with many kiſſes, tells him, that this old Beldam his wife muſt firſt be in heaven, before he can hope to enjoy her, or ſhe his Son here on Earth; when (being allured and provoked by the treacherous ſuggeſtions and bloody temptations of the Devil) ſhe proffers him to viſit her, and to poyſon her, which he oppoſeth and contradicteth; and contrary to all reaſon and ſenſe, and repugnant to all Humanity

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and Chriſtianity, yea, to Nature and Grace, (as a Husband fitter for the Devil, than for this good old Lady his Wife) he undertakes and promiſeth her ſpeedily to perform it himſelf; yea, the devil is now ſo ſtrong with him, and he with the devil, that becauſe he loves *Marſillia*, therefore he muſt hate his own dear wife, and vertuous Lady *Honoria*, and becauſe he hates her, therefore he muſt poyſon her; a lewd part of a man, a fouler one of a Chriſtian, but a moſt helliſh and bloody one of a Husband to his own wife, who ought to be neer and dear unto him, as being his own fleſh and blood, yea the other half of himſelf. He cannot content himſelf to ſeek to abuſe and betray his Son, but he muſt alſo murther the mother. So wanting the fear of God before his eyes, and repleat with as much impiety and cruelty, as he was devoid of all Grace, he is reſolute in this his helliſh rage and malice againſt her, and ſo to pleaſe his young Strumpet, he will ſend this good old Lady his wife to Heaven in a bloody Coffin; ſo without thinking of Heaven or Hell, or of God, or his ſoul, he procures ſtrong poiſon, and acting the part of a Fury of Hell, and a member of the Devil, he as a wretched and execrable Huſband, adminiſtreth it [illegible]er in preſerved Barbaries, which he ſaw her uſually to love and eat, whereof within three days after ſhe dies, to the extream grief and ſorrow of her Son *Don Juan*, who bitterly wept, for this his mothers haſty and unexpected death, but the manner thereof he knows not, and indeed doth no way in the world either doubt or ſuſpect thereof.

His Father *Idiaques* makes a counterfeit ſhew of ſorrow and mourning to the world, for the death of his wife, but God in his due time will unmask this his wretched hypocriſie, and detect and revenge this his execrable and deplorable murther. Now aſſoon as *Marſillia* is advertiſed of the Lady *Honoria*'s death, ſhe not able to contain her Joyes, doth infinitely triumph thereat, and within leſs than two moneths after her burial, *Idiaques* and *Marſillia* work ſo politickly with *Don Juan*, as he marries *Marſillia*, although his mothers adviſe to him in the garden, do ſtill run in his mind and thoughts; and now he brings home his luſtfull Spouſe and Wife to his lewd and laſcivious Fathers houſe at *Sentarem*, where (I write with horror and ſhame) he moſt beaſtly and inhumanly very often commits Adultery and Inceſt with her, and they act it ſo cloſe that for the firſt year or two, his Son *Don Juan*, hath no news or inkling thereof; and now *Marſillia* governeth and rules all, yea her incontinency with her Father *Idiaques* makes her ſo audacious and impudent, as ſhe commands not only his houſe, but himſelf, and domineers moſt proudly and imperiouſly over all his Servants. Her waiting-maid *Mathurina* obſerves and takes exact and curious notice, of her young Ladies luſtfull, and unlawfull familiarity with her Father in Law *Idiaques*, the which her miſtris underſtanding, ſhe extreamly beats her for the ſame; and twice whips her ſtark naked in her Chamber, and drags her about by her hair, although this poor young Gentlewoman, with a world of tears and prayers, begs her to deſiſt and give over.

God hath many ways and means to ſet forth his glory, in detecting of Crimes, and puniſhing of offenders, yea he is now pleaſed to make uſe of this young maidens diſcontent and choler againſt her incenſed Lady and Miſtris, for we ſhall ſee her pay dear for this cruelty and tyrannie of hers towards her; for *Mathurina*, being a Gentlewoman by birth, ſhe takes thoſe blows and ſevere uſage of her Lady in ſo ill part, and lodgeth it ſo deeply in her heart and memory, as ſhe vows her revenge ſhall requite part of that her cruelty and tyrannie towards her; Whereupon (with more haſte than diſcretion, and with more malice than fidelity) ſhe in her hot blood, goes to *Don Juan*, her young Maſter, tels him of this foul buſineſs betwixt his young Wife and old Father, to the diſgrace and ſhame of nature; and makes him ſee and know his own diſhonour, in their bruttiſh and beaſtly Adultery and Inceſt. *Don Juan* extreamly grieves hereat, yea he is both amazed and aſtoniſhed at the report of this unnatural crime as well of his young wife as aged Father. He cannot refrain from choler and tears hereat, to ſee himſelf thus infinitely abuſed by her beauty, and betrayed by his luſt; and if it be a beaſtly, yea prophane part, for one man, and friend to offer it to another, how much more for a Father to offer it to his own, yea to his only Son? He expected more goodneſs from her youth, and grace from his age, but as his wife hath hereby infringed her vow, and oath of wedlock, ſo hath his wretched father exceeded and broken thoſe rules and precepts of Nature; yea, he is ſo nettled with the report, and inflamed with the conſideration and memory hereof, that he abhors her infidelity, and in his heart and ſoul deteſteth his inhumanity; ſo as the knowledge hereof doth ſo juſtly incenſe him againſt her, and exaſperate himſelf againſt him, that reſolving to right his own honour, as much as they have blemiſhed and ruined it, and therein their own, he ſcorns to be an eye-Witneſs, much leſs an acceſſary of this his ſhame and their infamy: So he here enters into a diſcreet and generous conſultation with himſelf, how to bear himſelf in this ſtrange and diſhonourable accident; when perceiving and finding

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that both his wife and Father, had by this their beaſtly Adultery and Inceſt, made themſelves for ever unworthy of his ſight and company; he here for ever diſdaining henceforth to ſee her, or ſpeak with him, very ſuddenly (upon a ſecond conference, and examination of *Mathurina*, who ſtood firmly and vertuouſly to her former depoſition and accuſation againſt them) takes horſe and rides away from *Santarem* to *Lisbone*, where providing himſelf of monyes and other neceſſaries, he takes poaſt for *Spain*, and there builds up his reſidence and ſtay at the Court at *Madrid*, where we will for a while leave him, to ſpeak of other accidents which fall out in the courſe of this Hiſtory.

Idiaques ſeeing the ſudden departure of his Son, and *Marſillia* of her Husband, *Don Iuan*, and being both aſſured that he had ſome ſecret notice and intelligence of their laſcivious dalliances and affection, he exceedingly grieves, and ſhe extreamly ſtorms thereat, becauſe they know that this foul ſcandall will wholly reflect and fall upon them; and now by this his ſudden and diſcontented departure from them, will be made notorious and apparent to all the world. But how to remedy it they know not, becauſe he hath neither ſignified him where he is gone, nor when he will return; the which the more bewrayeth his ſmall reſpect, and diſcovereth his implacable diſpleaſure towards them. But as there is no malice and revenge to that of a Woman, ſo *Marſillia* aſſuring her ſelf that it was her Maid *Mathurina* who (to the prejudice and ſcandall of her Honour) had unlocked this myſtery to her Husband *Don Iuan*, ſhe enters into ſo furious a rage, and ſo outragious a fury againſt her, as ſhe provides her ſelf of Rods, and intends the next morn e're ſhe be ſtirring out of her bed, to wreak her fierce anger and indignation upon her. But this ſharp and ſevere reſolution of hers, is not ſo cloſely carried by her, but *Mathurina* hath perfect notice thereof, and to prevent this intended correction and cruelty of her incenſed Lady and Miſtris, ſhe the night before takes horſe, and ſo rides home to the Town of Saint *Saviours* to her Father; and there, from point to point relateth him all which had paſt betwixt her Lady and her ſelf, and betwixt her Husband, her ſelf, and her Father in Law; and that now diſdaining any more to ſerve her, as her body, ſo her tongue is at liberty; for ſhe is not, and ſhe will not be ſparing to publiſh her Miſtris, and her Father in Law's ſhamefull familiarity and adultery together. But this indiſcretion, and licentious folly of her tongue will coſt her far dearer than ſhe thinks of, or expecteth.

For her late Lady and Miſtris *Marſillia*, being now perfectly certified of *Mathurina*'s infidelity and treachery towards her in the point of her diſhonour and ſhame, ſhe (to ſalve up her reputation, and to provid for the fame) will not wholly rely upon her own judgment and diſcretion herein, but reſolves to acquaint *Don Alonſo De Perez*, her own only Brother herewith, and to crave his ayd and aſſiſtance, as alſo his advice, betwixt whom and her ſelf there was ſo ſtrict a league and Sympathy of affection, that (if reports be true) I write it to their ſhame, and mine own ſorrow, it exceeded the bounds of Nature and Honour, and of Modeſty and Chaſtity; only the preſumption hereof is great and pregnant; for if there had not been ſome extraordinary tyes and obligations betwixt them, it is rather to be believed than doubted, that for her ſake and ſervice, he would never have ſo freely expoſed himſelf to ſuch eminent fears and dangers, as we ſhall immediatly ſee him do; and although (of honour and diſpoſition) he were brave and generous, yet I believe he would not have undertaken it. For the Reader muſt underſtand, that to this Brother of hers, *Don Perez*, *Marſillia* ſpeedily acquaints the infidelity and treachery of her Maid *Mathurina*'s tongue againſt her Fame and Honour, which had ſo unfortunatly occaſioned her Husbands, *Don Juans*, diſconted departure from her. She proteſteth moſt ſeriouſly and deeply to him of her and her Father in Law *Idiaques* innocency in this pretended crime and ſcandall; Tels him, that *Mathurina* is the only author and reporter thereof, and therfore till that baſe and lewd tongue of hers be eternally ſtopped and ſilenced, ſhe ſhall never enjoy any true content to her heart, or peace to her thoughts and mind, heart either in this world, or this life: When his affection to her makes him to yield ſuch confidence to her ſpeeches, vows, and complaints, that he holds them to be as true as Scripture; yea, and the undoubted Oracles of Truth and Innocency; when to pleaſe and ſatisfie her, he bids her he of good chear and comfort, and that he will ſpeedily take ſuch order that *Mathurina*'s ſcandalous tongue ſhal not long eclipſe her fame, or any further blemiſh the luſtre of her reputation: When this baſe and bloody Gentleman, *De Perez*, to make good this his promiſe to his execrable Siſter, he ſecretly rides over to St. *Saviours*, and there by night wayting near her Fathers door, when *Mathurina* would chance to iſſue forth, he in a dark night eſpying her (without any more ceremony or farther expoſtulation) runnes her thorow the body two ſeverall times, whereof poor harmleſſe innocent ſoul ſhe falls down dead to his feet without once ſpeaking or crying. So *De Perez* ſeeing her diſpatched, he preſently takes horſe (which his man there led by him) and poaſts away to *Santarens*, being neither ſeen nor diſcovered. And thus this bloody villain

moſt deplorably embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of this vertuous young Gentlewoman, who never offended him in thought word, or deed in all her life; and albeit that her Father *Signeor Fedro de Caſtello* makes curious enquiry and reſearch for the Murtherer of his Daughter, yet *De Perez* (mounted at advantage) hath recovered *Santarem* in ſafety. But God will due time find him out to his ſhame and confuſion; yea, and then when his ſecurity and courage little dreams thereof.

As ſoon as he comes to *Santarem*, he acquaints his Siſter *Marſillia* of his diſpatching of *Mathurina*, who is infinitly glad thereof, and extremly thankfull to him for the ſame, and now her malice and revenge looks wholly on her Husband *Don Juan*, for offering her this unkind and ſcandalous indignity of his departure, and for tacitly taxing and condemning her of incontinency with his Father *Idiaques*, which her adulterous heart, and inceſtuous ſoul and conſcience doth inwardly confeſs acknowledge, though the perfidiouſneſs and hypocriſie of her falſe tongue do publikely deny it; yea, with her beſt art and policy, and with her ſweeteſt ſmiles and kiſſes, ſhe hath by this time ſo exaſperated this her bloody Brother againſt him, that out of his vanity and folly he prophanely vows unto God, and ſeriouſly proteſts and ſwears unto her, That if he knew where he were (for the vindication of her honour and innocency, would ride to him and fight with him, except he would reſolve to give him and her ſome valuable reparation and honourable ſatisfaction to the contrary, which he ſeals and confirms to her with many amorous ſmiles, and laſcivious kiſſes. But as we are commonly never nearer danger than when we think our ſelves fartheſt from it: So God being as ſecret in his decrees, as ſacred in his reſolutions, we ſhall ſhortly ſee *De Perez* to verifie and confirm it in himſelf; for as in the heat of this his ſottiſh affection to his ſiſter, he is ready to fight with her Husband *Don Juan*, if he knew where he was; lo the news of his reſidence in *Madrid*, when he leaſt thinks thereof, is accidentally brought him by a Servant of his own whom he purpoſely ſends to *Santarem* with theſe two enſuing Letters, The one ſent and directed from him to his Father, the other to his wife *Marſillia*. That to his Father ſpake thus.

DON JUAN to IDIAQUES.

WAs there no other woman of the whole world for you to abuſe but my Wife, and was your faith ſo weak with God, or you ſo ſtrong with the Devill, that you muſt therefore make her your Strumpet, becauſe ſhe was my Wife? If Nature would not inform you that I am your Son, yet you are my Father, and it ſhould have taught you to have been more naturall to mee, more honourable to the world, more reſpectfull to your ſelf, and more religious to God, and not to have made your ſelf guilty of theſe foul crimes of Adultery and Inceſt with her, ths leaſt whereof is ſo odious to God, and ſo deteſtable to men, that I want tearms, not tears to expreſs it. For hereby as you have made my ſhame infinite, ſo likewiſe you have made your own infamy eternall, the conſideration whereof gives me ſo much grief, and the remembrance ſorrow, that holding you for ever unworthy of my ſight, and ſhe of my company, I have therefore left Portugall *for* Spain, *and forſaken* Santarem, *to live and die here in* Madrid. *And when hereafter God ſhall be ſo merciſull to your ſoul, to let you ſee that the Winter of your age makes you fitter for your Grave than for my bed, and for your winding-ſheet, than for my Wife, you will then hold this reſolution and proceeding of mine towards you as honourable, as this your crime to me is unnaturall, the which if you henceforth redeem not with an Ocean of bitter tears, and a world of repentant and religious Prayers to God, I rather fear than doubt, that his divine Majeſty will make you as miſerable, as you have made me unfortunate.*

DON JUAN.

His Letter to his Wife ſpake this language.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

WHat Devill poſſeſſed thy heart with luſt, and thy ſoul with impiety, to make thee violat thy vow which thou gaveſt me in marriage, by committing thoſe damnable ſins of Adultery and Inceſt with my naturall Father, And if the conſideration that I was thy Husband could

Adultery and Inceſt with my naturall Father: And if the conſideration that I was thy Husband could not in Grace deterr thee from it, yet (me thinks) the remembrance that he was my Father ſhould in Nature have made thee both to abhorr and deteſt it. And although my tender affection to thee, and filiall obedience to him, made me expect more goodneſs from thy youth, and Grace from his age, yet God is a juſt Judge, and your hearts are true witneſſes of theſe your unnaturall crimes and foul ingratitude towards mee, which hath caſt ſo great a blemiſh and ſcandall on mine honour, and daſhed my joyes with ſo many untimely afflictions, and immerited ſorrows, that I have abandoned Portugall *and* Santarem *for thy ſake, and betaken my ſelf to live and die in* Madrid *in* Spain *for mine; where I will ſtrive to make my ſelf as contented as diſcontent can make me, and ſo leave this thy enormous crime, and the puniſhment thereof, to God, in whom thou mayeſt be happy, but without whom thou wilt aſſuredly be miſerable. And think to what juſt calamities and miſeries thine inordinate luſts and laſcivious deſires and delights have already deſervedly reduced and expoſed thee, Sith henceforth I will no more eſteem thee my Wife, or my ſelf thy Husband, and God will aſſuredly look on thee with an eye of indignation, and the world, of contempt.*

DON JUAN.

Idiaques having read and peruſed that Letter of his Son, and *Marſillia* this of her Husband *Don Iuan*, they are therewith ſo touched in heart with ſhame, and ſtung in conſcience with ſorrow for their foul crimes of Adultery and Inceſt, that they bluſh each at other, and both of them moſt bitterly curſe the name and memorie of *Mathurina*, who was the firſt author of this report to him, and which ſo ſuddenly incenſed him, and occaſioned his departure. So to bear up their reputations to the World, and their fames to him, they reſolve (without either asking leave or pardon of God) to juſtifie their innocency hereof to him, and ſo to purſue and ſolicit his return. To which effect they write and return him (by his own ſervant) their two ſeverall Letters in anſwer of his, whereof that of *Idiaques* his Father carried this meſſage.

IDIAQUES to DON JUAN.

THou doeſt wrong thy ſelf and the truth, God and thy Conſcience, and thy wife and mee, in ſo baſely taxing us of thoſe foul ſinnes of Inceſt and Adultery, whereof we are as truly innocent, as thou falſely and maliciouſly deemeſt us guilty. For I have not abuſed her nor made her my Strumpet, although not God, but the Devill (in the ſlanderous tongue of Mathurine) *hath made thee to believe ſo. For Nature hath taught mee more Grace and goodneſs, not ſo little impiety, for that I know they are ſins more odious to God, and deteſtable to the world, than either thy ſorrows can expreſs, or thy anger depaint me. Neither have I made thy ſhame infinite, or canſt thou make my infamy viſible, much leſs eternall, although herein thou ſhew me thy indignation, together with thy diſobedience, by leaving* Portugall *for* Spain, *and* Santarem *for* Madrid, *whereof becauſe thou wilt not make thy duty, I will content my ſelf to make thy diſcretion Iudge betwixt us, If thou have not done me more wrong, than either thy ſelf, and the truth right herein, and offered a ſcandall likewiſe to thy wives honour, who made thy company her chiefeſt joy, as now ſhe doth thy abſence her ſharpeſt miſerie and affliction. How then can I go to my Grave with content, when thou forſakeſt her bed with malice, and my houſe with diſdain? My innocency in thy accuſation hath no way irritated or offended God, and, if therefore with tears and Prayers thou wilt reſolve to ask God, thy Wife, and me forgiveneſs for this thy foul crime, and monſtrous ingratitude towards us, then mine armes ſhall be as open as ever they have been to receive, and my houſe to welcom thee, and therein thou ſhalt make thy ſelf as truly happy, as thou falſly and uncharitably thinkeſt that God will make me miſerable.*

IDIAQUES.

The Anſwer of his wife *Marſillia* to him was couched in theſe tearmes.

MARSILLIA to DON JUAN.

IT is neither Luſt nor the Devill which can make me infringe or violate my Vow given thee in marriage, although thou art as far from the truth as from God to believe it. But how ſhall I hope that thy tongue will excuſe me of theſe thy pretended foul crimes of Adultery and Inceſt, when to my ſtonifh ment and grief I ſee thou like wiſe condemneſt thy old Father to be guilty thereof with me? And

And if this be any way affection to mee, or obedience to him, let all other Husbands judge, and all Sons define and determine. But to return thee truth for thy falſhood; His age expected and deſerved more grace, and my youth and Vertues more affection and goodneſs from thee, than to have believed thoſe falſe calumnies and impoſtures upon the bare report and malicious relation of my hand-maid Mathurina, *which are now dead with her, and are as falſe as thy raſhneſs and her revenge makes thee believe them true, for it is neither I nor thy Father who have any way blemiſhed thine honour, or vanquiſhed thy joyes, but rather thy ſelf, and thy too too unkind and haſty departure from* Santarem *to* Madrid, *which (to the prejudice of the truth, and of my content and honour) hath occaſioned it. For my heart and ſoul will teſtifie both with me and for me, that my affection and conſtancy is both as ſpotleſs, firm, and true to thee, as thy jealouſie is falſe towards my ſelf, and therefore as thou leaveſt my pretended crime, ſo will I thy reall ingratitude both to time and to God, and if yet thou wilt be ſo wilfully cruell to live from me, and conſequently not to eſteem me thy wife, yet as it is my zeal and duty to begg and pray thee to return to mee, ſo I will make it my Integrity and Conſcience ſtill to hold and love thee for my Husband, and ſo preſerving my heart for thee, as I do my ſoul for God, I hope with aſſurance and confidence that I ſhall have no cauſe to fear either his indignation, or the worlds contempt, in regard I have neither merited the one, nor deſerved the other.*

MARSILLIA.

Upon the writing and contents of theſe two Letters of *Idiaques* to his Son, and of *Marſillia* to her Husband *Don Iuan*, the Reader may pleaſe to obſerve and remember with how much policie, and with how little piety they ſeek to over-veil and deny theſe their Adulteries and Inceſt towards him, thereby to make their actions and themſelves appear as innocent, as they are guilty both to them and to God. But God being the Author of Truth, and the Father of Light, and whoſe Sacred Throne and Tribunall is environed with more glorious Suns than we ſee gliſtring Stars in the Firmament; He will one day unmask this their hypocriſie, and bring their foul ſins of Adultery and Inceſt, both to light and puniſhment. Now as *Marſillia* is exorbitantly laſcivious in her affection to her Brother *de Perez*, and he reciprocally ſo to her, ſo with a world of falſe ſighs and tears ſhe ſhews him her Letter, and her Fathers in law *Idiaques*, which they had ſent to her Husband *Don Iuan* to *Madrid*, and with many femal oaths and aſſeverations proteſteth to him of both their innocency herein, which her Brother believes, yea, her feigned ſorrows and falſe tears had ſo farr trenched and gained upon his credulity, that in contemplation and commiſeration of her wrongs, he was then ſo vain and impious, as once he thought to have carried theſe two Letters himſelf into *Spain*, and there to have fought with *Don Iuan* for the reparation of his Sifters honour. But at laſt leaving paſſion to conſult with reaſon, and temerity again to be vanquiſhed and ſwayed by judgment, firſt that theſe Letters of theirs ſhould ſee *Spain*, and then to attend his Brother in Law *Don Iuan* his anſwer to them, and as he ſhall therein find him either perverſe or flexible to his wives deſires, and his Fathers expectations, he will then accordingly bear himſelf and his reſolutions towards him, and hereon both himſelf and his Siſter *Marſillia* do joyfully determin and conclude. So *Don Iuans* own ſervant returns theſe two aforeſaid Letters from *Santarem* to *Madrid* to his Maſter, who breaking up the Seals, and peruſing them, he doth not a little wonder at his wives impudency, and his Fathers impiety, in ſo ſtrongly denying theſe their foul crimes to him: But he is not a little aſtoniſhed, and withall afflicted and grieved, when he falls upon that point and branch of his wives letter, which reports the death of her maid *Mathurina*, for in his heart and conſcience he now verily thinks and believes, that his wife in her inveterat malice and revenge to her, hath cauſed her to be murthered, and ſent her to Heaven in a bloody winding ſheet. But alaſs, if it be ſo, how to revoke or remedy it he cannot. Once therefore he was minded to have neglected their letters, and ſo to have anſwered them with perpetuall oblivion, and a diſdainfull ſilence. But then again conſidering with himſelf that this might rather increaſe than extenuate their hopes of this return, he betakes himſelf to his Study, where taking pen and paper, he, neglecting his Father, traceth his wife this letter in anſwer of hers, and again ſends it her into *Portugall* by his own ſervant, which aſſureth them of his reſolution not to return.

DON JUAN to MARSILLIA.

THe receit of thy ſecond Letter hath not diminiſhed, but confirmed and augmented my confidence of my Fathers ſhame, and thy infamy, in your foul ſins of Adultery and Inceſt, perpetrated againſt me, and which is worſe, againſt God, ſo that I am fully reſolved for ever to forſake his houſe

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and thy company, and to live and die here in Madrid, *as grief and diſconſolation will permit mee; For I prize the (unjuſt) Apologie of thy (pretended) Innocencie at ſo low a rate, and value it at ſo baſe an eſteem, as I diſdain it for thy ſake, and thy ſelf for thine own. I do as much grieve, as I both doubt and fear, thou rejoyceſt at thy Maid* Mathurina's *death; and as I am ignorant of the manner, ſo if my Father and thy ſelf have been the cauſe thereof, you have then all the reaſons of the world to believe, that God (who is as juſt in his reſolutions, as ſacred in his decrees, will in the end revenge it to his glory, and puniſh it to your confuſion.*

DON JUAN.

This Letter of his doth inflame his wife with malice and indignation; for now her Father and ſhe ſee theſe their luſtfull and laſcivious crimes ſeated and confirmed in his belief; and his ſtay in *Spain* fixed in his anger, and eternized in his reſolution: When as cloſe as they bear it, yet knowing full well that the World will take notice of it, and ere long make it their publike ſcandall and infamy; He is ſo devoid of Grace, and ſhe of goodneſs, that to prevent it, he wiſheth his Son in Heaven with his Mother, and ſhe her old Father in law in Grave with her young maid *Mathurina*. But theſe vain hopes of theirs may deceive them, which as yet, they two are not ſo wiſe to think of, nor ſo cautious or religious to conſider, but rather more reſembling brute beaſts than Chriſtians, they ſtill continue their obſcene and inceſtuous pleaſures, the which I take ſmall delight or pleaſure to mention in regard of modeſty, or to repeat, in reſpect of Nature and Honour. Here *Marſillia* again repairs to her Brother *De Perez*, as to her Oracle and Champion; ſhe ſhews him both theſe two laſt Letters of her Husband to his Father and her ſelf, and conjureth his beſt advice and ſpeedieſt aſſiſtance for the recovering of her honour, in that of her Husbands affection and company, or elſe that ſhe were freed from him, and he out of this life and this world, that ſo her ſcandall and wrongs might die with him, and for ever be raked up in the duſt of his Grave, and buried with him in eternall oblivion and ſilence. *Don Perez* (in heart and mind) is ſo much his Siſters, as he is no more himſelf, when making his affection do homage to her beauty, and his judgment and reſolution to pay tribute to his affection, he prayes her to referr this charge and buſineſs to the care of his diſcharge; when giving her many kiſſes, and willing her to read his heart in his eyes, he gives her the good night; and the next morning being impatient of all delayes, he takes one *Seignior Gaſper Lopez*, a noble Gentleman, and a valiant intimate friend of his with him, and relating him his intent to fight with his Brother *Don Juan*, and the cauſe thereof, They undertake this journey of *Spain*, and ſo arrive at *Madrid*, where *Lopez* prayes *Perez* to make him his ſecond in that Duell; *De Petrez* thanks him for this his affection, but tels him he will hazard himſelf, but not his friend; ſo writing a Challenge to *Don Iuan*, he ſeals it up, and requeſteth *Lopez* to deliver it to him, and the ſame night to return him his anſwer. *Lopez* accordingly finds out *Don Iuan* in his own Chamber, and gives it to him in fair and diſcreet tearms, who wondring it came from his Brother-in-law *De Perez*, but far more to underſtand that he was now in *Madrid*, he no way dreaming of a Challenge, but rather thinking that his wife his Siſter had ſent him thither to him to work her reconciliation, and conſequently his return to her to *Santarem*, he haſtily breaks up the ſeals thereof, finds it charged with this language.

DE PEREZ to DON JUAN.

I Have ſeen thy inveterat malice to thy Wife my Siſter, in thy falſe and ſcandalous Letters to her, and Portugall *hath read it in thy ſudden and cholerick departure from her into* Spain; *wherefore conſidering what ſhe is to thee, and I to her, I hold my ſelf bound (both in honour and blood) to make her wrongs and quarrels mine. To which end I have left* Santarem *to find thee out here in* Madrid, *purpoſely to pray thee to meet mee to morrow betwixt ſix and ſeven in the morning, at the fartheſt Weſt end of the* Prado, *with thy Rapier, a confident Gentleman of thy friends, and thy Chirurgion, without a Second, where thou ſhalt find me to attend thy comming, and relying upon the equity of my cauſe, and the ingratitude and infamy of thine, I make no doubt but to teach* Don Juan *what it is for him (without ground or truth) to caſt a baſe aſperſion and wrongfull blemiſh upon the luſtre of his Wife, and my Siſter, the Lady* Marſillia's *honour, whoſe deſcent and extraction is as good as thine, and her education and Vertues farr more ſublime and excellent. Thy generoſity obligeth thee to the honourable performance hereof, and mine honour reciprocally to perform this Obligation.*

DE PEREZ.

Don Juan having received and peruſed this Challenge of his Brother-in-law *De Perez*, and finding his furious reſolution to exceed his judgment, he knowing himſelf innocent, his cauſe good, and his courage and valour every way to be ſuperiour to the others, highly diſdaining to be out-braved by any Nobleman or Gentleman breathing, in the point of Honour and generoſity, he with a cheerfull countenance returns *Lopez* to his Brother *de Perez* with this accepting anſwer.

DON JUAN to DE PEREZ.

MY hatred to Marſillia, *and departure from her, was juſtly occaſioned through her treachery and infidelity to mee, and therefore my Letters to her to that effect are as true as ſhe is falſe in denying it; notwithſtanding, ſith ſhe is thy Siſter, and my wife, I as much approve of thy affection to her, as I condemn thy temerity to me, and thy indiſcretion to thy ſelf, in making her quarrell thine, and by forſaking* Santarem, *to fight with me here in* Madrid. *And becauſe thou ſhalt ſee and find that I have as much courage as innocency, I therefore accept of thy challenge, and am ſo farr from learning any point of valour of* De Perez, *as to his ſhame and my glory, I hope to teach him, that I have no way caſt a falſe aſperſion or blemiſh on the luſtre of her reputation, but ſhe on her ſelf, and conſequently that I will neither affect her, nor fear thee. For God lending mee life, I will to morrow break faſt with thee at thine own time and place appointed, where my honour and generoſity invites me to come, and thine to meet me.*

DON JUAN.

Theſe two inconſiderate Gentlemen having thus embarqued themſelves in the ſtrong reſolution of this weak quarrell and raſh Duell, which earthly honour cannot as juſtly approve and allow of, as divine Religion and Chriſtian piety and charity diſavow and execrate; Their malice and revenge each to other is ſo violent and impetuous, that without any thought either of God or their Soules, or of Heaven or Hell, they paſs over the night, if not in watchfulneſs, yet in broken and diſtracted ſlumbers, yea the morn no ſooner peeped from Heaven through their windows to their Chambers, but they leap from their beds to the Prado, where *de Perez* with his friend *Lopez* come firſt on horſe-back, and immediatly after them *Don Iuan* in his Coach, with a young Gentleman his friend, tearmed *Don Richardo de Valdona*: So theſe two Dueliſts diſdaining to be tainted with the leaſt piece of diſhonour, or ſhadow of cowardiſe, they at firſt ſight of each other, throw off their doublets, and in their ſilk ſtockings and pumps, with their Rapiers drawn, they without any further complement or expoſtulation approach each other. But here before they begin to reduce malicious contemplation into bloudy action, I hold it fit to inform my Reader with a circumſtance that now paſt between them, wherein doubtleſs the Providence of God was moſt conſpicuous and apparent; For as by the Law and cuſtom both of *Spain* and *Portugall*, all Rapiers ſhould be of one length, yet *De Perez* curiouſly caſting his vigilant eye upon that of *Don Iuan*, either his fear, or his judgment, or both, inform him that that Rapier is longer than his, whereat *Don Iuan* grieves farr more than *De Perez* can poſſible either rejoyce or wonder, for he is ſo farr from any way blemiſhing his honour with this, or with any other point or ſhadow of diſhonour, as now he gives his Rapier to meaſure, and to write the truth, his is found one inch longer than that of *De Perez*, when biting his lip for anger, he (reſembling himſelf) proffers to fight with that either of *Lopez* or *Valdona*, which was ſufficient reaſon for one Gentleman of Honour to give, and for another to take; but when he ſees that this proffer of his will neither ſecure *De Perez* fear, nor confirm his content, then as a Noble and generous Gallant, he freely exchangeth Rapiers with him, gives *De Perez* the longer, and contents himſelf to fight with the ſhorter, whereat *De Perez* reſts ſatisfied, and well he may, ſith this action and his receit thereof, doth as much teſtifie *Don Juans* glory, as his own diſhonour and ſhame; and now they again approach each other to fight.

At their firſt comming up *Don Juan* runs a firm thruſt to *De Perez* breaſt, but he (bearing it up with his Rapier) runs *Don Iuan* in the cheek towards his right eare, which draws much bloud from him, and he in exchange runs *De Perez* thorow his ſhirt ſleeve without hurting him: At their ſecond meeting they again cloſe without hurting each other, and ſo paſt fair without offering any other violence: At their third aſſault *De Perez* runs *Don Iuan* thorow the brawn of his left Arm, who in exchange requites him with a deep wound in his right ſide, from whence iſſued much bloud; and now they breath to recover wind, and to the judgments

of

of *Lopez* and *Valdona*, (as alſo of their Chirurgions) they hitherto are equall in valour, and almoſt in fortune. So although theſe ſpectators do of both ſides earneſtly entreat them to deſiſt and give over, yet they cannot, they will not be ſo eaſily or ſo ſoon reconciled each to other; So after a little pauſing and breathing, they (with courage and reſolution) fall to it afreſh, and at this their fourth encounter *Don Perez* gives *Don Iuan* a deep wound in his left ſhoulder, and he requites him with another in exchange, in the neck; and although by this time their ſeverall wonnds hath engrained their white ſhirts with great effuſion of their ſcarlet bloud, yet they are ſo brave, ſo generous, or rather ſo inhumane and malicious, that they will not yet give over, as if they meant and reſolved rather to make death fear them, than they any way to fear death: but their fifth cloſe will prove more fatall; for now after they had judiciouſly traverſed their ground, thereby to deceive each other of the diſadvantage of the Sun, whiles *De Perez* directs a full thruſt to *Don Iuans* breaſt, he bravely and skilfully warding it, in requitall thereof, runs him clean thorow the body, a little below his right pap, when cloſing nimbly with him, and purſuing the point of his good fortunes he whips up his heels, and ſo nails him to the ground, when he had not the ſtrength to begg his life of *Don Iuan*, and God knows he much grieved that it was not then in his power to give it him, for this his laſt wound being deſperatly mortall, he preſently dyed thereof, having neither the remembrance to call on God, much leſs to begg mercy of him for his ſinfull ſoul; but as he lived abominably and prophanely, ſo he died miſerably and wretchedly. And although I confeſs it was too great an honour for him to receive his death from ſo brave a noble Gentlemans hands as *Don Iuan*, yet it is a moſt ſingular providence, and remarkable puniſhment of God, that he dyed by the hands of his own laſcivious Siſters Husband, and which is yet more, by his own ſword, as if God had formerly decreed, and purpoſely ordained, that the ſelf ſame Sword ſhould give him his death, wherewith ſo lately and ſo cruelly he had bereaved that harmleſs innocent young Gentlewoman *Mathurina* of her life, although in regard of this his foul and lamentable murther, he (with leſs honour and more infamy) every way deſerved to have died rather by a halter than a Sword; But Gods Providence is as unſearchable as ſacred.

Don Iuan having rendred thanks to God for this his victory, he out of his noble courteſie and humanity, lends *Lopez* his Coach to tranſport the dead body of his Brother-in-Law *De Perez* into the City, and taking his horſe in exchange, he by a privat way gets home to his lodging. But this their Duell is not ſo ſecretly carried, but with in three hours after all *Madrid* rattles thereof; who knowing the Combatants to be both of them noble Gentlemen of *Portugall*, it gives cauſe of generall talk, and argument of univerſall envie and admiration in all Spaniards, eſpecially in the nobler ſort of Souldiers and Courtiers. When the very day after that *Don Iuan* had cauſed this his Brother to be decently buried, *Lopez* repairs to his Chamber to him, and in a fair and friendly manner enquires of him if he pleaſe to return any Letter of this his friends death, and of his own victory to *Santarem* to *Don Idiaques* his Father, or the Lady *Marſillia* his wife, and that his beſt ſervice herein ſhall attend and wait on his commands: *Don Iuan* thanks *Lopez* for this his courteſie, but tels him, that for ſome reſerved reaſons he will ſend no Letter to either of them, but otherwiſe wiſheth him a proſperous return to *Portugall*; ſo *Don Iuan* remains in *Madrid*, and *Lopez* returns for *Santarem*, and there from point to point relates them the iſſue of that Combat, as the victory of his Son *Don Iuan*, and the death and buriall of *De Perez*, adding withall, that he was ſo reſerved and ſtrange, that he would write to neither of them hereof. At the relation and knowledge of this mournfull news, *Idiaques* cannot refrain from much ſorrow, nor *Marſillia* from burſting forth into bitter tears and lamentations thereat: for ſeeing her dear and only Brother thus ſlain by the hand of her own unkind Husband; by loſing him ſhe knows ſhe hath loſt her right arm, and he being dead ſhee knows not to whom to have recourſe, either for counſell, aſſiſtance, or conſolation. And yet as much as he ſorrows and ſhe grieves at this diſaſterous accident, they notwithſtanding are yet ſo far from thinking it a blow from Heaven, or from looking either up to God, or down to their own ſinfull hearts, conſciences, and ſouls for the ſame, that without making any good uſe, or drawing any divine or profitable morall thereof, they ſtill continue their beaſtly pleaſures and damnable Adultery and Inceſt together, as if there were no God to ſee, nor no deſerved torments or miſerie reſerved to puniſh it. But they and we ſhall immediatly ſee the contrary.

To the great grief of our hearts, and compunction of our ſoules, we have in this Hiſtory ſeen wretched *Idiaques* (by the inſtigation of the Devill) to poyſon his Wife the Lady *Honoria*; and likewiſe his Daughter-in-Law *Marſillia* to have cauſed her Brother *De Perez* to have cruelly murthred her waiting-maid in the ſtreet; as alſo by the Providence of GOD *Don Iuan* to have ſlain the ſaid *De Perez* in the field, and our curioſity and expectation

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ſhall not go far, before we ſhall ſee the juſt Revenge and puniſhments of God condignly to ſurpriſe wretched *Idiaques*, and graceleſs *Marſillia* for the ſame; for his divine Juſtice contending with his Sacred Mercy, it hath at laſt prevailed againſt theſe their foul and bloudy crimes; ſo now, when they are in the middeſt, yea, in the height and jollity of all theſe their foul delighes and ſecurity, like an unlooked for ſtorm and tempeſt, it will ſuddenly befall them. Life hath but one way to bring us into this World, but death hath infinit to take us from it, and what is this but a true argument and reaſon of Gods glory and our miſery, of his power, and of our frailty and weakneſs? and therefore becauſe we are as repleat of ſin as he is of ſanctity, and as ſubject to imperfections, as all perfections are both properly co-incident and ſubject to him, It will be an act of morall wiſdom, and of religious piety in us, rather to glorifie than examin his ſacred Providence, and rather to admire than pry into his divine decrees and reſolutions. And becauſe his correction and puniſhment of all ſins, eſpecially of this crying and ſcarlet ſin of Murther, is as juſt as ſecret, and as inſcrutable as Juſt; therefore to draw towards the period of this deplorable Hiſtory, God is firſt pleaſed to exerciſe and begin his Judgements on miſerable *Marſillia*, and then to finiſh it in wretched *Idiaques*. But his divine Majeſty, is likewiſe pleaſed and reſolved both to impoſe and make as great a difference in their puniſhments, as he found a parity and conformity in their crimes.

It is *Marſillia*'s pleaſure (or to ſay more truely, the providence and pleaſure of God) that ſhe rides from *Santarem* to *Coimbra* to viſit a ſick Gentlewoman her Couſin German, who dwelt there, being only accompanied with her man *Andrea* on horſe-back, and her foot-boy *Piſcator* to attend her, and as ſhe comes within a ſmall half League of that Town, having ſent away her man *Andrea* before, and her foot-boy *Piſcator* being a very little diſtance behind her, there ſuddenly ſtarts up a Hare between (or cloſe to) her horſe leggs, which ſo amazed her horſe, (which was as hot and proud as the Gentlewoman his Miſtreſs whom he bore) as comming off with all four, he throws her to the ground, and kicking her with his hind feet at her fall, he ſtrikes her in the fore-head, and ſo daſheth out her brains; God ſo ordaining, that ſhe had not the power to ſpeak a word, much leſs the grace or happineſs to repent her of her horrible ſins, Adultery, Inceſt, and Murther. And thus was the lamentable and fearfull end which God gave to this graceleſs young Lady, the which I cannot as yet paſs over, without annexing and remembring one remarkable point and circumſtance therein, in which the Juſtice and Mercy of God to both ſexes, and all ages and degrees of people, doth miraculoſly reſplend and ſhine forth; for that very horſe which threw and killed her, was the very ſame which ſhe formerly lent to her Brother *De Perez*, and whereon he rid to *Saint Saviours* when he (by her inſtigation) killed her waiting Maid *Mathurina*. Good God, how juſt, and wonderfull are thy decrees! Dear Lord, how immenſe and ſacred is thy Juſtice!

But this is but the forerunner, and as it were but the enterance into a further progreſſion of this Hiſtory: For as her foot-boy *Piſcator*, extreamly wept, and bitterly cryed, at the ſight of this mournfull and tragicall death of his Lady and Miſtreſs, God had ſo decreed and provided, that the next that paſſed by, and who were ſorrowfull ſpectators thereof, were two Corigadors (or Officers of Juſtice) of the City of *Coimbra*, riding that way in their Coach to take the air; Who in compaſſion of the deplorable death of this fair unknown young Gentlewoman, they deſcend their Coach, and having enquired and underſtood of her ſorrowfull Foot-boy what ſhe was, they then with much reſpect and humanity cauſe her dead Corps to be decently laid into their Coach, which they ſhut, and ſo mounting their Servants Horſes they return again to *Coimbra*. From whence they ſend her Man *Andrea*, in all poſſible poſt haſt to *Santarem* to acquaint his Maſter and her Father-in-law *Don Idiaques* with his lamentable death of his daughter-in-Law *Marſillia*, and to pray him to repayr ſpeedily thither to them to take order for her buriall. *Andrea* is no ſooner departed for his Maſter, but theſe two Corigadors conſult on the fatality of this accident, and very profitably conſider for themſelves, that the horſe who killed her, and all her apparell and jewels, by the cuſtome and royalty of their City, were devolved and forfeited to their juriſdiction; to which effect they cauſe her Rings, Chains, and Bracelets to be taken from her, and then her pockets likewiſe to be carefully ſearcht for Gold and Jewels; ſo as murther cannot be long concealed or undetected; we may therefore here behold the wonderfull Providence, and ſingular juſtice of God, for in one of her pockets they find, folded up in a rich cut-work handkerchif, the laſt letter which her Husband *Don Juan* had written and ſent her from *Madrid*; at the ſight of this letter one of theſe Corigadors is deſirous to have it read publikely, but the other (being more human and reſpective to the concealing of Ladies ſecrets, which many times prove that of their honours) he contradicts it, till at laſt God enlightning their judgments, and prompting and inſpiring their hearts, that the peruſall of this Letter might (peradventure) import and report ſomething which might

might tend to his ſervice, and conduce to his glory; they fall then on a *mediuм* betwixt both their opinions, and ſo withdrawing themſelves to a privat Chamber; they there ſecretly o're-read this Letter, wherein with admiration and amazement they underſtand of the obſcene Adultery and Inceſt of *Idiaques* with this his Daughter in law *Marſillia*; which was the cauſe of her Husband *Don Iuan* his abſence from her in *Spain*: But at length when they proceed farther therein, and ſo fall upon theſe words of *Don Iuan* to her in this his Letter; *I do as much grieve as I both doubt and fear thou rejoyceſt at thy handmaid* Mathurina's *death*; *and as I am ignorant of the manner, ſo if my Father and thy ſelf have been the cauſe thereof, you have then all the reaſons of the world to believe, that God will in the end puniſh it to your confuſion*; then (led by the Spirit of God) they both concurr in one opinion, that this their Adultery, and this Murther of *Mathurina* did not only firmly reflect, but equally take hold both on *Idiaques* and *Marſillia*, and therefore that this her late deplorable and diſaſterous end, was only a blow from God, and the very true fore-runner, and undoubted Harbinger of his own to come. When reſolving to ſeize and impriſon *Idiaques* as ſoon as he ſhould arrive thither to *Coimbra*; They huſhing up this Letter and buſineſs in their own boſoms, do then hold it fit to ſend for *Marſillia's* foot-man *Piſcator* to come to them, which he ſpeedily doth. They carefully enquire of him if his dead Lady had not ſometimes a waiting Gentlewoman named *Mathurina*, he anſwered them yes, and that ſhe was lately murthered in the ſtreets of *Saint Saviours*, and that her murtherers were as yet unknown: They demand of him again whoſe Daughter ſhe was; he informs them that her Father is a Gentleman who dwels in *Saint Saviours*, and that his name is *Seignior Pedro de Caſtello*, which being as much as they ſought for; putting their ſervants to watch over this foot-man, that he might not eſcape to give the leaſt inkling of their demands to his old Maſter *Idiaques*, they preſently ſend away Poaſt to *Saint Saviours* for *Caſtello*, and (in honour to Juſtice) theſe two Corigadors as Chriſtian Magiſtrates, having put all things in order for the vindication of the truth of theſe deplorable matters, that very night *Idiaques* arrives at *Coimbra*, and deſcends from his Coach to the houſe of one of theſe Corigadors, where the dead body of his daughter *Marſillia* lay; at whoſe mournfull ſight, as ſoon as his paſſionat grief and ſorrow had cauſed him to ſhed and ſacrifice many rivolets of tears, when he leaſt dreams or thinks thereof, theſe two Corigadors cauſe him to be ſeized on, and inſtantly commit him cloſe priſoner, without acquainting him with the cauſe hereof; where all that night his guilty heart and conſcience (as ſo many Fiends and Furies) aſſuring him that it was for poyſoning of his own Lady *Honoria*; there horor and terrour, grief, and deſpair, and anguiſh, do act their ſeverall parts upon the Theatre of his ſoul.

The next morn *Caſtello* (*Mathurina's* Father) likewiſe arrives at *Coimbra*, to whom the Corigadors communicate this Letter of *Don Iuan* to his wife, which he ſent her from *Spain*, wherein they tell him the murther of his Daughter *Mathurina* ſeems probably and ſtrongly to reflect upon *Idiaques*, and his daughter-in-law *Marſillia*, when they farther acquainting him with her tragicall death, as alſo with his impriſonment, *Caſtello* (with a world of tears and cries) exclaims, that undoubtedly they were the authors, if not the actors of his daughters lamentable murther, and ſo very paſſionatly and ſorrowfully craves juſtice of them on *Idiaques* for the ſame, which they are as willing to grant and perform, as he to deſire: So after dinner in the publike Tribunall of Juſtice, they ſend for *Idiaques* legally and juridically there to appear before them; where this ſorrowfull Father (with much paſſion, and more tears) doth ſtrongly accuſe him for the murther committed and perpetrated on his daughter *Mathurina*; the which *Idiaques* with many high and ſtout anſwers denieth; he allegeth many oilie words, and ſugred and ſilken phraſes, to juſtifie and Apologize his innocencie: Which theſe Corigadors (led by the fingar of God) hold rather to be farr more ayrie than ſolid, and farr more plauſible than reall or true; ſo they (ſtill remembring his Son *Don Juans* Letter to his Wife *Marſillia*) do (without regard to his quality or age) adjudge him to the Rack. The which *Idiaques* (fearing infinitly more the murther of his own Lady *Honoria*, than that of *Mathurina*) endures the tortures and torments thereof with a fortitude and reſolution farr beyond his ſtrength and age, and with an admirable conſtancie ſtands firmly to the deniall of this fact and accuſation; ſo ſeeing the Rack taken away, and himſelf from the Rack, he is therefore very confident and joyfull, that his danger is likewiſe o'repaſt and o'reblown: But theſe vain hopes of his will yet both deceive, and in the end betray him, for as yet his conſcience hath not made peace with God. For the griefs and ſorrows of this mournfull Father for this lamentable murther of his daughter have now made him both induſtrious in his ſolicitation, and religious in this his proſecution againſt *Idiaques* towards theſe Corigadors, to whom again hee becomes an earneſt, and yet an humble Petitioner; that they will give him eight dayes time more to fortifie his accuſation, and that all that time he may

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ſtill remain Priſoner without Bail or Surety; which they finding reaſonable, and conſonant to all equity and law, they freely grant him. When *Caſtello* having God for his Counſellor, and whom in a ſmall time *Idiaques* ſhall find for his Judge, calling to mind ſome words of his deceaſed Daughter touching the ſuſpicion of poyſoning her old Lady by her Husband, to make way for this match with *Don Juan*, he doth no more accuſe him for murthering of his daughter *Mathurina*; but ſome two daies after he frames and preſents a new Inditement and accuſation to his Judges againſt him, for poyſoning his old wife the Lady *Honoria*. Which theſe Judges admiring and wondering at, they then partly, nay almoſt confidently believe, that there is ſome great crime, and foul fact in this buſineſs againſt *Idiaques*, which God will in fine detect and bring to light, by the ſolicitation and induſtry of this honeſt poor Gentleman *Caſtello*. So they admit again of his ſecond Inditement againſt him, and by vertue hereof convent him before them at their Tribunall of Juſtice.

Idiaques underſtanding hereof, his guilty conſcience now denounceth ſuch thundering peals of fear and amazement to his appalled heart and trembling ſoul, as they will give no peace either to himſelf or to them; and the Devill, who had ever heretofore promiſed him his beſt aid and aſſiſtance, now flies from him, and leaves him to ſtand or fall to himſelf: And here it is that his courage begins to fail him, and that his fear and ſhame is almoſt reſolved and ready to proclaim himſelf guilty of this his laſt and worſt accuſation, the poyſoning of his own Wife the Lady *Honoria*: But again the hope of life is yet ſo ſweet to him, as the fear of death is diſpleaſing and bitter, and therefore (with a wretched reſolution, and a miſerable confidence) he again artificially endeavoureth to blear the eyes of theſe his Judges, with his chiefeſt Eloquence, & ſweeteſt Oratory; who having given him his full carreer to ſpeak in his own defence and juſtification, when they perfectly knew he yet ſpake not one valuable word or reaſon, either to defend or juſtifie himſelf; Then one of theſe clear-ſighted Corigadors (in the behalf of both of them) returns him this grave reply and pious exhortation.

That as they have not the will to accuſe him, ſo they havh not the means or power to excuſe him, for being (at leaſt) acceſſary to both, or either of theſe murthers, of his Lady *Honoria*, or *Mathurina*; that the ſudden death of the firſt, and the violent and untimely one of the laſt, the voluntary abſence of his Son *Don Juan* in *Spain*, with his killing of *Petez* there, and now the fearfull and lamentable end of his daughter-in-law, *Marſillia* (whoſe body is yet unburied, and her blood ſcarce cold) left a dangerous reflexion, and a pernicious ſuſpicion on his life and actions, at leaſt of Adultery and Inceſt, if not of Murther (whereof his Son *Don Juans* Letter which he writ to his Wife *Marſillia*, which they have there to ſhew, is a moſt ſtrong and pregnant witneſs) and that the leaſt of theſe crimes are capable to ruine a greater perſonage than himſelf. That he could caſt no miſt of deluſion before Gods eyes, though he artificially endeavoured and laboured to caſt a veil before theirs. That the ſhedding of innocent blood was a crying Sin, which deſpight of ſorcery and of hell would (in Gods due time) draw down vengeance to Earth from Heaven on their Authors. That if he were guilty of his accuſation, he had no better plea than confeſſion, nor ſafer remedy than repentance. That contrition is the true mark, of a true Servant of God, and though we fall to Nature and Sin as being men, yet we ſhould riſe again to grace and righteouſneſs as being Chriſtians. That to deny our crimes, is to augment them, and conſequently their puniſhments, both in Earth, and in Hell, and that he was not a Chriſtian, but an Infidell, who would attempt to ſave his life with the loſs of his ſoul, with many other religious exhortations concurring and looking that way.

But all this, notwithſtanding, *Idiaques* his Faith and Conſcience, was yet ſo ſtrong with Satan, and therefore ſo weak with God, that he left no excuſe, policy or evaſion unin-vented to blear the eyes of theſe Corigadors, and ſo to make his innocency to paſs current with them. But his eloquence and aſſeverations cannot prevail with the ſolidity of their Judgements, for God will not ſuffer them to be led a way with words, nor ſeduced or deluded with ſhadows: But from the circumference of circumſtances, they now flie to the centre of truth, and to the Author and giver, yea to the life and ſoul thereof, God. So they again adjudge him to the rack for his ſecond accuſation of Murther, as they formerly had done to him for his firſt. At the pronouncing of which ſentence, If we may judge of his heart by his face, he ſeemed to be much afflicted, appalled and daunted, which his Judges perceiving, before they expoſe him to his torments, they in Honour to his Age and quality, but farr more to Truth and Juſtice, (whom they know to be two Daughters of Heaven) they now hold it a point of Charity and Piety to ſend him two Divines to his Priſon to work upon his Conſcience and Soul, which they do: And God in the depth of his goodneſs, and the richneſs his mercy, was ſo mercifully propitious and indulgent to him, that he added ſuch efficacy

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to their perſwaſions, and power to their exhortations, as at the very ſight of the rack, he with tears in his eyes, than there confeſſed unto them, That he was innocent of *Mathurinaes* murther, but guilty of poyſoning his own wife the Lady *Honoria*, for the which he ſaid he moſt heartily and ſorrowfully repented himſelf. Whereupon his Judges (and the reſt preſent) admiring with wonder and praiſing God with admiration for the detection of this his foul bloudy and lamentable crime, they pronounce ſentence againſt him. That for expiation thereof, he at eight of the clock the next morning, ſhall have his head cut off at the place of common execution in that Town. When *Idiaques*, who (yet adhered ſo much to Satan) that he could never be deveſted of his ſins before he were firſt deprived of his ſinfull life, doth yet ſtill flatter himſelf with ſome further hope of life, and ſo he appeals from the judgment and ſentence of this Court of *Coimbra* to that of *Santarem*, as being native and reſident thereof; as alſo becauſe he committed his murther there, for which they (not his competent Judges) adjudged him to death: Whereat although the Corigadors of *Coimbra* for the preſervation of the privileges of their Court and Town, do obſtinatly expoſe and vehemently conteſt it, yet at laſt well knowing, and being conſcious with themſelves, that ſmaller Towns and Courts in *Portugall* are bound and ſubject to depend of the greater; They therefore making a vertue of neceſſity, and contenting themſelves to give way to that which they cannot remedie, do ordain that *Idiaques* ſhould be conveighed and tryed at *Santarem*.

But yet before they ſuffer him to depart their Town, they in honour to Juſtice, in wiſdome to themſelves, and in reputation to their Town and Court, do ſeriouſly and religiouſly charge him in the name and fear of God to declare truly to them, whether his unburied Daughter in Law *Marſillia* were not likewiſe acceſſary with him in poyſoning his Wife, the Lady *Honoria*, which at firſt he ſtrongly denies to them. But then they ſend away for the two Divines who had formerly dealt with him & his Conſcience in Priſon, who exhort him to carry a white and candid ſoul to Heaven, and threaten him with the torments of Hell fire if he do not. When with ſighes and tears, he confeſſeth that to them, and that it was he himſelf who adminſtred that poyſon to his wife, but that his daughter in Law *Marſillia* bought it for him. So theſe Judges upon the validity of this free and ſolemn confeſſion) in deteſtation of this her lamentable crime, do reverently reſolve to ſecond, and glorifie God in his Judgements towards her, and therefore they preſently condemn her dead body to be burnt that afternoon in their Market-ſtreet, the common place of execution, which accordingly is then and there performed in preſence of a great concourſe of people, who infinitly rejoyce that God ſo miraculouſly deſtroyed the life, and their Judges the body of ſo execrable a female Monſter.

By this time we muſt allow, and imagin that old Lecher, and new murtherer *Idiaques* (by vertue of his appeal) is brought to his own City of *Santarem*, and I think either with a ridiculous hope or a prophane and impious reſolution to ſee whether God will puniſh him there with death, or the Devill preſerve and ſave him from it. He hath many friends in this Court, who are both great and powerfull, and therefore builds all his hopes of life, on this reeling quickſand, this ſnow, this nothing, that his great eſtate of mony and lands will undoubtedly act wonders with them for his pordon. But ſtill he hopes, becauſe ſtill the Devill deceives him; He is arrived here at *Santarem*, where this fair City which might heretofore have proved his delight and glory, is now reſerved for his ſhame, and appointed and deſtined for his confuſion; They cannot brook the ſight, much leſs the cohabitation and company of ſuch monſters of nature, and devills incarnat of men, who glory in making themſelves guilty of theſe foul ſinnes, and crying crimes. Adultery, Inceſt, Murther. So that *Idiaques* (who hath made himſelf a principall of this number, and a monſter of Art in theſe ſins) thinking here in *Santarem* to find more mercy and pity during his life, ſhall find leſs of both of them after his death. For the criminall Judges of this Court who reverence and honour Juſtice, becauſe Juſtice doth daily and reciprically perform the like to them, do confirm the ſentence of *Coimbra*, that the next morn he ſhall loſe his head, but in deteſtation and execration of theſe foul and bloody crimes, they add this clauſe and condition thereto, that both his head and body ſhall be afterwards burnt, and his aſhes thrown in the aire, which gives matter of talk and admiration, not only to *Santarem*, but to all *Portugall*. And thus moſt penſively and diſconſolately is *Idiaques* reconveyed to his priſon where Church-men are ſent him by the Judges of that Court, to direct his ſoul in her flight and tranſfiguration from earth to Haaven, whom they find (or at leaſt they make) very humble, mournfull, and repentant. According to which ſentence he is the next morning brought to the place of execution, which for the greater example and terrour to others; and of ignominy to himſelfe, was before his own houſe, wherein he had acted and perpetrated all his enormious crimes. Where the Scaffold is no ſooner erected, but there flock an infinit number of people from all parts of the City,

to

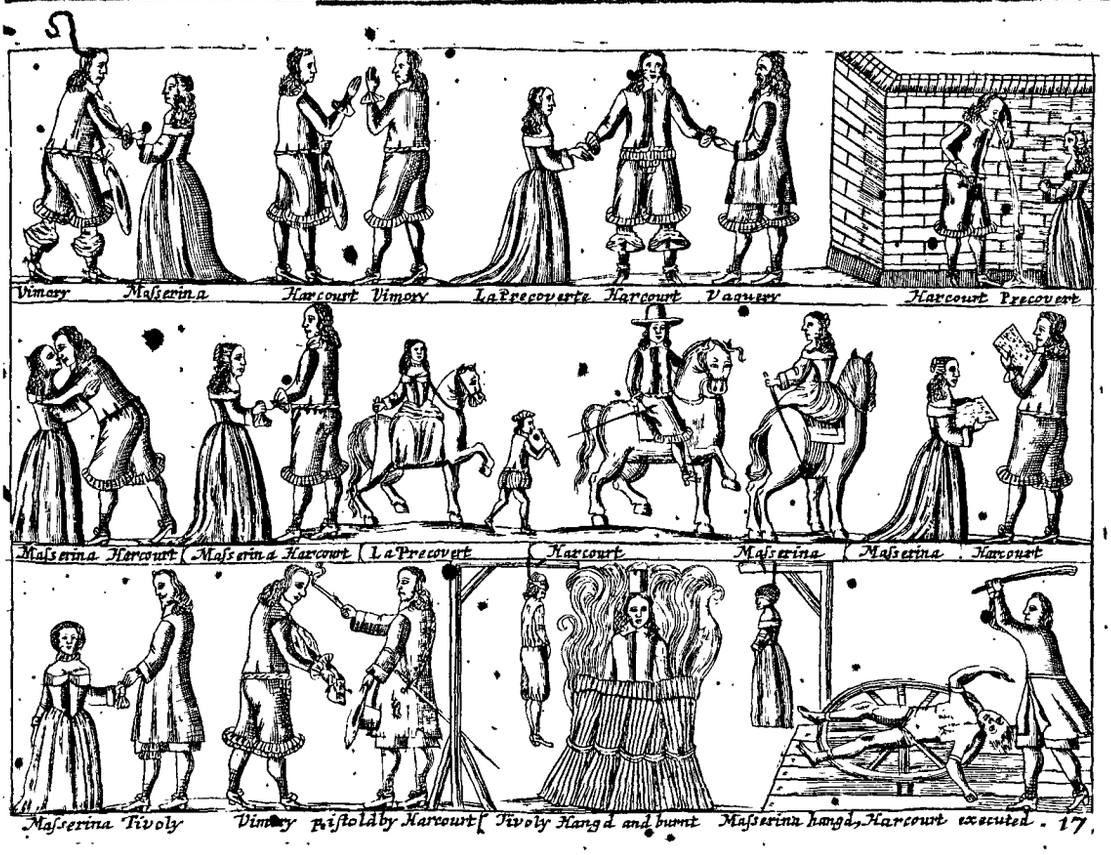
to be ſpectators of this laſt ſcene of his Tragedy. He came to the Scaffold (between two Friars) in a ſuite of black Taffeta, a Gown of black wrought tuff Taffeta, and a great white ſet Ruff, which yet could not be whiter than his broad Beard: At his aſcent on the Scaffold, his Grave aſpect and preſence engendered as much ſorrow and pity, as his beaſtly crimes did deteſtation in the hearts and tongues of the people, to whom (after he had a ſhort time kneeled down and prayed) he made a ſhort ſpeech to this effect.

That although the poyſoning of his own Wife, and his adultery with his Sons wife, were crimes ſo odious and execrable, as had made him unworthy any longer either to tread on earth, or to look up unto Heaven, yet although he deſerved no favour of his Judges for his bodie, he humbly repented, and begged ſome of God for his ſoul; and for the more effectuall obtaining thereof, he zealouſly prayed all thoſe who were preſent to joyn their prayers to his. He confeſſed that it was *Marſilia's* beauty, which firſt (at the inſtigation of the Devill) drew him to that adultery with her, and this poyſoning of his own wife *Honoria*, whereof from his heart and ſoul, he now affirmed he implored remiſſion of God, of the Law, of his Son *Don Juan*, and of all the world, and prayed them all to be more godly and leſs ſinfull, by his example, and ſo kneeling down and praying a little while to him ſelf, he roſe up, and putting off his Gown, Ruff, and Dublet, which he gave to the Executioner, he binding his head and eyes with his Handkerchif, bade him do his office, which he preſently performed, and with one blow of the Sword, made a perpetuall double divorce betwixt his head and his ſhoulders, his body and his ſoul? when preſently, according to his ſentence, both his head and his body were then and there burnt and conſumed to fire, and his aſhes thrown into the ayre.

And this was the deplorable life and death of *De Perez*, *Idiaques*, and *Marſilia*, of whom the ſpectators (according to their ſeverall humours and affections) ſpake diverſly; all condemning the bloudy cruelty of *De Perez* towards innocent *Mathuriua*, and of *Idiaques* towards his vertuous wife *Honoria*. Again, ſome pitied, and others execrated *Marſillia's* youth, beauty, and luſt; but both ſexes, and all degrees of people (as ſo many lines terminating in one Center) magnified the providence and Juſtice of God, in ſo miraculouſly and condignly cutting off theſe monſters of nature, and bloudy butchers of mankinde.

And if the curioſity of the Reader will yet farther enquire, what afterwards became of *Doa Juan*; The reports of him are different, for at firſt I heard that his diſcontent and grief was ſo great, yea, ſo extream for the death of his Parents and wife, that he cloiſtered himſelf up a *Capuchin* Fryer in their Monaſtery at *Madrid*: So contrariwiſe I have ſince credibly been enformed, that he ſhortly after theſe diaſters left *Spain*, and ſtill lives in *Santarem* in *Portugall* in great honour, welfare, and proſperity; But which of theſe his reſolutions are moſt inclining and adherent to the truth, it paſſeth beyond my knowledge, and therefore ſhall come too ſhort of my affirmation.

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Ex-
ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVII.

Harcourt *ſteals away his brother* Vimoryes *wife* Maſſerina, *and keeps her in Adultery; She hireth* Tivoly *(an Italian Mountebank) to poyſon* La Precoverte, *who was* Harcourts *wife;* Harcourt *kills his brother* Vimory, *and then Marries his widow* Maſſerina; Tivoly *is hanged for a Robbery, and at his Execution accuſeth* Maſſerina *for hiring him to poyſon* La Precoverte, *for the which ſhe is likewiſe hanged;* Noel *(who was* Harcourts *man) on his death-bed ſuſpecteth and accuſeth his ſaid Maſter for killing of his brother* Vimory, *whereof* Harcourt *being found guilty, he is broken alive on a Wheel for the ſame.*

MAn being the Workmanſhip, and Figurative Image of God, what an odious ſin, yea what an execrable crime is it therefore for one (out of the heat of his malice or fumes of his revenge) to poyſon, or murther another, ſith Nature doth ſtrongly impugn, and Grace (with a high hand) infinitely contradict it! Therefore were not our hearts and underſtandings either wholly deprived of Common ſence, or our ſouls of the gracious aſſiſtance and favour of God, we would not thus ſo furiouſly and prophanely make our ſelves guilty of theſe infernal ſins, but rather (with our beſt endeavours) would ſeek to avoid them as Hell, and (with our moſt pious reſolutions) to hate and deteſt them as the Devil himſelf who is the prime Author and Actor thereof. But ſome ſuch Monſters of Nature, and Diſciples of Satan there are here on Earth. A fearful and lamentable Example, whereof this enſuing Hiſtory will ſhew us. The which may all good Chriſtians read to Gods glory, and remember to the inſtruction of their Souls.

There is a Pariſh tearmed Saint *Simplician* a mile from the City of *Sens* in th Dutchy of

Burgundy (which is honoured with the title and See of an Archbishop) where (within these few years) there dwelt and died an aged Gentleman, (more Noble by birth, than rich in his Estate and Demayns) termed *Monsieur de Vimory*, who left only two sons behinde him, the eldest named *Monsieur de Harcourt*, and the second *Monsieur de Hautemont*, who were two very proper young Gentlemen, excellently well bred and qualified, as well in Arts as Armes, or in any other vertue or perfection which was requisite, both to shew and approve themselves to be the sons of their Father. And (to content my Reader with their characters) *Harcourt* was tall, but not wel-favoured, but of a milde and singular good disposition; *Hautemont* was of a middle stature, neatly timbred, of a sweet and amiable countenance, but by nature hasty and head-strong; *Harcourt* had a light Aubrun beard, which (like a Country Gentleman) he wore negligently after the Oval cut; *Hautemont* had a coal black beard, which (Courtier-like) he wore in form of an invaled Pyramides; *Harcourt* was thirty two years of age, very chaste and honest; *Hautemont* was twenty five, but many times given to women, and ready to be debauched and drawn away by any, though but of an indifferent quality and complexion. To *Harcourt* (the eldest son) their father gave his chiefest Mannor house, with eight hundred Crowns of yearly Revenew, and all his Goods and Chattels. To *Hautemont* (his second Son) he gave his second Mannor house, worth four hundred Crowns yearly, and fifteen hundred Crowns in his purse, by his Testament: Estates which though it came short of their blood, yet it exceeded that of most of the Gentlemen their neighbours, and is held in *France* at least the double, if not the triple of as much here with us in *England*. So having neither the happiness, or the care to be accompanied with any sister, or other brothers, they interchangeably swear a strict League of brotherly love and dear affection each to other, which by their Vertues and Honors they swear shall never receive end, but with the end of their lives: They many times consult together for the conduction and improving of their Estates, which they promise to manage with more frugality then lustre, and with more solid discretion than vain ostentation or superfluity, and not to live in *Paris*, or to follow the Court, but to build up their residence in the Countrey. To which end they cut off many unprofitable mouths, both of servants, horses, and hounds, which their father kept. They likewise vow each to other to be wonderful chary and carefull in their marriages, as well fore-seeing and knowing it to be the greatest part of their earthly felicity or misery. So here we may see and observe many fair promises, rich designs and resolutions, and many sweet covenants voluntarily drawn up between these two brothers, which if they make good and perform, no doubt but the end thereof will be successfull and prosperous unto them; or if otherwise, the contrary.

But before I wade farther in the stream and current of this History, I must first declare, that by the death of *Vimory* the Father, and by the custom of *France*, we must now wholly abandon and take away the title of *Hautemont* from the second brother, futurely to give him that of *Harcourt* the eldest, and that from *Harcourt* the eldest, to give him that of *Vimory* their Father, for (by the right and vertue of the premised Reasons) these are now become their proper names and appellations, which the Reader is prayed to observe and remember.

A year and half is not fully expired and past away since their father past from Earth to Heaven, but the eldest brother *Monsieur de Vimory* being extreamly ambitious and covetous of wealth, and understanding that a rich Councellor of the Court of Parliament of *Dijon*, named *Monsieur de Basigni* was dead, and had left a very rich widow (of some forty years of age) named *Madamoyselle Masserina*, he earnestly seeks her in marriage. She is of short stature, corpulent and fat, of a coal-black hair, and if fame towards her be a true and not a tatling goddess, she hath, and still is, a lover of *Venus*, and a Votaress who often sacrificeth to *Cupids* lascivious Altars and Shrines. *Harcourt* is very averse and bitter against this match for his brother. They have many serious Consultations hereon: He alledgeth to him the inequality of her age and birth in comparison of his, her corpulency, the ill-getting of her Husbands goods, who was held to be a corrupt Lawyer, and (as the voice of the world went) who gained his wealth by the tears and curses of many of his ruined and decayed Clients; and when he saw that nothing would prevail to dissuade his brother from her, he rounds him in his ear, that it was spoken and bruted in *Dijon*, that she was not as chaste as rich, nor so continent as covetous; *Vimory* is all enraged here at, and chargeth *Harcourt* his brother to name the Reporters of this foul scandal vomited forth (quoth he) against the vertues and honour of chaste *Masserina*: *Harcourt* replies, that he speaks it wholly upon fame, no way upon knowledge, much less upon belief; so *Vimory* bein

being wilfully deaf to his brothers advice and requeſts, (and preferring *Maſſerina's* wealth to her honeſty) he marries her. But ſhe is ſo wiſe for her ſelf, as firſt (both by promiſe and contract) ſhe ties him to this condition; that he ſhall receive all her Rents, which are ſome twelve hundred Crownes *per Annum*, ſhe to put her ready money to Uſe into whoſe hands ſhe pleaſeth, and he alſo to have the one half of the intereſt money, but the Principall ſtill to remain in her own right, propriety, and poſſeſſion, and as well in her life as death, to be wholly at her own diſpoſing.

Not long after *Harcourt* being at a great Wedding (of a Gentleman his Couſin German) at the City of *Troyes* (in *Campagne*) he there at the balles (or publike dancing) eſpies a moſt ſweet & beautifull young Gentlewoman whom he preſently fancieth and affects for his Wife: He enquires what ſhe is, and finds her to be named *Madamoyſelle Lay Precoverte*, Daughter to an Aged Gentleman of that City, tearmed *Monſieur de la Vaquery*. *Harcourt* courts the Daughter, ſeeks the Father, finds the firſt willing, and the ſecond deſirous, but at laſt he plainly and honeſtly informes *Harcourt*, that his Daughters chiefeſt wealth, are her vertues and beauty; that he hath not much Land, and leſſe Money; that he hath two great ſuits of Law for ſtore of Lands depending in the Parliament of *Dijon*, which promiſe him ſtore of money, and that he will futurely impart a great part thereof to him, if he will marry his Daughter, the which (for the preſent) he tels him, he is content to make good and confirm to him both by bond and contract. *Harcourt* loves his fair young Miſtriſſe *La Precoverte* ſo tenderly and dearly, as he is ready to eſpouſe her, on thoſe tearmes, but he will firſt acquaint his brother *Vimory* therewith, and take his advice therein. *Vimory* informs his brother *Harcourt*, that he knows *Monſieur De Vaquery*, of *Troyes*, to be a very poor Gentleman, that moſt of his lands are morgaged out, and in great danger never to be redeemed; that his Law ſuits are as uncertain, as the following thereof chargeable. *Harcourt* extols the beauty of *La Precoverte* to him to the skie; *Vimory* replies, that beauty fades and withers with a ſmall time, & that thoſe who prefer it to wealth, are many times enforced to feed on repentance in ſtead of content and joy, and to look poverty in the face inſtead of proſperity. But *Harcourt* having deeply ſetled his affection on *La Precoverte*, he rejecteth this true and wholeſome counſell of his brother, and ſo marries her: When forgetting his former promiſe to his brother, he in a ſmall time, turnes a great Prodigall, abandoneth himſelf to all filthy vices, and beaſtly courſe of life, and as a moſt debauched and graceleſſe Husband (within one year) he for no cauſe quarrelleth very often with this his fair and dear Wife, then whom, neither *Champagne* nor *Burgundie* had a more beautifull or vertuous young Gentlewoman; ſhe was of ſtature tall and ſlender, of a bright flaxen hair, a gracious eye, a modeſt countenance, a pure Lillie-roſeat complexion, of a milde nature, and ſweet diſpoſition, reſpectfully courteous to all the world, and exceedingly devout and Religious towards God, as perpetually making it her practiſe, delight, and glory, to conſume a great part both of her time and of her ſelf in prayer, and in the ſervice of God.

And although ſhe were formerly ſought for in marriage by many as good Gentlemen as *Harcourt*, yet ſhe could fancy none, nor affect any man for her Husband but himſelf. Never Wife was more carefull or more deſireous to pleaſe a Husband than ſhe, and as (for one whole year) it was her former content and joy to ſee him to be a provident, kind, and loving Husband to her, ſo now it is her matchleſſe grief and calamity, to ſee his good nature perverted, his Reſolutions tranſported, and his Affections drowned in debauched and vicious Company. She leaves no ſweet advice, nor courteous Requeſts and Perſwaſions unattempted to reclaim him from theſe his foul vices of Drunkenneſſe, Swearing, Dicing, evill Company, and Whoredome; for of no leſſe ſins in quality, nor fewer in number, ſhe (with extream grief and ſorrow) ſees him to be guilty: But all this will not prevaile, no not her infinit tears and ſighes which many times ſhe ſpends and ſheds to him both at boord and bed, yea, and ſometimes on her knees, but ſtill (with a wretched violence, and ſinfull impetuoſity) he goes on in his vicious courſes, and ungodly life and converſation; neither caring for his health, or his eſtate and meanes, but willfully neglects the firſt, and prodigally waſtes and conſumes the ſecond, whereat ſhe wonderfully grieveth and lamenteth. She often requeſteth *Vimory* his brother, and *La Vaquery* her Father to perſwade and divert him from theſe his ungodly courſes and enormous vices, which threatens no leſſe than the utter ruine, and inevitable ſhipwrack of all their fortunes: but they likewiſe cannot prevaile, although his brother *Vimory* (with whom they live and ſojourn) every hour and time he ſees him, do ſtrongly deal and labour with him to that effect: For now he giving no limits to his vices and prodigalities, he ſels away his Lands peece-male, whereat his brother *Vimory* ſtormeth and rageth againſt him, and his vertuous ſweet Wife moſt pitifully weepeth and lamenteth. But as a baſe Gentleman, and a moſt unkind and ungratefull Husband, he laughes at her teares, ſmileth at her ſighes, and contemneth and ſcorneth

both them and her ſelf. And it now falling out, that *La Vaquery* her Father loſing both of his Law ſuits at *Diion*, where they (by the votes and ſentence of that Court of Parliament) are adjudged againſt him, whereby he was utterly ruined both in his hopes and eſtate for ever; *Harcourt* hereat ſo ſlights and neglects his Wife, as he tearmes her beggars brat, threatneth to ſend her home to *Troyes* to her Father, and ſetting all at randome, cares not what becomes either of himſelf or her, who poor ſweet Gentlewoman is ſo extreamly afflicted, and as it were weighed down with all theſe calamities and miſeries (eſpecially with the vices and diſcourteſies of her Husband) as in her heart ſhe daily wiſheth, and in her ſoul hourly prayeth unto God that ſhe were out of this life, and in Heaven, infinitly lamenting, and a thouſand times a day repenting that ever it was her hard fortune to ſee her Husband, and her woefull chance to marry him. But how to remedy or redreſſe theſe her miſeries ſhe knows not.

For now do her Husbands vices and prodigalities make him daily grow poorer and poorer, in ſo much (as in leſſe than three years) he is become the ſhame of himſelf, the contempt of his enemies, the pitty of his Friends and Kinſfolkes, and the extream grief of his ſweet and dear Wife, ſo that he hath well neer ſpent all, and almoſt left nothing to maintain himſelf, much leſs to maintain her, whoſe griefes are ſo great, and ſorrowes ſo infinit, as her Roſeat Cheekes look now thin and pale, her ſweet eyes are become obſcure and dim, yea, and in ſo pitifull and lamentable a manner, that ſhe falls exceedingly ſick, and her diſcontent and diſconſolation is almoſt ſo remedileſs, as ſhe would, but cannot be comforted, for that her Husband whom ſhe thought would hove proved the argument of her Joy and Proſperity, is now become the cauſe her endleſſe grief, and the object of her matchleſs calamity and miſery. Thus leaving her ſorrowes, ſighs and tears, to be diminiſhed through time, or diſſipated and defaced by God, The order of our Hiſtory invites and conjures me now again to ſpeak of this her baſe and debauched Husband, who hath many beaſtly and bloody parts to act herein.

Whoſe lewd life and prodigalities enforcing him now to behold poverty, becauſe heretofore he diſdained to look on frugality and providence: Seeing his wealth waſted, his lands either ſold or morgaged, himſelf forſaken of his Brother and Friends, his reputation loſt, his debts great, his Creditors many, and who now began to grow extream clamourous and ſcandelous to him: He knowes not which way to look, or how or where to turn himſelf, to find out ſome invention and meanes to repair the decayes and ruines of theſe his miſerable fortunes, and ſo to bear up and ſcrew himſelf again into the eye and repute of the world. When his neceſſity gaining upon his heart and nature, and Satan upon his Conſcience and Soul, he knowing his Brothers Wife *Maſſerina* to be rich and wanton, he will become ſo unfaithfull to his own Wife, ſo ingratefull and treacherous to his own Brother, and ſo diſhonourable and ignoble to himſelf, as to attempt to gain her affection from him and to draw her to his own lewd and laſcivious deſires, whereon his irregular hopes did more than partly grow confident, becauſe he flatters himſelf with this true, yet fooliſh belief, that as he was ſeven years the younger, ſo he was twice ſeven times a properer man than his Brother. When taking time at advantage, as his Brother and her Husband *Vimory* were rid to *Diion*, he finding her in a wonderfull pleaſant humour, and exceedingly diſpoſed to be merry, when (God knowes) his own ſweet and forrowful Wife, was (according to her frequent cuſtome) diſconſolately at her prayers and book in her own chamber, & her doore ſhut to her, then, then I ſay, he taking his ſaid Siſter in Law *Maſſerina* to a window in a private Parlor, he there (for himſelf, or the Devill for him) breaks his mind to her, and is ſo far from ſhame, as he glories to make her acquainted with his deep affection, and laſcivious ſuit to her: Neither doth he faile of his hopes, or they of his voluptuous deſires, for he finds this his Siſter in Law ſo diſhoneſtly prepared, and ſo luſtfully reſolved and diſpoſed to grant him his deſires, that ſealing her affection to him with many ſmiles, as he did his to her with more kiſſes, ſhe is ſo impudent, ſo graceleſſe, as at this his weary firſt motion, ſhe vowes to him ſhe hath not the power to deny him any thing, and therefore moſt cheerfully and willingly gives him her heart and her ſelf, and he doth the like to her, which they mutually ratifie and confirm between them with many private kiſſes, and amorous daliances, as alſo with many ſecret proteſtations, and ſolemn oathes: But becauſe Satan is, therefore God will not be preſent at this their vicious contract, and laſtivious combination.

Thus *Harcourt* and his Siſter in Law *Maſſerina*, having no regard to their honours or reputations, to their Hearts or Conſciences, to their Soules or to God, he pollutes his Brothers bed in poſſeſſing his Wifes body, and makes it both his delight and practice to defile and contaminate his glory, in that of her ſhame, and of his own infamy. And now his pockets and purſe are again fill'd and cram'd with coin, for he gives her kiſſes for her gold, and ſhe returnes him gold

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for his kiſſes. Hereupon he puts himſelf again into new & rich apparell, but yet is ſo baſe, unkind, and ingrateſull to his own ſweet and vertuous Wife, that he will give her neither gold nor new apparell, but permits her to go in her old. But to add more miſeries to her miſery, and more new griefes and calamities to her old (becauſe ſhe is equally an eye-ſore both to himſelf and to her) he will no longer permit her to live with him, that he may the more often and the more freely and ſecurely familiarize with his old Siſter, or rather now with his new love *Maſſerina*: So (without any regard to her birth, or reſpect to her youth and vertues, or without conſidering that God hath made her his Wife, and therefore the other half of himſelf) he ſends her home to her father at *Troyes*, giving her but a poor little Nagge, and a ragged foot-boy, onely with ſo much money as could hardly carry her thither, giving her neither money nor apparell, nor any thing elſe which was beſeeming or fit for her, although through the black and obſcure clouds of his vices and ingratitude, the bright and relucent Sun-beames of her excellent perfections and vertues in her ſelf, and of her conſtant affection to him, will for ever moſt radiently reſplend and ſhine to all the world, eſpecially to thoſe who had the honour to know her living, or who ſhall now or hereafter reade her Hiſtory after her death. And never were thoſe her ſweet perfections and vertues either more conſpicuous and glorious in her, than now at her enforced exile, and ſorrowfull baniſhment and departure from her Husband: For although he were cruely unkinde, or unkindely cruell to her, yet knowing and conſidering him to be her Husband, ſhe therefore holds it her duty and conſcience ſtill to attend and wait on him as his Wife, and not, either ſo ſoon or ſo ſuddenly to ſeparate her ſelf from him. When her eyes ſee, her judgement knowes, her heart doubts, and her ſoul feares, that then more than ever his vices wanted her prayers, and his ſins her vertues and preſence, to ſeek to rectifie and reform them. But although ſhe deſcended ſo low from her ſelf to him in her affection and humility, as with bitter ſighs and teares to caſt her ſelf on her knees to beg and requeſt him, that (as by the lawes of marriage and nature, and of conſcience and grace) ſhe was obliged and bound, ſo that ſhe might enjoy the content and happineſſe to live and die with him, being infinitely contented, and extreamly deſirous, as ſhe then affirmed, (and again and again repeated and confirmed to him) to participate and bear her part and ſhare, as well in his poverty as proſperity, yet he (as an ignoble Gentleman, & a baſe & vicious Husband) having wholy taken away his heart and affection from this his ſweet and vertuous Wife *Lay Precoverte*, and fully and abſolutely given it to his laſcivious ſiſter-in-law *Maſſerina*, he (I ſay) is ſo heard hearted, ingrateſull and treacherous towards her (as without any reſpect to her teares, or regard to her prayers) he will no way permit her to live with him in St. *Simplician* or *Sens*, at his Brothers, nor yet vouchſafe to be pleaſed to go & live with her at *Troyes* at her Fathers: But here we may obſerve his malice in his diſdain, and his diſdain in his malice towards this dear and ſweet young Gentlewoman his wife, (of whom God knowes, and the world ſees, he is no way worthy) for he will grant her neither of theſe her two moſt reaſonable and loving requeſts, but indeed (rather as a Devill than a man, and a Tyrant than a Husband) he with thundering looks and ſpeeches, commands her away his ſight and preſence, without once giving her ſo much as one poor kiſs, as he was bound in affection, or (which is yet leſſe) a poor farewell at their parting, as he was obliged both in Conſcience and Chriſtianity. So this ſweet diſconſolate Gentlewoman (in a manner breaking her breaſt with her ſighes, and drowning her cheeks with her tears) only with her poor little Nag and ragged Foot-boy, is by her flinty-hearted Husband turned out of his Brother *Vimories* houſe at Saint *Simplician*, and ſo in this ſlender manner, and baſe equipage enforced ſoftly, diſcontentedly, and ſorrowfully to ride home to the poor Gentleman her Father at *Troyes*, yea, and ſuch was the malice, and policy of *Harcourt*, her cruell Husband, that this ſuddain departure of hers was purpoſely acted when his Brother *Vimory*, and his Wife *Maſſerina* were at another Mannor houſe of his ſome eight leagues off, to the end, that they might not ſee, or take leave of her, nor ſhe of them, ſo allowing our ſweet and ſorrowfull *La Precoverte* by this time at *Troyes* with her aforeſaid Father; I will for a time there leave her, to the exerciſe of her patience, to the piety of her prayers, and to the pleaſure and providence of God.

Now doth our diſloyall and treacherous *Harcourt*, at his pleaſure frolique it out in Saint *Simplician* with his laſcivious Siſter in-Law, and Strumpet *Maſſerina*, yea they are now grown ſo impudent, ſo careleſſe, ſo graceleſſe, in theſe their obſcœne Dalliances, that if *Vimory* the Husband and Maſter do not, yet his Servants cannot chuſe but take deep notice and exact and perfect Knowledge thereof; Onely he obſerves a late alteration in his Brothers fortunes, that he is become far braver in his Apparell than accuſtomed, and hath more ſtore of Crownes in his Pocket at his command than heretofore, both to play and ſpend at his pleaſure. Onely from whence this his golden Myne ſhould proceed he knowes not; except having here-

heretofore made ſome progreſſion, and experiments in the Chymical Science (or myſtery of Alchymy) hee had now found the *Elixar* of the Philoſophers Stone, but his curioſity in this *Quære* proceeds no further, much leſs the Judgement, but leaſt of all his Suſpition or Jealouſie.

But the graceleſſe Vanity and Ambition of *Harcourt* will yet flye a pitch and degree higher in the air of Ingratitude and treachery towards his Brother *Vimory*. For a little Gold cannot redeem his Lands, nor make up the money and great breaches of his former prodigalities, neither will a few kiſſes and embraces of that luſtful Dame his Siſter *Maſſerina* appeaſe his unchaſt appetite, or ſatisfie his inſatiable luſt, and laſcivious deſires. Wherefore at one time and caſt, to ſet nature and honour at ſtake, and ſo commanding his heart and thoughts to trample on both of them, without any reſpect or regard to either, he contrives and aſſumes this vitious and treacherous reſolution, that having already taken the actual poſſeſſion of her body, hee ſhould then likewiſe do ſo of her gold, yea of all her whole eſtate, and ſo fly away with her, whoſe Eſtate (through his long diſhoneſt familiarity with her) he now knows to be great, yea far greater than his Brother *Vimory* her husband either ever knew or dreamt of; Wherefore with much ſuperficial affection, and artificial flattery and inſinuation, he no ſooner breakes this motion to her, but her luſtful heart correſponding with his, and her laſcivious deſires likewiſe aiming and intending that way, ſhe freely gives him her conſent thereunto, and to that end ſhe very ſecretly draws in all her monies and gold, together with all her Plate, Rings, and Jewels moſt carefully and privately packs it up, and ſo they flye away together; In a morning when her husband and his brother was with his ſervants gone forth a Hawking and Hunting for all that day, he without ever making his wife, or ſhe her husband once acquainted therewith. *Vimory* is amazed, and *La Precoverte* extremely perplexed and afflicted at the ſtrangeneſſe of their (undreamt of) baſe clandeſtine departure: And although (in regard of his affection to his wife) he were once reſolved to ſend and make after them for their ſtay and apprehenſion, yet at laſt, to avoid the univerſal ſcandal of the world (which thereby inſtead of ſtopping one tongue, would aſſuredly let looſe many, he leaves the ſucceſs of this treacherous Accident to Time, and the due reward and true puniſhment thereof to God. Now the firſt place of ſafety and ſhelter which *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* flye unto, is the ſtrong City of *Geneva* (which depends not of *France* or *Savoy*, but of God and it ſelf) where they take two chambers, and live together, having no ſervant at all to attend or follow them, but onely *Noel*, who for many years before had been, and ſtill was his man. But to live here in *Geneva* with the more privacy and aſſurance (becauſe they obſerve it to be a City exceedingly politiquely, virtuouſly, and religiouſly governed) they find out this excuſe for their ſtay, that he is heir to ſome lands (which by the death of an Unkle of his) is devolved and fallen to him in the eſtate, and dutchy of *Millan* (betwixt *Pavia* and *Alexandria*) whither he goes to ſell it away, in regard (as he falſly allegeth) that both this Gentlewoman (whom he reſolves to leave there, and preſently upon his return to marry) and himſelf are Proteſtants, and for a month or ſix weeks, this falſe gloſs, and true impoſture paſſeth current with thoſe of *Geneva*, whom all that time they freely permit and ſuffer to enjoy the Laws and privileges of Hoſpitality in their City, and the ſooner and with far leſs ſuſpition and doubt) becauſe they obſerve, that they very often frequent their Sermons and Churches, although in their hearts and devotions, God knows, they both are direlicty Roman Catholiques. But at the end of this ſmall time, underſtanding that the two Syndicks, and the reſt of the Magiſtrates of that City began to pry more narrowly into their ſtay, and more neerly into their actions; Then they thinking to mock God and their ſouls, and ſo to make Religion onely to be a cloak to overveil their villany, he then and there reſolves to marry her before he goe to *Millan*, which indeed affords ſweet muſick to the heart, and melody to the thoughts and mind of this laſcivious dame *Maſſerina*, the which ſhe eſteemed to be the chiefeſt felicity ſhe could deſire upon earth) excuſing the alteration of this his reſolution upon her ſickneſs and indiſpoſition (which alſo was as falſe and counterfeit, as the pretence of their Proteſtant Religion was feigned and hypocritical) and to that end he acquaints the Miniſters and the Ancients of the Church therewith; But they being as regular in their actions as he was exorbitant, and as pious in their intentions as he was prophane in his, queſtion him to ſhew ſome authenticall Certificate from that Proteſtant Church or Churches in *Poictou* where they ayerre they formerly dwelt) that they were both of them Proteſtants by Religion, and that their Marriage was honourable and no way clandeſtine; affirming to him, that it was againſt the Rules of their Religion, the Conſtitutions of their Church, and the Laws of their City, to doe otherwiſe, either to them, or to any ſtrangers whatſoever: Which *Harcourt* well perceiving, He now comes too ſhort in his Arithmetick, and having none to ſhew them in that nature, he ſweats under the ſaddle, and ſo ſlacks his importunacy therein, and puts

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it off with a ſpecious excuſed dilatory delay; When acquainting his *Maſſerina* therewith, they both are equally afflicted and grieved, thus to ſee their hopes nipt, and their expectations and deſires of Marriage fruſtrated, and blaſted in the very bud and bloſſoms; and now they ſee that their abode and ſtay in *Geneva*, neither can, nor muſt be long. But here betides them another unlooked for accident which will ſpeedily tranſport them thence;

It is the pleaſure and mercy of God, that *Noel* (*Harcourts* man) is not a little grieved in heart, and afflicted in minde, to ſee his maſter guilty of this foul and treacherous crime, in ſtealing away *Maſſerina* his Brothers wife, and entertaining and uſing her as his own. He knows how infinitely this their adultery is diſpleaſing to God, and odious to men, and how oppoſite and repugnant it is to Grace and Nature. Wherefore holding it a trouble to his mind, a vexation to his heart, and a ſcruple to his conſcience any longer to attend and follow them, becauſe he is aſſured, that the divine Juſtice and vengeance of God, will never permit them to go long either undetected or unpuniſhed, He calling to his remembrance the ſweet vertues and chaſtity of his Miſtris *La Precoverte*, and (by oppoſition and Antitheſis) comparing them to the foul vices and whoredoms of *Maſſerina*, he out of his duty to the firſt, and deteſtation to the ſecond, though a bad Servant to his Maſter, yet was a good Chriſtian to God, gives his Miſtris *La Precoverte* very ſecret intelligence, of his Maſters laſcivious reſiding and living here in *Geneva* with *Maſſerina*, whereof he ſends her word, he is a very ſorrowfull and unwilling eye-witneſs, and ſo leaves the reformation thereof, firſt to God, and then to her ſelf. Our vertuous ſweet Gentlewoman *La Precoverte*, is wonderfully afflicted and grieved, at this foul crime of Adultery betwixt her Husband, and his *Siſter Maſſerina*, whereat her chaſte heart towards him, and her pure and religious ſoul towards God, makes her ſend many tears to earth, ſighs to heaven. Once ſhe thought to acquaint her brother *Vimory* herewith, but then fearing that his juſt choler might peradventure exaſperate him againſt her Husband, ſhe again ſoon forſakes that opinion and intent, as holding it more diſcretion and ſafety to be ſilent herein towards him. And yet conſulting her griefs and afflictions with God (whoſe ſacred advice and aſſiſtance how to bear her ſelf in this action and accident, ſhe religiouſly implores) ſhe at laſt deems it a part both of her affection, duty, and conſcience, to uſe her beſt zeal and endeavors to reclaim them from this their abominable, and beaſtly courſe of life. And in regard her poverty, weakneſs, and ſickneſs will not (according to her deſires and wiſhes) permit her to ride over to them in perſon to *Geneva*, ſhe therefore commits and impoſeth that charge to her pen, to write both to her Husband *Harcourt*, as alſo to his lewd Siſter, or rather his laſcivious Strumpet *Maſſerina*, to ſee if her Letters (by the permiſſion and providence of God) may prevail with their hearts and ſouls to reform and draw them home, the which ſhe purpoſely, and expreſly ſends by a confident Meſſenger, and with the greateſt ſecreſie ſhe poſſibly can deviſe.

Her Letter to her Husband intimated this.

LA PRECOVERTE to HARCOURT.

YOur flight and Adultery with that graceleſs Strumpet Maſſerina, *is ſo diſpleaſing to* God, *as I cannot but wonder that his divine Juſtice will permit* Geneva *or any other place of the world to contain you without puniſhing you for it; yea when in this foul crime of yours, I conſider her by my ſelf, and you by your Brother* Vimory, *I finde that his grief proves my ſhame, and my ſhame his grief, and that you and her are the true cauſes of both. I have examined my thoughts and actions, my heart and ſoul, and cannot conceive that I have any way deſerved this your ingratitude towards me, and therefore fail not to certifie me why and wherefore you have undertaken this vitious and lewd courſe of life, which in the end will aſſuredly produce thy miſery, as now already it doth your infamy, except your contrition to God, do ſpeedily redeem it. And in regard that you are my Husband, and that I both hope and believe it to be the firſt fault in this kinde and nature, I therefore hold you more worthy of my pitty than of my hatred, and of my prayers than of my curſes. So if you will abandon your deboſhed Siſter, and come home and live with me who am thy chaſte and ſorrowful wife, my arms and heart ſhall be as open as ever they were, both to receive and forgive you, yea, I will wholly forget what is paſt, and prepare my ſelf to welcome you home, with a thouſand ſmiles and kiſſes, if you will reſolve and remember henceforth to love me as much, as formerly (without cauſe or reaſon) you have neglected and hated me.*

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her

Her Letter to *Maſſerina* bewrayed theſe Paſſions.

LA PRECOVERTE to MASSERINA.

NO longer Siſter, but lewd ſtrumpet, was it not enough for thee to abuſe thine own Husband, but that thou muſt likewiſe bereave me of mine, who is his own and only Brother: as if a ſingle ſin and ingratitude, could not content thy laſcivious luſt, to ſatisfie thy inordinate deſires: but that thy impiety to God, and prophaneneſs and obſcenity to thy ſelf, ſhould make thee guilty of ſo foul a crime as Adultery, and which is worſe, of ſuch a foul and baſe Adultery as comes very neer to the worſt kind of Inceſt; whereof thy thoughts and heart can inform thee, and thy Conſcience and Soul aſſure thee, it will hereafter make thee as truly miſerable, as now thou falſly thinkeſt thy ſelf happy. Wherefore triumph not, to have made my grief thy glory, and my affliction thy felicity, for God (who is as juſt, as powerfull) will requite my wrongs in thy Perſon, and when thou leaſt drameſt thereof, his Divine puniſhments will ſharply ſcourge and revenge thy laſcivious pleaſures, except thou deject and proſtrate thy ſelf at the feet of his ſacred Mercy with true contrition, and at the Altar of his ſaving Grace with unfeigned repentance for the ſame, by reſtoring my Husband to me, and thy ſelf to thine, and by making thy peace with God, whom ſo highly and hainouſly thou haſt therein offended; which if thou do, thou mayeſt then reeſtabliſh thy fortunes, and redeem thy reputation, or elſe for ever aſſuredly ruine both them and thy ſelf. So if I ſee thee to imbrace this chaſt, and to follow this vertuous and religious courſe, I will again aſſume the name of a Siſter, and leave that of a Strumpet towards thee, yea, I will wholy forget theſe thy (almoſt unpardonable) wrongs and diſgraces which thou offereſt me, and for ever bury them in perpetuall ſilence, and eternall oblivion.

LA PRECOVERTE.

Her Meſſenger arriving at *Geneva*, he firſt finds out *Noell*, and then ſecretly delivers theſe two Letters to *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina*, who much muſing and more wondring thereat, withdrawing themſelves into their Inner Chamber, they there break up the ſeales and peruſe them; Whereat their hearts galled, and their Conſciences ſo netled and ſtung, as they cannot refrain from bluſhing for meer ſhame, and then again, from not looking pale with meer anger thereat. Thus looking ſtedfaſtly each on other, their own guiltineſſe doth for the time preſent ſomewhat afflict and perplex them. *Harcourt* wondereth at his Wifes boldneſſe in writing to him; and *Maſſerina* is not a little diſmaid and daunted, to ſee that her Husband hath not written unto her. *Harcourt* is diſcontented with his Wifes peremptory Letter, *Maſſerina* is apprehenſive and fearfull of her Husbands ſilence, when again changing their conceits and thoughts which inconſtantly alter, and extravagantly range, without any intrinſicall peace, or tranquility; *Harcourt* thinking of his Brother *Vimories* ſilence, attributes it to contempt and hatred, and *Maſſerina* contemplating and ruminating on her ſiſter *La Precoverts* choler, reputes it to extream grief, ſorrow and indignation; But at laſt conſulting together hereon, they both of them concur and fall upon this reſolution; that to colour out their laſcivious life, they by their anſwers to her, muſt overvaile it with much ſeeming chaſtity, and pretended ſanctity and piety. And the better to prevent any danger which may proceed from *Vimories* ſilence, or revenge, they muſt remove from *Geneva*, and ſpeedily reſolve to forſake and leave it; When fear giving life to their deſpair, and deſpair adding wings to their fear, they call for pen and paper, and each return *La Precoverte* their ſeverall anſwers by her own meſſenger who had ſtrict charge and command from her to ſee them, but not to dare once to ſpeak or exchange a word with either of them, the which (according to his duty) he very honeſtly and punctually performed, only to ſhew her grateſulneſſe to honeſt *Noell*, ſhe gave preciſe order to him to render him many hearty thanks from her for his true reſpect and fidelity towards her, which ſhe would never forget nor leave unrecompenced, and yet all this while neither *Harcourt* nor *Maſſerina* were any way ſuſpitious that it was their man *Noell*, which gave *La Precoverte* intelligence of their reſidence in *Geneva*.

Harcourts Letter to his Wife was in theſe tearmes.

HARCOVRT to LA PRECOVERTE.

DO not raſhly and unjuſtly torment thy ſelf with jealouſie at my abſence, for thou ſhalt find as much joy thereof at my return, as now thou beleeveſt and feareſt the contrary. I have vowed to accompany

accompany my Siſter in-Law Maſſerina *to our Lady of* Loreto, *which is the beſt Saint of the beſt Country of the world,* Italy, *(whether we are now ſetting forwards from this town of* Geneva; *) to which holy Lady and bleſſed Saint, her Oraiſons for her Husband, and mine for thee, are and ſhall be as repleat of pure affection and piety, as thou imagineſt they are of iniquity and prophaneſs. True it is, I committed an errour in not acquainting thee with my departure, which I perceive thou eſteemeſt a crime; but when ſhortly I ſhal lbe ſo happy to enjoy thy ſweet company and preſence, then my juſt reaſons will juſtly enforce thee both to know and acknowledge, that that pretended crime of mine is leſs than an errour, and this errour leſs than nothing. And thou wilt be yet farther inquiſitive why, or from whence our Journey was firſt derived, I pray let theſe generall tearmes content thy fear, and ſatisfie thy Jelouſie, that it it was her devotion and Conſcience to God, not my deſire or affection to her which gave life and birth to it; therefore I hold it rather an unmerited cruelty, than a condign penance; either for my heart to be tied to ask forgiveneſs of thee, or my ſoul of God for this thy pretended crime of mine, whereof I am as innocent as thy Fear and Jealouſie deemes me guilty. Therefore I allow of thy piety, I accept of thy Prayers, yea, and I rejoyce in thy affection to entertain, and thy reſolution to welcome me home with thy ſmiles and kiſſes when I come, the which ſhall be, if not ſo ſhortly as thou expecteſt or I deſire, yet as ſoon as reputation and good ſpeed ſhall permit.*

HARCOVRT.

Maſſerina's Letter to her Siſter in Law carried theſe lines.

MASSERINA to LA PRECOVERTE.

MY departure and abſence hath neither wronged mine own Husband nor abuſed thine, for it is my pure zeal to God, and not any laſcivious luſt in my ſelf which drew me to this devotion to ſee Loretto, *and him (through his goodneſs) to the reſolution honourably to accompany me thither, and therefore my heart deſies that foul ſin of Adultery, and my ſoul deteſts that odious one of Inceſt, whereof I am far more innocent than thou thinkeſt me guilty. I am ſorry for thy grief, and I grieve for thy affliction, and am ſo far from triumphing in the one, or glorying in the other, as I have given that to my thought with paſſion, and this to my mind with compaſſion, although I confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to place it ſo neer me, in regard thy Jealouſie is the ſole authour, and my fidelity and chaſtity no way the cauſe thereof; wherefore I am ſo far from fearing, as I love Gods Juſtice, becauſe as in other ſinnes I have offended his Divine Majeſty, ſo I am ſure that in this I have no way incurred or merited his indignation, and do moſt freely refer my fortunes and reputation to his ſacred pleaſure, but not to thy ſecret diſcontents and ill grounded choller, from which (by the plea of a juſt proviſo) I have all the reaſons of the world to appeale, as alſo for that foul ſcandall and infamous Epithete of a Strumpet, which I thought thee too vertuous once to conceive, much leſſe to name, but leaſt of all for one Siſter in Law (without cauſe or reaſon) to give to another: But thou art* La Precoverte, *therefore I forget this ingrateſull crime of thine, and I am* Maſſerina, *therefore I freely and abſolutely forgive it, and to do thee as much right as thou haſt done me wrong, I will ſilence it in eternall obſcurity and oblivion.*

MASSERINA.

And is it not worthy of our obſervation, or rather of our deteſtation, to ſee how impiouſly theſe prophane wretches deny this their Adultery towards God, and alſo to *La Precoverte*, whom they have ſo hainouſly offended therewith, and which to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to their own hearts and Conſciences are nevertheleſs as apparent as the Sun in his brighteſt Meridian, yea, had they not wilfully fled from God, and preſumptuouſly abandoned themſelves to Satan, to contrive ſuch irreligious excuſes, and to frame ſuch ungodly Apologies, for theſe their foul crimes and offences, and ſo to make hypocriſie the veile of their Adultery, and the cloak to cover it from the light and ſight of the world: And is it not a reſolution worthy of a halter in this world, and of Hell fire in that to come, to attempt marriage, when the Wife of the one, and the Husband of the other, are in perfect ſtrength, and full of life and health, (eſpecially *Maſſerina's* Husband *Vimory*) as but right now to their ſhame, not to their glory, they underſtand by *La Precovertes* letters to them. To the Magiſtrates of *Geneva*, they are firm Proteſtants, and as they pretended, ſo they then (as they conſtantly affirmed) intended to live and die. *To La Precoverte* in their Letters they are found Roman Catholickes, and in the ſublimity and ſingularity of their zeal travelling towards the Lady of *Loreto*, in devotion. O wretched Chriſtians, or indeed rather O miſerable wretches, thus with your hypocriſie

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to think to deceive God, when therein you only deceive your own ſelves and Souls. For can there be a greater miſery found by us on earth, or ſent us by the Devill from Hell, to make Religion (which of it ſelf is a precious and ſoveraigne Antidote) to become a fatall drug, and a pernicious ingredient to poyſon, not to preſerve our ſouls, and ſo only to delight our earthly humours and affections, and to pleaſe our carnall deſires, and concupiſcences? Of all ſorts of men (after the Atheiſt and the murtherer) the Hypocrite is the verieſt Devill upon earth, and he is ſo much the more wretched and execrable, in that he guilds over his ſpeeches, life and actions with the ſeeming ſhew of piety and devotion, when God and his ulcerated conſcience know, that he is nothing leſſe. To be luke-warm in Religion, is to be prophane, not Religious: And as wine mixt with water is neither wine nor water, ſo he that is of two Religions is of neither. For God who is ſtill jealous of his own honour, and of our ſalvation, will not only have our ſouls, but our hearts to ſerve him, and not only our hearts, but alſo our tongues to glorifie him, that is to ſay, all our actions, and all our affections, not a piece of our heart, but he will have our whole heart, and not an angle or corner of our ſoul, but our whole ſoul: For in matters of his Divine Worſhip and Service, (which conſiſts in that of our faith, and of his glory) he will not admit of any Rivall or Competitor, nor be ſerved in any other manner, than as he hath taught us by his ſacred Word and Commandements, and inſtructed us by his holy Prophets, and bleſſed Apoſtles.

But again to *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina*, whoſe laſcivious hearts and lewd Conſciences not permitting them to reſt in aſſurance, or reſide in ſecurity any where, the very day after they had diſpatched the meſſenger with their Letters to *La Precoverte*, (holding *Geneva* no place for them, nor they for *Geneva*) they truſſe up baggage, and ſo with much ſecrecie leave it, and direct their courſe to the great and famous City of *Lyons*, (ſome two and twenty leagues thence) and which is the frontier Town of *France*, and there they think to ſhrowd themſelves among that great affluence and confluence of people which inhabit and aboad there from divers parts, and they make choice to live in this frontier City, becauſe it is near to *Savoy*, where if any danger ſhould chance to betide or befall them, they might ſpeedily and ſafely retire themſelves there, and ſo lay hold on the Law and priviledge of Nations, which is inviolable throughout all the world. At their arrivall at *Lyons* they take their Chambers and reſidence neer the Arſenall, though for the two firſt nights they lie in Fanders ſtreets. They have not been in *Lyons* fifteen dayes, but there befell them an accident very worthy both of our obſervation, and of their remembrance, which was thus; A Genleman of the City of *Tholouſe* named *Monſieur de Blaiſe*, having ſome five daies before treacherouſly killed his eldeſt Brother *Monſieur De Barry*, in the high way as they travelled together upon a quarrell which fell out between them, for having debauched and clandeſtine ſtollen away his ſaid elder Brother *De Barray's* Wife from him, and conveyed and tranſported her away with him: There was a privie ſearch then made in *Lyons*, when that ſame night *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* were upon ſuſpition apprehended for them, and laid in ſure keeping. But the next morning before the Seneſchall and Procureur Fiſcall, they juſtified their innocency, by many who knew *De Blaiſe*, and ſo were cleared, but yet i gave them both a hot Camiſado and fearfull Alarum, and left an ominous impreſſion in their hearts and minds, whereof (for the conformity of the circumſtances of this action with their own) had they had the grace to have made good uſe, they had not (hereafter) made themſelves ſo famouſly infamous, nor conſequently this their Hiſtory ſo prodigiouſly deplorable.

Harcourt and *Maſſerina* whiles they ſtay here in *Lyons*, (as guilt is ſtill accompanied with fear) do ſeldome go forth their Lodgings, and when they do, they (for their better ſafety) diſguiſe themſelves in different Apparell, and for her part ſhe goes ſtill cloſe masked, and muffled up in her Taffata coyffe. Yea both of them make it their practiſe to frequent the fields often, but the Churches and ſtreets ſeldome, as if their foul crime of Adultery had made them unworthy the Communion of Gods Saints, & conſequently all good company too worthy for them. He exceedingly fears his Brother *Vimories* ſilence and revenge, & ſhe highly envieth and diſdaineth her Siſter in Law *La Precovertes* jelouſie, and ſtill that diſgracefull word of Strumpet (which ſhe upbraided her with, and obtruded to her in her Letter) ſtrikes and ſincks deeply in her heart and remembrance, in ſuch ſort, that it ſo poſſeſſeth her thoughts with malice, and takes up her mind with choller and fierce indignation, as ſhe vowes to her ſelf not thus to let it paſſe in ſilence, or to vaniſh and die away in oblivion, quite contrary to that which her late Letter to her Siſter *La Precoverte* promiſed and ſpake. And here it is that the Devill firſt begins to take poſſeſſion of her heart, and by degrees to ſeize upon her ſoul, and to make her wholly to forſake God. For knowing *La Precoverte* to be Wife to her Brother in Law and lover *Harcourt*, (whom ſhe affects a thouſand times dearer than her own Husband, yea, than her own life) ſhe is therefore ſo great a beam to her eye, ſo ſharp a thorn to her heart, and ſo bitter a

Corraſive

corraſive to her content, as ſhe not only aſſumes bad thoughts, but bad blood againſt her: For vowing that none ſhall ſhare with her in his affection, ſhe forgetting her Conſcience and Soul, Heaven and God, is ſpeedily reſolved to cauſe her to be poyſoned, her enraged malice being capable of no other excuſe or reaſon but this, that it is impoſſible ſhe can reap any perfect felicity or content in earth, till ſhe have diſpatch't and ſent her to *Heaven*. To which end ſhe inſinuates her ſelf into the acquaintance of two Apothecaries of that City, and deals with them ſeverally and ſecretly to effect this helliſh buſineſs, for the which ſhe promiſed either of them a hundred crowns of the ſum in hand, and as much more when they have effected it, and fifty more to defray the charge of their journey. But the devil hath made her ſo crafty and ſubtile, as ſhe ſtill retains from them, the name *Maſſerina* and the place *Troyes* where the party dwelt; there are good, and bad men of all Countries, Faculties, and Profeſſions, theſe two Apothecaries are as honeſt as ſhe is wretched, and as religious and charitable as ſhe is prophane and bloody, ſo the one denies her requeſt with diſdain and chollers and the other with charity and compaſſion, alledging her many pious conſiderations and reaſons to diſſwade her from this foul and bloody act, the execution whereof, though tacitely, yet infallibly threatneth (ſayes he) no leſs than the utter ſubverſion of her fortunes, and the ruine and confuſion of her life in this world, if not likewiſe of her ſoul in that to come: So ſhe being hereat a little galled and ſtung in Conſcience, to ſee that this great City of *Lyons* affords poyſon but no poyſoners, to act and finiſh this her bloody project: The devil hath yet notwithſtanding, made her ſo curious in her malice, and ſo induſtrious, and reſolute in her revenge, as enquiring whether there were any Italian Emperick, or Mountebank in that City (whom ſhe thought might be made fit and flexible to her bloody deſires and intents) ſhe is advertiſed, that there departed one hence ſome eight days ſince, who is gone to reſide this Spring of the year at the Bathes at *Pougges*, a mile from the City of *Nevers*, his name being *Seignior Baptiſta Tivoly*, (whom I conjecture may derive his ſirname from that pleaſant ſmall Town of *Tivoly*, ſome twenty ſmall miles from *Rome*, wherein there are many Cardinals, country Palaces, or houſes of pleaſure) being very skilfull in Minerals, and in extracting the ſpirits and quinteſſence of divers other vegitives; of a vain-glorious, and ambitious humor and diſpoſition, and yet of a very poor eſtate and means, and ſuch a one, as indeed *Maſſerina* holds every way a fit agent and inſtrument for her turn and purpoſe.

She is glad of this advertiſement, and will neither give nor receive any truce from her heart, or her heart from her revenge before ſhe have ſeen and ſpoken with *Tivoly*. The which to effect ſhe to *Harcourt* pretends a ſudden ach in her right arm, and ſo upon good adviſe tels him that ſhe is very deſirous to go to the Bathes of *Pougges* by *Nevers*, there to ſtay ſome 15. or 20. days at fartheſt; *Harcourt* (no way once dreaming of her inveterate malice, and far leſs of her revengefull and bloody intents towards the ſafety and life of his wife *La Precoverte*) approves of her reſolution and journey, but intreats her to be wonderfull carefull of her ſelf, her health and ſafety, and proffereth to accompany her himſelf: ſhe with many kiſſes, dearly thanks him for his care of her and affection to her herein; anſwereth him that his ſtay in *Lyons* will make her journey the more ſafe & ſhort, ſo ſhe accepts of the man for the maſter, and only takes *Noell* along with her, who reſpects her ſo well, as he cares not for her ſight, much leſs for her company: She arrives at *Nevers*, & (impatient of all delay) the next morning finds out *Tivoly* at *Pougges*, being a very tall man, of a coal black-beard, and of a wan and ſullen countenance, ſhe by his Phyſiognomy judgeth that her hopes will not be deceived of him; The ſecond day ſhe breaks with him about her helliſh buſineſs and finds him tractable to her deviliſh intents: They proceed to this lamentable bargain, and ſhe is to give him one hundred Crowns in hand, and a faithfull promiſe of a hundred & fifty more when he hath effected it, as alſo fifty Crowns for the charge of his journey, the wch ſhe limits at 15. days, ſo having ſetled this her buſineſs, ſhe now names the party to *Tivoly* whom ſhe will have him to poiſon, *La Precoverte* to be the woman; who reſides and dwels with her Father *Monſieur Le Vaquery*, a poor Gentleman in the City of *Troys* in *Champagne*, and ſhe a young Gentlewoman of ſome twenty years of age, of a flaxen hair, and very fickly. When giving him a ſmall Saphir ring from her finger, ſhe therewith ſwears him both to the performance, and to the ſecrecy of this murther, the which, armed by the Devil, he doth. When being exceeding glad of this his bloody imployment, which brings him ſtore of gold, the which he eſteems the Elixar of his heart, and the felicity and glory of his life, and which indeed, was the main buſineſs that brought him on this ſide the Alpes, from *Italy* to *France*. Thus without any fear of God, or thought of heaven or hell, theſe murtherous and damnable miſcreants have concluded and ſhut up this their bloody bargain. Our poor ſweet *La Precoverte*, having received her Husbands Letter from *Geneva*, and conſidering the Contents thereof, as alſo that of her Siſter in Law *Maſſerina*, ſhe knows not what to think either of their Letters or of themſelves:

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ſhe ſees her letter to promiſe much zeal and devotion to God, and his much affection to her, and yet remembring his former unkindneſſe, I may ſay cruelty, towards her; as alſo the manner of their baſe and clandeſtine departure, then ſhe thinks the firſt to be falſe, and the ſecond feigned, and therefore conceives ſhe hath far more reaſons to deſpair than to hope either of their Innocency, or their return; But this is her reſolution, *Harcourt* is her Husband, therefore ſhe will ſtill love him dearly; She is his Wife, and therefore ſhe will for ever pray for him, and his proſperity religiouſly. Thus hoping, and many times (with many heavy ſighs and bitter tears) wiſhing and deſiring his happy return and virtuous reformation, ſhe in his abſence lives penſively and ſorrowfully with her Father, rather as a widdow than a wife, and ſuch is her miſerable eſtate, and poor and ſorrowful fortune, that ſhe well knows not, whether ſhe may more grieve or rejoyce that God hitherto hath given her no Child: For, ah me, ſhe is ſo invironed with afflictions, ſo incompaſſed with calamities, ſo aſſaulted with ſickneſs, and ſo weighed down with ſadneſs and diſconſolation, as ſhe reputes her life worſe than death, and either wiſheth her Husband at home with her, or her ſelf in Heaven with God.

But, alaſs, alaſs, dear ſweet young Gentlewoman, little doſt thou think or dream (now thou deſireſt death) what a helliſh plot there is contrived and intended againſt thy life by theſe two bloody Factors and Agents of the Devil, *Tivoli*, and thy Siſter *Maſſerina*: O *Maſſerina*, *Maſſerina*, the diſgrace of thy name, the infamy of thy family, the ſhame of thy time, and the ſcandal of thy ſex. O how I want words not tears, to condemn thy cruel rage, and to execrate thy infernal malice and fury, thus to reſolve to imbrew thy guilty hands in the innocent blood of thy chaſte and virtuous Siſter-in Law, *La Precoverte*; for was it not ſin and luſt enough for thee to have heretofore bereaved her of the love and preſence of her Husband, but that thou wilt now be ſo wretched and inhumane, as likewiſe to rob her of her life? O grief, O ſhame, O pitty, that thou ſhouldeſt once dare to think thereof, much leſſe to attempt it, I mean ſo lamentable a crime, and ſo bloody a fact, which aſſure thy ſelf, as there is a God in Heaven, will never go long unpuniſhed on Earth.

But I muſt proceed in this our ſad and mournfull Hiſtory, and therefore with an unwilling and trembling reſolution, I am enforced to declare that this limb of the Devil, *Tivoly*, rides away to *Troyes*, where he ſpeedily and ſecretly makes profeſſion of his Empery. When underſtanding that *Mounſieur de le Vaquery* is conſtantly in the City, he (with an Italian impudence and policy) ſoon skrews and inſinuates himſelf into his company. And as it is the vanity of our times, and the weakneſs and imbecillity of our judgements (in any profeſſion whatſoever) ſtill to preferre and reſpect ſtrangers before our own Countrymen, ſo *Monſieur de le Vaquery* hearing this Italian to devour Latin at his pleaſure, and rather to vomit than utter forth whole Catalogues of Phyſical phraſes, which he had ſtollen, not learnt from *Ariſtotle*, *Galen*, and *Paracelſus*, his ignorance beleeves him to be very learned, and therefore he holds him a moſt fit Phyſician to cure his Daughter *La Precoverte* of her Conſumption, whereinto (as before) ſhe was deeply and dangerouſly fallen, by the unparalleld griefs and ſorrows which ſhe conceived for her husbands former unkindneſs to her, but more eſpecially for his preſent abſence and flight with his laſcivious Siſter *Maſſerina*. So (in a moſt unhappy hour) her Father *Le Vaquery* mentioneth it to *Tivoly*: Which (being the onely occaſion and opportunity he gaped for) he freely promiſeth him his beſt art and skil for her recovery, and the next day goes home to his houſe with him, and viſiteth his Daughter: He finds her to be weak, lean, and pale, the which ſerves the better for his turn, to colour out this his bloody purpoſe to her. When (if there had been any humanity in his thoughts, any grace in his heart, or any ſpark of religion or piety in his ſoul) the very ſight of this ſweet, this harmleſſe, this beautifull young Gentlewoman would have moved him to compaſſion, and not with helliſh cruelty to reſolve to poyſon her. But his ſinfull heart, his ſeared conſcience, and his ulcerated and virulent ſoul had (in favour of Gold) made this compact with the Devil, and before he will advance, and not retire in this his infernal reſolution. He feels her pulſe, calls her eſtate in an Urinall, receives thirty Crowns of her Father for her cure, and ſo bidding her to be of good comfort, he adminiſtreth her two Pils, three mornings following, whereof (harmleſs ſweet Gentlewoman) within three daies after ſhe ſuddenly dyes in her bed by night: *Tivoly* affirming to her ſorrowfull Father and Friends, that before he came to her, the violency and inveteracy of her Conſumption, had turned all her blood into water, and exhauſted and extenuated all the radical humours of her life; which opinion of this baſe and bloody Italian Mountebank, paſt current with the ſimplicity of his belief and their judgements: So he burieth his Daughter, and with her his chiefeſt earthly delight and joy. Within three daies after that this ſorrowfull and lamentable Tragedy was acted, this Monſter, this Devil incarnate, *Tivoly*, leaves *Troyes*, and poaſts away to *Nevers*, where he raviſheth *Maſſerina*'s heart with the joyfull news and

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aſſurance of *La Precovertes* death and buriall, of whom he receives his other hundred and fifty Crowns, the which according to her promiſe ſhe failes not preſently to pay him down. And here again they ſolemnly ſwear ſecrecy each to other of this their bloody fact.

Wretched *Maſſerina* feaſting her heart with joy, and ſurfeiting her thoughts with content to ſee the rivall and competitor in her loves, *La Precoverte* thus diſpatched and ſent for heaven, She now thinking to domineer alone in her *Harcourts* heart and affection, eſteems her ſelf a degree neerer to him in marriage, that ſo of his Siſter ſhe may become his Wife. For this is the felicity and content whereat her heart aymeth, and the delectation and joy wherein her deſires and wiſhes terminate. But her Husband *Vimories* life doth daſh theſe joyes of hers in peeces, as ſoon as ſhe conceives them, and ſtrangles them, if not in their birth, yet in their cradle. She finds *Nevers* to be a pleaſent City, and *Pougges* a delightfull little place to live in, and when the Spring is paſt and the great confluence of people retired and gone home, to be a place of far more ſafety for them than *Lyons*. Yea, & ſhe affects and loves it far the better, becauſe here it was ſhe firſt heard and underſtood of *La Precovertes* death, which as yet for a time ſhe cloſely conceals to her ſelf; Wherefore ſhe ſends *Noell* (her man) to *Lyons* to his Maſter, and by her letter praies him ſpeedily to come and live with her at *Nevers*, which ſhe affirms to him is a pleaſant City, and that there ſhe attends his arrivall and company with much affection and impatiency.

Harcourt, to pleaſe his ſweet-heart Siſter *Maſſerina*, leaves *Lyons*, and comes to her at *Nevers*, where with thanks and kiſſes, ſhe joytully welcomes him, telling him that theſe bathes of *Pougges*, have perfectly freed her of her ach; but in her heart and mind, ſhe well knowes, it is the death of *La Precoverte*, and not thoſe bathes, which hath both cured her doubts and ſecured her fears. They have not lived in *Nevers* and *Pougges* above three weekes ſince his arrivall, untill they there (but by what meanes I know not) underſtand of *La Precovertes* death, whereat he ſeemes nothing ſorrowfull, but ſhe extreamly glad and joyfull. And by this time, which is at leaſt a whole year ſince their flight and departure from Saint *Simplician* and *Sens*, they in their Travels and other gifts and expenſes, have conſumed and expended a pretty ſum of their money. In all which time, we muſt underſtand that *Vimory* hates his Wife and Brother ſo exceedingly, as he (in contempt of their crimes and deteſtation of their trecherous ingratitude) ſcorns either to look or ſend after them; but the only revenge which he uſeth towards him in his abſence, he pretends a great ſum of mony to be due to him from him, and in compenſation thereof, ſeizeth upon the remainder of his lands, and by Order of Juſtice gathereth up, and collects his rents from his Tenants, to his own uſe and behoof. Which extremely grieves *Harcourt*, and afflicts *Maſſerina*, who (by this time) ſeeing in what obſcurity and conſidering in what continuall fear and eminent danger they live in: As their laſcivious affections, ſo their irrigular deſires, and irreligious reſolutions, look one and the ſame way, which is to ſend her Husband, and his Brother *Vimory* to Heaven, after his wife *La Precoverte*, yea ſo reſolute are they in theſe bloody intentions and deſires, as they wiſh and pray for it with zeal, and deſire it with paſſion and impatiency. And now their malice is grown ſo reſolute, and their reſolution ſo graceleſs in the contemplation and conceiving of this bloody fact, as they bewray it each to other. *Maſſerina* vowes to him that ſhe can reap no true content either in her life or conſcience, before, of his ſiſter he make her his wife; Nor I replies *Harcourt*, before my Brother *Vimory* be in Heaven, and I marry thee and be thy Husband here in earth. When (as a bloody Courteſan and Strumpet) ſhe gives him many thanks and kiſſes for this his affection to her, and malice to his Brother *Vimory* for her ſake; when (working upon the advantage of time, occaſion and opportunity) She tells him, that in her opinion, the ſhorteſt and ſureſt way is to diſpatch him by poyſon. *Harcourt* diſlikes her judgemnt, and plot, as holding it no way ſafe in taking away his Brothers life, to entruſt and hazard his own at the curteſie of a ſtranger (at which ſpeech of his, ſhe bluſheth and palleth as being conſcious and memorative of what ſhe had lately cauſed to be perpetrated by *Tivoly*) Therefore he thinks to acquaint and imploy his own man *Noell* in this bloody buſineſſe, and proffereth him two hundred Crowns, and forty more of yearly penſion during his life, if he will piſtoll his Brother *Vimory* to death as he is walking in the fields. But *Noell* is too honeſt a man, and too good a Chriſtian to ſtabb at the Majeſty of God, in killing man his creature and Image, and abſolutely denies his Maſter, and although he be a poor man, yet he rejects his offer, as reſolving never to purchaſe wealth, or preferment at ſo deer a rate, as the price of innocent blood; whereat his Maſter bites his lip for diſcontent and anger. So conjures him to perpetuall ſecrecy and ſilence of this

propoſition and buſineſſe, which *Noell* promiſeth, but ſwears not; Hereupon *Harcourt* to approach neerer *Sens*, He and *Maſſerina* leave *Nevers*, and very ſecretly by little Journies (and the greateſt part by night) come to *Maſcon*, and there his heart ſtrikes a bargain with the Devil, and the Devil with his Soul and reſolutions, to ride over himſelf to *Sens*, and there with his own hands to piſtoll his Brother *Vimory* to death in the fields, or if his Bullets miſſe him, then to finiſh and perpetrate it with his own Sword. O wretched Gentleman, O execrable Brother thus to make thy Hope and Charity prove Bankrupt to thy Soul, and thy Faith unto God!

But nothing will prevail with *Harcourt*, to diſſwade him from this bloody buſineſſe; Whereunto the damnable treachery and malice of *Maſſerina* impetuouſly precipitates and haſtens him onwards, although it be againſt her own Husband. So he leaves *Maſcon*, and in a diſguiſed beard, and poor ſute of Apparell, comes to Saint *Simplician*, purpoſely leaving *Sens*, a little on his left hand. Where waiting for his Brother *Vimory*, at the end of a pleaſant Wood of his, a little mile from his houſe where he knew he was accuſtomed to walk alone by himſelf ſolitarily; He perſonating and acting the part of a poor begging Souldier, and counterfeiting his Tongue as well as his Beard and Apparell, with his Hat in his hand (eſpying his Brother) he goes towards him with an humble reſolution, and requeſteth an Almes of him. Which *Vimory* ſeeing and hearing, he in meer charity and compaſſion of him, becauſe he ſaw him to be though a poor, yet a proper man, and which is more a Souldier, draws forth his purſe and whiles he looks therein for ſome ſmall piece of ſilver; *Harcourt* (as a Diſciple of the Devil) very ſoftly draws out his little Piſtoll out of his left ſleeve (which he covered with his Hat) and having charged it with two Bullets, he lets fly at him, and ſo ſhoots him in the trunck of his body, a little under the heart, of which two wounds he preſently fell dead to the ground, being as unfortunate in his death, as his Brother was miſerable and diabolicall in giving it him, for he only fetched two groans, but had neither the power or happineſs to ſpeak one word. And the Devill (in the cataſtrophie of this mournfull Tragedy) was ſo ſtrong with *Harcourts* as his malice towards his Brother *Vimory*, exceeded not only malice but rage and fury it ſelf, for fearing he was not yet dead, he twice ran him thorow the body with his ſword. When leaving his breathleſſe body all goring in his hot reeking blood, he withall poſſible celerity takes his horſe (which he had tyed (out of ſight) to a tree not far off) and ſo withall poſſible ſpeed gallops away to his now intended Wife *Maſſerina* at *Maſcon*, who triumphs with joy at his relation of this good newes, the which to her, yea to them both, is equally pleaſing and delectable. But God will not permit that theſe wretched joyes and triumphs of theirs ſhall laſt long.

This cruell murther of *Monſieur Vimory* is ſome two hours after known at his houſe and Pariſh of Saint *Simplician*, as alſo in the City of *Sens*, and ſo diſperſed over all *Burgundy*, and the Murtherers narrowly ſought after, but in vaine; *Harcourt* and *Maſſerina* meet with theſe reports at *Maſcon*, but yet they hold it diſcretion and ſafety, a ſmall time longer, to conceal themſelves ſecretly in that Town, and ſo to ſuffer the heat of this newes to paſſe over, and be blown away. But at the end of two moneths *Harcourt* (ſetting a milk white face upon his bloody Fact) arrives at *Sens*, and from thence to his manor houſe of Saint *Simplician*, which now by the death of his Brother *Vimory*, who died without iſſue, wholy devolved and fell to him. Who having formerly played the Devill in murthering his ſaid Brother, he now as infernally plaies the Hypocrite in mourning for his death, making ſo wonderfull an outward ſhew and demonſtration of ſorrow for the ſame, as he and all his ſervants being dighted in blacks. A moneth after he ſends for his good Siſter in Law *Maſſerina*, who comes home to him, and they ſeem ſo abſolutely ſtrange each to other, as if they had never ſeen one another during all the long time of their abſence, and ſhe likewiſe ſeemes to drown her ſelf in her tears, and is likewiſe all in blacks for the death of her Husband; But God in his due time will pull off this their falſe maſk, and detect and revenge both their horrible Sinnes of Adultery and Murther. Now as cloſe as they conceale this their diſhonourable flight and departure, yet it is diſcovered and found out, and held ſo odious, ſo foul, to all the Gentlemen and Ladies their Neighbours (who yet know nothing of their Murthers) as they diſdain to welcome them home, or (which is leſſe) to ſee them which they both are inforced with griefe to obſerve, as holding it to be the reflection of their own diſ-

grace

grace, and ſcandall, the which henceforth to prevent, they within two Moneths after, ſend for their Ghoſtly Fathers, as alſo for two Jeſuits, and the Vicar of their Pariſh, and acquaint them with their deſires and reſolutions to marry: But theſe Eccleſiaſtique, affirme it to be directly oppoſite to the Rules and Canons of the holy Catholique Romans Church, for one Brother to marry the Widdow of another, as alſo againſt the written Law of God; and therefore they utterly ſeek both to perſwade and diſwade them from it, as being wholly unlawfull, and ungodly, and ſo refuſe to Conſent thereto, much leſs to perform it without a diſpenſation from the Pope, or his *Nuntio* now reſident at *Paris*. They cauſe the *Nuntio* to be dealt with about it, but he peremptorily refuſeth it; But in favour of money, and ſtrong friends, within three moneths they procure it from *Rome*, and ſo they are ſpeedily married, now thinking, and withall beleiving and triumphing, that this their Nuptiall knot hath power to deface and redeem all their former Adulteries, and now wholly wiped off their diſgrace and ſcandall with the World. And therefore in their own vain and impious conceits, are ſecure, and abound in wealth, delight, and pleaſure; But as yet they have not made their peace with God.

Come we therefore firſt to the detection and diſcovery of theſe their bloudy crimes of murther, and then to the condign puniſhments which they received for the ſame: Whereof the manner briefly is thus, It is many times the pleaſure and providence of God, to puniſh one ſin in and by another, yea and ſometimes one ſin for another the which we ſhall now ſee apparent in this bloudy and helliſh Italian Mountebanck *Tivoly*, who repairing to the great Faire of *Sens*, and there beginning to profeſs his Empery to a rich Goldſmiths Wife of that City named *Mounſieur de Boys*, he the third day ſtole a ſmall casket of Jewels and Rings from him out of a Cupboard, (the lock whereof he cunningly pickt, and ſhut again) valued at four thouſand Crowns, and the ſame night fled upon that robbery towards *Maſcon*, thinking there to put himſelf on the River of *Soan*, and ſo to ſlip down to *Lyons*, and from thence over the Alps into *Italy*. *De Boys* makes a ſpeedy, and curious reſearch for his theef, whom as yet hee could not find, or diſcover; When hearing of this Mountebanck *Tivoly* his ſuddain departure and flight, he takes him to be his thief purſues him in perſon, and within four leagues of *Maſcon* apprehends him, (having to that end brought two Provoſts (or Sherriffs) men with him in their Coats, with their Piſtols at Saddle bow, to aſſiſt) him, *De Boys* finds many of the Jewels and Rings about *Tivoly*, and divers others wanting, the which he could never recover: So being brought back to *Sens*, he was firſt impriſoned, and then examined by the *Senſhall* and the Procurer Fiſcall: When having neither cauſe, nor colour to deny this robbery of his, he therefore freely confeſſed it, the Devill ſtill aſſuring, or rather betraying his hopes, confidence, and Judgement; That it is very poſſible, and he thinks very probable and feaſeabl to corrupt his Judges with ſome of the Jewels which he had cloſely conceal'd and hid about him; But, he ſhall ſpeedily ſee the contrary.

For they ſeeing this Italian Emperick (by his own confeſſion) guilty of this great and remarkable robbery, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the ſame. So having a Cordelier (or Gray) Fryer, ſent him that night to priſon to prepare his ſoul for Heaven; He the next moruing (according to his ſentence of condemnation) is brought to execution: Where on the Ladder, he (to free his Conſcience and Soul) doth conſtantly and ſorrowfully confeſſe, that he had formerly poyſoned *Madamoyſelle La Precoverte*, daughter to *Monſieur de La Vaquery* of *Troyes*, and that he was hired to do it by the Lady *Maſſerina*, of whom at *Pougges* he received two hundred and fifty Crowns and a ſmall Saphir Ring to perform it, as alſo fifty Crowns more, which ſhe gave him for his charges from *Nevers* to *Troyes*, and ſo he dies in the conſtant confeſſion of this his foul and lamentable murther, and is hanged for his Robbery: and his body afterwards burnt for deſtroying and poyſoning of this young Gentlewoman *Lay Precoverte*, whom many Gentlemen and Ladies there preſent well knew, and exceedingly bewayled, for the goodneſſe of her ſweet nature and pure beauty, as alſo for the excellency of her honourable perfections and religious vertues; And although the Spectators of this wretch *Tivoly* his death expected ſome ſpeech from him, at the taking of his laſt farewell of this world, yet (beſides his former confeſſion he ſpake nothing but mumbled out ſome few words to himſelf, which were not underſtood; Aud thus he lived wretchedly as he dyed miſerably, giving no teſtimony of his contrition or ſorrow to the World, or any ſpark of grief, or repentance, towards God.

Now before his body was fully conſumed to Aſhes, This our Wretched and bloudy Gentlewoman *Maſſerina*, together with her old Lover but new Husband *Harcourt*, are, (by order of the Judges of *Sens*) apprehended and taken Priſoners in their own houſe of *Saint Simplician*, as they were walking and Kiſſing together, without any thought of danger, much leſs of death. They hereat look each on other with griefe and aſtoniſhment, eſpecially *Maſſerina*, who underſtanding (by ſome of thoſe that apprehend them.) That it was the Italian Mountebank *Tyvoly*, who at his Execution accuſed her, but not her Husband *Harcourt* for having and cauſing him to poyſon her Siſter *La Precoverte*, ſhee then ſees her ſelf to be a dead Woman, and no hope left her in the World of her life, but every way a firm aſſurance and confidence of her death; yet ſeeing *Tyvoly* dead, ſhe reſolves to ſtand upon her Juſtification. She is all in Tears at this her lamentable diſaſter, curſeth the name and memory of *Tyvoly* for ruining her, with himſelf, and now, when it is too late ſhee blames her ſelf of indiſcretion, for neglecting, and not dealing effectually with *T I V O L Y* in Priſon, to conceal this her fact and name.

As for her Husband *Harcourt*, he (knowing himſelf abſolutely Innocent of this murther, he grieves not for the death of his firſt Wife *La Precoverte*, but now extremely mourneth and lamenteth to think of this, of the ſecond Wife *Maſſerina*, for live, he fears ſhe cannot. He bids her yet be of good comfort, and whiſpereth her ſecretly in her Ear, that he will give all his eſtate and means to ſave her life, or elſe that he will dye with her; ſhe thanks him with a world of ſighs and tears, and rounds him as privatly in his Ear with many deep Oaths and Aſſeverations, that her tongue ſhall never dare to ſpeak any one word or ſyllable to her Judges, which ſhall tend to the prejudice of his reputation, ſafety or life, and ſo they are by their apprehenders ſeperated; and then ſeverally conveyed to the Priſon of *Sens*, *Maſſerina* is firſt arraigned by the Judges, where (according to her former reſolution) ſhe (not with tears, but with high words and ſpeeches) ſtands upon her Innocency and Juſtification, they inform her how ſtrongly *Tivoly* at his death declared ſhe had given him two hundred and fifty Crowns, a Saphir Ring, and fifty Crowns more to pay his charges at *Pugges*, and how he at her inſtigation, and in favour of this her Gold poyſoned *La Precoverte* at her father *Monſieur La Vaqueris* houſe at *Troyes*, ſhe terms *Tivoly* witch and devil, yea worſe than a thouſand devils. Thus to accuſe her falſely of this murther of her ſiſter *Precoverte*, whereof ſhe vowes to God and the world, to Earth and Heaven, that ſhe is as innocent as that damned Italian was guilty thereof; but the Judges (notwithſtanding all theſe her great fumes and cracks) do preſently condemne her to the rack, the which as ſoon as ſhe ſaw and conſidered the ſharp nature of thoſe exquiſite torments, then God was ſo merciful to her ſoul by his grace, though ſhe was not ſo heretofore to her body by the perpetration of her foul ſins, that ſhe would not permit her tender dainty limbs to be expoſed to the miſery of thoſe cruel tortures, but then and there confeſſeth her ſelf to be the author of poyſoning *La Precoverte* her ſiſter, as *Tivoly* was the actor thereof, when being here by her Judges farther demanded whether her laſt husband *Harcourt* were not likewiſe acceſſary with her in poyſoning of his firſt wife *La Precoverte*, ſhe with much aſſurance and conſtancy cleers him hereof, and is ſo kind and loving to him, as ſhe ſpeaks not a word to them, of his piſtolling to death of her Husband his Brother *Vimory*: So for this her foul and bloudy fact of hers ſhe is condemned to be hanged the next morning and for that night again returned to Priſon, where ſhe and her ſorrowfull Husband, make great ſute to the Juges that they may for a ſhort time ſee and ſpeak one with the other, but it will not be granted them: When *Harcourt* being as confident of his own life, as he was of his wifes death, makes ſecret proffer (by ſome friends of his) to the Judges of all his Lands and demanded to ſave his wife, but they (reſembling themſelves) do ſo much fear GOD, and reverence and honour the ſacred Name of Juſtice, as they are deaf to his requeſts.

The next morning (according to her ſentence) ſhe is brought to the place of her Execution, but (at her earneſt and importunat requeſt) ſo early, that very few people were preſent at her death, where being aſcended the Ladder, ſhe there again curſed the name, and execrated the memory of that wretched Villain *Tivoly*, and wiſhed much proſperity and happineſs to her Husband *H A R C O U R T*,

when turning her Eye about, and ſeeing a Coſen Germain of his there preſent named *Monſieur de Pierpoint*, ſhe cals him to her, and is ſo vain at this laſt period (as it were) of her life, as ſhee takes off her Glove and Bracelet from her right Hand and Arm, and prayes him to deliver it to his Coſin and her Husband *Harcourt*, and to aſſure him from her that ſhe died, his moſt loving and conſtant Wife, which *Monſieur Pierpoint* faithfully promiſed her to perform, then a Subordinat Officer of Juſtice being there to ſee her dye, tels her that he was now commanded by the Judges his Superiours, to tell her, that ſhe being now to leave Earth, and ſo ready to aſſend into Heaven, they prayed her in the name and fear of God to declare to all thoſe who were preſent, if her Husband *Harcourt*, yea or no, had any hand, or were knowing or acceſſary, with her in the poyſoning of his firſt Wife *La Precoverte*, and that ſhe ſhould do piouſly and Chriſtianly to diſcover the truth thereof, which would undoubtedly tend to Gods glory, and the ſalvation of her own ſoul: when ſhee ſolemnly vowed to him, and to all the people, that her Husband *HARCOURT* never knew, nor in thought, word, word, or deed, was any way acceſſary knowing or conſenting with her or *Tivoly*, in poyſoning of his Wife, and this which ſhe now ſpake was the pure truth, as ſhe hoped for Heaven; And now after a few tears, ſhe moſt vainly and idlely fell prayſing and commending of him, eſpecially how tenderly and dearly he loved her; with other ridiculous and impertinent ſpeeches tending that way, which I hold (every way) unworthy of my mention and repetition (but had not the grace, either to look up to Heaven, or to God with repentance, or the goodneſs to look down into her own heart, conſcience or ſoul, with contrition and ſorrow for all thoſe her ſoul Adulteries and Murthers; Neither to pray to God for her ſelf, or to requeſt thoſe who were preſent to pray to God for her; And ſo ſhe was turned over, all wondring and grieving at her bloody crime, and therefore ſome few lamenting or ſorrowing for this her infamous death: But ſhe there ſpeaks not a word, or the ſhadow of a word, either of her Husband *Harcourts* piſtoling to death of his Brother her firſt Husband *Vimory*, or of her knowledge thereof or conſent thereunto.

Now though *Harcourt* ſeemed outwardly very ſorrowfull for this ſhameſull death of his wife *Maſſerina*, yet he is inwardly exceeding Joyfull, that her ſilence at her death, of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, hath preſerved his life with his reputation, and his reputation with his life; Whereupon being the day freed and acquitted by the Judges of *Sens*; both of his pretended crime, as alſo of his impriſonment; He compoſing his countenance equally betwixt joy and ſorrow, returns to his houſe of *Saint Simplician*, where now thinking himſelf abſolutely diſcharged and cleared of all theſe his former Adulteries, as alſo of his late cruell murthering of his Brother; He within two (or at moſt within three moneths after his wife *Maſſerinaes* Execution caſts off his mourning apparell, (which he wore for her death) and neither thinking of his ſoul or his conſcience, or of Heaven or hell, he flants and froliques it out in brave apparell, and becauſe he is now fortunatly arrived to be chief Lord and Maſter of a great eſtate both in Lands and mony, therefore he thinks it not his pride, but his glory, and not his vanity but his generoſity to delight and put himſelf now into farr richer Apparrell than ever formerly he had done, whereof all the Gentlemen his Neighbours, yea, all the City of *Sens*, (with no little wonder) took eſpeciall notice thereof; Yea he is ſo far from once dreaming or thinking either of his murthering of his Brother *Vimory*, or of the deplorable and untimely ends of his two Wives, as with much vanity, and with farr more haſt then diſcretion or conſideration, he now ſpeedily reſolves to take and marry a third. But his hopes will deceive him, becauſe God in his ſacred Juſtice and Judgments will deceive his hopes.

For, when he thinks himſelf ſecure and ſafe, not only from the danger, but likewiſe from the ſuſpition of any fatall or diſaſterous accident whch can poſſibly befall him; then, the triumphant power of Gods revenge will both ſuddenly and ſcuridly ſurpriſe him. His honeſt man *Noell*, (with an obſervant eye, and a conſcionable, and ſorrowfull heart) hath heard of *La Precovertes* poyſoning, and of *Vimories* piſtolling to death, and hath likewiſe ſeen the hanging both of *Tivoly*, and of his laſt Miſtris *Maſſerina*. In all which ſeverall accidents, as one way he wondreth at the malice of Satan: So another way he cannot but infinitly admire and applaud the juſt Judgments of the Lord: He likewiſe knows what his Maſter *Harcourt* is to him and he to his Maſter, and in time of his ſervice and attendance under him, what different and ſeverall paſſages of buſineſs and ſecrets have paſt between them: He hath remarked farr more vices then vertues in his Maſter, whereat he much grieveth, but he was infinitly more enforced then deſirous either to ſee or know them, and this again doth exceedingly rejoyce him: He

well knows that fidelity is the glory of a ſervant, and yet it is a continuall ſenſible grief to his heart, and vexation to his ſoul, to ſee that his maſter ſerves God no better: He doth not deſire to know things (which concern his ſaid Maſter) whereof he is ignorant, but doth wiſh and pray to God that he were ignorant of many things which he knows, and of more which he fears; and being very often perplexed in his mind with the reluctation of theſe different cauſes and their as different effects, He cannot but in the end ſatisfie himſelf with this reſolution: That as *Harcourt* is his Earthly Maſter, ſo God is his Heavenly Maſter. But here betides an unexpected and unwiſhed Accident to this *Noell*, which will ſpeedily try of what temper and metall both himſelf, his heart, his conſcience and his ſoul is made, and what infinite diſparity there is betwixt Earth and Heaven.

By the pleaſure and viſitation of God, He is ſuddenly taken extream ſick of a peſtilent Feaver, but not in his Maſter *Harcourts* houſe, but in his own Fathers houſe, who dwelt ſome four leagues thence at a pariſh called *Saint Lazare*, and his Phyſician yeelding him a dead man, he, as a religious Roman Catholick, takes the extream Unction, and then prepares himſelf to dye: But he is ſo morall, and ſo good a Chriſtian, as (the premiſes conſidered) hee reſolves to carry his conſcience pure, and his Soul white and unſpotted to Heaven. He prayes his Father therefore, that he will ſpeedily ride to *Sens* (in whoſe Juriſdiction *Saint Lazare* was) and to pray two of the three Judges to come over to him, for that he hath a great Secret to reveal them now on his death-bed, which conduceth to the glory of God, the ſervice of the King, and the good of his own ſoul. His Father accordingly rides to *Sens*, and brings two of thoſe Judges ſpeedily with him to his Sons beds ſide, to whom (in preſence of three or four more of his Fathers Neighbours) he, very ſick in body, but perfectly ſound in mind, tels them, that his Maſter *Harcourt* would (heretofore) have had him piſtoll his Brother *Vimory* to death, and profered him two hundred Crowns in mony, and forty Crowns Annuity during his life to perform it, but he refuſed it, and knowing the ſaid *Mounſieur de Vimory* to be ſince murthered by a Piſtoll, he therefore verily believes, that it is either his ſaid Maſter, or ſome other for him, which is guilty of that lamentable murther, the true detection whereof (he ſayes) he leaves to God and to them, and within half an hour after, (yea before they were departed his Fathers houſe) this *Noell* dies.

Hereupon, theſe Judges wondring at the providence of God, in the evidence of this dying man for the diſcovery of this lamentable murther, They ſpeedily ſend away their Officers, who apprehend *Harcourt* in his own houſe of *Saint Simplician*, carowſing and froliking it in his beſt Wine, in Company of three or four of his deboſhed Conſorts and Companions, and ſo they bring him to *Sens*: Where lying in Priſon that night, the next morning the Judges of that City cauſe him to be arraigned before them; and Charge him with piſtoling of his Brother *Mounſieur de Vimory* to death, which (fortified and armed by the Devill) he ſtrongly and ſtoutly denies; they read his man *Noells* dying Evidence againſt him, to prove it: So they adjudge him the fiery torment of the Scorpions, for the vindication of this truth, the which he endureth with a wonderfull fortitude and conſtancy, and ſtill denies. When their heart being prompted from Heaven, and their ſoules from God, That he was yet the undoubted murtherer of his Brother, they the ſecond time adjudged him to the rack, whereon permitting himſelf to be faſtened, and the tormenters giving a good touch at him, God is more mercifull to his ſoul, than his Tortures are to his body, and ſo with tears in his eyes, he confeſſeth that it was hee which Piſtolled his Brother *Vimory* to death, and which afterwards ran him twice thorow the body with his Rapier: Whereupon for this bloody and unnaturall fact of his, His Judges (without any regard to his extraction or quality) condemn him the next afternoon between four and five of the Clock, to be broken alive on the wheel at the publike place of execution: Some few Gentlemen his Kinſfolk ſolicite his reprivall, becauſe as yet they deſpair not of his pardon, but their labours prove vain, and they purchaſe no reputation in ſeeking it, for now all *Sens* and the adjacent Country cry fie on him, and on his foul and enormous Crimes of Adultery and Fratricide.

So the next day, (at the hour and place appointed) he is brought to his Execution, where a mighty concourſe of people, both of *S E N S* and the Adjacent Country, flock to ſee this Monſter of nature take his laſt farewell of this World. Being mounted on the Scaffold, in a Tawny Sattin ſute with a Gold Edge, Hee confeſſeth himſelf guilty of murthering his Brother *Vimory*, and yet he grives farr more for the death of his laſt Wife *Maſſerina* than he doth for that of his firſt, *La Precoverte*: Hee demaads forgiveneſs

forgiveneſs of God, and the World for this his ſoul crime of Fratricide, and prayes all who are there preſent to pray to Almighty God for the ſalvation of his ſoul, and that they become more charitable and Religious, and leſs bloudy and prophane, by his example. So commending his ſoul unto God, his body to the Earth from whence it came, and marking himſelf three or four times with the ſign of the Croſs, he willingly ſuffers the Executioner to faſten his Leggs and Armes upon the Wheel, the which as ſoon he breaks with his Iron Barr; untill he have ſeized upon death, and death on him.

And thus was the wretched lives, and miſerable, and yet deſerved deaths of theſe our cruell and inhumane, graceleſs Murtherers; and in this manner did the Triumphs of Gods Revenge juſtly ſurprize them to their ſhame, and cut them off to their. Confuſion. May we read this Hiſtory to Gods glory, and as often meditate thereon to our own particular reformation and inſtruction.

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XVIII.

Romeo (*the Lacquie of* Borlary) *kills* Radegonda, *the Chamber-maid of the Lady* Feliſanna *in the ſtreet, and is hanged for the ſame*; Borlary afterwards *hireth* Caſtruchio (*an Apothecary*) *to poyſon her Husband* Seignior Planeze, *for the which* Caſtruchio *is hanged, and his body thrown into the River, and* Borlary *is beheaded, and then burnt.*

IT is a thouſand griefs, and pitties, to ſee Chriſtians who are honoured with that glorious title and appellation, ſhould ſo wilfully and wretchedly loſe it, by imbrewing their guilty hands in the innocent bloud of their Chriſtian Brethren, and thereby to bereave our ſelves of that rich ornament, and ineſtimable Jewell, which God (in his Son *Chriſt Jeſus*) hath lent us for the planting of our Faith; and given us for the extirpation of our prophaneſs, and rooting out of our Impiety. But this is the ſubtle malice, and malitious ſubtilty of Satan, (the profeſſed enemy, and Arch-Traytor of our ſoules) as alſo of his infernall Agents and Factors, who thereby make themſelves fire-brands and incendiaries of their own felicity and ſafety. And becauſe the examples of the wicked, do ſtrike apprehenſion and fear to the godly, and that the puniſhment and death of murtherers, doth fortifie the Charity, and foment and confirm the Innocency of the living. Therefore (for that Reaſon, and to this end) I have purpoſely given this next Hiſtory a place in my Book, wherein we ſhall ſee Choller, Malice, and Revenge, to act many deplorable and bloudy parts; Let us read it with a zealous fear and a Chriſtian fortitude, and ſo we ſhall aſſuredly hate this foul and crying Sinn in others, and religiouſly and conſtantly avoid it in our ſelves.

The

The foundation of this Hiſtory, is laid in the fair and famous City of *Verona*, (anciently a great Colony of the Romans, ſince a free eſtate of it ſelf, but now dependant and ſubject to the Eſtate and Seignior of *Venice*) wherein their lately dwelt an old Gentlemen being a Widdower, and one of the chiefeſt and nobleſt families of that City, named Seignior *Fabritius Miniata*, who was rich in Lands, but exceeding wealthy in money, (whereof he had put a great and remarkable Sum in the bank of *Venice*) he had one only Child, a daughter of ſome eighteen years of age, named *Dona Feliſanna*, who was wonderfull fair, and a moſt lovely ſweet Creature, tall and ſlender of ſtature, of yellow Golden hair, and ſanguine damask Roſe Complexion; Now as her beauty was every way anſwerable to her birth and extraction, no leſs were her ſingular vertues and ſweet perfections to her beauty, and a as wealth, beauty and vertue concurring and meeting togeſher, are three powerfull lures, and attractive Adamants to draw the deſires and affections of many noble Gentlemen to ſeek her in marriage; So two of her chief Suitors and who chiefly flattered their hopes to injoy this ſweet and precious Jewell of nature, and who ſtood in beſt poſſibility to bear away her affection and her ſelf, was *Seignior Thomas Planeze*, a brave young Gentleman of the Neighbour City of *Mantova*, of a ſweet preſence, and proper comely feature, of ſome twenty five years old, not very rich, yet endued with competent means to maintain himſelf like himſelf, but infinitly well bred, and adorned and honoured with all thoſe generous parts and endowments which are requiſite to make the Gallants of our times compleat, and the other *Seignior Iuan de Borlari*, a very rich Gentleman of the ſame City of *Verona*, a proper man of countenance, but of perſonage ſome what crook-backed, and much Camber-legged, and drawing towards forty years of age; but of education, conditions and qualities ſo ignorant and incivill, as he ſeemed to be rather a Citizen than a Gentleman, or indeed, more a clown than a Citizen, and yet otherwiſe of metall and courage enough. And that we may the more apparently ſee, and perfectly know, upon what terms they both ſtand, as well in the opinion of the Father, as the affection of the Daughter; *Miniata* is infinitly deſirous of *Burlari* for his Son-in-law, but not of *Planeze*, and *Feliſanna* is exceedingly affected to take *Planeze* for her Husband, but not *Borlari*; which they both perceiving, whiles *Borlari* intends to ſeek the affection and conſent of the Father before that of the Daughter; *Planeze* ſhapes a contrary courſe, reſolves to ſeek and preferr that of the Daughter before the Father, the regard of *Borlari* his wealth, and of *Planezes* poverty with covetous *Miniata* like a furious ſtream, or impetuous Torrent, beats down all other regards and conſiderations before it. But the conſideration and reſpect of *Borlari* his deformed perſonage, and then that of *Planezes* ſweet feature and deportment with amorous *Feliſanna*, as a delicious charm, and heart-laviſhing extaſie, ſweeps away all other regards and reſpects whatſoever. The Father bids *Borlari* to be couragious and cheerfull, and then he ſhall not fail to have his Daughter for his Wife; But the Daughter wills *Planeze* to be diſcreet and conſtant, and then ſhe will not fail to take him for her Husband; *Miniata* to ſhew his love to *Borlari*, forbids *Planeze* his houſe, and the company of his daughter; *Feliſanna* to reveal her dear and fervent affection to *Planeze*, aſſureth him he ſhall often enjoy both her ſight and company, but confidently if not peremtorily, prohibits *Borlari* to approach her preſence. Thus whiles *Borlari* often frequenteth and converſeth with the Father publikely, no leſs, or indeed farr oftner doth *Planeze* privatly and whiles the firſt hath more cauſe to deſpair, than reaſon to hope of her affection and conſent to be his wife: the ſecond hath all the reaſons and cauſes of the world, not only to hope but to aſſure himſelf thereof; But the patience of a little time, will ſhortly reſolve our curioſity, whereunto theſe different affections will tend, and whatthe event and iſſue will be of theſe their oppoſite intentions and reſolutions.

But becauſe the ambition and wiſdom of *Borlary* will make it conſpicuous and apparant to his Miſtris, That there is much difference betwixt him, and *Planeze* as there is between herſelf, and her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*; He therefore ſeeing that he cannot hitherto gain her by the perſwaſion of her Father, now hopes and attempts it by this her maids ſolicitation; as holding her to be a fit inſtrument for the compaſſing of his deſires, and a proper Agen for the perfecting and crowning of his wiſhes, becauſe his beſt genius and intelligence in form thim, that ſhe hath a great power and bears a great ſtroke and ſway with her Miſtres: But we ſhall ſhortly ſee, and he too ſoon find the contrary, and that theſe his ill grounded hopes and undervaluing attempt of his, will both deceive his ambition, and betray his wiſdom and judgment. Now to gain this her chamber-maid *Radegonda* to his will, that thereby with the more facility and cheerfulneſs, ſhe may obtain him her Miſtres; her favour and affection: He

bribes

bribes her with ſilver and gold, and many other gifts, if not too coſtly for his giving, yet I am ſure too rich for her receiving, and in requitall thereof ſhe with her tongue promiſeth him her beſt power and aſſiſtance towards her Miſtris, but in her heart intends the contrary, which is directed to betray him; He ſends likewiſe by her to his love, and her Miſtris divers curious rich preſents and two Letters, and prayes her to take time at advantage, and ſo to deliver them to her from him; the which likewiſe ſhe faithfully promiſeth, but yet intends nothing leſs, ſo ſhe houlds it rather a vertue than a vice, to keep theſe preſents for her ſelf, and to give the Letters to his Corrivall *Planeze*, to whom (by ſolemn Oath) ſhe had formerly ingaged her beſt art and power, and her chiefeſt aſſiſtance. Which policy, or rather which fallacy of hers is not ſo ſecretly born betwixt *Planeze* and her ſelf, but *Borlari* (by ſome ſiniſter accidentall means) hath perfect notice thereof, which he takes ſo unkindly at *Radegondaes* hands, as (conſulting more with paſſion then reaſon) his heart is ſo inflamed with Choller, and his reſolution with revenge againſt her, that (impatient of all delayes) he ſends for her one afternoon to meet him at th' Amphitheatre, and from thence goes with her to the next ſtreet to a friends houſe of his, where aſcending a Chamber and bolting the door within ſide to him, he (with choler and threats) chargeth her with this her ingrateſull infidelity and treachery toward him; when drawing all the truth from her, by making herſelf a witneſs againſt her ſelf, as well of the delivery of his Letters to *Planeze*, as alſo of keeping her preſents for her ſelf, and that her Miſtris and he are ſolemnly contracted each to other: He there in meer revenge to her, and in malice and diſdain to her Miſtris, pulls off her head attire, and very baſely and violently cuts away all her hair, and throws it into the fire, notwithſtanding that *Radegonda* firſt fell on her knees, and with infinit tears and prayers beſought him to the contrary: But as he hath made it an act of his revenge to *Radegonda*, and of his diſdain to her Lady, his unkind Miſtris *Faliſanna*, ſo he now likewiſe reſolves to make it one of his juſtifications to the world. Poor *Radegonda* is all in tears and choller at this her diſgraceſull accident received of *Borlari*, and no leſs, but rather farr more is her young Lady and Miſtris *Feliſanna*, the grief of the one ingendring the choller of the other, yea this ignoble and malicious fact of his doth ſo deeply ſtrike in her heart and mind, and ſo extreamly exaſperateth her againſt him, as ſhe makes her lover *Planeze* acquainted therewith, who (notwithſtanding her Fathers prohibition) was then diſcended his Coach and aſcended the *Parlor* to viſit her. *Planeze* wondreth and grieves at this incivill and baſe indignity of *Borlari* towards *Radegonda*, which he every wayes ſees can no way but reflect on the other part of himſelf *Feliſanna*, and ſo conſequently on himſelf: When (being in her preſence) the paſſions of his affection, and the fumes of his revenge ſo farr reclipſe and tranſport his judgement, as he freely profereth her his Sword, and ſelf, to right *Radegondaes* wrong on the perſon and life of *Borlari*, the which courteſie and noble affection and reſpect of his *Feliſanna* takes moſt lovingly and kindly of him, but yet loves him ſo tenderly and dearly, that by no means ſhe will permit him to ingage; much leſs to hezard himſelf in this triviall quarrell; which being (as ſhe affirmed) more feminine then maſculine, did therefore more properly belong to her own deciding and requitall, the which (in that regard) ſhe prayed him wholly to leave and referre to herſelf.

Borlari (by ſome of *Miniataes* domeſtique ſervants, whom in favour of mony he hath made to be his friendly Spies and intelligencers) hearers hereof, and eſpecially takes notice of *Planezes* forwardnes to fight with him for the quarrell of a poor Chamber-maid, ſo ſeeing that he could hope for nothing but for deſpair in his affection from *Feliſanna*, he takes this ſo ill from *Planeze*, (who although he be his rivall and competitor, yet being in a manner but a ſtranger to him) that he cannot, he will not be outbraved by this *Mantoveſſe* in any point of courage or valour, and therefore to prevent his inſulting and daring Generoſity, and to give him a touch and taſt of his own: He the next morning by his lacquie *Romeo* ſends him this Challenge.

BORLARY to PLANEZE.

IN regard thou couldeſt not content thy ſelf to bereave me of the Lady Feliſanna, *whoſe ſweet beauty and vertues are by farr more dear and pretious to me then my life, but that (with much oſtentation and malice) thou likewiſe makeſt it thy Trophee and Glory, to offer her the ſacrifice of my death, only for the triviall reſpect of her Chamber-maids hair; Therefore becauſe thou makeſt ſo ſmall an eſteem of my life; My reputation invites, and mine honour conjures me to ſee what care thou wilt have for the defence and preſervation of thine own. To which end, I pray thee to meet wee to morrow (betwixt five and ſix of the clock in the afternoon) with thy ſingle Rapier without ſeconds,*

in the firſt meadow without the Vinſenſa gate of this City, where I will attend thy arrivall, with much zeal and impatiency Thou art Noble enough to be ſo generous, and I generous enough to try if thou wilt appear, and approve thy ſelf ſo Noble.

BORLARY.

The Lady *Feliſanna* well knowing *Romeo* to be *Borlari* his Lacquie, and ſeeing him deliver a letter to her lover *Planeze*, which ſhe feareth to be ſome challenge, ſhe thereat (adorning and beautifying her ſilly cheeks with a Roſeat bluſh) prayes him to tell her what *Borlary* his letter contained; When (his own honour getting the ſupremacy of his affection towards her) he tels her, that *Borlari* therein only requeſted him, to meet him the next day in the *Domo* (which is the Cathedrall Church of that City, dedicated to *Saint Athanaſius*) the which he is now going to grant him in his anſwer. But *Feliſanna*, ſtill jealous and fearfull) prayes him to ſhew her thoſe two Letters, which he pleaſantly puts off with ſome kiſſes, and yet her bloud and heart ſo freezeth within her with fear, as ſhe uſeth the beſt power of her art, and the chiefeſt Art of her affection, to conjure him not to fall out, muchleſs to fight with *Borlary* at their meeting in the Church. *Planeze* tells her he is too irreligious to be ſo prophane, to diſdain and pollute that ſacred place with the effuſion of Chriſtian bloud, becauſe it is the Temple of Prayer, the houſe of God, and therefore every way fitter for a peaceſull attonement and reconciliation, than for a contentious quarrell, now (as the malice of men is finite, but of women infinte) *Feliſanna* ſeeing her *Planeze* going to write his Letter, revenge and choller being then extravagantly predominant in her looks and reſolutions, ſhe haſtily ſteps down into a Chamber next to the Garden, where ſhe ſends for *Borlaries* Lacquie *Romeo*, and cauſeth three of her Grooms (whom ſhe had purpoſely placed there by force and violence to cut off his right Ear; which they preſently do, notwithſtanding that he uſed a thouſand intreaties and prayers to her to divert her from this her unworthy and malicious fact, and then haſtily departing from him, ſhe ſpake this to him: Tell thy Maſter *Borlari*, that I have cauſed thine ear to be cut off, to requite the affront and diſgrace which he offered me in cutting off my Chamber-maid *Radegondaes* hair.

Planeze having ſecretly to himſelf read *Borlari* his challenge: He thinks ſo honourably of himſelf, and ſo diſgracefully of him, as he not a little wondreth to ſee, that he hath the courage to write to him, muchleſs the reſolution to fight with him; When grieving that he cannot now have the felicity and honour to make tryall of his valour to himſelf, and affection to his Miſtris upon a more generous ſpirit, and nobler perſonage then *Borlari*, he accepts his challenge, and in this anſwer promiſeth him to meet him and perform it, the which he honourably conceals from *Feliſannaes* fear and jealouſie, and ſo ſealing up his Letter, he goes down to deliver it to *Borlary* his Lacquie, and reſolves to diſpeed and haſten his return, but contrary to his expectation he finds this Lacquie *Romeo* bitterly ſtorming and weeping; and ſo demanding the cauſe thereof, he then and there by a Gentleman his ſervant, is firſt informed of the Laquies diſgrace, and of the manner thereof as we have underſtood; *Planeze* is wonderfully grieved at this diſaſterous accident, but love preſcribes ſo powerfull a law to his diſcretion, as he is inforced to bear up with the time and ſo to diſſemble it, and when in the language of a victory and a triumph *Feliſanna* acquaints him therewith; he holds it diſcretion, rather to wink at it, and diſſemble it with ſilence; then to remember it with choller or reprehenſion towards her; So he to acquit his ignorance, reputation, and honour herein towards *Borlari*, calls his Lacquie again, and vowes and proteſteth to him, as he is a Gentleman that he is free from being any way knowing or acceſſary to this his diſgrace and diſaſter, and bids him to aſſure his Maſter from him, that he is every way Innocent hereof, the which he would have ſignified to him in writing, but that his Letter was ſealed before he knew it, and ſo giving him ſome crowns to waſh down his anger and ſorrow, he then takes leave of him.

Romeo ſayes little but thinks the more, and as he diſdaineth to bewray any appearance of grief hereat, ſo he cannot cloak that of his choller nor overvaile or ſmother that of revenge, in their fatall effects, which time will too ſoon produce.

Romeo in great haſt and more choller, arrives to his Maſter *Borlaries* preſence, gives him *Planezes* Letter, who very ſpeedily and haſtily breaking up the ſeals thereof finds therein theſe lines.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

I Acknowledge it to be rather thy misfortune then my merits that induceth the fair and vertuous Lady Feliſanna *to give her affection to mee, and not to thy ſelf, the which as a rich treaſure, and pretious Jewell I do not only eſteem equall to my life, but a thouſand degrees above it, and therefore it was with much affection and zeal to her, and with no oſtentation or malice to thy ſelf, that I tendred her my beſt ſervice, to right her of the ignoble wrong which thou didſt offer to her Chamber-maid* Radegonde. *In which regard, becauſe thou purpoſely giveſt a ſiniſter conſtruction to my intent therein and art ſo ambitiouſly reſolute to hazard thy honour and life in hope of the loſs of mine, I do therefore freely and cheerfully accept of thy challenge, and my impatience and zeal ſhall anticipate thine before I perform it, wherein if my Rapier give not the lie to my bloud, my misfortune to my Rapier, thou ſhalt find mee enough noble and generous to attempt this duell for thy ſake, and to finiſh thoſe of greater danger for the Lady* Feliſannas *ſake, who I freely profeſs is the Empreſs of my affections, and till death ſhall be the Queen Regent of my deſires and wiſhes.*

PLANEZE.

Borlari hath no ſooner peruſed and ore-read this Letter of *Planeze*, but finding his challenge accepted, he is exceeding glad and joyfull thereof, as if his glory conſiſted in his ſhame, and his ſafety in his danger: Then his Lacquie *Romeo* acquaints him with his diſgrace acted, ſaith he, wholly by *Dona Feliſanna*, and no way as he vowes and thinks by the conſent or knowledge of *Planeze*, and ſo relates all that he and ſhe charged him to report unto him: The which *Borlari* hearing and underſtanding, he extreamly ſtorms to ſee his own affront and diſgrace, offered and brought home unto him in that of his Lacquie: When having other affairs and buſineſs in his head, he contents himſelf for that time to give him ſome Gold, thereby the ſooner to make him forget the loſs of his Ear, which his locks better than his looks could now overvaile and cover.

Theſe two inconſiderat Gentlemen, (being infinitly more ambitious to preſerve their honours than their lives, and more carefull of their reputations towards the fooliſh people of the world, than of their ſoules towards God) are now fitting of their Rapiers and Chirurgions, to diſpatch this their raſh enterpriſe and irreligious buſineſs, and it is not the leaſt part of *Planezes* diſcretion and care to play the Mercury, and now to blind the *Argus* eyes of *Feliſannaes* fear and vigilancy, and how to ſee a beginning and end to this duell with his generoſity and fame, that he be no way diſturbed or prevented by her in the performance thereof: The prefixed hour being come, *Borlary* (with his Chirurgeon) as Challenger, comes firſt into the field, I mean into the Meadow, the deſigned place and theatre where they intend to act this their bloudy Tragedy, and he hath not ſtayed halfe a quarter of an hour, but *Planeze* the Challenged arrives there likewiſe with his Chirurgion: When their malice is ſo furious, and their courages ſo inflamed each againſt other, as paſſing over their ſaluting ceremonies without a ceremony, they putting themſelves into their ſhirts, do both of them draw, and ſo approach each other. At their firſt comming up, *Planeze* runs *Bolari* through the left thigh, and *Borlari* him in the right ſhoulder, and the ſight of their ſcarlet bloud upon their white ſhirts doth rather revive than quench their courages: At their ſecond meeting, *Borlary* runs *Planeze* into the right arm of a large and deep wound, and *Planeze* dies not in debt for it, but requites it with a dangerous one in the ſmall of his belly, which went near to prove mortall, for it fetcht much blood from him, made him to begin to faint and ſtagger, ſo being both of them well near out of breath, they make a ſtand to breath and take the benefit of the air, but their hearts and animoſity are ſo great, as they will not as yet deſiſt or leave off, but now begin a freſh to redouble their blows and courages, and here they traverſe their ground to gain the advantage of the Sun: with farr more adviſement and diſcretion then before. Now at this their third comming up, *Borlari* preſents *Planeze* a furious thruſt, but he very actively and nimbly wards it off him, and in exchange runs *Borlari* into the neck, a little wide of his throat bole: whereat *Planeze* inſtantly cloſing with him, he fairly attempted to whip up his heels, but that *Borlary* his ſtrength prevented *Planezes* agility: when each having the other by the collar of their ſhirts with one hand, and their Rapiers in the other, as they are ſtriving and ſtrugling together, God (more out of his gracious goodneſs and mercy than of their deſires and wiſhes) is pleaſed that neither of them ſhall for this time dye. For the Earl of *Lucerne* riding poaſt (with three Gentlemen in his company) from *Venice* towards *Turin*, chanced to eſpie and ſee them in the meadow, almoſt all covered over with ſweat, bloud, and duſt, when he and they leaping from their Horſes, he very honourably and charitably runs to them and parts them; offering

offering them his beſt power and a pretty parcell of his time, to end and ſhut up their differences in a friendly attonement and reconciliation, but ſo inveterat and ſtrong (by this time) is their malice each to other, as he found it no way feaſeable but impoſſible to effect it: So this brave and honourable Earl contents himſelf, to reconduct and ſee them ſafe into the City, where privatly leaving them to their future fortunes, he again takes horſe away. Our two Duelliſts having firſt thanked him for his noble Courteſie towards them; but otherwiſe they are exceedingly grieved to ſee the Victory puld out of their hands, for the vanity and impiety of either of them flattered and bounded their hopes, with no leſs ambition and felicity, then each their own life, and either of them the death of his adverſary. But as they are grateſull to the Earl of *Lucerni* for this his honourable courteſie towards them; yet they are ſo irreligious as they look not up to Heaven, nor once have the grace to think on God, much leſs to thank his divine Majeſty, for now ſo mercifully and ſo graciouſly withdrawing them as it were from out the very jaws of death; but ſtill they retain their malice, and cheriſh and foment their revenge each to other, eſpecially *Borlary* to *Planeze*, for it is a continuall privat grief and a ſecret Corraſive to his content and mind, to ſee that he is inforced to wear the Willow Garland, and that *Planeze* muſt bear away his fair and beautifull Miſtris *Feliſanna* from him: But we will for a little time, leave them to their thoughts, and their thoughts to God, and ſo again ſpeak of *Romeo*, the Lacquie of *Borlary*, who as a wretched and moſt execrable villain comes now to act a bloody and wofull part in this Hiſtory.

For we muſt here underſtand, that this lewd Lacquie *Romeo*, is ſo extremely incenſed with choller and inraged with malice againſt the Lady *Feliſanna* for the loſs of his Ear, as (being ſeduced and incouraged by the Devill) he was once of the mind to have murthered her in the ſtreet, the very firſt time he had met or ſeen her; but then again reſpecting his Maſter *Borlary*, whom he knew affected her tenderly and dearly, he forſook that oppinion of his, and reſolved to wreak his wrath and indignation upon her three ſervants, who were the Actors of cutting off his Ear, as he was the Author thereof; But then again remembring that he knew them not, nor any of them for that they were all purpoſely masked and diſguiſed; He then ſwaps a bargain with the Devill, and the Devill with him, that the ſtorm of this his malice and revenge ſhould aſſuredly fall on *Radegonda* her Chamber-maid, from whom it originally proceeded, and from this reſolution he is ſo execrably prophane and bloudy, as he vows that neither Heaven or Earth, God or man ſhall divert him.

But as Envy cannot prove ſo pernitious an enemy to others as to her ſelf, ſo revenge will in the end aſſuredly make us as miſerable, as firſt it falſly promiſed to make us happy.

Romeo continueth ſtill reſolute in his rage, and implacable in his revenge towards *Radegonda* (and yet poor innocent harmleſs ſoul, ſhe was not ſo much as guilty of a bad thought muchleſs of a bad action or office towards him; and therefore left deſerving this his revenge;) when waiting many nights for her, as ſhe iſſued forth in the ſtreet in her Ladies errands, he at laſt in a dark night found her, and there ſlew her with his Rapier, giving her four ſeverall wounds, wherof he mought have ſpared the three laſt, becauſe the very firſt was mortall, and thereupon betook himſelf to his heels and fled through the ſtreets, where the people flocked together at the report and knowledge of this lamentable Murther, but God is ſo exaſperated at this foul and lamentable fact of his, as (in his Starr-chamber of Heaven) he hath ordained and decreed, that *Romeo* ſhall inſtantly receive condign puniſhment for the ſame as not deſerving to ſurvive it, for running through the ſtreets to provide for his ſafety and life. He at laſt took the River of *Addice*, near the old Caſtle, where thinking to ſwim over to the other ſide, or to hide himſelf in ſome of the Mill-boats, he was diſcovered by the Sentinells (for the Watch was already ſet) and the news of this murther was by this time reſounding and ecchoing in all parts of the City. The Souldiers of the Caſtle ſuſpected him to be the murtherer, they ſend a Boat after him and apprehend him; ſo by the criminall Judges he is committed to Priſon for that night, and being the next morning accuſed by *Seignior Miniata* by way of torture, and the Lady *Feliſanna* his Daughter by legall order for the murthering of her Chamber-maid *Radegonda*, he without any thought of fear, or ſhew of ſorrow or repentance, freely confeſſeth it, for the which he is preſently condemned to be hanged, and the ſame day after dinner he was accordingly diſpatched and executed, notwithſtanding that his Maſter *Borlari*, uſed his beſt friends and power, yea and proffered two hundred zechins to ſave him. Thus we ſee there was but one poor night between *Romebes* taking away *Radegondaes* life, and looſing of his own, and between her murthering and his hanging; At his execution he ſpake not a word either of the loſſe of his Ear by the Lady *Feliſanna*, or of that of *Radegondaes* hair by his Maſter *Borlary*, whereat both of them exceedingly rejoyce, and no leſs doth *PLANEZE*.

But for the other ſpeeches which this bloody Foot-man delivered on the Ladder at his execution, they were either ſo ungodly, or ſo impertinent; as the relation thereof no way deſerves my pen, or my Readers knowledge.

And here to leave the dead Servant *Romeo*, return we again to ſpeak of his living Maſter *Borlary*: who after he had ſpent much time and labour, and as I may ſay, ran his invention and wit out of breath, to ſeek to prevent that *Planeze* might not marry the fair *Feliſanna* hath notwithſtanding, to his matchleſs grief, and unſeparable ſorrow ſeen that it is all bootleſs and in vain, for by this time ſhe, through the importunity of her tears and Prayers hath obtained her Father *Miniataes* conſent, to take and enjoy *Seignior Planeze*, for her Husband: when to both their hearts delight and content, they are ſolemnly marryed in *Verona*, and in that height of pomp and bravery as is requiſite to their noble rank and quality; When *Planeze* the more to pleaſe his new wife leaves *Mantova*, and wholly builds up his reſidence in *Verona* with her, and in her Father *Miniataes* houſe, who never hated him ſo much heretofore, as now he deeply affects and loves him, and to ſay and write the truth, he well deſerved that affection of the Father, and this love of the Daughter; ſith the luſtre and vertue of his actions made it apparant to all *Verona*, yea to all *Italy*, that he proved a moſt kind and loving Husband to the one, and a moſt obedient, and reſpective Son in Law to the other.

Now although *Feliſanna* be thus marryed to *Planeze*, yet the affection of *Borlari* to her, is ſtil ſo farr from fading or withering thereat, as it reviveth and flouriſheth at the ſight of her pure and delicate beauty; for thoſe golden treſſes of her hair, thoſe ſplendant raies of her ſparkling eyes, and thoſe delicious Lillies and Roſes of her cheeks do a& ſuch wonders in his heart, and his heart in his reſolutions; that his luſt ecclipſing his judgement, and outbraving his diſcretion he cannot, he will not refrain, to try if he can yet procure and get her to be his friend though not his wife; and ſo futurely to obtain that curteſie from her by the eye, which formerly he knew it impoſſible for him to get by the maine. To which end his affection or rather his folly giving no truce to his thoughts, nor peace to his mind, becauſe both the one and the other were ſtill ranging and ruminating on *Feliſannaes* ſweet Idea, and delitious feature; He enters into a conſideration and conſultation with himſelf, whether he ſhould bewray his amorous flame to her by himſelf or by ſome other, or either by his pen or his tongue; when after he had propoſed and exchanged many poor reaſons and triviall Motives *Pro* and *Con*, he at laſt reſolves on the laſt, which is to do it by Letters, when hying himſelf to his Cloſet, he traceth her theſe lines, which by a confident friend of his he forthwith ſends her.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

I Will crave no other witneſs but my ſelf, of my fervent love and conſtant affection to thee; for none can better teſtifie, how I alwayes made it my chiefeſt Care and Ambition to make the dignity of my zeal anſwerable to that of thy beauty; and that this might be as truly Immortall, as that is divinely rare and rarely excellent, which to confirm, I have ſealed it with ſome bloud, but with more tears, ſo that although thou haſt given thy affection from me to Planeze, *yet my heart and ſoul tells me it is impoſſible to give mine to any but to the Lady* Feliſanna. *And becauſe thou canſt not be my wife, therefore I pray be pleaſed to reſolve to live my friend, as in requitall I do dy thy Servant. I confeſs I am not worthy of thy affection, much leſs to enjoy the ſweet fruit thereof, thy ſweet ſelf; yet becauſe I cannot be more thine than I am, therefore I pray thee make thy ſelf as much mine as thou maieſt be. Thy heart ſhall not be a truer Secretary to our affections then my tongue, and for the times and places of our meetings, I wholly referr it to thy will and pleaſure, which mine ſhall ever carefully attend, and religiouſly obey. I ſend thee my whole heart incloſed in this Letter, and if thou vouchſafe to return me a piece of thine in exchange, Heaven my, but Earth cannot croſs our affection.*

BORLARY.

The Lady *Feliſanna* receives this letter with much wonder, and ore-reads it with more contempt and Choller, for if ſhe diſdained *Borlary* and his affection when ſhe was a Maid, much more doth ſhe now when God and her Husband have made her a wife: Once ſhe was of opinion to have thrown this his letter into the fire, and have anſwered it with diſdain and ſilence; But then again conſidering the vanity of his thoughts, and the obſcœnity of his deſires, ſhe conceived he might (peradventure) impute her ſilence to a degre of conſent: and therefore, though not in affection to him, yet in diſcretion and love to her honour, ſhe reſolves to return him an anſwer, when kniting her browes with anger, dipping her pen in Gall and Vinegar

negar, and ſetting a ſharp edge of contempt and Choller on her reſolutions, ſhe haſtily frames her Letter, and gives it to his own Meſſenger to deliver it to *Borlary*, whoſe heart ſteering his courſe betwixt hope and fear till he receive it: he firſt kiſſing it, and then haſtily breaking up the ſeals thereof, findes that it ſpeaks this language.

FELISANNA to BORLARY.

IF thou want any witneſſes of thy folly, not of thy affection, thy obſtinate and vain perſeverance herein, of one makes me capable to ſerve for many. And if thou hadſt been as truly carefull and ambitious of thine own honour, as thou falſly pretendeſt to be of my poor beauty, thou wouldeſt no ſo often have ſacrificed thy ſhame to my glory, nor ſo ſottiſhly have caſt away thy bloud or tears on my contempt: How thou intendeſt to diſpoſe of thy ſelf, I neither deſire to know, nor care to underſtand. But as I have given my ſoul to God, ſo God hath given my heart to my Husband Planeze, *from whom neither the malice of Satan or power of Hell ſhall withdraw it, and therefore as I am* Feliſanna, *I deteſt thy luſtfull ſute, and as* Planezes *wife, I defie both it and thy ſelf; And thus to be thy friend, thou ſhalt find me thy friend, but for ſuch ſervants as thy ſelf, I leave them to their own proper Infamy and Repentance. I make God the Secretary of my actions, and my Husband of my affections, therefore it ſhall pleaſe me well when I underſtand that thy tongue will recant thy folly. I repent thy indiſcretion towards me: in ſeeiking to erect the Trophees of thy laſcivious luſt upon the ruins of my pure and candid honour: And I aſſure thee, that if hereafter thou inſpire and fortifie not thy heart with more Religious, and leſs ſinfull deſires and affections, that Earth can and Heavenly will make thee as truly miſerable, as now thou falſly thinkeſt thy ſelf fortunate.*

FELISANNA.

Borlary at the reading of this Letter of *Feliſanna*, is ſo galled with grief and netled with ſorrow, to ſee his refuſall ſent him in her diſdain, as he knows not to what paſſion to betake himſelf for eaſe; or to what Saint for comfort, for the conſideration of her coyneſs and cruelty, makes his diſpair to gain ſo much on his hopes, that once he was minded abſolutely to forſake her, and to court her affection no more, but then again his luſtfull heart and deſires, remembring the freſhneſs of her beauty and the ſweetneſs of her youth, he held himſelf a coward, every way unworthy to enjoy ſo fair a Lady, and ſo ſweet an Angel, if he retyred upon her firſt denyall; eſpecially becauſe as thoſe Cities and Caſtles, ſo thoſe Ladies and Gentlwomen who entertain a pearle, are already half wonn. In which conſideration becauſe it many times proves an errour in Nature; but ſtill in judgement, to flatter our ſelves moſt, with that which we moſt hope for and deſire; He therfore once more reſolves to hazard another letter to her, as having ſome reaſons to believe, that his ſecond may perchance obtain that from her which his firſt could not, for that he knows that moſt Ladies and Gentlewomen pride themſelves with this felicity to be often ſought and importunatly ſued unto by their lovers, wherefore reſolving once more to try his fortune, and her courteſie, he by his former Meſſenger greets her with theſe lines.

BORLARY to FELISANNA.

THy ſweet and Excellent beauty hath enkindled ſo fervent a flame in my heart, that thy late diſreſpect and contempt of me in thy Letter, is not ſufficiently prevalent to make me, or ſo ſoon or ſo ſlightly forſake thee. For although thou term my love folly, and my affection obſtinacy, yet untill thou ceaſe to be fair, find it not ſtrange, if it be impoſſible for me to ceaſe to be affectionate: Neither do I ſacrifice my ſhame to thy Glory, or caſt away my tears on thy contempt, ſith I perform it more out of duty then complement, and rather out of true zeal then falſe hypocriſie. And as the ſtrongeſt Cities and Caſtles by the rule of War, ſo the faireſt beauties by that of love, deſerve to be honoured with more then one aſſault and ſeige; and that Cavilleir cannot juſtly be tearmed, either a Genleman, a Souldier, or a Lover, who will reſolve to be put off with the firſt repulſe, eſpecially from ſo ſweet, and ſo beautifull an enemy as thy ſelf: Neither can it any way breed infamy or repentance in me to be ſervant to ſo dear, and ſlave to ſo fair a Miſtris, becauſe the excellency of thy beauty is every way capable both to confound ſence, and to ſubvert and overthrow Reaſon. Be then but as courteous as thou art fair, and as kind as I am conſtant, and thou ſhalt find that I only deſire to erect the Trophees of mine honour and Glory upon thoſe of thy content, to ſacrifice my beſt life at the ſhrine and altar of thy beauty, and to devote and proſtrat my beſt zeal and ſervice to the feet of thy Commands, which if thou pleaſe to grant me, Earth will not make me miſerable, but Heaven fortunat.

BRLARY.

The Lady *Feliſanna* having received and ore-read this ſecond Letter of *Borlary*, as one way ſhe laughes to ſee the conſtancy of his folly, and indiſcretion, ſo another way ſhe ſtorms, and yet grieves to ſee he (ſelf) to be both the object and the cauſe thereof; When returning to the party who brought it her, ſhe thinks to vent part of her choller on him, taxeth his audacity and raſhneſs herein, and ſtrictly conjures him to bring her no more of *Borlary* his letters; yea, ſhe is ſo far tranſported with paſſion and choller againſt *Borlary* for ſending them to her, as now ſhe reſolves to anſwer this with ſilence, and henceforth to burn all other which are ſent or brought to her from him, becauſe if his folly make him culpable of ſending, ſhe will not futurely make her ſelf guilty of receiving any more. But here again, her thoughts are taken up with fear, and her heart ſurpriſed with reſolution and doubt, whether (yea or no) ſhe ſhould ſhew theſe his two letters to her Husband: For her affection is ſo tender, ſo faithfull, ſo conſtant to him; becauſe ſhe likewiſe knows that his is reciprocally ſo to her, that ſhe will rather diſpleaſe her ſelf, than any way diſcontent him, or adminiſter him the leaſt cauſe whatſoever, to run the hazard of his diſpleaſure or indignation; for as by concealing them from his knowledge, ſhe knows this buſineſs will be for ever hush'd up in ſilence, and perpetually buried in oblivion; So contrary wiſe, if either through *Borlary* his malice to her, or indiſcretion to himſelf, it ſhould any way come to her Husbands ear, then ſhe thinks ſhe ſhould give him a juſt cauſe of exception and offence againſt her; Wherein, if the ſubtilty of the Devill ſhould once put his foot, or the malice of any of his members, their tongues or fingers, then his jealouſie might call her Honour and Fidelity in queſtion, and make him ſuſpect and fear her to be diſhoneſt, though heretofore (in heart and ſoul) he confidently knows and believes the contrary: ſhe farther knows, that there is nothing ſo eaſie, as to entertain jealouſie, nor ſo difficult, as to expell it; and therefore, that it is not enough for us to prevent a ſcandall, but likewiſe to remove the originall cauſe thereof; fain ſhe would conceal theſe fooliſh Letters of *Borlari* from her Husband, but yet ſhe doubts it, and willing ſhe is to acquaint him therewith, and yet ſhe fears it; And although her chaſtity and innocency perſwades her to perform the act, yet her diſcretion and judgment encourage and prompt her to execute the ſecond: and here our beautifull and vertuous young Wife is perplexed as a Traveller, who meets two different waies, and knows not which is the beſt for him to take; and her heart and thoughts here in this accident, is as a ſhip at Sea, at one time ſurpriſed and met with two contrary winds and tides, for preferring her honour to her life, and her affection to her Husband, and his to her before any other earthly reſpect or felicity whatſoever; ſhe in the intricacy and ambiguity of theſe doubts, wiſheth that *Borlari* had ſlept when he writ and ſent her thoſe letters, or ſhe when ſhe received and read them. But at laſt conſulting with reaſon and Religion, with her Soul and God, then her chaſtity gives a commanding law to her fear, and her innocency to her doubt; So firſt hoping, and then praying, that nothing herein might breed bad blood in her Husband, or diſturb the tranquility and ſincerity of her marriage; ſhe watching a fit opportunity, ſhews her Husband the firſt Letter of *Borlary* to her, with her anſwer thereof, and then his ſecond Letter, the which ſhe informs him, ſhe anſwered with ſilence and contempt, adding withall: That had ſhe a thouſand lives as ſhe hath but one, ſhe would cherefully ſacrifice and loſe them all, before ſhe would be guilty of the leaſt thought to diſtain the honour of his bed, or to break her ſacred vow of Love and Chaſtity, which in preſence of God and his Church, ſhe religiouſly made and gave him in Marriage.

Planeze at the hearing of theſe ſpeeches, and the reading of theſe Letters, doth at one inſtant both bluſh and pale, for as he looks pale with Envie towards *Borlari*, to ſee how ſecretly and ſubtily he endeavoureth to ruine his honour in that of his wifes; ſo he bluſheth for love towards her, to ſee how ſweetly and chaſtly ſhe had demeaned her ſelf in her anſwer to him, as alſo what a wife and loving part it was in her ſo punctully and fully to acquaint him therewith; when in requitall hereof he gives her many praiſes and kiſſes, extolls her chaſtity and vertues to the Skie, and condemns *Borlari* his luſtfull vices to Hell, and although (for the preſent) ſhe finds ſome incongruity in his ſpeeches, and obſerves ſome perturbation in his looks, yet he makes his affection ſo apparent to her, and diſſembleth his hatred and choller towards *Borlari* ſo ſecretly and artificially; That his wife *Feliſanna* wholly repoſing her ſelf upon her own integrity, and her Husbands diſcretion, ſhe (ſweet innocent Lady) little dreams or thinks of any diſaſter which will enſue hereof, much leſs what diſmall effects threaten to proceed from this inconſiderate act of hers, in acquainting her Husband with thoſe Letters. But ſhe will have time enough to ſee it to her grief, and know it to her ſorrow, yea, ſhe will find occaſions enough to repent, but never any means how to remedy it, except it be too late, and which then will meerly prove Phyſick after death.

Planeze (as we have formerly underſtood) is extremely incenſed againſt *Borlari*, thus to attempt

attempt to bereave him of his ſweeteſt Joy, which is his wifes affection, and ſhe of her moſt pretious Jewell, her chaſtity; And although (both in reaſon and Religion) he had far more cauſe to rejoyce than to grieve at this accident, in regard he was both aſſured and confident, that his Wifes chaſtity triumphed ore *Borlames* luſt, and her glory was apparant in his ſhame; for as objects, ſo actions being beſt diſtinguiſhed by their contraries, therefore through the obſcure clouds of *Borlari* his obſcene concupiſcence, that of *Feliſannas* Angelicall chaſtity, as a bright relucent Sun, ſhined forth moſt radiantly and ſweetly with far more vigor and glory, yet *Planeze* being a man compoſed of corrupt fleſh and blood, and therefore ſubject to paſſions, and thoſe paſſions to errors and imperfections; So he takes a courſe and reſolution herein contrary to all judgment, and to all reaſon, yea, diametrically oppoſite to the rules of Nature, and precepts of Grace. For although his heart be upright in the opinion of his wifes chaſtity and honour, yet as the deareſt and pureſt affections cannot be exempted of ſome ſhaddow or ſpice of fear, ſo although his heart looked directly on *Borlari* with malice, he cannot poſſibly refrain, nor retain his thoughts, from glancing ſquint-eyed on his wife with jealouſie. And although he knows it to be a moſt ignoble ingratitude, and irreligious impiety in him, thus to call her honour in queſtion, or (in the beſt ſenſe) to revoke it to doubt, by making any publique ſhew of ſuſpition or diſtaſte to her, or by ſeeking any privat revenge on *Borlari*, yet becauſe her beauty and vertue is a thouſand times dearer to him than his life; and the purity and integrity of her affection to him as dear as his ſoul: He therefore thinks he ſhall not prophane his good opinion of her, nor offer her merits or his own reputation any wrong, if he reſolve to right both her and himſelf on *Borlari*, when conſulting not with reaſon or charity, but with their oppoſites, malice and revenge, he will not be at peace with his heart, nor at truce with his thoughts before he have fought with *Borlari*, albeit (indeed) his delict and offence towards him, more deſerved his ſcorn than his care, and was every way far more worthy of his oblivion, than of his remembrance. To which end (by a Chyrurgion which he had made choice of) he ſends him this challenge.

PLANEZE to BORLARY.

THy crime is ſo foul, and ſo apparant unto me, in ſeeking by thy two laſcivious Letters to diſtain my honour in that of my wifes chaſtity, as nothing but thy life is capable to expiate it, or mine to deface and forget it; Wherefore, if thou have as much courage as thou wanteſt grace, bring thy ſelf, thy Rapier, and thy Chyrurgion with thee to morrow at ſix of the clock in the morning, in the City Ditch without the outer Gate, which looks towards Breſcia, *and there my ſelf and my Chyrurgion (who is the bearer hereof) will ſilently and honourably wait for thee. And if thy obſcene heart retain yet any ſpark of generoſity, or thy vicious brain of judgment, thou wilt reſolve to perform this my requeſt, and to excuſe my reſolution herein, ſith it is wholly derived from thy laſciviouſneſs, and receives its life and birth from thy treachery.*

PLANEZE.

Borlary receiving and peruſing this Challenge of *Planeze*, he is much grieved and ſorrowfull, to ſee that *Feliſanna* had ſo little diſcretion for her ſelf, and ſo much hatred againſt him to ſhew her Husband theſe his Letters, and except ſhe meant to make her ſelf the preſent authour, and the cauſe of her future affliction and miſery, he knows not elſe what ſhe intends hereby. But for *Planeze* his ſpleen and reſolution againſt him, *Borlari* knows it to be both juſt & well grounded in the beſt ſenſe, and in the worſt to be yet a requitall of that Challeng & Duell he formerly ſent and preſented him: Only he doth a little admire (if not wonder) that he ſhould now again make tryall of his valour and courage, whereof he ſo lately had experience, and taſted. And although he had far more reaſon to reſt aſſured than doubtfull, that this ſecond Duell of theirs would not prove ſo fortunate as their firſt, but would rather terminate in one, if not in both of their lives; He yet loves *Feliſanna* ſo dearly, albeit ſhe hate him extreamly, that he will by no means refuſe to fight with her Husband once again for her ſake, yea, and to kill him for his own, if poſſibly he can, the Devill making him ſtrong in the vanity of this belief and confidence; that if it prove now his good fortune to kill *Planeze*, that he can then requite and limit his victory with the reward of no leſs happineſs and felicity, than by his death to obtain his widdow for his own wife. But this is to write upon the water, and to build Caſtles of vain hopes in the Air, which the leaſt breath of Gods mouth, or wind of his noſtrills will eaſily reverſe and blow away. For this is to conſult and reſolve with Satan,

and not with God; and therefore no marvell, if he ſee his laſcivious deſires to come too ſhort of his ridiculous hopes, and both his hopes and deſires herein to end in as much true miſery, as they began in falſe hope of felicity and joy.

So *Borlary* having made a turn or two in his Garden, to reſolve upon this buſineſs, which ſo much imported both his honour and life: He at laſt, with joy in his looks, and courage in his countenance, turnes to *Planeze* his Chirurgion, whom after he uſed reſpectively and courteouſly, he ſecretly rounds him thus in his Ear; Tell *Seignior Planeze* from mee, that I will not fail to meet him to morrow morning, according to his requeſt and expectation, and ſo hee diſmiſſeth him, who as ſoon returns this anſwer of *Borlary* to *Planeze*, whom he now finds ſtaying for him in the Church of the *Auguſtine Fryers*, but God knows, with no intent or devotion to pray, or to invoke his Divine and Sacred Majeſty to divert him from this his intended bloody enterprize, but rather to reconduct home the Lady *Feliſanna* his wife, who harmleſs ſweet Gentlewoman, was there in that Church, upon the Altar of her heart, proffering up the moſt religious Prayers, and zealous Oriſons of her ſoul unto God, without once ſurmiſing or thinking what a mournfull and dangerous part her Husband was reſolved to act the next morning, to the prejudice of her content, if not to the utter diſſolution and ruine of her Matrimoniall joy and felicity. But her Husband *Planeze* bears this buſineſs, and theſe his intentions ſo ſecretly from his wife, as it was impoſſible for her to have any ſuſpition, much leſſe knowledge of this his next dayes intended Duell.

The night, which brings reſt to others, hath not power to give it to our two inflamed Duelliſts. For the conſideration of their honours and their lives, of their quarrell, and the cauſe thereof, doth equally poſſeſs their brains, and pre-occupate and prevent their eyes of their ſleeping faculties: So preferring their danger to their ſafety, their reſolution to their reſt, and the field to their beds, they (under other pretexts) are not long from it, I mean from the City ditch, the prefixed place of their rendez-vous: Which *Planeze* firſt entreth, and there makes half a dozen of turnes, before he have any news of his Contendant or Adverſary *Borlary*, whereof he doth not a little muſe, yet he no way deſpaires of his comming, becauſe (by late experience) he knows him to be couragious and valiant. But to put *Planeze* his muſing out of doubt, and his doubt out of queſtion, in comes *Borlari* all unbraced and untruſſed, and a farr of eſpying *Planeze* in the ditch before him; He (aſhamed of this advantage he had, becauſe of long ſtay) with his Hat in his hand, prayes him to excuſe this error of his, affirming it to be the fault of his Watch, but not of his heart, which he alleaged ſhould ever go true with his Honour and Reputation; When *Planeze* returning his Complement, by approving of his Apologie, (without any further expoſtulation) they draw, and here fall from words to blowes.

At their firſt meeting, *Borlary* gives *Planeze* a wound in the right Arme, and *Planeze* requits him with another in his right ſide, which if his Rapier had not met with a rib, it had then undoubtedly ended the quarrell with his life. But although it make him loſe much blood, yet he hath ſtrength and courage enough not to die in his debt for it, only he deſireth *Planeze*, that they may breath a little, the which he generouſly granteth. At their ſecond comming up, *Planeze* preſents a thruſt to *Borlary*, but he wards it, and runs *Planeze* into his left thigh, of a deep wound, and yet they will not give over, although their Chirurgeons do earneſtly pray them to deſiſt, as having now already here ſufficiently teſtified their courage and valour. At their third meeting and joyning, *Planeze* gives *Borlary* a lick ore the fore-head, which makes his blood ſtream down his face and eyes, and *Borlary* fully incenſed and prepared to requite it, drives a fair thruſt to *Planeze* his breaſt, but he very dexterouſly and fortunatly wards it, beating down the point of *Borlary* his Sword into the ground, and then with much agility, leaps to him, and whips up his heels, who falling upon his own Rapier breaks it in two pieces, at which unlooked for diſaſter, *Borlari* ſeeing his naked breaſt expoſed to *Planeze* his bloody Rapier, and conſequently his life to lie at his mercy, (without once ſtriving or endeavouring to grapple with his enemy) hee (more deſirous to live with ſhame, than to die with honour) deſcends ſo farr from true and noble generoſity, as he beggs his life of *Planeze*; when (although many hot and jealous ſpirits would gladly have taken hold of this advantage, and wreaked the utmoſt of their Gall and Spleen upon the miſſortune of this accident) yet *Planeze* is ſo truly noble and generous, as diſdaining to fight with an unarmed man, and ſo to eclips or blemiſh the luſtre of his reputation in killing him who begged his life of him, and when it lay at his pleaſure to give or take it, as he throws away his Rapier, making him promiſe, and ſwear he will never henceforth attempt againſt the honour of his wife; *Planeze* very freely and cheerfully gives him his life: And to ſhew himſelf the more generous in this

yields,

his courteſie, lends him his hand to raiſe him up on his feet; for which infinit kindneſs, *Borlary* yelds him many thanks: When muffling up their faces with their Cloaks, they part very good friends, and ſo get themſelves into two of the neareſt houſes of the Suburbs, very ſecretly and ſilently to dreſs their wounds, and at night they return to their houſes. Where our dear and fair *Feliſanna* underſtanding the manner and cauſe of this combate betwixt her Husband and *Borlary*, it is impoſſible for me to define whether ſhe wept and ſighed more for the loſs of her Husbands blood, or rejoyced and praiſed God for the ſaving and ſparing of his life.

Yet this Combat of theirs is not ſo ſecretly acted, but in leſs than two daies, all *Verona* hath news, and prattles thereof. When meaſuring the firſt Duell of *Planeze* and *Borlary* by the ſecond, and the ſecoud by the firſt; They extoll *Borlary* his courage to fight with *Planeze*, but infinitly applaud the noble courteſie and generoſity of *Planeze*, in giving *Borlary* his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have taken it from him. And as moſt commended the Lady *Feliſanna* for diſdaining to make ſhipwrack of her honour on the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of *Borlary* his luſt, and for not ſacrificing her chaſtity to his laſcivious affections and deſires; So, in generall, all Gentlemen and Ladies condemn her of indiſcretion, in ſhewing his Letters to her Husband, and acquainting him with his ſuits and deſires, it having been ſufficient for her ſecretly to have given him the repulſe and deniall, and her ſelf the glory. Again, there want not divers, eſpecially the younger ſort of the Nobility and Gentry of *Verona*, who tax *Borlary* of cowardize in ſhamefully begging his life of *Planeze* when either his good fortune in ſtruggling, or his piece of Sword in his defence, might, peradventure, have preſerved it. Thus every one ſpeaks according to his own fancie and affections.

Borlary having loſt ſo much blood for the affection which he bore to *Feliſanna*, and received and reaped nothing from her but diſdain and hatred, he is not a little grieved and vexed hereat. But when he underſtands that he hath now made himſelf the laughter of all *Verona*, in this his cowardly begging his life of *Planeze*, and that his reputation doth therefore univerſally ſuffer in this action, he is then, as it were pierced to the heart with ſorrow, and to the ſoul with ſhame. He knowes it were far better for him to be born a Clown, than to be held and eſteemed a Coward, and that having once purchaſed that baſe title, he ſhall difficultly ever loſe. Yea, whereſoever he goes, he hears and ſees, that his Superiours, his Equalls, and his Inferiours, not only prattle at his ſhame, put point at his infamy herein, ſo that he is (in manner) a ſhame to all Gentlemen, and therefore almoſt a ſhame to himſelf. But ſee here the vanity and impiety of this inconſiderate Gentleman, and if it be not worthy the readers curioſities, yet it will deſerve his compaſſion and pity, to ſee what uſe, or rather what abuſe he makes of this his imaginary diſhonour: For neither with reaſon, which is the ſoul of his heart, with Religion which is the life of his ſoul, doth he once look up to Heaven to thank God for ſo mercifully protecting, and ſo miraculouſly preſerving of his life in theſe two Duells, when he as it were, ſtood on the brink, and in the very jaws of death, and when betwixt his life and his death there was nothing but the point of *Planeze* his Rapier, and of his pleaſure. No, no, *Borlary* is too much a man, to be ſo much a Chriſtian, and too much the member of Satan, to be ſo much the child of God: For having formerly given up his heart to the turpitude of laſcivious deſires and luſt; now as a limb and agent of the Devill, he will wholly abandon it to infernall rage and helliſh revenge; for knowing *Planeze* to be both the Author and object of his diſhonour, and the inſtrument and cauſe of his diſgrace, hee therefore retaines this Diabolicall and bloody Aphoriſme in his heart; that as long as he lives, it will live with him, and when he dies it will die with him; and therefore to reſetch his honour out of his infamy, his heart wholly ſacrificing to malice, and his thoughts and reſolutions to revenge, he moſt ingratefully and deſperatly, reſolves to murther *Planeze*, or at leaſt to cauſe him to be murthered.

Lo, here the wofull eſtate, and wretched reſolution of this execrable Gentleman *Borlary*, and what a monſtrous ingratitude and prodigious cruelty is this in him to conſpire his death, of whom (in a manner) he but lately now received his life, he little knows, or (which is worſe) he will not know, that revenge ſtill proves as pernitious, as pleaſing to their Authors, and that murther endeth in as much true miſery, as it begins in falſe content and joy; for it is a bitter oblation and odious ſacrifice to the Lord, who is the God of peace, and the Father of all unity and charity.

But the Devill is ſo familiar a gueſt, and ſo frequent a counſellour to *Borlari*, that he wretchedly vowes, and execrably ſwears, that *Planeze* ſhall no longer live but die. Once he was of opinion, either to piſtoll or ponyard him in the ſtreet by night, but then again, ſeeing the eminency of that danger in the misfortune of his Lacquie *Romeo*, he rejects it as ruinous, and reſolves on poyſon which he thinks is the ſhorteſt and ſafeſt way for him to ſend him for Heaven, and thinks none ſo fit for his purpoſe to give and adminiſter it to him as *Planeze* his own Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, being the more confident in this his choyce, becauſe he knows him to be a wonderfull poor man, and withall, extreamly vitious and debauched, as neither fearing nor caring for God, but more an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and more a Devill than a Catholike, and therefore believes that a little money will act wonders in his heart and reſolution; Neither doth he fail in his judgment, or deceive himſelf in the hopes of his choyce; for he no ſooner proffereth him three hundred Duckatons, to poyſon *Planeze* (one half in hand, and the other when it is performed) but he accepts thereof, engageth himſelf (by hand and oath) ſpeedily to diſpatch and finiſh it, and ſo like two Factors or furies of Hell, both of them ſwear ſecreſie each to other herein.

Borlari longing, and *Caſtruchio* deſiring to finiſh this Tragedy on *Planeze* that he might likewiſe touch the laſt one hundred and fifty Duckatons; The Spring approaching, wherein *Planeze* every year for the preſervation of his health, was accuſtomed to take Phyſick of *Caſtruchio*, he no ſooner ſent for him to that effect, but firſt purging, then bleeding him, he then artificially perſwades him to take a Vomit the next morning, whereunto *Planeze* eaſily conſents ſo he adminiſtreth it to him and therein infuſing poyſon, he within ſix dayes after dies thereof, when *Caſtruchio* demanding his other one hundred and fifty Dukatons, *Borlary* ſpeedily paies it him with much content, joy and delectation: But let the firſt know, and the ſecond remember, that it is the price of innocent blood.

The order of our Hiſtory leads us now (as it were by the hand) to our ſorrowfull young Widdow *Feliſanna*, who, poor ſoule, (not dreaming any way in the world either of poyſon or of *Borlary*) is ready to weep her ſelf to death, that ſhe muſt ſurvive and cannot dye with her dear and ſweet Husband *Planeze*, and that as one bed, ſo one Grave might containe them, yea her grief is ſo great and her ſorrows ſo infinite for the loſſe of this her other part of her ſelf, that neither her Father, Kinsfolks or friends can poſſibly comfort her; for ſtill ſhe ſees him before her eyes, as if he were not buried in his Grave, but in her heart, or that it was wholly impoſſible for him to dye as long as ſhe lived: Which exceſs of ſorrows, ſighs and tears of hers, ſo withred the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty, and ſo eclipſed the luſtre of her ſparkling eyes, that to the eyes and judgments of all thoſe who ſaw or knew her, ſhe became ſo pale and lean, as ſhe was no longer *Feliſanna*, but only the poor ſick Anatomy of *Feliſanna*.

We have ſeen this wretched Gentleman *Borlary*, and this execrable Apothecary, *Caſtruchio*, commit this horrible murther upon the perſon of noble and Generous *Planeze*, and we ſhall not go farr, before we ſhall ſee the ſacred Juſtice, and juſt puniſhments of God to ſurpriſe and overtake them for the ſame; For God is now reſolved to triumph ore thoſe bloody miſcreants, and although they have ſo cloſely acted and perpetrated this their lamentable murther, as there are no earthly eyes to detect nor witneſs to give in evidence againſt them for the ſame: yet our good and gracious God, who is the true ſearcher of our hearts and reins, will to his glory and their confuſion bring this to light, by an accident worthy of our deepeſt conſideration, and of our moſt ſerious and religious obſervation: The manner whereof is thus.

This wretched Apothecary *Caſtruchio*, having received his other hundred Duckatons of *Borlary* (as we have formerly underſtood) for miniſtring this bloody buſineſs, and being (as we know) of a moſt vicious and debauched life, he had already in his riots and prodigalities ſpent and conſumed all his Eſtate: And now this three hundred Dukatons which he received of *Borlary* for performing this bloody buſineſs, makes him by many degrees far worſe than he was before; for (as by Gods ſacred and ſecret providence) it was impoſſible to proſper with him, ſo his prophane vices and ſins, and his beaſtly pleaſures and prodigalities made it conſume and melt away as Snow againſt the Sun, in ſuch ſort, that it ſeemed to him, that he was a thief to himſelf, and that one of his hands and pockets hourly couzened and betrayed the other; and although for a time he bore this his vicious courſe of life very cloſe and ſecret from the eye and knowledge of the world, whereby his credit far exceeded his Eſtate, ſo after the committing of this foul murther, both his eſtate, credit, and all went to wrack and ſpoyle; for he left nothing either unſpent or unpawned, and which is yet worſe, he fell into many arrerages and debts which at laſt grew ſo clamorous (eſpecially when his prodigall and beaſtly life of whoring

whoring, drunkenneſs and dicing, came to be divulged and ſpread to the world; that by three of his greateſt Creditors he is arreſted and clapt into Priſon, and his Shop ſeized on by them, which they find as empty of drugs, as his Maſters heart was of pitty, and his ſoul of piety; And as it is the nature (or rather the miſery) of Priſons, that where one man vertuouſly improves his life and actions there, a hundred do vitiouſly ruine themſelves, ſo *Caſtruchio* being one of this laſt number, he there waſteth and conſumeth all that he hath, or which he can poſſibly procure, and in a few weeks reduceth himſelf to ſo extream poverty and beggery, that he is clapt into the common Goal among the pooreſt ſort of Priſoners, who live by the alms and charity of well diſpoſed people, his cloaths being all tottered and torn, having no bed to lye on nor hardly bread to ſuffice nature, or to maintain life, being abandoned of all his friends and acquaintance, who will rather ſee him ſtarve and dye then relieve him: And yet in all theſe extremities, and at the very loweſt ebb of theſe his wants and miſeries, he will yet neither look down into his Conſcience, heart, and ſoul with ſorrow, nor up to Heaven or to God with repentance for all his foul ſins and vices, eſpecially not for this his cruell and lamentable poyſoning of *Planeze*, which are the true reaſons and the efficient cauſes of theſe his miſerable calamities and afflictions, yea his wants and miſeries are ſo great and infinite here in Priſon, that none whoſoever will come thither to ſee him, much leſs to pitty him, and leaſt of all to relieve him. Only *Dorilla* (a filthy old Baud of his) more out of importunacy to her, then of her courteſie or charity to him, although ſhe diſdain to go her ſelf into priſon to ſee *Caſtruchio*, yet ſhe is contented ſometimes to ſend him her Son *Bernardo*, a boy of ſome ſixteen years of age to go his errands, ſo his neceſſity making his invention pregnant and clear-ſighted, after he had tyred all his friends and acquaintance with Notes and Letters, which return ſtill empty ſifted, his memory at the laſt falls and pitcheth on *Borlary*, who (for the bloody reaſon formerly mentioned) he thinks the only fit man of the World to redreſs his wants, and to relieve his weather-beaten fortunes, and to him he often ſends *Bernardo* with many pitifull requeſts and intreaties for money, but to write to him he dares not.

Borlary conſidering that he hath far more cauſe and reaſon to love *Caſtruchio* than to hate him for that (by vertue of the premiſes) he ſees his own life to lye at the mercy of his tongue, althongh he rather wiſh him in Heaven then in Priſon, yet being extremely covetous, and yet holding himſelf both in conſcience and diſcretion bound to relieve him; he therefore ſends him ſome ſmall ſummes of mony, but no way enough to buy him Cloaths, or to maintain his former prodigalities, but rather hardly ſufficient to maintain life in him, much leſs to cheriſh or pamper him. And ſo often doth *Caſtruchio* ſend they boy *Bernardo* to *Borlary* for mony, that at laſt being weary thereof, and reſolute to part with no more money (God here makes his covetouſneſs partly the means to chaulk out away to his own confuſion) and is reſolved neither to ſpeak nor to ſee *Bernardo*, and to that effect gives order to his ſervants: When little *Bernardo* ſeeing that he wears out his time, and his ſhoos in vain to hunt after *Borlary*, whom he knows will not be ſpoken with by him, he tels *Caſtruchio* that he provide himſelf of another Meſſenger towards *Borlary*, for he will go no more to him, becauſe he ſees it is wholy impoſſible for him to ſpeak with him: and at this diſcourteſie of *Borlary*, *Caſtruchio* doth now bite his lip with diſcontent and hung his head for anger, and from henceforth he begins to aſſume bad bloud, and to conceive dangerous thoughts againſt him, but as yet the conſideration of his own ſafety or danger makes him patient and ſilent; But God will not have him to continue ſo long, for almoſt preſently we ſhall ſee his patience burſt forth into violence and impetuoſity, and his ſilence break out into extream choller and indignation againſt him.

His old Baud *Dorilla*, (as an expert Hag of her ſinfull profeſſion) as often as ſhe hears or knows, that *Caſtruchio* had any money from *Borlari*, ſo often ſhe would come to the Priſon to him, and ſpeedily carouſe and conſume it with him; but when by her Son *Bernardo* ſhe ſees his purſe ſhut, that fountain exhauſted, and that her boy could no more ſee *Borlary* but a wodden face, I mean his door ſhut then ſhe (reſembling her ſelf) again forſakes *Caſtruchio*, and will neither ſee him nor come near his Priſon, ſo that at laſt he not ſeeing *Bernardo* nor once hearing from *Borlary* in three weeks or well near a moneth together, and being ready to periſh, ſtarve and dye under the heavy burthen and preſſure of his wants, he earneſtly ſends for *Dorilla* to come to him, and cauſeth her to be informed, that if ſhe will come to him and deliver a letter to a friend of his, he will ſpeedily ſend him ſome ſtore of money, and then ſhe ſhall have a ſhare and part thereof, ſo when no other reſpect or conſideration will, then this of money again brings this old filthy Beldam *DORILLA* to the Priſon to *Caſtruchio*, who having provided her a Bottle of Wine, and five Gazettaes to drink by the way (thereby the more carefully to effect his buſineſs he exceedingly incenſed with choller and revenge againſt *BORLARY* for this ingratitude towards him,)

writes

writes him this angry Letter, and deeply chargeth *Dorilla* with ſpeed, care, and ſecreſie to deliver it into *Borlary* his own hands and to no other, which Letter of his ſpake this language.

CASTRUCHIO to BORLARY.

THou knoweſt that for three hundred Duckatons which thou gaveſt mee, I poyſoned Seignior Planeze *in a Vomit, and wilt thou now be ſo hard and cruel hearted againſt mee to ſuffer me to die in Priſon for want of ſo ſmall a ſumm as twenty Duckatons? I am made of the ſame fleſh and bloud as thou art, and although my fortunes be ſo low plunged, yet my heart is ſo high ſeated and elevated, that I give thee to underſtand I will rather conſent to be hanged then ſtarved. Wherefore becauſe my Tragedy will infallibly prove thine, if thou mean to prevent the one, and to ſecure thy ſelf from the other, fail not ſpeedily to ſend mee the ſaid twenty Duckatons by this bearer* Dorilla, *whom I have entruſted with my Letter faſt ſealed (and ſo maiſt thou with thine) but for the ſecret therein (which thou woteſt of) ſhe is wholly ignorant of it: In performing me this courteſie thou ſhalt not only tye my tongue and pen, but my heart and ſoul to ſilence, or elſe not. Amiddeſt thy wealth remember my poverty, which if thou forget, God hath reſerved mee to make thee know that thou doeſt not uſe, but abuſe it, and therein thy ſelf.*

CASTRUCHIO.

Dorilla receiving this Letter from *Caſtruchio*, ſhe puts it into her purſe and promiſeth him her beſt care and fidelity for the delivery thereof to *Seignior Borlary*, although ſhe conſeiveth that ſhe neither knew him nor his houſe: But ſee here the providence and mercy of God which clearly reſplends and ſhines in the deportment and action of this beaſtly old Bawd, for ſhe meeting with ſome of her Gamſters and Goſſips in the ſtreet (though contrary to the cuſtom of *Italy*) away they go to a Tavern, where they all ſwill their heads and brains with Wine, eſpecially *Dorilla*. So the day being farr ſpent, her buſineſs for *Caſtruchio* is ended ere begun; for ſhe forgetting her ſelf cannot remember his Letter, but as faſt as her reeling leggs will permit her, away ſhe ſpeeds towards her own houſe, which was ſome half a mile off in the City. But when ſhe was in the ſtreets and had a little taken the Aire, then ſhe calls *Caſtruchios* Letter to mind, and her promiſe to him to deliver it, but to whom (through her cups) ſhe hath quite forgotten; for ſhe cannot once hit on the name *Borlary*. But at laſt remembring the Letter to be in her Purſe, and ſhe by this time in the midſt of the Court takes it out in her hand, and ſeeing a fair, yet ſorrowfull young Lady to ſtand at the doore of her houſe all in Mourning Attire, and no body neer her, after ſhe had done her duty to her, ſhe reacheth her the Letter, and humbly requeſteth her to tell her the Gentlemans name to whom it was directed, when (God out of the Profundity of his Power and Immenſity of his pleaſure, having ſo ordained and ordered it, that this fair young Lady was our ſweet *Feliſanna*, (who for the death of her dear Husband *Planeze*, hath dighted her ſelf all in Mourning attire and Apparell, thereby the better to make it correſpond with her heart) who reading the ſuperſcription thereof, and finding it directed to *Seignior Borlary* (by ſome motion or inſpiration from Heaven) her heart could not refrain from ſending all the blood of her body into her face, when demanding of this woman from whom this Letter came; *Dorilla* (as drunken in her fidelity and innocency, as ſhe was guilty of her drunkenneſs) tells her, that the Letter came from an Apothecary who lay in Priſon, named *Caſtruchio*: At the very repetition of which name, our *Feliſanna* again bluſhed, and then paleth, as if God had ſome news to reveal her by this Letter, becauſe ſhe remembreth that this *Caſtruchio*, as we have formerly underſtood, was the very ſame Apothecary who gave her Husband *Planeze* Phyſick a little before his death; Whereupon ſhe praying *Dorilla* to come with her into her houſe, becauſe ſhe purpoſely aud politiquely affirmed ſhe could not read written hand her ſelf, but would pray her Father to do it; ſhe leaves her in the outer Hall, and her ſelf goes into the next room, where breaking up the Seals of this Letter, ſhe at the very firſt ſight and knowledge that her Husband was poyſoned, and by whom, and that God had now miraculouſly revealed it to her through the ignorance and drunkenneſs of this old woman, ſhe for meer grief and ſorrow, is ready to fall to the ground in a ſwound, had not her Father and ſome of his ſervants, who over-hearing her paſſionat out-cries, come ſpeedily to her aſſiſtance; which yet could not awak *Dorilla*, who had no ſooner ſate her ſelf down in a chair in the Hall, but being top heavy with Wine, ſhe preſently fell a ſleep. *Miniata* rouſing up his fainting and ſorrowfull Daughter

Daughter, brought her again to her ſelf; and ſeeing her in a bitter agony and paſſion of ſorrow, demands of her the cauſe thereof: when the briniſh tears trickling down her vermilion cheeks, ſhe croſſing her armes, and fixing her Eyes towards Heaven, had the will, but not the power to ſpeak a word to him, but reacheth him the Letter to read; *Miniata* peruſing it, is as much aſtoniſhed with grief, as his Daughter is afflicted with ſorrow at this poyſoning of her Husband and his Son in Law *Planeze*; ſo enquiring of her who brought her this Letter, ſhe after many ſighs and pauſes tells him, that it was the *Mercy* and Providence of the Lord, who ſent it her by a drunken woman, who was forth in the Hall: They both go to her, and finding her faſt ſleeping and ſnoring, *Miniata* pulls her by the ſleeve and wakes her, and then demands of her, before his Daughter and ſervants, where, and from whom ſhe had this Letter; who as drunken as thi Bawd is, ſhee is conſtant in her firſt ſpeech, and confeſſion to *Feliſanna*, that ſhe had it from *Caſtruchio* an Apothecary who lay in Priſon, but ſhe had forgotten to whom ſhe was to deliver it, and then prayes them both to deliver and give her back her Letter again. But *Miniata* ſeeing and knowing that it was the immediate finger of God which thus ſtrangely had revealed this murther of his Son in Law *Planeze*, he calls in two Gentlewomen his next Neighbours to comfort his Daughter *Feliſanna*, and ſo leaving *Dorilla* to the Guard of two of his ſervants, he (with two other Gentlemen his Neighbours) takes his Coach, and having *Caſtruchio's* Letter in his hand, he drives away to the State-houſe, where he finds out the Podeſtate and Prefect of the City, and ſhewing them the Letter which revealed the poyſoning and Poyſoners of *Planeze* his Son in Law, they (in honour to Juſtice, and out of their reſpect to the ſorrowfull Lady his Daughter) take their Coaches, and return with *Miniata* home to his houſe: Where they firſt examin *Feliſanna*, and then *Dorilla*, who is conſtant in her firſt depoſition. Whereat theſe grave and honourable Perſonages, wondring and admiring, that a Gentleman of *Borlary* his rank and quality, ſhould make himſelf the guilty and bloody Authour of ſo foul a Murther; they likewiſe (admiring and bleſſing Gods providence in the detection thereof) do preſently ſend away their Isbiers (or Serjeants) to apprehend *Borlary*; and ſo they go to their *Forum* (or ſeat of Juſtice) and ſpeedily ſend away for *Caſtruchio*, to be brought from the Priſon before them: Who at the very firſt news of their accuſation of him, and the producing of his Letter to *Borlary*, he curſeth the perſon and name of this old Bawd, *Dorilla*, who is the prime Author of his overthrow and death, and then confeſſeth himſelf to be the Actor, and *Seignior Borlary* to be the Authour, cauſe, and inſtigator of this his poyſoning of *Planeze*; but never puts his hand on his conſcience and ſoul, that the ſtrange detection of this lamentable murther came directly from Heaven, and from God.

The Serjeants (by order from the Podeſtate and Prefect) find *Borlary* in his own houſe, ruffling in a new rich ſute of Apparell, of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold buttons, which he that day put on, and the next was determined to ride to the City of *Bergamo*, to ſeek in marriage a very rich young Widdow, whoſe Husband lately died, drowning himſelf (as it were) in pleaſure and ſecurity, without ſo much as once thinking of his poyſoning of *Planeze*, or how he was revealed to be the Authour thereof by *Caſtruchio* his Letter, ſent unto him by *Dorilla*; He is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this his apprehenſion, now beating his breaſt, and then repenting (when it was too late) that ever he embrewed his hands in the innocent blood of *Planeze*. So both himſelf and *Caſtruchio* are brought to the State-houſe, where the Podeſtate and Prefect firſt examin them apart, and then confront them each with other. Where finding, that neither of them deny, but both of them to confeſs themſelves guilty of this foul Murther, they pronounce ſentence of death againſt them, and condemn *Borlary* to have his head cut off, and then his body to be burnt, and *Caſtruchio* to be hanged, and his body to be thrown into the River of *Addice*, whereon he was firſt taken, the which, the next morning, was accordingly executed. All *Verona* is, as it were, but one tongue to talk and prattle of this foul and lamentable murther, and eſpecially of Gods miraculous detection thereof by this drunken Bawd *Dorilla*, who having heretofore often brought *Caſtruchio* to whores willingly, now at laſt ſhe brings him to the Gallows againſt her will. The morning they are brought to their execution, where there flock and reſort a world of Spectators from all parts of the City. And although the charity of their Judges ſend them Prieſts and Friers to direct their ſouls for Heaven; yet this miſerable wretch, *Caſtruchio*, ſeeming no way repentant or ſorrowfull for this his foul fact, uttered a ſhort Prayer to himſelf, and ſo cauſed the top-man to turn him over, which he did, and within two hours after his body was thrown into the River. But for *Borlary*, he came to the Scaffold better reſolved and prepared; for with grief in his looks, and tears in his eyes, he therefore delivered this ſhort and religious ſpeech.

That

That he grieved in his heart, and was ſorrowfull in ſoul, for this lamentable murther of his, committed on the perſon of *Planeze*, as alſo for ſeducing of *Caſtruchio* to effect it by poyſon, for whoſe death he affirmed, he was likewiſe exceedingly afflicted and ſorrowfull; That it was the temptations of the fleſh and the Divell, who firſt drew him luſtfully to affect the fair, chaſt, and vertuous Lady, *Feliſanna*, and conſequently to murther her Husband, in full hope afterwards to obtain her for his wife, or for his Courteſan; That he was infinitly ſorrowfull for all theſe his enormous crimes, for the which he religiouſly asked forgiveneſs, firſt of God, and then of the Lady *Feliſanna*, and likewiſe prayed all thoſe who were there preſent, to pray unto God for his ſoul; that he was more carefull of his reputation towards men, than of his ſalvation towards God; and that his neglect of Prayer, and of the participation of the bleſſed Sacrament of the Euchariſt, was the originall cauſe of this his miſery. So again, commending himſelf to the prayers, and recommending his ſinfull, yet ſorrowfull ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, the Sword of the Executioner at one blow made a perpetuall divorce between his ſoul and his body, which pious and courteous ſpeech of his, was as great a conſolation to the vertuous, at his death; as that of *Caſtruchio* was a terrour to the vitious Spectators and Auditors; So to confirm the ſentence, the dead body of *Borlary* is preſently burnt.

And thus was the bloody lives and deſerved deaths of theſe three irreligious and unfortunate perſons: Of *Romeo* the Lacquie. Of *Borlary* the Gentleman; and of *Caſtruchio* the Apothery. And in this manner did the juſtice of the Lord of the Hoſts (in due time) juſtly triumph o're their execrable crimes in their ſharp puniſhments, and ſhamefull ende. Pray we that we may read this their Hiſtory with fear, and as religious and Godly Chriſtians, remember theſe their lamentable murthers with horrour and deteſtation.

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XIX.

Beaumarays *and his brother* Montagne *kill* Champigny *and* Marin (*his Second*) *in a Duel*; Blancheville (*the widdow of* Champigny) *in revenge thereof, hireth* Le Valley (*ſervant to* Beaumarays) *to murther his ſaid Maſter with a Piſtol, which he doth; for the which* Le Valley *is broken on the wheel, and* Blancheville *hanged for the ſame.*

LEt all Religious Chriſtians examine their hearts and ſouls, with what face we can tread on Earth, or look up to Heaven, when we ſtab at the Majeſty of God, in killing and murthering man, his Image, a bloody crime, ſo repugnant to nature, as reaſon abhors it, a ſcarlet and crying ſin ſo oppoſite to Grace; as God and his Angels deteſt it. And yet if ever *Europe* were ſtained or ſubmerged with it, now it is; for as a ſwift current, or rather as a furious torrent, it now flows, and overflows in moſt Kingdoms, Countries and Cities thereof, inſomuch as (in deſpight of divine and humane Laws) it is now (almoſt) generally grown to a wretched cuſtom, and that almoſt to a ſecond nature. A fatal example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will report and relate us. Wherein Gods Juſtice hath ſo ſharply and ſeverely puniſhed the perpetrators thereof, that if we either acknowledge God for our Father, or our ſelves for his children and ſervants, it will teach us to be leſs revengefull, and more charitable by their unfortunate ends, and deplorable judgement.

I will now relate a ſad and bloody Hiſtory, which betided in the fair City of *Chartres* (the Capitall of the fertill Country of *Beauſſe*) ſo famous for her ſumptuous Cathedral Church, dedicated to the bleſſed *Virgin Mary*, as alſo for that *Henry* the fourth (that great King, and unparalleld Captain of *France*) during the combuſtions of the League, was (deſpight of the League) crowned therein. In which fair and pleaſant City, as there ſtill dwel ſome Noblemen,

and many Gentlemen, in reſp. & of the ſweet air, and goodly Champaign Country thereabouts (ſecond for that to no other in *France.*) So of late years, there reſided two rich and brave young Gentlemen, well deſcended, being both of them heirs to their two deceaſed Fathers. The one of them named *Monſieur de Campigny*, and the other *Mounſieur de Beaumarays*, and their Demains and Lands lay within ſeven Leagues of this City, in the way towards *Vendoſme*. Now the better to ſee them in their true and natural Characters; They were both of them tall and ſlender, and of fair and ſanguine complexions, and very near of an age: For *Champigny* was twenty ſix years old, and *Beaumarays* twenty four, and yet the laſt had a beard, and the firſt none; and of the two, *Champigny* was by far the richer, but *Beaumarays* the Nobler deſcended. Now, to lay this Hiſtory upon its proper ſeat, and natural foundation, we muſt underſtand that there was a very rich Counſellour of the Preſidial Court of *Chartres*, named *Mounſieur de Roſaire*, whoſe wife being dead, left him no other child, but one fair young Daughter, of the age of ſome eighteen years, named *Madamoyſelle de Blancheville*, very tall and ſlender of ſtature, and of a wan and pale complexion, and a coal-black hair and eye-brows, and of deportment and geſture infinitely proud, coy, and imperious, to whom at one time both theſe our two Gentlemen, *Champigny* and *Beaumarays* were importunate Sutors, and paſſionate Rivals to marry her, inſomuch as the one of them could difficultly be abſent from the fathers houſe, and daughters company, but the other was preſent, which engendered ſome malice, but more emulation between them. But in the end (after a whole years re-ſearch and more) as the Willow was deſtined and reſerved for *Beaumarays*, ſo was the Laurel for *Champigny*; for, to his joy, *Blancheville's* deſire, and her Fathers content, he marries her. Whereat *Beaumarays*, knowing his birth to be more noble, and his breeding far more generous than that of *Champigny* (though not in outward ſhew, yet in inward ſenſe) was extremely diſcontented and ſorrowful, but to remedy it he could not.

In ſuch, and the like refuſing accidents, diſcretion is ever far better than paſſion, and contempt than care. But *Beaumarays* cannot, or at leaſt will not, be of this temper. He forſakes reaſon to flye to choller, and ſo loſeth his real and ſolid judgement, in the Labyrinth of her imaginary beauty. For being at ſupper in company of ſome five or ſix Gentlemen, where mention was made of *Blancheville*, he tranſported with malice and revenge towards her, forgat himſelf ſo far, as (between jeſt and earneſt) to let fall theſe indiſcreet and raſh words, *That ſhe was more diſdainful than chaſte*: a ſpeech which he ſhall have time enough both to remember and repent. The honour of Ladies and Gentlewomen ought ſtill to be dear and precious to all Gentlemen of Honour, becauſe their loſs thereof can ſeldom be repaired, but never ſo well or ſo fully recovered, but that there ſtill remains ſome ſtain or blemiſh thereof. This undeſerved ſcandal of *Beaumarays* to his *Quondam* Miſtris, *Blancheville*, falls not to the ground, for the iniquity of our times, and the depravation of our manners are ſuch, as there are few companies without a Fool or a Traitor to their friends, and ſome are accompanied with both. *Mounſieur Marin*, a Gentleman of *Chartres* (more vain than honeſt) will make himſelf one of this laſt number, for he being ambitiouſly deſirous to skrew himſelf into the favour and familiarity of *Blancheville* (whom from her infancy he affected and loved) reports and tels her this ſpeech of *Beaumarys*, whereat ſhe is exceedingly incenſed and exaſperated: But for that time (as a true woman) ſhe diſſembles her malice and revenge towards him, and ſo rakes up the memory thereof in the embers of ſilence; but yet with this condition and reſervation, that hereafter ſhe will take time to make it flame forth (towards him) with more violence and impetuoſity.

In the mean time, there falls out an unexpected and untimely difference between her Huſband and *Beaumarays*, whereat ſhe is ſo far from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth: *Beaumarays* quarrelleth with him for his priority and precedency of ſeats in the Church (as being both of one Pariſh) as alſo for that he takes the holy bread firſt, and goes before him in all Proceſſions, as pretending it due to him by his right of extraction and propriety. *Champigny* is of too high a grain to yeeld that to him which he never yeelded, and is therefore reſolute to juſtifie his equality of birth, and conſequently not to wrong his Anceſtours in himſelf. When ſeeing *Beaumarays* paſſionately bent to maintain and preſerve that which he had undertaken, he flies to Juſtice, and ſo preſently puts him in ſute of Law for the ſame in the Preſidial Court of that City. *Blancheville* (whoſe pride in her ſelf exceeded her birth, and whoſe malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays* at the leaſt ſurmounted her diſcretion and reaſon) brings no water to quench, but oyl to inflame this quarrel betwixt him and her Husband, when ſeeing them already entred into a deep proceſs of Law; ſhe diſdaining to ſee her ſelf thus abuſed, and her Husband thus wronged by him, can reap no truce of her thoughts, nor they any peace of her choler, before ſhe have written him theſe lines.

BLAN-

BLANCHEVILLE to BEAUMARAYS.

WAs it not enough for thee to have heretofore wronged mine honour in thy falſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches to Mounſieur Marin, *and others, but thou muſt now attempt to diſgrace my Husband in the Church? and becauſe theſe crimes of thine are ſo unjuſt and odious, as they deſerve acknowledgment and ſatisfaction from a far better Gentleman than thy ſelf; therefore I ſpeedily expect the performance thereof from thee, either by thy Letter or preſence, which if thou deny us, we will make thee know what it is, to abuſe thy ſelf and us, in points of theſe high natures, whereof the firſt cannot, the ſecond will not admit of any other excuſe or expiation. But to write thee now the truth of my minde; as thou haſt heretofore vented mee the malice of thy heart, I have not as yet acquainted my Husband herewith, or with this my Letter. Conſider therefore ſeriouſly with thy ſelf, what thou haſt to do herein, for the vindication of my honour, and thine own diſcretion, and as ſoon as I receive thine anſwer and reſolution, I will not fail ſpeedily to return thee mine.*

BLANCHEVILLE.

Having written this her Letter, ſhe is irreſolute with her ſelf, by whom to ſend it him, but at laſt ſhe ſends it by her Chamber-maid *Martha*, to whom only ſhe intruſteth this great ſecret, and chargeth her to deliver it to *Beaumarays* his own hands, and to crave his anſwer thereof. *Martha* being a witty fair maid, of ſome two and twenty years of age, goes to *Beaumarays* houſe, and ſpeaks with a young man of his, named *Le Valley*, who tells her, that his Maſter is now buſie with two Gentlemen in his Study, and that ſhe ſhall immediatly ſpeak with him as ſoon as they depart. In the interim, his eyes cannot refrain from amorouſly gazing and rangeing upon the excellency of her bluſhing beauty, and upon her ſweet Vermillion cheeks, great rolling eyes, and flaxen hair, wherewith his heart at the very firſt encounter, is ſurprized and raviſhed. Here *Le Valley* kiſſeth and rekiſſeth *Martha*; and entertains her with much prattle, and many pleaſant love ſpeeches, yea, then and there loves her ſo dearly, as he vowes ſhe ſhall remain his Miſtreſs, and he her ſervant till death. So ſome half an hour after the two Gentlemen take leave of his Maſter, and then *Le Valley* brings *Martha* to him, who orderly delivers him her Miſtreſſes Letter and meſſage, ſo he wondring at the laſt, receives the firſt, leaves her in the Hall with his man *Le Valley*, and ſo ſteps to his Study, and with much admiration, and more laughter, peruſeth this Letter. Here he accuſeth his own indiſcretion, in ſpeaking againſt *Blanchevilles* chaſtity, and exceedingly condemneth *Marins* treachery in revealing it to her. Once he was of opinion to have returned her his anſwer by Letter, but at laſt ſcorning her and that reſolution, he then contrarywiſe reſolves to anſwer her with ſilence, and ſo ſteps forth to *Martha*, and with a diſdainfull frowning look, bids her tell her Miſtreſs from him, that her malicious proud and fooliſh Letter ſhall have no other anſwer from him, but contempt and ſilence. *Martha* yet holds it her duty to pray him for his anſwer in writing to her Miſtreſs, but *Beaumarays* his firſt reſolution is his laſt, ſo ſhe departeth from him infinitely diſcontented. But the Maſter is not ſo unkind to *Martha*, as his man *Le Valley* is courteous; for he being deeply enamoured of her beauty, brings her the one half of her way home, and goes into a Mercers ſhop, buyes her a fair pair of Gloves; and as the pledge of his future affection, beſtowes them on her, the which (without farther excuſe or ceremony) ſhe thankfully accepteth, and promiſeth him to wear them for his ſake. *Martha* returning home to her Lady and Miſtreſs, ſhe delivers her *Beaumarays* his anſwer, *verbatim* as he told it her, but no Letter. *Blancheville* ſeeing her ſelf thus wronged and ſlighted of him, in that he diſdaineth to give her any ſatisfaction, and which is worſe, that he peremptorily refuſeth and ſcorneth to anſwer her Letter; She is ſo ſtrangly tranſported with malice and choller towards him for the ſame, as ſhe vows to cry quittance, and to be revenged of him; but as yet ſhe knows not in what manner to perform and perpetrate it; only ſhe again reſolves not as yet to acquaint her Husband therewith, but to attend and watch for ſome future deſired opportunity.

Two years are almoſt paſt away, wherein *Beaumarays* and *Champigny* (to their great coſt and charge) do vehemently conteſt in Law about their Church-quarrell for precedency, but they do it far more out of malice towards themſelves, then any way out of piety towards God. And as moſt of the great Judiciall Courts of *France* are too too frequently oppreſſed with Law ſutes of this nature; ſo I may affirm with as much truth as pity, that this is a fatall rock, whereon many hot contentious *French* ſpirits do moſt inconſideratly ſuffer ſhip-wrack. At the end of which time (as the loſs of one party proves ſtill the gain of the other) the Preſidiall Court of *Charters* pronounceth ſentence in favour of *Beaumarays*, adjudging him the prece-

dency in the Church, and condemning *Champigny* in five hundred Crowns charge and damage to *Beaumarays*. This thundering ſentence ſo prejudiciall and contrary to *Champigny* his proud wives hopes and expectation, drives him into extreme choller, and her out of all patience towards *Beaumarays*. He bites his lip with grief, and his wife inflamed with rage at the report and knowledge hereof, and although he were once minded to appeal from this ſentence of the Preſidiall Court of *Chartres*, to the Court of Parliament at *Paris*, yet being powerfully diverted by his beſt friends, he as ſoon abandoneth as embraceth, that reſolution: he cannot ſee *Beaumarays* but with envy, nor his wife hear ſpeak of him, but with infinite malice and deteſtation. She is all bent on revenge towards him, and with her ſpeeches and actions, both day and night, precipitates her Husband onwards to it. And now her old grudge and malice againſt him begins afreſh to revive and flouriſh, and now ſhe thinks it a very fit time and opportunity, to acquaint her Husband with *Beaumarays* his baſe and ſcandalous ſpeeches againſt her honour, the which with much paſſion, and many tears ſhe effects, and alſo ſhews him the Copy of her Letter, which ſhe ſent him by her maid *Martha*, whereunto ſhe informs him, he diſdainfully returned her no anſwer, but contempt and ſilence. *Champigny* is ſo deeply incenſed hereat againſt *Beaumarays*, as his wife needs not many words or circumſtances to induce and perſwade him to revenge it on him: when preſently he being as incapable of delay, as of better advice and counſell, he finds out *Marin*, who (more in love to *Blancheville* than in hatred to *Beaumarays*) confirms as much to him, as he would have him affirm. Now, as *Blancheville* thinks that her Husband *Champigny* will queſtion *Beaumarays* by the Law of Juſtice, for this his crime towards her: He (as a valiant and generous Gentleman) flies a higher pitch, and aſſumes a contrary reſolution, to do it by that of his ſword. When having prayed, and procured *Marin* to be his Second, and they both agreeing to fight on horſe-back, he (conſulting with nature, not with grace) the very next morning by *Seron* his foot-man, ſends *Beaumarays* this Challenge.

CHAMPIGNY to BEAUMARAYS.

AS thy knowledge is Judge, ſo Mounſieur Marin *is witneſs, what baſe and ignoble ſpeeches thou haſt falſly vomitted forth againſt the honour and chaſtity of my wife. And becauſe crimes of this nature are ſtill odious to men, and execrable to God, and no way to be tolerated by a friend, much leſs to be digeſted and ſuffered by a Husband: therefore thank thy ſelf, if (for reparation hereof) thy folly now call on thy valour, to invite thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine, with your Swords on horſeback, on Tueſday next, betwixt ſix and ſeven in the morning, without the North-hedge of the very firſt Vineyard beyond the River, where you ſhall find we will attend you, and comparing the equity of my cauſe, to the injuſtice and infidelity of thine, it makes me fully confident, that the iſſue of this Duell will prove glorious for me, and ſhamefull and ruinous for thy ſelf.*

CHAMPIGNY.

Seron (according to his charge and duty) findes out *Beaumarays* in his own houſe, and very ſecretly gives him his Maſters Letter; who much muſing thereat, ſteps to the window, and there privatly reads it to himſelf: When bluſhing and ſmiling to ſee the bold folly of *Champigny*, the fooliſh malice of his wife *Blancheville*, and the baſe treachery of *Marin* towards him, he is ſo couragious and generous, as he diſdains to be out-braved by any man whatſoever in the point of honour, (which he eſteems far dearer and precious than his life) eſpecially by *Champigny*, whom he holds to be as much his inferiour in valour as blood. He therefore trips to his ſtudy, and writes *Champigny* this Letter, the which he returns by his foot-man in anſwer of his.

BEAUMARAYS to CHAMPIGNY.

AS I will not make my ſelf Judge, ſo I deſire not to be witneſs either of thy wifes chaſtity or unchaſtity. It is ſufficient for me to leave her to her ſelf, and her ſelf to thee. Marin *ſhall have time enough to repent his treachery towards mee, and thou to exchange thy jealouſie into Judgement. But becauſe I ſee thy choller now exceeds all the bounds of reaſon, for that thou art ſo inconſiderately and raſhly audacious, to ſeek and preſerve thy wifes honour with the loſs and ruine of mine; know therefore, that to cheriſh and maintain it equally with my life, I cheerfully accept thy challenge, and do hereby give thee to underſtand, that I with my ſecond, will at the time and place appointed, meet thee and thine on horſeback, where we doubt not but to acquit our ſelves, as our ſelves, and to make thee and thine acknowledge, that our ſwords are compoſed of a good temper: and our hearts of*

a better, and conſequently, that you may, perchance, meet with your ſuperiours, as well in valour as in blood and extraction. BEAUMARAYS.

He hath no ſooner ended this his Letter, but he preſently begins to think of his ſecond, when calling to mind his own younger Brother *Le Montagne*, (a young Gentleman of ſome twenty years of age) is brave and valiant, and that he hath already fought two Duells, and in both of them came off with his honour, he ſends for him to his cloſet, and there ſhews him *Champigny* his challenge, and his anſwer thereunto, and demands of him if he have any ſtomack to ſecond him at this feaſt, his Brother *Montagne* highly applauds his generous reſolution for accepting this challenge, thanks him for the honour and favour he now doth him, in making him his ſecond, vows, that if he had many lives, as he hath but one, he is ready to ſacrifice them all at his feet and ſervice; and couragiouſly tells him, he ſhould have taken it for a ſenſible affront, diſgrace and injury, if he had made choyce of any other than himſelf: So they both prepare their horſes, Swords and courages againſt the approaching time, and no leſſe doth *Champigny* and *Marin*.

Beaumarays and his Brother *Montagne* conceal this buſineſs from all the world; and *Champigny* bears it ſo cloſe and ſecret, as he makes not his ambitious and malitious wife acquainted therewith, but in favour of his love to her beauty, and reputation to himſelf, ſmothers it up in ſilence. Tueſday morning being come, our four impatient champions are in the field at their Rendez-vous; firſt arrived *Champigny* and *Marin*, and preſently after them, *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, all of them being bravely mounted upon neighing and trampling coarſers: At their entrance, *Marin* comes with a ſoft trot toward *Beaumarays*, thinking to apologize himſelf to him; But *Beaumarays* is ſo brave and generous, as he is deaf to his ſpeeches, and will not hear him, but tells him, that it is Swords, not tongues, which muſt now decide their difference, and prove him innocent or guilty: So *Marin* miſſing of his aime, he returnes again upon the ſame trot to *Champigny*, and now, according to the order and nature of Duells, it is ordered between thoſe four deſperate Gentlemen, that their principalls ſhall ſearch the ſeconds, and the ſeconds the principalls, to ſee whether their doublets were any more than Sword proof, but they might well have ſaved themſelves that labour, for they are all of them too noble and valiant, any way to taint their reputations and honours with the leaſt ſhadow or tincture of cowardize; ſo they caſt of their Doublets, divide themſelves, and then draw, and the firſt that muſt, and will try their fortunes, are *Champigny* and *Beumarays* (who being ſome fourſcore paces off) they give ſpurs and reins to their horſes, and part as ſwift as the wind, or rather ſo furiouſly and ſuddenly, as two claps of thunder, or flaſhes of lightening: At their firſt encounter, *Beumarays* runs *Champigny* through his ſhirt-band, into the right ſide of his neck, and *Champigny* him into his left ſhoulder, whereat reciprocally inflamed as Lyons, they make ſhort turnes with their horſes, and ſo fall to it amaine with their Swords, when again *Beumarays* gives *Champigny* two other wounds, and he returnes him one in counterexchange, whereof neither of them being mortall, they again divide themſelves to breath, which having done, and both of them as yet unſatisfied, they met the ſecond time, at which cloze, *Champigny* miſſeth *Beumarays*, and hurts his horſe in the neck, but *Beumarays* gives *Champigny* a lick with his Sword ore his forehead, (which bled exceedingly, but yet they are too couragious to deſiſt, as ſcorning, rather than caring for the number of their wounds. They to it again the third time, which proves as fortunat for *Beumarays*, as fatall to *Champigny*; for as his horſe ſtumbleth on his fore-feet, *Beumarays* in his bending, runs him thorow the body, a little above his left Pap, where his Sword meeting and cutting the ſtrings of his heart, he preſently, in a fainting and faltering language, ſpake theſe his laſt words: *Beumarays, I forgive thee my death, and God be mercifull unto my Soul*, and with the ſame, fell ſtark dead from his horſe to the ground; When *Beumarays*, as a noble Gentleman, leapt preſently from his horſe to his aſſiſtance, and ſo did his own ſecond, *Marin*, but their charity and care to him was in vain, for already life had forſaken his body, and conſequently, his ſoul was fled to his place: So he lies there gored in his blood, and whiles *Marin* was covering of his breathleſs body with his Cloak, *Beumarays* ſheaths up his Sword, and with hands and eyes elevated to Heaven, rendreth thanks to God for this his victory.

No ſooner hath *Montagne* congratulated with his Brother *Beumarays* for his good fortune, but with a heart and courage worthy of him ſelf, he calls out to his Rivall *Marin*, and bids him prepare to fight; When his Brother *Beumarays* notwithſtanding his loſſe of much blood, doth infinitly deſire to ſpare his Brother *Montagne* from fighting with *Marin*, and ſo to perform it himſelf. But *Montagne* is too couragious and generous either to underſtand this motion, or to reliſh this language from his Brother, and ſo in hot words and high termes, he peremptorily tells him: *That he came to fight with* Marin, *and fight he would*; whereupon his

Brother *Beaumarays* gives him his prayers, commits him to his good fortune, and ſo with his Cloak muffled about him; ſits down a Spectator to their combat: When *Montagne* remounting remounting his Steed, he cals out again to *Marin* and bids him prepare to fight.

Marin no way appalled or daunted with the unfortunat diſaſter of his principall, but rather the more exaſperated and incouraged thereat, he as a valiant Gentleman vowes to ſell and requite his death dearly on the life of his adverſary *Montagne*: to which end they divide themſelves and draw, and ſo part each towards other, I know not whether with more ſwiftneſs or courage; At their firſt encounter *Marin* runs *Montagne* into the ſmall of the belly of a ſlight wound, and in exchange he cuts *Marin* a great flaſh on his left cheek, which hangs down and bleeds exceedingly; When preſently cloſing again, *Montagne* runs *Marin* into the right thigh, and he him in requitall into the right arme, and then they divide themſelves to take breath; and for all theſe their wounds being as yet incapable to appeaſe or ſatisfie their courages, they preſently determine again to fall to it with bravery and reſolution; When behold the Marquis of *Bellary* (the Titular King of *Ivetot*) with two Lords his Sons, and their train paſſeth that way from *Chartres* to go to *Paris*, and ſeeing two Gentlemen on Horſeback in their ſhirts with their Swords drawn, he judgeth it a Duell, when he and his two Sons gallop into the little Meddow joyning to the Vineyard to prevent and part them, but they came too late; for *Montagne* and *Marin* ſeeing them ſwiftly galloping towards them, they (to prevent them) with more haſt then good ſpeed, ſet Spurs to their horſes the ſooner, and at this their ſecond meeting *Montagne* warding *Marins* Sword and putting it by, doth at the very ſame Inſtant run him thorow the body a little below his Navell, of which mortall wound, he fell preſently from his Horſe dead to the ground, uttering only theſe words: *O* Montagne, *thou haſt ſlain me*: *Thou haſt ſlain me, God receive my Soul*: and then and there without ſpeaking a word more immediatly dyed.

No ſooner hath *Montagne* wiped and ſheathed up his Sword, but his joyfull Brother *Beaumarays* galops up to him, and cheerfully congratulates with him for the ſame: When inſtantly the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the two Lords his Sons, arrive to them, though a little too late; They are aſtoniſhed to ſee two proper Gentlemen lie there ſlain in the field, and reeking in their hot blood; when turning to *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, whom they knew, they congratulate with them for their victories, and the Marqueſs, as briefly as his time and their wounds will permit, enquires of them the cauſe of their quarrell, and the manner and particulars of their combat, whereof being fully informed and ſatisfied by them, he ſends the dead bodies of *Champigny* and *Marin* to *Chartres* in his Coach; And underſtanding by *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne*, that for the preſervation of their ſafeties and lives, they were reſolved to leave *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*, and ſo thwarting ore *Normandy* by *Evereux* and *Leſieux*, to embark themſelves for *Caen*, and thence to paſs the Seas into *England*, till their friends in their abſence had procured their grace and pardons from the King, as alſo that they were deſtitute both of Chirurgions to dreſs their wounds, and of a guid to conduct them thither; Hee very nobly gave them his own Chirurgion and guid, and promiſing them likewiſe, to labour with the King to the utmoſt of his power, for their peace, he paſſeth on his Journey, and commits them to the beſt fortune. A ſingular, yea, an honourable courteſie of this brave old Marqueſs of *Bellary*, whoſe deſerts and fame I ſhould much wrong, if I gave not the relation and memory of his name a place in this Hiſtory.

Whiles thus the Marqueſs of *Bellary* is travelling towards *Paris* and *Beaumarays* and his brother *Montagne* poſting for *Caen*, come we briefly to *Chartres*, which now reſounds and rattles with the report and iſſue of this combate, where Gentlemen and Citizens, and all (according to their paſſions and affections) ſpeak differently thereof; ſome condemn the vanity of *Beaumarays*, others the folly & treachery of *Marin*, but all do highly extoll the courage and generoſity of *Champigny* and *Montagne*. But leave we them to their cenſures, and come we again to ſpeak of *Blancheville*, who takes the news of this untimely death of her Husband ſo tenderly and ſorrowfully, that ſhe is ready to drown her ſelf in tears; It is not only a grief to her heart to ſee, but a terror to her conſcience, to know, that her Husband *Champigny*, and her friend *Marin*, have both of them loſt their lives for her ſake, and when again ſhe falls on the conſideration and remembrance, that the firſt dyed by the hand and ſword of *Beaumarays*, her mortall enemie, and the ſecond by that of his Brother *Montagne*, then ſhe is again ready to burſt her heart and breaſt with ſighing thereat. She is ſo uncapable of Conniell, as ſhe will hear of no conſolation, nor ſpeak of any thing but of her malice and revenge towards *Beaumarays*, and to write the truth, this implacable wrath and revenge of hers to him, takes up all her thoughts and ſpeeches, her contemplations and actions, and both her time and her ſelf. To which end ſhe converts moſt of her Corn and Wine into money, goes to *Paris*, caſts her ſelf at the Kings feet, and to the feet of that great and illuſtrious Court of *Parliament* for Juſtice,

againſt

ſainſt *Beaumarays*, the murtherer of her Husband, the which again and again, ſhe aloud re-unds and ecchoes forth to their ears, yea, her rage is ſo great, and her malice ſo outragious wards him, that notwithſtanding his body is abſent, yet ſhe ſpends five hundred Crowns w to have him according to the Law and Cuſtome of *France* to be hanged up in *effigie*: although her ſuit be juſt, yet (by reaſon of his great friends in Court) ſhe ſees her ſelf ſo unfortunate, that ſhe cannot obtaine it. Whereupon, after twelve moneths vain ſtay in *Paris*, and a profuſe expence of money, ſhe (with much grief and ſorrow) ſecretly vowes to her ſelf, that if ever, he return again to *Chartres*, or which is more, into *France*, that ſhe her ſelf will be both his Judge and Executiouer, by revenging her Husbands death in his, and from this helliſh reſolution of hers, ſhe deeply ſwears, that neither Earth nor Heaven ſhall divert her.

Now, to follow the naturall ſtream and tide of this Hiſtory; Wee muſt again bring *Beaumarays* and his Brother *Montagne* on the Stage thereof: For the Reader muſt underſtand, that their wounds being dreſſed and ſecured, having beſtowed both their horſes on the Chirurgion and guid, the two ſervants of the aforeſaid Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe written him a thankfull Letter for his honourable courteſie extended to them, and therewith likewiſe prayed him to ſolicite the King for their Grace and pardon in their abſence, they privatly (without any followers) embarque themſelves upon an Engliſh veſſell at *Caen*, and ſo with a proſperous gale; arrive at *Rie*, and from thence take horſe for *London*, where they ſettle up their aboad and reſidence, from whence *Beaumarays* ſends to *Chartres* for two of his foot-men, and his Brother *Montagne* for one of his, which come over to *London* to them ſome ſix weeks after, and brings their Maſters word, how earneſtly and violently their adverſaries follow the rigour and ſeverity of the Law againſt them in *Paris*, but eſpecially againſt *Beaumarays*; they receive theſe advertiſements, from their ſervants and friends, rather with grief than contempt, and therefore to prevent their malice, and their own diſgrace and danger, they often write from *London* to *Paris*, to the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and likewiſe to the Biſhop of *Chartres* (their dear friend and Kinſman) to haſten their pardons from the King: So that Noble Lord, and this reverend Prelate, pitying their danger and abſence as much as they wiſh their ſafty and returne, take time at advantage, and the King in a well diſpoſed humour, and ſo do moſt effectually and powerfully acquaint his Majeſty, how theſe two abſent Gentlemen and Brothers, *Beaumarays* and *Montagne*, were without juſt cauſe or reaſon, provoked to this unfortunate combat by their adverſaries; that they were the Challenged, not the Challengers; that heretofore they had never committed any act unworthy either of their honour, or of themſelves: That for their vertues and generoſity, they were beloved of all their Countrey and acquaintance: That they had formerly received many wounds in his Majeſties Warrs; and that their valour and courage was ſuch, that in theſe times, which threatned more troubles than promiſed peace, they would undoubtedly prove happy and neceſſary members for his ſervice, with many other prevailing motives and reaſons conducing that way; which at laſt ſo weigh down the heart and mind of the King, that he freely conceded and gave them their pardons under his great Seal, the which to make the more authenticall, they cauſed them to be enregiſtred and confirmed by the Court of Parliament of *Paris*, and thereupon both the Marqueſs and Biſhop joyntly and ſpeedily writ to them thereof from *Paris*. And after ſome few moneths of their ſtay in *London*, they ſend them over theſe their Pardons, which are delivered to them by the Earl of *Tillieres*, then ordinary Ambaſſadour there for this preſent French King, *Lewis xiii.* the which they receive with infinit honour, content, and joy.

This good news of theirs makes them now like the ayre of *France*, better than that of *England*. So they ſpeedily pack up their baggage, leave *London*, and with all celerity poaſt away to *Dover*, *Callais*, and *Paris*. Where being arrived, the firſt thing they do, they find out the Marqueſs of *Bellary*, and the Biſhop of *Chartres*, to whom they owe their peace, as they do their lives to the King: to whom they expreſs a thouſand demonſtrations of thankfullneſs for this their honour and favour ſhewed them. They likewiſe burn with deſire to teſtifie ſo much to the King, when the Marquis, ſeconded by the Biſhop, preſents them to his Majeſty, who falling to his feet, he gives them his Royall hand to kiſs. They can better expreſs their thankfulneſs in deeds than words to him, and in language of their ſwords, than in that of their tongues: Only they tell his Majeſty, that having received their lives of his meer clemencie and Royall favour, they moſt humbly therefore implore him to grant them the favour and honour, that they may ſpend and end them in this ſervice. He allows of their zeal and humility, and to redouble his favour, he gives them again his hand to kiſs, adding farther to them, that it is rather likely than impoſſible, that he ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to uſe their Swords and ſervice, and ſo diſmiſſeth them.

Theſe our two Brothers remain a moneth in *Paris*, wherein almoſt daily they tender their thankfull

thankfull reſpects and ſervice to the Marquis and Biſhop, at the end whereof leaving their dut and receiving their commands, they take horſe and return home for *Chartres*, (from which reaſon of their diſaſter they have been ſo long abſent) where all their Kinsfolks and friends v come them home with infinite delight and joy, yea, almoſt all *Chartres* and the Gent thereabouts, exceedingly rejoyce of their fortunate and ſafe returns. Only the Parents of M do envie *Montagne* deeply, and *Blancheville*, the ſorrowfull and incenſed Widow of *Champigny*, hat:s *Beumarays* deadly. As for *Montagne*, he makes ſuch good means and friends, that in leſs then two moneths he obtains a perfect reconciliation of the firſt; but although *Beumarays* have made many fair overtures and proffers of attonement by his friends to the ſecond, yet in ſix moneths he ſees it is wholly impoſſible for him to procure it of her, and which is worſe, ſhe is ſtill outragious and revengfull towards him, that he thinks he never ſhall; for ſhe diſdains to ſee him, and ſcorns to heare of him: and ſtill her malice and indignation againſt him, makes her conſtant in her former helliſh and bloudy reſolution, that by one means or other ſhe will ere long murther him, as he hath her Husband: A fearfull and moſt execrable reſolution, every way unworthy the heart of a Gentlewoman, and far more the ſoul of a Chriſtian.

In the former part of this Hiſtory we have underſtood the affection of *Le Valley* (*Beumarays* his man) to *Martha Blanchevilles* Chamber-maid. In the middle thereof we have remarked and ſeen the implacable intended malice and revenge of *Blancheville* towards *Beaumarays*. And we ſhall not go far before the end hereof will enform us what mournfull fruits, and deplorable effects, theſe different accidents and perſons will procure us.

As there is no love to that of a man, ſo I am of opinion, that there is no malice comparable to that of a woman, and if the truth deceive not my judgment herein, I believe we ſhall ſhortly ſee the Antitheſis of this poſition made good and verified in the perſons of *Le Valley*, and *Blancheville*. For whiles *Le Valley* is lovingly thinking and inventing all poſſible means how he may marry *Martha*; ſo is *Blancheville* maliciouſly pondering and ruminating with her ſelf how or by what means or agents ſhe may murther *Beaumarays*. Thus we ſee that the heart of the firſt it is full of kindneſs and courteſie, as the mind and reſolutions of the ſecond is of cruelty and bloud. Now the Reader for his better information; will I hope remember, that in all this time of two years and upwards, ſince *Le Valley* firſt ſaw and ſpake with his ſweet heart *Martha*, in his Maſters houſe, that there hath paſt many love tokens between them, but as yet he could never draw her conſent to marry him; for ſtill ſhe tels him that ſhe loves her Miſtreſs ſo dearly, that ſhe will not depart from her ſervice, nor wed any man, without her free conſent, and therefore that they have far more reaſon to doubt than to hope of this match between them, conſidering the lamentable accident and diſaſter which hath paſt between their Maſters. *Le Valley* ſeeing he muſt firſt win the Miſtreſs, before he can wed the maid, with his ſweet hearts adviſe, reſolves to ſeek *Blanchevilles* conſent thereto, the which he doth in fair and orderly tearms. *Blancheville* who had formerly heard an inkling how dearly *Le Valley* affected her maid *Martha* in the way of morriage, now by this motion thereof to her ſelf, ſhe is fuly confirmed thereof. When obſerving more paſſion than judgment, as well in his affection to her maid, as in his ſpeeches to her ſelf, ſhe preſently (being induſtrious in her malice, and vigilant in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) forgets God and all goodneſs, abandoneth all Chriſtianity and humanity, and ſo the Devill brings her a plot, or elſe her own heart and head fetcht it from hell: She thinks that this poor ſervant *Le Valley*, is a fit agent and inſtrument for her, either to poyſon or Piſtoll his Maſter *Beaumarays* to death, and that his love to her maid *Martha*, and his conſideration of her freſh youth and beauty, is a ſufficient bait, and powerfull lure to make him undertake and perform it, and hereon ſhe ſettles up her bloody reſolution. To which end *Blancheville* having already ſufficiently woven this treachery in her heart, and cloſely and finely ſpun it in her brains, ſhe politickly gives *Le Valley* more hope than deſpair, that he ſhall ſhortly marry her maid *Martha*; only ſhe tels him ſhe muſt firſt confer with her, to ſee how ſhe ſtands affected to him, and that if he repair to her again at the end of the week, ſhe will then aſſuredly give him ſuch an anſwer, as ſhe doubts not but will content and pleaſe him, or elſe the fault ſhall be his: But to conclude her ſpeech, ſhe chargeth him not to ſpeak or utter a word hereof to his Maſter *Beaumarays*, all which *Le Valley* faithfully promiſeth her to performe. He goes from the Miſtreſs to the maid, and reports what ſhe hath told and ſpoken, ſo theſe young folks flatter themſelves, that they very ſhortly ſhall be man and wife. *Blancheville* (whoſe heart and mind runs wholly upon a bloudy revenge towards *Beaumarays*) no ſooner underſtands that *Le Valley* is gone forth her doores, but ſhe ſends for her maid *Martha* into her Chamber, where no way acquainting her with her bloudy intent & policie) ſhe chargeth her to ſwear that ſhe wil never mary *Le Valley* without her free conſent, and that in the end ſhe ſhall not repent the following of her adviſe and counſell herein, which *Martha* ſolemnly doth, whereof this malicious and vindictive Dame is exceedingly glad and ſatisfied.

The

The end of the week being come, away comes *Le Valley* to his ſweet heart *Martha*, to know ſhe be ſhortly reſolved to marry him, who having been perfectly taught her leſſon, tells him plainly, that ſhe will be his wife, conditionally that he can gain her Miſtreſs *Blanchevilles* conſent thereunto, but never without it. Whereof he being exceedingly joyfull, he giving her many kiſſes, intreats her to bring him to her Miſtreſs, and that he hopes to receive pleaſing news from her, to both their contents. *Blancheville* (with much longing impatiency) attends his comming, and receives and welcoms him into her Cloſet with a cheerfull countenance, where bolting the door, this helliſh *Erynnis* (not Heavenly *Urania*) paſſionatly tels him, that it ſhall be impoſſible for him ever to enjoy or marry her maid *Martha*, except he firſt ſwear to her to perform a ſecret buſineſs for her, which infinitly concerns her content and ſervice. *Le Valley* deſires to know of her what it is, but ſhe firſt ſwears him to ſecrecie herein, both from *Martha*, and from all the world, the which he freely ſwears: When *Blancheville* (with hypocriticall, yea, with diabolicall tears in her eyes) being inſtructed and prompted by the Devill, repreſenteth unto him, how fouly his Maſter *Beaumarays* had firſt wronged her chaſtity and honour; then abuſed her Husband in the Church, and afterwards killed him in the field, and therefore that he ſhould not only marry her maid *Martha* but that ſhe would likewiſe give him three Hundred Crowns of marriage money with her, (if for her ſake, and at her requeſt) he would kill his ſaid Maſter, either by Poyſon, Ponyard, or Piſtoll, of which ſumm ſhe told him he ſhould have the one half in hand, and the other when he had performed it, the which if he refuſed to do, ſhe ſwore by her part of Heaven, that he ſhould never marry her, nor come near her.

Le Valley is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloudy propoſition and requeſt of hers, the which ſhe might well perceive by the diſtraction of his looks, and the perturbation of his countenance. He tells her, that although he loves *Martha* far dearer than his life, yet he cannot find in his heart to kill the pooreſt Chriſtian in the world, much leſs ſo good and ſo dear a Maſter as *Beaumarays* was to him. *Blancheville* (being now as ſubtill in her malice, as ſhe was malicious in her revenge towards *Beaumarays*) ſhews *Le Valley* the three hundred crowns in fair Gold, which was farr more than ever before he had ſeen; Tels him what a dear friend ſhe will ever remain to him and his wife, and (in a word) leaves no lure unpractiſed, nor charm unattempted, to draw him to the enterprize of this deplorable, and to the execution of this helliſh fact. But finding him as frozen as ſhe was fiery therein, ſhe bids him to take a weeks time to conſider thereof, then to bring her his laſt reſolution, and withall to remember his oath of ſecrecie herein from all the world, both which points he conſtantly promiſeth her to performe. As he deſcends the ſtairs from her, his ſweet heart *Martha* comes preſently to him to know the mind and reſolution of her Miſtreſs, whom he thinks good then to ſatisfie with this pleaſing anſwer that he hopes a ſmall time will work and compaſs both their deſires. So after a few kiſſes and embraces, they for that time take leave each of other. He is no ſooner returned home, but his heart is as penſive and ſorrowfull, as his mind and brain is perplexed and troubled for the cauſe thereof. He conſults with himſelf, and his reſolutions are as different as his deſires. He cannot as yet find in his heart to kill his Maſter, and yet he can reſolve rather to dye than to loſe *Martha* his Miſtreſs. True it is, that the ſight of the Lady *Blanchevilles* Gold doth act wonders in his heart, but far more the ſight and remembrance of *Marthas* ſweet youth and delitious beauty: So the firſt tempts him exceedingly, the ſecond extreamly, and the Devill in both of them infinitely; yet notwithſtanding, his faith and ſoul are ſo ſtrong with God, that hitherto he cannot conſent or be drawn to imbrue, his hands in the innocent bloud of his Maſter. But here befals and unexpected accident which violently precipitates and throws him headlong on the contrary reſolution.

His Maſter *Beaumarays* (not for want of any reſpect or love to *Blancheville*, but becauſe he perfectly knew ſhe extreamly hated him) having formerly charged his man *Le Valley* that he ſhould not frequent her houſe, nor no more dare to ſeek her maid *Martha* in marriage, the which he confidently promiſed him he would. He now underſtands that contrary thereunto, his man *Le Valley* the very day before was there, and continued ſtill an earneſt ſutor to her; ſo he hereupon calls him to him, and gives him five or ſix ſound boxes on the Ear, for his diſobeying him, and vows that if he ever any more return thither, and ſeek *Martha* in marriage, he would utterly caſhier him, and wholly diſcharge him from his ſervice. *Le Valley* not accuſtomed to receive blows of his Maſter, was ſo extreamly incenſed hereat, as diſdaining the blows for his Maſter, and his Maſter for the blows ſake, they engender ſuch bad bloud in him, as he preſently ſtriks a bargain, firſt with his choller, then with the Devill, that he would now adhere to the requeſt of *Blancheville*, and ſo ſpeedily return his Maſter a ſharp requitall and bloudy revenge for the ſame; and indeed from that time forwards he never looked on him but with an eye of hatred and deteſtation.

So

So without farther delay, the ſame night as ſoon as his Maſter was gone to bed, he trips away to *Blancheville's* houſe, informes her at large what had paſt betwixt his Maſter and himſelf, and therefore aſſures her that he is fully and conſtantly reſolved to murther him within three or four dayes, if ſhe would perform her promiſe to him, to give him the three hundred Crowns, and that alſo within a moneth after he ſhall marry *Martha*, whereat *Blancheville* being beyond meaſure joyfull, ſhe faithfully and ſolemnly ſwears him the performance thereof, when (as a pledge of the reſt) ſhe preſently payes him down the firſt hundred and fifty in Gold, the which *Le Valley* joyfully purſeth up. But the Receipt thereof ſhall coſt him dear.

From the intended matter of the murther of *Beaumarays*, theſe two agents of Satan and Hell, *Blancheville* and *Le Valley*, proceed to the manner thereof, ſhe propoſeth that infernall drug, poyſon, but he rejecteth it, as dangerous to be bought, and difficult to be applied. And becauſe ſhe diſlikes to have him ponyarded, therefore they both conclude and agree, that he ſhall piſtoll him to death, and this is their definitive, cruell, and helliſh reſolution. *Le Valley* having thus diſpatcht his buſineſs with *Blancheville*, and taken leave with kiſſes of his ſweet *Martha*, (who poor ſoul is as innocent, as they two are wholly and ſolely guilty of this deplorable conſpiration) he puts a cheerfull countenance on his revengefull heart, ſo returnes home, and the very next day gets his Maſters pocket Piſtoll, which he loads with a brace of Bullets, and waccheth every day and hour for a deſired opportunity to ſend him to Heaven. So the third after Monſieur *Montagne* going abroad a hawking with his Brothers Hawks and Spannels, and taking almoſt all his men ſervants with him, and leaving *Le Valley* to wait and attend on his Maſter, then and there this fatall occaſion anſwered his prodigious expectation. For that very Fore-noon, his Maſter *Beaumarays* comming from the houſe of Office, he calls up *Le Valley* to him in his Chamber to truſs his points, which wretched Villain he is buſie in performing, but alas, in moſt barbarous and bloudy manner: For as that good and Noble Gentleman thought of nothing leſs than of his danger or death, then this monſter of nature fingering his hind points with his left hand, very ſoftly drew his Piſtol out off his pocket with his right, and then and there (with an infernall courage and audacity) ſhot him into the Reyns of his back, nearly oppoſite to his heart, whereof he preſently fell down dead to the ground, without having either the power or happineſs to utter one prayer or word whatſoever, but only two or three ſmall fainting, or indeed dying groans.

This bloudy and execrable wretch *Le Valley*, ſeeing his Maſter dead, he triumphs in his good fortune, to ſee what a brave Butcher he had proved himſelf in ſo ſpeedily and neatly diſpatching him. When to put the better varniſh on his villany, and ſo to make it appear to the World, that his Maſter was his own murtherer, he taketh the Piſtoll and placeth it in his dead right hand, & layes the Key of the Chamber upon the Table, and the door having a ſtrong Spring-lock, pulls and ſhuts it faſt after him. When again, to make his innocency the more clear and conſpicuous to the World, he ſpeedily and ſecretly taking a horſe out of the Stable, a Hawk on his fiſt, and a Spanniell at his heels, and ſo very joyfully gallops away to the fields, where (after ſome hour at leaſt, or hour and half at moſt) he finds out Monſieur *Montagne*, and tells him his Maſter diſpatcht him to him with a freſh Hawk, which was his beſt and chiefeſt Gaſhawk. They Hawk all day together, and *LE VALLET* (as accuſtomed) is very officious and diligent to Monſieur *MONTAGNE*, who towards night returns home to *Chartres*, having (between them all) taken eight Partridges and one Pheſant. He arrives at his Brothers houſe, where miſſing him, he gives the Pheſant and four of the Partridges to the Cook to dreſs for their Supper; when afterwards again miſſing his Brother *Beaumarays*, and enquiring for him, the meniall ſervants of the out-houſes tell him they ſaw him not to day. Supper being preparing, and the Table covered, he ſends up *Le Valley* to look him in his Chamber, who returns him this anſwer, that his Maſter is not there, but the door is ſhut: *Montague* marvelleth at his Brothers long (and unaccuſtomed) abſence, and ſo do all his ſervants. They find his Cloak, Rapier and Belt, hanging up at a pin in the Hall, and therefore deeming him not far, but at ſome neighbours houſe, he ſends *Le Valley* one way, and the reſt of the ſervants to other places to find him out; but whiles they ſeek after him, *Le Valley* (favoured by the night) trips away ſpeedily to the Lady *Blanchevilles* houſe, and there moſt briefly and ſecretly acquaints her how bravely he hath diſpatched his Maſter that forenoon, ſhe cannot contain her ſelf for joy of this ſweet news, nor expreſs it to him in leſs than a kiſs, he ſaies he will tell her the reſt to morrow night, and then come and receive the remainder of her promiſe to him, the which ſhe again and again ſwears to him, ſhe will perform it with a ſurpluſage and advantage, ſo he kiſſeth his ſweet heart *MARTHA*,

and

and again diſpeeds himſelf home: Where he and the reſt of the ſervants who were ſent into the ſtreets, return *Montagne* no news of their Maſter his Brother: Supper being more than fully ready, his long miſſing of him, doth at laſt bring him much doubt, and ſome ſuſpition and fear of his welfare. It runs ſtill in his mind, that he may be yet aſleep in his Chamber; wherefore aſcends thither with *Le Valley*, and others of his ſervants, who call aloud, and bounce amain at the door, but they hear no anſwer nor ſpeech of him, the which doth the more augment his doubt, and redouble his fear of his Brother: At laſt he commands them to force and break open the door, but it being exceeding thick and ſtrong, they cannot. *Montagnes* tender care of his Brother, doth by this time infinitely increaſe his fear of him, which at laſt ſo powerfully ſurpriſeth him, that he preſently commands a Ladder to be erected to his Brothers Chamber window towards the Garden, and ſends up one of his Lacquies with a Torch to look into the Chamber, the Lacquie foreeth open the Caſement, and then thruſt in his Torch firſt, and his head after, which he ſpeedily withdrawing very paſſionatly cryeth out: That his Maſter hath murthered himſelf with his Piſtoll, and lies there dead all goared in his blood. *Montagne* at this lamentable news, tears his hair, weeps, and cries out amain for ſorrow thereof, and ſo do all his ſervants. Among whom *Le Valley* is obſerved to be one of the moſt, who weeps, and cryes mightyly thereat. *Montagne* being almoſt as dead with grief and ſorrow hereat, as his Brother *Beaumarays* was with his wound; he bids the Lacquie to tear down the Caſement, and to enter and unlock the door, which he doth: So he with *Le Valley*, and the reſt of the ſervants, aſcend and enter the Chamber, where (to their unexpreſſible grief and ſorrow) they ſee this mournfull and murthered perſonage, with the diſcharged Piſtoll faſt in his hand, and the key of the Chamber door on the Table, as hath been already expreſſed. Once *Montagne* thought that his Brother might be robbed and killed by Thieves, but ſeeing all his Trunks faſt locked, and then opening his Study door, and finding all his Gold, Silver and Jewells there in good order, he abandons that ſuſpition and Jealouſie, and then both he and they all believe, that he hath abſolutely murthered himſelf. The report of this Tragicall and ſorrowfull accident ſounds loud through the ſtreets of *Chartres*, *Montagne* ſends for the Kings Atourney, and the Fiſcal to ſee, & for Chirurgions to viſit his dead Brothers body, they all concurr and agree in opinion with *Montagne* and his ſervants, and ſo generally affirm and conclude; That *Beaumarays* hath (with his little Piſtoll) ſhot himſelf into the back with a brace of Bullets, whereof he died, which is ſweet muſick and melody to *Le Valley*, but his wormwood and gall comes after. And now *Montagne* with all requiſit order, ſtate and decency, ſolemnizeth his Brothers Funerals, and not only all *Chartres*, but all *Beauſſe*, and all Gentlemen who knew him, yea, the Biſhop of *Chartres*, the Marquis of *Bellary*, and the the King himſelf much lamented and bewailed the unfortunate loſs of this noble and valiant Gentleman.

The grief and ſorrow of *Montagne* for his Brothers untimely death, is the joy and felicity of *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*; for as he triumphs, ſo for her part, ſhe is ſo extreamly delighted and raviſhed with this ſweet news, as at their next meeting (which is the very next night) ſhe gives him his hundred and fifty Crowns, and becauſe he hath diſpatched his Maſter *Beaumarays* ſo ſpeedily and ſecretly, ſhe therefore takes a Diamond Ring off her finger (worth one hundred crowns) and likewiſe gives it him: When to make good her oath and promiſe to him (as alſo to make his pretended joy compleat) the very ſame day moneth after, marrieth him to her maid *Martha*. But marriages that are founded and cymented with innocent blood, never have proſperous ends. Now is *Blancheville* proud in her revenge for the death of her mortall enemy *Beaumarays*, and now likewiſe is *Le Valley* (in his conceit and mind) rapt up into the third Heaven of joy, in injoying his fair and ſweet wife *Martha*, and neither of them hath the conſcience to think of, or the grace to repent this foul and bloody fact of theirs; Which, (when they leaſt dream thereof) we ſhall ſee God in his ſacred mercy in Juſtice, will ſpeedily detect, revenge and puniſh, as the ſequell thereof will declare and inform us.

As the matter and manner of the detection of this lamentable murther of *Beaumarays* proceeded primarily from God, ſo it did ſecondly from his ſorrowfull Brother *Montagne*, who wanting all other witneſſes and evidence (and wholly guided by ſacred power, and ſwayed by divine influence) was led to it by four remarkable circumſtances and conſiderations, every way worthy of our knowledge and retention. The firſt was his finding and peruſing of *Blanchevilles* Letter to his Brother *Beaumarays* (which formerly we have ſeen) wherein he obſerved a wonderfull deal of inveterat malice towards him from her: The ſecond was *Le Valleys* ſudden marrying of her Chamber-maid *Martha*, by the which he conceived, that that ſuſpition ſtrongly reflected on her, and this on him: The third was from the ſight of the Diamond Ring which *Le Valley* wore on his finger (being the ſame which we have formerly ſeen *Blanche-*

ville

ville to give him) for *Montagne* believing that he had ſtollen it from his dead Brother, his Maſter, he challenged him for it by order of Law, when *Le Valley* to clear himſelf of the pretended theft, was enforced to enform both him and the Judges, that it was given him in marriage with his wife, by the Lady *Blancheville* her Miſtreſs, the which confeſſion of his, indeed added much ſuſpition and jealouſie of them both to the heart and minde of *Montagne*, believing that it muſt be ſome extraordinary tye and ſervice, which ſhould make *Le Valley* capable to deſerve ſo great a bounty and reward of her. But the fourth and laſt conſideration was far more powerfull and prevallent with him, than all the three former, to ground his ſuſpicion againſt *Le Valley* for thus murthering of his Brother, and wherein the Reader may deſervedly admire and wonder at the celeſtiall providence and juſtice of God, which moſt miraculouſly and divinely appears herein; for the ſame day two moneths after the murther of *Beaumarays*, and the ſame day moneth that LE VALLEY married his wife *Martha*, it pleaſed the Lord (in his ſecret pleaſure and juſtice) to ſend him a Gangree in his Right Hand, which beginning to extend and ſpread, his Chyrurgions, to ſave his life, adviſed his ſaid hand to be ſpeedily cut off, which was accordingly performed.

This ſuddenly cutting off *Le Valleyes* right hand by advice of his Chyrurgions, brings terrour to him, fear to *Blancheville*, and aſtoniſhment and admiration to *Montagne*, who (led by the immediate ſpirit and finger of God) doth now confidently believe, that it was that hand of his which piſtolled his Brother to death, and that it might be rather probable than impoſſible, that *Blancheville* might be the Authour, and he the actor of this cruell murther. Wherefore grounding this his ſtrong ſuſpition upon the piety and innocency of his Brothers life and diſpoſition, as alſo on his own four former premiſed ſerious conſiderations and circumſtances, he neither can nor will take any contrary Law or peace of his thoughts; But goes to the *Seneſhall*, and Kings Attorney of that City, and accuſeth *Le Valley* to be the murtherer of his Brother *Beaumarays*.

The wiſe and prudent Judges, advertiſed the Preſidiall Court thereof likewiſe: So they preſently cauſed him to be apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame; they charge him with this cruell murther committed on the perſon of his Maſter, but he ſtoutly denies it with many fearfull Oaths and imprecations: But his crime being greater than his Apologie, they adjudge him to the rack, where in the middeſt of his tortures, God ſo deals with his heart and prevailes with his ſoul, that he confeſſeth, it was he who murthered his Maſter *Beaumarays* with a Piſtoll charged with a brace of Bullets, and that he was hired to perform it by the Lady *Blancheville*, who gave him three hundred crowns in Gold, and a Diamond Ring to effect and finiſh it. At the ralation and confeſſion whereof *Montagne* and the Judges, exceedingly admire and wonder, and being by them again demanded if his wife *Martha* were not likewiſe acceſſary with them in this murther, he freely and conſtantly told them that ſhe was not, and that he would take it to his death, that ſhe was every way as innocent, as himſelf and BLANCHEVILLE her Miſtris were guilty thereof.

The Judges of this Court ſpeedily ſend Serjeants away to apprehend *Blancheville*, who is ſo far from the apprehenſion or fear of any danger, as ſhe dreams not thereof: They find her in her own houſe playing on her Lute, and ſinging in company of many Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen her friends: The Serjeants ſeize on her, and tells her her accuſation and crime, whereat ſhe is amazed and weeps exceedingly, and no leſs do thoſe who are with her: She is brought before her Judges, who ſtrongly accuſe her for being the Author of this cruell murther of *Beaumarays*, and acquaint her with *Le Valleys* full and free confeſſion thereof, as we have formerly underſtood: When here ſometime with tears, and then again with paſſion and choller, ſhe tells the Judges, that LE VALLEY is a Devill and a villain thus to accuſe her falſely: That ſhe never gave him a Ring, or three hundred Crowns to do it, and takes God to witneſs that ſhe is not guilty but wholly innocent of that murther.

But this poore and paſſionate Apologie of hers, will not paſſe current with her Lyncee-eyed Judges, who cauſe her to be confronted with LE VALLEY, who ſtands firm to his former accuſation againſt her, and yet her faith is ſo weak with God, and ſo ſtrong with Satan, as with many cryes and curſes, ſhe again and again cryes out and proteſteth of her Innocency: They produce her Ring, and part of her Gold, but ſhe boldly denies and ſtoutly forſwears both; So they preſently adjudge her to the Rack, whereto with much conſtancy ſhe permits her ſelf to be faſtned: But at the very firſt

touch

uch and wrench thereof, her dainty delicate limbs not able to brook thoſe exquiſite torments, d was pleaſed to be ſo gracious and mercifull to her ſoul, as ſhe p[re]ſently (with many tears) out that ſhe was the guilty Authour of this horrible murther, & ſo in all points & circumces concurres and agrees with *Le Valleyes* depoſition and accuſation againſt her: ere her Judges again demand of her if her Maid *Martha* were never acceſſary or conſenting with her and *Le Valley*, in this their bloody fact, but ſhe vowes to them, that upon the perill of her Soul, ſhe was abſolutely ignorant thereof, ſo herupon this our inhumane Lady *Blancheville* is again looſed from her Rack, aud brought away to the Tribunall of Juſtice, and ſo likewiſe is *Le Valley*, where *Montagne* and the Kings Attourney preſently crave judgement of the Preſidents againſt theſe two Murtherers, who after a long and a religious ſpeech which they made, both to them, and to all who were preſent upon this bloody fact aud crime of theirs: They conclude and adjudge *Le Valley* the very next day to be broken on the wheele alive, and *Blancheville* then likewiſe to be hanged, which gave matter of Univerſall ſpeech and admiration to all *Chartres* and *Beauſſe*.

Wee have ſeen the perpetration and detection of this inhumane and lamentable murther, committed by theſe two unfortunate Wretches *Le Valley* and *Blancheville*: And now (by the mercy and Juſtice of God) we are come to ſee the triumphs of his Revenge to fight againſt them in ther condigne puniſhments for the ſame. They by their Judges are that afternoon returned again to their priſons, and the ſame night are there effectually dealt with by Divines, who (out of Chriſtian Charity) direct and prepare their ſoules for Heaven. So the next morning about ten of the clock they are brought to the common place of Execution in *Chartres*, where a world of people attend to be Spectators of theſe their unfortunate ends and deploreable Tragedies: And firſt *Le Valley* aſcends the Scaffold, who is ſad and penſive, and ſayes little elſe in effect but this, that it was partly *Blanchevilles* gold, but chiefly his love to her Maid, his Wife *Martha* who firſt drew him to murther his deer Maſter *Beaumaryes* whereof he affirmed he was now heartily repentant and ſorrowfull, and beſought the Lord to pardon him; He here took it to his death that his ſaid Wife *Martha* was every way innocent of this murther, and therefore beſeeched *Monſieur Montagne*, to be good and charitable to her after his death, whom he likewiſe prayed to forgive him, when uttering a few *Ave MARE* to him ſelf, and often marking himſelf with the ſign of the Croſſe: He was by his Executioner preſently broken on the Wheel, whereof he immedately dyed.

Le Valley was no ſooner diſpatched, but up comes our Female monſter *Blancheville* on the Ladder, whoſe youth and beauty drew pity from the hearts, and tears from the eyes of moſt of her Spectators: in her countenance ſhe was very ſad and mournfull, and yet I am enforced to confeſſe this truth of her, (that in the laſt Scene and act of her life) her Pride and Vanity ſo far uſurped on her judgement, her piety, and her ſoul, that ſhe came here to take her laſt leave of the world, apparelled in a rich black razed ſattin gown, a crimſon damask Petti-coate laid with white ſattin guards, a rich cutwork falling band, her hair all ſtrewed with ſweet powder, decked with white ribban Knots and Roſes, and a ſnow white pair of gloves on her hands, ſo ſhe there craves leave of the people to ſpeak a few words before ſhe dies, which with a well compoſed countenance, and behaviour, ſhe doth in theſe tearmes.

She ſaid that her dear and tender affection to her Husband *Champigni* occaſioned her deadly hatred and malice to *Beaumaries*, and that as ſoon as ſhe had ſlain him in the field, ſhe in revenge thereof inſtantly reſolved and vowed to ſend him to heaven after him: ſhe affirmed that ſhe was now ſorrowfull from her heart and ſoul, that ſhe had cauſed *Le Valley* to kill this his Maſter, alſo that ſhe was ſo unfortunate and miſerable, as now to ſee him die for her ſake and ſervice, in requitall whereof ſhe gave all her apparell, and ſome of her Plate and Jewels to her old Maid, now his new Wife *Martha*, whom ſhe affirmed in preſence of God and his Angels, was no way guilty or conſenting to this lamentable murther, which ſhe beſeeched the Lord to pardon and forgive her, ſhe likewiſe beſought *Montagne* and *Martha* to forgive her, and entreated all who were preſent to pray to God for her ſoul, ſhe conjured all Ladyes and Gentlewomen who were ſorrowful eye-witneſſes of her untimely death, to beware by her unfortunate example, and ſo to hate Malice and revenge in themſelves as much as ſhe loved it: When again praying all her ſpectators to pray to God for her, ſhe after a few Pater-noſters, and Ave-Maries was turned over.

And thus was this lamentable, and yet deſerved death of theſe two bloody wretches *Valley* and *Blancheville*, [illegible] in this ſharp manner, did God juſtly revenge and puniſh this th horrible crime of murther: Whoſe untimely and unfortunat deaths left much grief to t living Parents and friends, and generally to all who either ſaw or knew them. May w read this their Hiſtory, firſt to the honour of God, and then to our own Inſtruct- on and Reformation: That the ſight and remembrance of theſe their puniſhments may deterr us from the impiety and inhumanity of perpetrating the like bloudy crimes,

AMEN.

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XX.

Lorenzo *murthereth his wife* Fermia; *He ſome twenty years after (as altogether unknown) robbeth his (and her) Son* Thomaſo, *who likewiſe (not knowing* Lorenzo *to be his Father) doth accuſe him for that robbery, for which he is hanged.*

THoſe who (by the pernitious inſtigation, and fatall temptation of Satan) do wilfully imbrue their hands in innocent bloud and ſo make themſelves guilty of murther, are no longer men, but have prodigiouſly metamorphoſed themſelves into the nature and quality of Devills. And as after this their crime, they are worthy of all true Chriſtians deteſtation, ſo moſt commonly (without Gods ſaving grace and mercy) their hearts are ſo obdurated with impenitency of ſecurity, and their ſouls ſeared up and abandoned to all kinds of atheiſticall prophaneneſs and impiety, that they are ſo far from thinking of God, as they believe there is no God, and ſo far from fearing of his Judgments and puniſhments, as they are deſperatly confident they have not deſerved any: But becauſe their hearts and actions are as tranſparent to Gods eyes and knowledge, as Gods decrees, and reſolutions are inviſible to theirs, therefore (deſpight this their blindneſs and the Devills malice & ſubtilty to obſcure & conceal it) this world will afford them no true peace, nor this life produce them any perfect tranquillity. But whereſoever they go or live, their guilty thoughts and conſciences as ſo many helliſh bloud-hounds will inceſſantly purſue and follow them, till in the end they drag them to condigne ſhame, miſery, and confuſion for the ſame: which this ſubſequent Hiſtory will verifie and make good to us, in a wretched and execrable perſonage, whom it mournfully preſents to our view and conſideration. Let us read it in the fear of God, that we may weigh that benefit by it which becoms good Chriſtians to make.

It is not the meanneſſe of the perſonages, but the greatneſſe and eminency of Gods Judgements, which hath prevailed with me to give this Hiſtory a place among my others: The which to draw from the head ſpring, and original, we muſt underſtand, that in *ITALY*, (the Garden of Europ, as Europ is that of the whole world) and in the City of *Genoya*, (ſeated upon the Mediterranean Sea, which the Italians for the ſumptuouſneſſe and ſtatelineſſe of her buildings, , doe juſtly ſtile and entitle, proud *Genova*) near to the Arſenal upon the Key, there dwelt (of late years) a proper tall Young man, of a coale black haire, ſome twenty five years old, named *Andrea Lorenzo*, who by his Trade was a Baker, and was now become Maſter of his profeſſion and kept both his Oven and Shop for himſelf; wherein he was ſo induſtrious and prudent, that in a ſhort time he became one of the prime Bakers of that City, and wro to many Ships and Galleyes of this Eſtate and Seignory: He in few years grew was proffered many wives, of the Daughters of many wealthy Bakers and other Artific *Genova*, but he was ſtill covetous, and ſo addicted to the world, as he could fancy nor as yet be reſolved or perſwaded to ſeek any Maid or Widdow in Marriage he knew it to be one of the greateſt and moſt important actions of our life, and which ly draws with it, either our chiefeſt earthly felicity, or miſery.

But as marriages are made in Heaven, before conſummated on earth; So *Lorenzo* goin a time to the City of *Savona*, which (both by Sea and Land) is ſome twenty little mil's from *Genova*, and heretofore was a free City and Eſtate of it ſelf, but now ſwallowed up in the power and opulencie of that of *Genova*, he there fell in love with a rich Vintners Daughter, her Father named *Juan Baptiſta Moron*, and ſhee *Fermia Morón*, who was a lovely and beautifull young Maiden, of ſome eighteen years of age, being tall and ſlender; of a pale complexion, and a bright yellow hair, but exceedingly vertuous and religious, and endowed with many ſweet qualities and perfections; who although ſhe were ſought in marriage by divers rich young men, of very good families of that City, with the worſt of whom (either for eſtate or extraction) *Lorenzo* might no way compare, yet ſhe could fancy none but him, and he above all the men of the world ſhe (ſecrerly in her heart and mind) deſired might be her Husband. *Lorenzo*, (with order and diſcretion) ſeeks *Fermia* in marriage of her Father *Moron*, who is too ſtrong of purſe, and too high of humour to match his Daughter to a Baker, or to any other of a mechanicall profeſſion, and ſo gives him a flat and peremptory deniall. But *Lorenzo* finds his Daughter more courteous and kind to his deſires, for ſhe being as deeply enamoured of his perſonage, as he was of her beauty and vertues, after a journey or two which he had made to her at *Savona*, ſhe conſents and yeelds to him to be his wife, conditionally that he can obtain her Fathers good will thereunto, but not otherwiſe; which *Lorenzo* yet feared and doubted would prove a difficult task for him to compaſs and procure; for her Father knowing *Fermia* to be his own and only child and Daughter, and that her beauty and vertuous education; together with the conſideration of his own wealth and eſtate, made her every way capable of a farr better Husband than *Lorenzo*. As alſo that his Daughter in reaſon and Religion, and by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, was bound to yeeld him all duty and obedience (becauſe of him ſhe had formerly received both life and being) therefore he was reſolute that *Lorenzo* ſhould not have his Daughter to wife, neither would he ever hearken to accept, or conſent to take him for his Son in Law.

Lorenzo having thus obtained the heart and purchaſed the affection of his ſweet and dear *Fermia*, he now (out of his fervent deſire and zeal to ſee her made his wife, and himſelf her Husband) makes it both his ambition and care (according to her order) to draw her Father *Moron* to conſent thereunto, wherein the more importunate humble, and dutifull he (both by himſelf and friends) is to *Moron*, the more imperious, averſe, and obſtinate is he to *Lorenzo*, as diſdaining any farther to hear of this his ſute and motion for his Daughter. But *Lorenzo* loves the Daughter too tenderly and dearly thus to be put off with with the firſt repulſe and deniall of her Father, and ſo (notwitſtanding) he again perſevereth in his ſute towards him, with equall humility and reſolution: He requeſteth his conſent to their affections with prayers and his Daughter *Fermia* (having formerly acquainted her Father with her dear and inviolable love to *Lorenzo*) ſhe now prayes him thereto with tears: But (as one who had wholly wedded himſelf to the ſingularity of his own reſolution and pleaſure) he again proudly refuſeth him with diſdain, and peremptorily rejecteth her with choller and indignation, and ſo ſecretly vows to himſelf, and publiquely ſwears to them, that he will firſt die, and ſalute his Grave, before ever he will permit him to marry his Daughter. Which unkind anſwer and thundring reſoluton of his, proves the extreme grief of his Daughter *Fermia*, and infinite

affliction

affliction and ſorrow of her Lover *Lorenzo*, who hereupon are enforced to bear up with the time, yea, and to make a vertue of neceſſity, by ſeparating their bodies, but not their hearts and affections. So he returns to *Genova*, and ſhe lives and remains with her Father in *Savona*, having no other comfort left them in their abſence, but hope, nor no other conſolation, but ſometimes to viſit each other with their Letters, which they do.

Old *Moron* now finds his young Daughter *Fermia*, far more penſive, reſerved and ſorrowfull than heretofore, and therefore although he grieve to ſee her affection intangled with this Baker *Lorenzo*, yet he rejoyceth to ſee, that he comes to *Savona*, as alſo to underſtand that his Daughter hath no way ingaged her ſelf to him in promiſe of marriage, but with the condition of his free will and conſent thereto, which as heretofore, ſo now again, he deeply ſwears, he will never be drawn or perſwaded to grant. And the ſooner and better eternally and fully to daſh theſe their irregular loves and affections, he thinks it fit for him to provide, and requiſite to preſent his Daughter with another Husband: To which end he gives her the choyce of two or three proper young men, and of very good families in *Savona*, but ſhe will have none of them for her affection is ſo deeply fixed, and conſtantly ſetled on *Lorenzo*, that ſay her Father what he will, or do he or they what they can, he can hardly draw her to ſee, much leſs to ſpeak with any one of them: Whereat he calls her fooliſh Gigglet, and fond Girle, and ſwears that he will wholly renounce her for his Daughter, and abſolutely diſ-inherit her, and leave her a beggar, if ſhe marry *Lorenzo*, and then and there flies from her in rage and choller, and leaves her to her ſelf, to entertain her diſconſolate & ſad thoughts, with a world of ſighs & tears.

As for the Letters which paſs from *Genova* to *Savona*, and that are alſo returned from *Savona* to *Genova*, between theſe our two Lovers, *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, deeming them impertinent to this their Hiſtory, I have therefore purpoſely excluded, and for order and brevities ſake omitted them: The which entertained their time, and took up their affections and patience ſo long, that three years are now paſt and blown over, ſince they firſt ſaw each other, and ſince *Lorenzo* firſt motioned *Moron* for his conſent to marry his Daughter, during all which long tract of time, which to thoſe our two young Lovers ſeemed at leaſt ſo many ages; The Reader is prayed to underſtand and take notice, that *Lorenzo* hath made five or ſix journeys from *Genova* to *Savona*, to ſee his *Fermia*, and hath importunatly requeſted her Father *Moron* for his conſent, and that at leaſt many times ſhe likewiſe hath imployed all her Parents and friends towards him, yea, and hath been more often on her bended knees to him to beg it, but all theſe their requeſts and ſolicitations towards him prove vain.

When *Lorenzo* at laſt conſidering and remembring, that he had uſed all the lawfull means he could poſſibly invent, and *Fermia* all her beſt indeavours and inventions which lay on her mortall power to draw her father *Moron* to their deſires and wiſhes of marriage, and that neither they, nor all the world, could prevaile with him, he thinks it now high time (as well for the ſetling of his fortunes and trade, as alſo for the confirmation of his hearts content) to lay cloſe ſiege to his *Fermia*, that (notwithſtanding her Fathers refuſall) ſhe would conſent and yeeld to marry him, and ſo very ſecretly by night to leave him and *Savona*, and to come live and die with himſelfe in *Genova*, telling her, that although he had never a Duckaton of marriage mony with her from her Father, yet that God had given him eſtate and means enough to maintaine her and his family, in full and plentifull proſperity, and that he would be a thouſand times more tender and carefull of her than of his own life. Thus with a world of ſweet words and ſugred promiſes and perſwaſions, this ſweet and fair young maiden (contrary to her former wholſom, vertuous and obedient reſolutions) is at laſt, drawn and tempted away by him, now to prove diſobedient to her Father, yea, and to forſake and flie away both from his houſe and himſelf. So *Lorenzo* having to that end ſecretly provided himſelf of a fine ſmall Frigot, of foure Oars on each ſide, he therewith comes by night into the key of *Savona*, (which the policy of the Genoueſſes, have dammed up, and made uncapable of ſhips of burthen, that thereby all the trade and commerce by Sea, may arrive to their own capitall City where giving notice to *Fermia* of his being there, ſhe in the dead time of the night, when her Father and his ſevants were faſt a ſleep, and all things being huſhed up in ſilence, ſeemed to conſpire to her raſh and inconſiderate eſcape, ſhe by the Garden door, iſſued forth to *Lorenzo*, who there received her with much joy, and many kiſſes, and ſo conducts her to the Frigot, where the wind proving very fair, they hoyſe up ſail, and early the next morning at *Genova*; where *Lorenzo* conducts her to Saint Saviours Church, and there very ſecretly eſpouſeth and marries her. But, O *Fermia*, how I pity thy youth and beauty, thine innocency and indiſcretion, thy few years, and many vertues, thy affection and misfortune, and thine ignorance and credulity, ſo raſhly and diſobediently to flie from *Savona* to *Genova*, and to take away thy ſelf from thy Father, purpoſely to give thy ſelf in marriage to *Lorenzo*, for which indiſcreet and diſobedient fact of thine, it is not unpoſſible for thee to ſee this enſuing poſition verified and confirmed in thy ſelf, *That there is nothing ſo eaſie in young people as to commit errours, nor ſo difficult as to repair them.*

Whiles thus our young married couple celebrate their nuptialls in *Genova* with delight and joy, old *Moron* the Father, grieves and ſtorms thereat in *Savona*, for the ſudden flight of his Daughter: When fearing and believing that *Lorenzo* had ſtollen her away, he ſecretly makes enquiry thereof at his houſe of *Genova*, from whence he hath perfect notice, that ſhe is there, and married to him, whereat he paſſionatly converts his grief into choller, both againſt her and him, and (in regard of this their diſgrace and diſhonour offered him) moſt conſtantly vows to himſelf, and to all who are neer him, that they ſhall never touch nor enjoy the vallew of one Duckaton of all his Eſtate and wealth, as long as he or they live, and that he will not once ſend after them, nor ever hereafter ſee them, which ſharp vow and bitter ſentence againſt our *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, we ſhall be enforced to ſee him too carefully to keep, and too ſeverely and punctually to perform.

Some ten daies after this marriage of *Lorenzo* and *Fermia*, when their wedding joyes and pleaſures had given them ſome truce and time to conſider of their worldly affairs, becauſe they know and repute it folly, to think to be able wholly to live by love, *Lorenzo* conſidering the injury and diſgrace which he had offered his Father in Law *Moron* in this action, and therefore very deſirous yet now again to ſeek his conſent and good will to this their marriage, that thereby he may participate and ſhare of ſome part of his wealth, he determineth ſhortly to ride over to *Savona* to him, and with his beſt reſpects and duty to comply and labour with him for a reconciliation; and yet nevertheleſs, he thinks it very fit, and holds it moſt expedient, that his wife in the mean time, ſhould firſt excuſe her ſelf to her Father by her Letter, the which ſhe doth in theſe terms.

FERMIA to MORON.

ALthough the cauſe and manner of my departure from you & from your houſe make mee more worthy of your indignation than of your pardon, yet when you ſhall pleaſe to remember that you are my Father, and my ſelf your only child & Daughter, & that God his holy Church hath of Lorenzo *my friend, now made him my Husband, and alſo that for the term of three whole years, I with tears and prayers, came many times proſtrate to you on my bended knees to obtain your conſent thereunto, then I hope you will at leaſt excuſe, if not wholly forget and pardon this error of mine: Or of theſe reaſons be not powerfull enough to intercede with your diſpleaſure, I moſt humbly beſeech you further to conſider, that herein I have neither blemiſhed nor diſgraced your reputation with any point of diſhonour; For as I came to my Husbands bed a pure Virgin, ſo I will live and dio with him a chaſt wife; and that as this clandeſtine flight and marriage of mine was the firſt, ſo it ſhall be the laſt act of my diſobedience towards you. Some ſmall portion of your wealth at our firſt beginning, will do my Husband and ſelf a great deal of good in our trade, but this I leave, as at your conſideration, ſo to your pleaſure; Only in all humility and duty (as low as the earth or lower if I could) I deſire your bleſſing to me, and implore your prayers to God for me, the which in religion you cannot, and in nature I hope you will not deny me. My Husband will ſhortly ſecond this Letter of mine to you with his preſence, and will then commit that task to his tongue, which I have now obediently impoſed and commanded to my pen: my prayers and hopes, and his promiſes and vertues do aſſure me, that (in his reſpects and ſervice to you) you ſhall ever find him to be as much your ſervant as your ſon in Law. God ever proſper your age with health, and bleſs your health with proſperity.* FERMIA.

Moron received this Letter in *Savona*, and underſtanding by the Meſſenger who brought it, that it came from his Daughter *Fermia*, from *Genova*, he was at firſt in ſuch a fret and fume of choller thereat, as he once thought to have thrown it into the fire, without vouchſafeing to read it: But after he had made three or foure turns in his Parlour, and ſo ſomewhat abated the violence of his paſſion and choller, he then procures ſo much time from his pleaſure, and ſo much patience from himſelf, as he breaks up the ſeals thereof, and peruſeth it, the which is ſoon as he had performed, he in preſence of the meſſenger who brought it, tears the Letter in pieces, and then (all enraged with choller) throws it into the fire, when again turning himſelf to him, he bad him tell the Gigglet his Daughter, *That her carriage had been ſo baſe, diſobedient, and ingrateſull to him, that he diſdained to return her any anſwer to her Letter, and was very ſorry that he had ſo much deſcended from himſelf, as to have received and read it*: When without or once enquiring of him how his Daughter did, yea, without giving the Meſſenger any reward, or which is leſs, without making him drink, he haſtily and chollerickly flings from him, and will no more ſee or ſpeak with him; who returning to *Genova*, and reporting to *Lorenzo* and his wife what cold entertainment his Letter and himſelf had of her Father *Moron* in *Savona*; ſhe grieves and ſtorms thereat publiquely, and he privatly, and at their firſt relation and knowledge of this her Fathers unkindneſs in anſwering her Letter with ſilence, they look each on other with their countenances compoſed, partly of diſcontent, and partly of ſorrow, and for her part, ſhe cannot refrain from tears, till at laſt, her Husband *Lorenzo* ſteps to her, when (as much to diſſipate her grief, and to diſſemble his own) he gives her many ſmiles, and comfort her with theſe ſpeeches.

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That according to her promiſe (in her Letter) to her Father, he will the next week go over to him, and then will bear himſelf ſo reſpectively towards him, that he hopes his preſence ſhall purchaſe his Affection, which her Letter could not, ſo ſhe hereat remaines better ſatisfied than her Husband contented with this harſh carriage, and unkind reſolution of their father towards him.

Now ſome eight daies after, *Lorenzo* rides over to *Savona*, (handſomely clad, and rather above than below his quality) and putting up his horſe in an Inn, he a little before ſupper time, goes to his father in Law, *Morons* houſe, where inquiring of his ſervants for him, they tell him he is above in his Chamber, when deſirous to ſee and ſpeak with him, one of them ſteps up to him, and informes him thereof; Whereat *Moron* ſtarting up, as if he had been ſuddenly awaked out of a dream, he at the firſt mention and name of *Lorenzo*, but eſpecially of that of his Son in Law *Lorenzo*, bolts himſelf faſt in his chamber, and then calling up his ſervants to him, he flatly chargeth them to deny his being within, to *Lorenzo*, and as ſoon as he is gone forth, to ſhut the doores againſt him, and at any hand, not to admit him into his houſe, for that his pleaſure and reſolution is neither to ſee nor ſpeak with him. *Lorenzo* bites the lip at this baffle of his ſervants, firſt, to ſay their Maſter, his Father in law was within, and then in one breath to contradict and deny it. When for that time he holds it diſcretion to depart, goes to his Hoſtary (or Inne) to Supper, and returns thither again ſpeedily after, but finds the ſame anſwer. So then fearing the truth, that his Father in law was (infallibly) within, and yet would not be within, he returns to his lodging, and in much choller, betakes himſelf to his bed, but this diſcourteſie of his Father in law will not permit him any ſound reſt, but only affords him many broken diſcontented ſlumbers. The next morning, very early, he returns thither again, to ſee and ſpeak with him, but the firſt proved the laſt anſwer of his ſervants, whereat *Lorenzo* (all nettled with choller and anger) takes horſe, and rides away for *Genova*.

Allow we him by this time returned to *Genova*, where he truly, and fully relates to his wife *Fermia*, the diſcourteſie of her father towards him, from point to point, as we have formerly underſtood, which (poor ſweet ſoul) exceedingly grieves her heart, and infinitly perplexeth her mind and thoughts, but how to remedy it, ſhe knows not; for as ſhe knows, ſhe (by her diſobedient flight and marriage againſt her fathers conſent) hath committed a great fault towards him, ſo now ſhe ſees, that (of neceſſity) ſhe muſt own and make the beſt of it: When he comforting his wife with encouragment, and ſhe reciprocally encouraging him with comfort, they refer the iſſue of this their fathers pleaſure or diſpleaſure unto God; but yet rather hoping than deſpairing, that a little time will make him more tractable and flexible to their deſires, they paſs away their time merrily and ſweetly together, he proving a courteous and loving Husband to her, and ſhe a kind and dutifull wife to him. He exceeding provident to get and thrive by his trade, and ſhe is carefull in her houſe and family, to ſave what he gets, and thus in ſix moneths after, they neither go nor ſend to their father, thinking and hoping, that although it be unlikely, yet it is not impoſſible but that hereafter of his own free accord and good diſpoſition and nature, he may ſhortly exchange his diſpleaſure into courteſie, and his malice into affection towards them: but as yet, they ſtill finde the contrary, for in all this time, he never ſends to them, nor ſo much as once hearkens after them.

At the end of ſix moneths *Lorenzo* prayes his wife *Fermia* to ride over to *Savona* to ſee what alteration this long time hath wrought in her fathers affection, and ſo recommends her portion from him, to her care and remembrance, but reſolves not to write to him becauſe of his unkindneſs to him at his laſt being at *Savona*. *Fermia* (more in obedience to her Husband, than out of her own willingneſs or deſire) accepts of this journey, but ſtill ſhe fears that ſhe ſhall find her father to be one and the ſame man in his diſcontent and diſpleaſure againſt them. But yet in regard ſhe is his own fleſh and blood, his only child, and therefore a great part of himſelf, ſhe yet flatters herſelf with this hope, that he cannot be ſo unnatural to her, as he was unkind to her Husband. She comes to *Savona*, but look what entertainment her Husband *Lorenzo* found from her father, the ſame in all reſpects and points doth ſhe, and no otherwiſe: For he will neither ſpeak with her, no nor ſee, nor permit her, either to lie, eat, or drink in his houſe, but moſt uncourteouſly and unnaturally cauſeth his doors to be faſt ſhut againſt her; yea, and to ad cruelty to his unkindneſs, he is extream angry with his ſervants, for daring to admit her to ſpeak with him, and with her Aunt *Alcyna* (his own ſiſter) for receiving and lodging her.

Our ſweet *Fermia* the Daughter is extreamly perplexed, afflicted, and grieved at this her fathers bitter unkindneſs and cruelty towards her, the which ſhe ſeals with many ſighs, and confirmes with infinite Rivolets of tears which trickle down her beautifull cheeks as ſo many pearled drops of dew on bluſhing and fragrant damask Roſes: When again employing her aforeſaid Aunt *Alcyna*, and likewiſe intreating father *Bernardin de Monte*, her fathers own ghoſtly father, to perſwade him in her behalf, which they do. But at laſt, ſeeing the requeſts of the one bootleſſe, and the ſpirituall exhortations of the other vain and to no eff&, than

then as ſhe came to *Genova* to *Savona*, with ſome hope and joy, ſo ſhe is again conſtrained to return from *Savona* to *Genova*, with infinit grief and deſpair; Where from poynt to poynt (betwixt Anger and Teares) ſhe relates to her Husband *Lorenzo*, the unnaturall diſcourteſie which her Father had offered her: Whereat as before, ſo now he againe diſſembleth his diſcontent thereof, and with many ſweet Speeches, and ſome few Kiſſes, ſeekes to comfort and pacifie her: But ſtill the remembrance hereof, ſticks deep in her mind; and yet far deeper in his thoughts, for the knowledge of his Father in Law *Morons* diſcourteſie firſt offered to himſelf, and now to his Wife in *Savona*, being known and reported to many of his Neighbours and Friends in *Genova*, they ſcoffe and taunt at his fooliſh Ambition, in Marrying and Stealing away his Wife, and in all Companies which he frequenteth, they give him this quip, that he had done far wiſer to have Married a poor Trades Mans Daughter in *Genova* with a ſmall portion, than a rich Vintners in *Savona* with nothing: Which fooliſh and malicious ſpeech of theirs, falls not ſo eaſily from his Memory as from their Tongues, but leaves an impreſſion therein, for from henceforth *Lorenzo* of a Wiſe man, proves himſelf a Fool, of an honeſt man a Knave, and ſo of a good Chriſtian to God, an extream bad Husband both to his Wife and himſelf: For now ſeeing the mountaines of his hopes of a Rich Wife turned to molehills, and they to nothing through his Fathers diſpleaſure and unkindneſſe to them, he looke not on his Wife with ſo kind and reſpective an eye as heretofore, although poor harmleſſe young woman, ſhe knowes far better to lament & grieve, than how to remedy her Fathers cruelty towards them: But this is but the beginning of his ingratitude and her unfortunacy, for before a whole year be paſt ſince their Marriage, her Husband ſo far forgets his love to his Wife, his regard to himſelf and his reputation and credit to the world, as he firſt begins to ſlight her, and then to neglect both himſelf and his profeſſion: And here now it is, that idleneſſe begins firſt to enter into his Hands, Vice into his Heart, and Sin into his Soul; and here it is, that he firſt falls into bad courſes, and wicked Company, from whence in the end (I feare) will proceed nothing but ſhame, repentance, miſery and confuſion of all ſides.

He who formerly prayed often with his Wife and Family in his houſe, and was a devout and religious frequenter of his Church, now he is ſo dangerouſly fled from God, and ſo deſperately following of the Devill, as he ſcornes the Church, and will neither pray himſelf at home with his Wife, nor (which is worſe) permit or ſuffer her to do it at home with her Family: He hath forgotten her dear affection and conſtancy to him, & how ſhe hath incurred her Fathers indignation for making him her Husband, and her ſelf his Wife: He hath forgotten his former oathes and promiſes of his tender affection and conſtant love to her, and how that in life and death he would live and die more hers than his own; He hath forgotten how for his ſake, and for the fervent love ſhe bore him, that ſhe forſook divers rich young men of *Savona*, who were every way his Superiours in Birth, Wealth, and Profeſſion: Or elſe if he did remember it, he would not thus ſlight her by day, or lie from her by night in lewd and laſcivious Company, ſpending both his time, his meanes, and himſelf, upon Panders, Bawds and Strumpets; from which ungodly life and ſinfull converſation, neither her prayers, intreaties, requeſts, perſwaſions, ſighes or tears can poſſibly reclaim him; but he lets all things run at randome and confuſion without order, care, or conſideration, ſo that within the compaſſe of one whole year and a half, his Trade is neglected, his Credit crackt, his Reputation loſt, his Eſtate ſpent, and nothing left, either to maintain himſelf, or relieve her, but Grief, Sorrow, Deſpair, and Miſery. She ſets all his beſt friends, and moſt vertuous acquaintance to convert him from this his abominable life, yea, ſhe holds it more ſhame than ſin, to acquaint his Confeſſor therewith, who taking a fit time, deales roundly with him for his Reformation, and failes not to paint out his ſins and vices, as alſo their deſerved puniſhments in their fouleſt and moſt hideous colours: But ſtill her Husband *Lorenzo*, is ſo ſtroegly linked to the Devill, and ſo firmly wedded to his beaſtly vices and enormities, that all the world cannot divert or diſwade him from them; and ſtill he is ſo far from abandoning and forſaking them, as he addes new to his old: For the Devill hath now taught him to delight in curſing and ſwearing; for in his ſpeeches and actions, he uſeth many fearfull oathes and deſperate execrations: he begins to revile her, and to give her foul language, terming her beggar, & her father Villain, and that he is bound to curſe them both, becauſe (ſaith he) they have beggered him; when God and his ſinfull ſoul and conſcience well knowes, that there is nothing more untrue or falſe: For if his piety toward God, or his care and providence of himſelf and his family had equallized hers, he had then made himſelf as now he is miſerable, and ſhe as joyfull, as now we ſee her diſconſolate and ſorrowfull, and then no doubt, but tide and God would have drawn her father *Moron* to have beſtowed ſome portion on him with his wife, whereas now the knowledge of his impious life and laſcivious prodigalities doth juſtly occaſion him to the contrary. Again, here befalls another accident which brings our ſorrowfull *Fermia*, new Grief, Vexation, and Teares, for ſhe ſees her ſelf great, yea, quick with child

ſaken by her Husband *Lorenzo*, ſo as that which ſhe once hoped would have been the argument of her joy, now proves the cauſe of her affliction and ſorrow; for his vices hath ſcarce left her wherewith to maintain her ſelf; and therefore it grieves her to think and conſider, how hereafter ſhe ſhall be able to maintain her child, when God in his appointed time ſhall ſend it her; for he hath ſo conſumed his eſtate; and ſpent, ſold and pawned all their beſt houſhold ſtuffe and Apparell, that almoſt they have nothing left to give themſelves maintenance, hardly bread: But yet ſtill how lewd and irregular ſoever *Lorenzo* be, his vertuous and ſorrowfull wife *Fermia* ſerves God duly and truly, and ſpends a great part of her time in prayer, ſtill beſeeching the Lord to give her patience, and to forgive her Husband all his foul ſins towards him, and carnell ingratitude towards her ſelf: When, in the midſt of this her poverty and miſery, once ſhe thought to have left her Husband in *Genova*, and to have caſt her ſelf at her Fathers feet in *Savona*, that he would pardon, receive and entertain her: But then again conſidering his flinty heart and cruelty toward her, and that he would rather contemn than pity her youth and miſery, but eſpecially calling to mind her duty to her Husband, and her Oath given him in marriage, in the preſence of God and his Church, for better, for worſe, for richer, for poorer; Then, I ſay, the conſideration and remembrance thereof, is ſo ſtrong a tye to her conſcience, and ſo ſtrict an obligation to her ſoul, that ſhe thinks his vices and poverty, hath now more need of her aſſiſtance, prayers and company, then of her abſence; ſo as a vertuous wife, and a religious Chriſtian, ſhe will not conſent to forſake and leave him, but reſolves to ſtay and live with him, to ſee what the Lord is pleaſed to impoſe on her, and (for his ſins and hers) what afflictions and miſeries he hath ordayned and decreed for them: And yet being deſirous to draw hope and comfort any way, becauſe ſhe finds grief and diſpair from all parts, ſhe reſolves to acquaint her Father with her calamities, as alſo (earneſtly and humbly) to pray him to relieve them, the which ſhe doth in this her ſorrowfull letter to him, which ſhe ſends him ſafely to *Savona*.

FERMIA to MORON.

I Now find to my grief and know to my ſhame and Repentance, that my diſobedience in marrying Lorenzo *againſt your conſent and without your bleſſing, is the reaſon why God hath thus puniſhed me with a bad Husband in him, whoſe fervent affection to me is ſo ſoon forgotten and frozen, and whoſe vertues in himſelf are ſo ſuddenly and ſinfully exchanged into vices, that his prodigalities hath ſpent and conſumed all his eſtate, and left not wherewith either to give himſelf or me maintenance: In which regard becauſe my afflictions are ſo great, and my miſeries ſo infinite, that I rather deſerve your pitty then your diſpleaſure; Therefore if not for my ſake who am your living Daughter, yet for my mothers ſake and remembrance, who is your dead wife, either give my Husband means to ſet up his old trade and forſake his new vices in* Genoua, *or elſe take me home to live with you again in* Savona: *and if you will not in Nature reſpect me as your Daughter, yet in compaſſion entertaine me as your Hand-maid, and I moſt humbly and religiouſly beſeech you to think and conſider with your ſelf, to what great wants and neceſſitie I am now reduced, ſith I write you this my Letter rather with tears then Ink: God direct your heart to my releif and conſolation, as mine is eternally devoted to your ſervice, and conſecrated to his glory.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* after a long conſultation and reluctation with himſelf, whether he ſhould read or reject this Letter of his Daughter; He at laſt (having formerly underſtood of her Husbands prodigality, and her poverty and miſery) breaks up the Seals thereof and peruſeth it, and ſurely if there had been any ſpark of humanity or reaſon, or of good nature or pitty in him at all, his former knowledge of her miſeries, and now this preſent aſſurance and confirmation thereof, ſhould have perſwaded him to grant her, if not the firſt, yet the ſecond of her requeſts, which was to receive her, and give her maintenance: but he is ſtill ſo hard-hearted to her as he will neither relieve her wants, nor pitty her afflictions, but (more out of hatred then affection to her) thinks he hath done enough in ſending her not his love, but this his ſharp Letter in anſwer of hers.

MORON to FERMIA.

IF thy Husband prove not to thy liking, thou haſt juſt reaſon to thank thy ſelf, and to condemn thine own temerity and diſobedience in chooſing him, and if his affection be ſo ſoon forgotten or frozen to thee, it is a juſt puniſhment of God, becauſe thine was ſo firſt to me, whereof as that is the effect, ſo doubtleſs this is the prime, and originall cauſe thereof, and as his vices and prodigality hath ſpent all his Eſtate, ſo I have not ſo little judgement, (though thou ſo ſmall underſtanding) to think that mine ſhall redeem it, which (upon the whole) were then to imitate and ſecond him in his folly, and conſequently to make my ſelf guilty in conſuming it. And becauſe thou fleddeſt with him without

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my knowledge from Savona *to* Genova; *and didſt there marry him without my conſent, therefore it is neither thy Grief nor Miſery, or thy ſhame and repentance, which ſhall enduce me either to reſpect or pitty thee as my Daughter, or which is leſs, to relieve and entertain thee as my handmaid — you both are young enough to work and labour for your living, as thy mother and my ſelf did for ours, and therefore know thy youth deſerves no compaſſion from my age, and if this wil not ſatisfie thee, then the beſt advice and counſell which I can or will give thee is, that thou continually direct thy prayers to God, for thy relief and conſolation: And herein thou wilt then ſerve thy ſelf, pleaſe me, and glorifie him: And as thou regardeſt my Commanos, or deſireſt my bleſſing, let me neither ſee thee, or hereafter heare any more of thy vain and fooliſh Letters.* MORON.

The receit of this her Fathers unkind and cruell Letter to her, doth at one time kill both her hopes with deſpaire, and her heart with grief; or if that do not, then the mad tyranny, and new cruelty of her debauched Husband doth: for now contrary to nature, beyond reaſon and oppoſite to Grace, he many times beats her; ſhe is all in tears hereat, uſeth all poſſible means to reclaim him from his new vices to his old vertues: Shee continually perſwades him fairly with exhortations, ſweetly with ſighs, and deerly with tears, yea poor ſweet young woman, ſhe many times caſts herſelf at his feet, and with her armes croſſed, her hands elevated towards Heaven, her hair diſhevelled and dangling about her cheeks, and her pearled tears bedewing the Lillies of her mournfull and diſconſolate countenance, begs him to forſake his vices to himſelf, and his undeſerved unkindneſs and cruelty towards her: But all this is in vain, for he proves deaf to her requeſts and prayers, and blind to her ſighs and tears. He hath no longer mony to buy Corn, and is ſo far from ſelling any bread to others, as he hath ſcarce enough to give to himſelf and to his great bellied wife, and as for his ſervants he is inforced to put them all away: His vanity to himſelf and cruelty to his wife is too too lamentably notorious and remarkable, for when he wants mony, he beats her, if ſhee will not preſently ſupply his wants, and furniſh his expences. Now in the middeſt of all theſe her griefs and miſeries, God ſends her a fair young Son, of whom the Father is not worthy, no nor of his vertuous wife who bore it: For had not the care, affection, and charity of her Neighbours been far greater than that of her Husband to her, both the mother had miſcarryed, and the child periſhed in the ſharp throws and agony of her delivery; and the name of this her little Son, whom ſhe cauſeth to be chriſtened in a very poor manner and ceremony, is *Thomaſo*: For ſhee is ſo poor as ſhee hath nothing but rags to cover him with, and therefore with much grief and ſhame, ſhe begs poor linnen clouts of her Neighbours to keep him clean and ſweet: when it is waking, ſhe looks & kiſſeth it often with joy, but when it ſleeps or ſucks, then ſhe grieves that it is ſo unfortunate both in a wicked father, and in a poor diſconſolat mother, who hath more means to lament and pitty, then milk to feed and nouriſh it: She often ſhews her husband his child, and importunatly begs him henceforth to have a more provident care of himſelf for his childs ſake, and of his child for his own ſake: But he as a lewd Husband and too degenerat a Father doth neither love nor care for either, but hates both of them, yea his vices and cruelty makes her ſorrow ſo infinite, thas ſhe reputes herſelf a burthen to herſelf, and a thouſand times wiſheth ſhe were in Heaven; And one time among the reſt after her Husband without cauſe, had given her many bitter words and ſome ſharp and cruell blows her child being in its Cradle, he gone forth from her in choller, ſhe fals down on her knees to prayer, the which ſo ſoon as ſhe had ended, and her child awaking and crying, ſhe takes it up in her armes, and mournfully ſitting down on the floor by her bed ſide, ſhe (weeping as faſt as her poor infant Babe ſucked) having bolted her Chamber door, was over-heard by one of her Neighbours (twixt whom and her ſelf there was but a Wainſcot entercloſe and partition) to pronounce theſe (or the like) ſorrowfull ſpeeches to her ſelf.

O poor *Fermia*, it had been an infinite happineſs for thee if thou haddeſt never ſeen thy huſband *Lorenzo*, or periſhed and ſunk in the Sea when thou fleddeſt with him from *Savona* to *Genova*, before he was thy Husband. For ſurely thou haſt great cauſe to think, and reaſon to believe, that this cruelty of his towards thee, is a juſt plague and puniſhment ſent thee from God, for diſobeying thy Father, in marrying without his conſent and bleſſing; with whom when thou livedſt ſingle, thou hadſt ſo much felicity and joy, as thou kneweſt not what belonged to ſorrow and miſery, and now living a wife to this thy Husband, thou art enforced to taſt ſo much grief and miſery, as thou knoweſt no more what belongs to joy and felicity. Then thou diddeſt ſurfeit with the choyce of the coſtlieſt meats and viands, and now thou art ready to ſtarve meerly for want of bread: Then thy apparrell was rich, but now rent and torn: Then thy beauty made thee ſought in marriage by divers, and now thy griefs and ſorrows having defaced and withered it, thou art contemned and hated of him who married thee. For can thy griefs be matched, or thy affections and ſorrows paralleld, when thou haſt a Husband who neither fears nor ſerves God, who will neither goe to Church or pray himſelfe, or permit or

ſuffer

miſer thee to do it; and who is ſo far from loving thee, as he loves nothing better than to hate, revile, and beat thee: For (aye me) he drowns himſelf and his wits in wine, and keeps whores to thy Noſe, ſpends all his eſtate upon them, and upon Bawds, Panders and Drunkards (the off-ſcum and Caterpillers of the world) with whom he conſumes his time and himſelf, making night day, and day night in theſe his beaſtly revels, and obſcene voluptuouſneſs, and upon whom he hath ſpent ſo much, as he now hath nothing left either to ſpend or maintain himſelf and thee; yea, thy miſeries are ſo great, and thy afflictions and ſorrows ſo ſharp and infinit, that thou haſt no parent left to ſuccour or relieve thee, and which is leſs, no friend who will aſſiſt or comfort thee. Poor young woman, and diſconſolate ſorrowfull wife that thou art, it were a bleſſed happineſs, and a happy bleſſing for thee that thou wert unborn or unmarried. Alas, alas, thy mother dyed too ſoon for thee, when thou wert young, and therefore ſhe cannot, and thy Father lives, (and is exceeding rich) yet hates thee ſo much as he will not aſſiſt and relieve thee. And as all thy Kinsfolks refuſe to lend or ſend thee any comfort in theſe thy wants and calamities; ſo thoſe who profeſſed themſelves thy friends in thy proſperity, will not now either ſee thee in thy poverty, or know thee in thy miſery. When again and again looking on her pretty babe, and giving it many tender kiſſes, then (her tears interrupting her words, and her ſighs again cutting her tears in peeces) ſhe continueth her ſpeech thus: And thou my ſweet babe, what ſhall I ſay to thee, ſith almoſt I can do nothing for thee, for I have no food to give my ſelf, how then can I give milk to thee? and yet I love thee ſo dearly and tenderly, that although thy unkind and cruell father hate me ſo deadly, yet I will ſtarve before thou ſhalt want, yea, I will cheerfully work, and (if occaſion ſerve) begg my ſelf to death to get ſuſtenance and neceſſaries for the preſervation of thy life. For live thou my ſweet babe as happy as thy poor mother is miſerable and unfortunat: And if I die before thee, (as I hope I ſhall not live long) ſay thou hadſt a mother who loved thee a thouſand times dearer than her own life, and who was rich in care and affection, though poor in Eſtate and means to maintain thee. And if I leave thee nothing behind me, (becauſe I have now nothing left me either to give or leave thee) yet I will give thee my bleſſing, and leave thee heir to theſe my moſt religious prayers, That God in his divineſt favour and mercy will not pour down his wrath and puniſhments on thee, but thou mayeſt live to be as happy in thy vertues, as I fear thy Father will be miſerable in his vices; and as true a ſervant and inſtrument of Gods glory, as (with grief and tears) I ſee he is of his own diſgrace and diſhonour.

Neither is our vertuous *Fermia* deceived in the cloſe of this her paſſionate and preſaging ſpeech towards her Husband, for he continues his odious and ungodly courſe of life both towards God and her, and now (as well in his freſh as his drunken humours) makes it his practice to revile, and his delight and glory to beat her; who notwithſtanding yet thinking and hoping to work ſome good in him, through his ſight of this poor infant his Son; She often ſhews it to him, and with ſighs amd tears prayes him to leave off this his ſin full life towards God, and theſe his cruell courſes and actions towards herſelf. But he is ſtill the ſame man, yea, he is ſo wretchedly debauched and vicious, as he will not endure to think of making himſelf better, and to ſay the truth, I beleeve and think that the Devill cannot poſſibly make him worſe; the which his poor ſorrowfull Wife perceiving, as alſo that her child being now by this time almoſt two years old, ſhe hath not wherewithall in the world to maintain it meat or cloaths, ſhe is enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity, and ſo works exceeding hard with her Needle, thereby to give life to her ſelf, and her pretty young Son; and yet ſay ſhe what ſhe will with ſighs, and do ſhe what ſhe can with tears, her Husband ſtill forcibly takes away the two parts of the poor profit, and ſmall revenew of her labours, both from her ſelf, and her little Son *Thomaſo*, not caring if they ſtarve or die, ſo he have to maintain his vicious expences among his lewd Conſorts and Companions; yea, her miſeries and wants are now ſo great, and her affection to her child ſo dear and tender, that when ſhe hath no means to ſet her ſelf to work, nor can procure any from others, then (though to her matchleſſe grief and ſhame) ſhe deſcends ſo far from her ſelf, as ſhamefully and ſecretly in remote ſtreets and Churches, ſhe begs the almes and charity of ſome well diſpoſed people for their ſubſiſtence and maintenance. But at length, when ſhe ſees that her Husband is informed and acquainted therewith, and that he is ſo inhumane in himſelf, and ſo cruell hearted to her and her Son, that he likewiſe takes theſe ſmall monies away from her, (which in effect is to take bread out of their mouths, and life out of their bodies) then not knowing what in the world to do, or which way to wind or turn her ſelf any longer to maintain her Son, which (by many degrees) ſhe loves better than her ſelf, ſhe reſolves to write to her Father to take him home to him at *Savona*, and maintain him, which ſhe doth by this her enſuing Letter, which carried him this humble language and petition.

FERMIA

FERMIA to MORON.

THe increaſe of my Husbands vices are thoſe of my wants and miſeries, which are now grown ſo extream and infinite, that I have not cloaths nor food left to maintain my ſelf, or my poor little Son Thomaſo, *nor ſcarce to give life to us: And conſidering that I am your Daughter (yea your only child) me thinks both in Nature and Chriſtianity, that my Father ſhould not ſee me driven to theſe ſharp and bitter extremities, without releeving me, eſpecialy, becauſe as heretofore, ſo now my ſighs begg it of you with humility for charities ſake, and my tears with ſorrow for Gods ſake. Or if yet your heart will not diſſolve into pity, or relent into compaſſion towards me, at leaſt let it towards my poor and pretty young child, whom now with prayers and tears I beſeech you to take from me and maintain, though not as a great part of me, yet as a little piece of your ſelf, and whom God (in his ſacred power and ſecret providence) may (for his honour and glory) reſerve to be as much happineſs to you, as I your ſorrowfull Daughter, and his poor Mother ſee my ſelf born to affliction and miſery: God will requite this your charity to him, and thereby I ſhall the ſooner forget your unnaturall unkindneſs and cruelty towards my ſelf. And ſo may you live in as much proſperity, as I fear I ſhall ſhortly die in extream indigence and miſery.*

FERMIA.

Her Father *Moron* receiveth and peruſeth this third Letter of his Daughter *Fermia*, whereat being yet no thing moved in charity, or touched in compaſſion towards her, but only towards her young Son (and his grand child) *Thomaſo*, he returns her this ſhort anſwer.

MORON to FERMIA.

I See thou art both wilfull and obſtinate in diſobeying my commands with thy Letters, wherein I beleeve thou takeſt more glory, than either I conceive grief at the relation of thy wants, or ſorrow at the repetition of thy miſeries, the which I am ſo far from releeving, as I only pity it that I am thy Father, but not as thou art my Daughter. And yet becauſe thy young Son Thomaſo *is as innocent as thou art guilty of my diſpleaſure and indignation, therefore give him to this bearer whom I have purpoſely ſent to receive him of thee, and I will ſee whether it be the pleaſure of God that I ſhall be as happy in him as I am unfortunate in thy ſelf, and if in his ſacred providence he hath ordained and decreed that he prove as great a comfort to thy age, as thou art a croſs and calamity to mine, which if it prove ſo, then give God the only praiſe and glory, which is the beſt uſe and requitall, which thou canſt make, or I deſire.*

MORON.

Our poor and deſolate *Fermia* having received and over-read her Fathers Letter, although ſhe be wonderful ſorrowfull at the perſeverance of his cruelty towards her ſelf, yet ſhe is infinitly glad and joyfull at his compaſſion and kindneſs towards her young Son, whom apparelling the very beſt that poſſibly ſhe could (which God knows is ragged, mean, and poor) ſhe (with a thouſand ſighs, tears, prayers, bleſſings, and kiſſes) gives him to her Fathers Meſſenger, to whoſe affection and education, as alſo to Gods gracious protection and preſervation, ſhe religiouſly recommends him; when (to her exceeding great and ſenſible affliction) ſhe ſees it out of her poſſible power once to perſwade her Husband *Lorenzo* either to kiss or to ſee him at his departure, as if it were no part of his affection to bleſſe it, or of his duty to pray to God to bleſſe it, much leſs to kiſs it at parting. A moſt unkind and unnaturall part of a Father to his ſweet and pretty young Son. Which ſtrange and diſcourteous ingratitude of his, it is not impoſſible for us to ſee God as ſtraugely both to requite and revenge.

Sorrowfull *Fermia* having thus ſent away her little Son *Thomaſo* to her Father *Moron* at *Savona*, ſhe the very ſame night dreams in her poor Bed and houſe in *GENOVA*, that ſhe ſhall never be ſo happy to ſee him again; when being awaked, and remembring this her ſorrowfull and ſad dream, ſhe for meer grief bitterly weeps thereat, and

although ſhe would, yet ſhe cannot poſſibly forget or ſuppreſſe the remembrance thereof, or once put it out of her mind; ſo that thinking her ſelf fortunate in placing this her little ſon with her Father, and his Grandfather, ſhe is now very penſive and ſorrowfull for his abſence, becauſe ſhe can no longer ſee him, play with him, and kiſs him, and is infinitely diſconſolate and mournfull when ſhe thinks of her dream of him. In the mean time her lewd Husband grows from bad to worſe, ſo that her cohabitation is but a bondage with him, and her marriage and wedlock but an Indenture of ſlavery, and a contract of miſery under him. Such is her incomparable grief, ſuch her unparalleld afflictions and calamities.

Five years our diſconſolate *Fer* · *a* lives in this miſery, and miſerable poverty with her Huſband, and yet all the whole world cannot perſwade her Father *Moron* to take her home to him and maintain her. She hath no conſolation left her but prayers, nor remedy but enforced patience; ſo ſhe arms her ſelf with the laſt, and adorneth her ſelf with the firſt. She was contented to beg for the maintenance of her little Son *Thomaſo*, but now being eaſed of that burthen ſhe will give it over, ſo ſhe works hard to get her hard and poor living, which yet ſhe cannot get ſo faſt as her Husband ſpends it prodigally and laſciviouſly. Her care and vertues make her the pitty, as his lewdneſſe and vices make him the ſcorn and contempt of their Neighbours. So while, ſhe ſits at home cloſe at her needle in poor apparell, he idely wanders abroad untill he have brought his apparell to rags, and himſelf almoſt to nakedneſſe. And here it is that wretched Husband *Lorenzo* now firſt begins to harken to the Devill, yea, to prove a very Devill himſelf, towards this his dear and vertuous Wife; for he enters into a conſultation with himſelf that if he were once rid of his Wife *Fermia*, he might marry ſome other with a good portion to maintain him, and ſo again ſet up his Trade of Baking which now had forſaken him, becauſe he had viciouſly and unthriftily forſaken it. When his faith being as weak with God, as his infamous life and vices were odious to the world, he aſſumes a bloody and damnable reſolution to murther her, and hereunto the Devill is ſtill at his elbow to provoke and egge him onward, and continually blowes the coals to this his malice and indignation againſt her: So neither his mind or heart, his conſcience or ſoul can divert him from this fearfull enterprize, & lamentable bloody buſineſs: The which to perform & perpetrate, he on a great holiday (which was the purification of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*) takes her with him into a Vineyard ſome half a mile from the City of *Genova* under colour to recreat themſelves, and to take the aire, which God knows, ſhe poor ſoul, takes for a great, becauſe an unaccuſtomed favour and courteſie at his hands, where ſhe moſt lovingly and willingly goes with him, and there feigning himſelf faſt a ſleep, and ſhe (innocent harmleſs young woman) then and there ſlept ſoundly, and every way being as devoyd of fear, as he was of grace, he with a barberous and diabolicall cruelty, (ſeeing the coaſt clear) ſoftly riſeth up and cuts her throat, without giving her the power, time or happineſſe to utter one word before her death: Where leaving her weltering and goring in her blood, he ſpeedily and politiquely enters *Genova* by a contrary gate, thereby to avoid all ſuſpition of this his bloody and damnable fact.

The very ſame night this her breathleſs murthered body is found out by ſome of *Genova*, who accidentally walked that way; and they cauſing it to be brought to the City, it is known by ſome of *Lorenzo's* Neighbours, to be his Wife *Fermia*, whereat to add the better clocke to his knavery, and ſhadow to his villany, he ſeemes to be wonderfully ſad, and paſſionately ſorrowfull for the ſame, and ſo requeſteth the Criminall Officers, both in and about the City, to make curious reſearch and enquiery for the murtherers of his Wife, which they do; but this hypocriticall ſadneſs and falſe ſorrow of his, though (to the eye of the world) it prevaile for a time, yet (to that of Gods Mercy and Juſtice) in the end, it ſhall little availe him; ſo he gives her a poor and obſcure buriall, every way unworthy the ſweetneſſe of her beauties, and the excellency of her vertues. Her Father *Moron* hath ſpeedy notice of this deplorable death of his Daughter, who conſidering how ſhe had caſt away her ſelf upon ſo bad a Husband as *Lorenzo*, though outwardly he ſeem to bewaile and lament it, yet inwardly he much cares not for it; and for her little Son *Thomaſo*, his few years deſpenceth with his capacity from underſtanding, much leſſe from lamenting and mourning for this diſaſterous end of his Mother.

A moneth after the cruell murther and buriall of this vertuous, yet unfortunate young woman *Fermia*, her bloody and execrable Husband *Lorenzo*, (is yet ſo devoid of grace) as he goes to *Savona* to requeſt his Father in Law *Moron*, to give him ſome maintenance, in regard he had no portion from him with his Wife his Daughter, as alſo to ſee his Son *Thomaſo*. But *Moron* by his ſervants, ſends him a peremptory refuſall to both theſe his requeſts, and ſo will neither ſee him, nor ſuffer him to ſee his Son, but abſolutely for ever forbids him his houſe: Whereat *Lorenzo* all in choller leaves *Savona*, and returns to *Genova*, where ſelling away his wifes Old Clothes to provide him new, he ſeeks many Maidens and Widdowes in marriage,

but the fame of his bad life, and infamous carriage and deportment with his late Wife, is ſo freſh and great, that they all diſdain him; ſo that utterly deſpairing ever to raiſe himſelf and his fortunes by marriage, he forſakes and leaves *Genova*, inrolls himſelf a *Bandetti*, and for many years together practiſeth that thieviſh profeſſion, to the which we will leave him, & ſpeak a little of his young and little Son *Thomaſo*.

Old *Moron* Traines up this his Grand-child, *Thomaſo*, ver vertuouſly and induſtriouſly, and at the age of fourteen years, bids him chuſe and imbrace any trade he beſt liketh: When *Thomaſo* exceeding ly delighting in Limming, Graving, and Imigary, he becomes a Goldſmith, and in four or five years after, is become a ſingular, expert, and skilfull work-man in his trade: His Grand-father loves him dearly & tenderly, & intends to make him his heir; but *Thomaſo* (led, as I think, by the immediat hand and providence of God, or out of his own natural inclination) being of a gadding humour to travell abroad, and ſee other Cities and Countries, and having a particular itching deſire to ſee *Rome*, (which he underſtood is one of the very prime and chief places of the world for rich and curious Goldſmiths,) He finding a french ſhip of *Marſeilles* (which by contrary winds ſtopt in the Road of *Savona* bound up for *Civita Vechia*, very ſecretly packes up his trunk and trinkets, and ſo goes along in that ſhip: Now as ſoon as his Grandfather *Moron* underſtands hereof, he very much grieves at this his raſh and ſudden departure: So *Thomaſo* arrives at *Civita Vechia*, goes up to *Hoſtia* by ſea, and thence on the River *Tiber* to *Rome*, where he becomes a ſingular ingenious Goldſmith, and thrives ſo well, (in a few years) he there keeps ſhop for himſelf, and conſtantly builds up his reſidence.

In all this long tract and progreſſion of time, which (my true information tells me) is at leaſt twenty four years; his Father *Lorenzo* continues a thieviſh *Bandetti* in the ſtate of *Genova* and *Lucca*; where he committs ſo many lewd robberies, and ſtrange rapines, depredations and thefts, as that countrey at laſt becomes too hot for him, and he too obnoxious for it, ſo he leaves it, and travelleth into *Thuſcany*, and to the fair and famous City of *Florence*, which is the Metropolis thereof, where with the monies he had gotten by the revenews of his robberies, he again ſets up his old trade of a Baker; in which profeſſion he knew himſelf expert and excellent, and here he ſetleth himſelf to live and dwell, takes a fair commodious houſe, and lookes out hard for ſome rich old Maiden, or young Widdow to make his new Wife; *But God will prevent his thoughts, and fruſtrate his deſignes and deſires herein*: For, as yet his bloody thoughts have not made their peace with his ſoul, nor his ſoul with his All-ſeeing and righteous God for the cruell murthering of his old Wife, *Fermia*, which as an impetuous ſtorm and fierce tempeſt, will ſuddenly befall him, when he leaſt dreams or thinks hereof, yea, by a manner ſo ſtrange, and an accident ſo miraculous, that former ages have ſeldome, if ever parrelleld, or given us a precedent hereof; and wherein the Power and Providence, the Mercy and Juſtice of God reſplends with infinite luſtre and admiration; and therefore in my poor judgement and opinion, I deem it moſt worthy of our obſervation, as we are men, and of ourremembrance as we are Chriſtians.

Charles, now Cardinall of *Medicis*, going up to *Rome* to receive his hat of this preſent Pope, *Vrban* VIII. and *Coſmos* the great Duke of *Florence* his Brother (in honour to him and their Illuſtruous Blood and Family; whereof they are now chief) reſolving to make his entry and aboad in that City of *Rome* to be ſtately and magnificent; He cauſeth his Houſe and Traine in all points to be compoſed of double Officers and Servants, to whom he gives rich and coſtly liveries, and among others our *Lorenzo* is found out elected, and pricked down to be one of his Bakers for his own trencher in that Journey, where in *Rome* he flaunts it out moſt gallantly and bravely in rich Apparell, and is ſtill moſt deboiſhed and prodigall in his expenſes before any other of the Cardinalls meniall Servants, without ever any more thinking or dreaming of the murthering of his Wife *Fermia*, but rather abſolutely believes, that as he, ſo God had wholy buried the remembrance of that bloody fact of his in perpetuall ſilence and oblivion; but the Devill will deceive his hopes: For now that lamentable murther of his cries aloud to Heaven and to God for vengeance; wherein we ſhall behold and ſee, that it is the Providence and Pleaſure of God, many times to puniſh one ſin in and by another, yea, and ſometimes one ſin for another, as reſerving it in the ſecret Will and inſcrutable Providence, to puniſh Capitall offenders, wherof Murtherers are infallibly the greateſt, both when, where, and how he pleaſeth; for earthly and ſinfull eyes, have neither the power to pry into his heavenly decrees, nor our mind and capacity to dive into his divine actions and reſolution, becauſe many times he accelerateth or delayeth their puniſhments, as they ſhall ſtand moſt fit and requiſite for his Juſtice and their Crimes.

When therefore the Panders and Strumpets, and the new pride and bravery of our *Lorenzo* had eaten out all his money and credit in *Rome*, and that (to his grief) he now ſaw, that by

no

no poſſible means he could procure or borrow any more there, being infinitely unwilling to let his vice and prodegallity ſtrike ſaile, and ſo as he vainly and fooliſhly thinks to diſgrace his Lord Cardinalls ſervice inſtead of honouring it: He once was minded, and reſolved to ſteale ſome gold out of the Argentiers or Pay-maſters Trunk: But then conſulting with his judgement and diſcretion, and finding that attempt to be full of danger, ingratitude, and infamy: He buries that reſolution as ſoon as it was born, and then gives conception and life to another, which was to ſteal ſome pieces of Plate out of a young Goldſmiths ſhop there in *Rome* with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and whoſe ſhop and company, he (with divers others of his fellowes) very often haunted and frequented ſince his comming to *Rome*: The which watching, and taking his time he doth, and from him takes away two faire rich guilt Chalices, & a curious ſmall gold crucifix ſet with a few Saphiers and Emralds, all mounting to the value of four hundred & fifty Ducatoons. This young Goldſmith (whoſe name we ſhall anon know) is amazed at this great loſſe, when being guided and directed by the immediate finger of God, he knowes not whom to ſuſpect or accuſe for this robbery but *Lorenzo* the Cardinall of Florence his Baker: whom he ſaw, and obſerved did very often and too familiarly frequent his ſhop, and far the more doth he fortifie and increaſe this his ſuſpition of him, becauſe then making a curious inquiry and reſearch of his former life and actions, he found both the one and the other in all points ſo vitious and debauched, as we have formerly underſtood, onely the murther of his wife *Fermia* excepted, which as yet none but God and himſelf knew: Whereupon well knowing that he lay not in his Lord Cardinals Palace, which as all others are priviledged as ſanctuaries, but in a Taylors houſe neer adjoyning: he with an Officer ſearched his Chamber and Trunck, wherein he found one of his Chalices, but not the other, or the gold Crucifix, which *Lorenzo* immediatly had ſold both to pay his debts, and to put ſome double Piſtols in his pockets for his vain and prodigall expences; when hunting after this his thief *Lorenzo* he preſently finds him, commits him to priſon, and accuſeth him to the Captain and Judges of *Rome*: Who upon knowledge and ſight of one of the Chalices found in *Lorenzoes* Trunk, and alſo upon his confeſſion of having ſold away the other, and likewiſe the Cruciſix of gold, they condemn him to be hanged the very next day for the ſame, *Lorenzo* (bitterly weeping and fuming at this his diſaſter) doth moſt humbly ſue and petition the Lord Cardinall his maſter to beg his life of the Pope, who conſidering him to be a baſe Companion, and no Gentleman, and his fact (during this his ſervice) to be very foule and ſcandelous, He is too Noble and wiſe to attempt or undertake it, and therefore becomes deaf to his requeſts; Whereupon *Lorenzo* is that night returned to his priſon, where he hath leiſure though not time enough to think upon his conſcience and ſoul, upon the baſeneſſe of this his robbery, and the foulneſſe and bloodineſs of murthering his wife *Fermia*.

The next morning he is brought to his death, at the common place of execution at the Bridge foot, in a little walled Court cloſe to the Caſtle of *Saint Angelo*, where a world of people flock from all parts of *Rome* to ſee the Cardinall of Florence his Baker take his laſt leave of the world, being the night before prepared by a Fryer, in his ſoules journey towards Heaven, as ſoon as he aſcended the Ladder, he there confeſſeth this his robbery: And likewiſe that his name was *Andrea Lorenzo*, and that he (about ſome twenty and three years ſince) murthered his own wife named *Fermia Moron* in a vineyard neer *Genova*: whereof he ſaith he will no longer charge his ſoul: The which the young Goldſmith (whoſe name was *Thomaſo Lorenzo* over hearing) he preſently burſt forth into teares, and very paſſionately and ſorrowfully cries out, that this man on the Ladder is his own Father; and that *Fermia Moron* was his own Mother, and therefore he with a world of ſobs, ſighes, and teares prayeth the Officers, and then the Executioner of Juſtice to forbear, and leave the priſoner for a ſmall while, which accordingly they do: When at the deſcent of his Father from the Ladder, *Thomaſo* (in preſence of all that huge number of people who were preſent) throwes himſelf at his feet, and ſeeming to drown himſelf in his teares for ſorrow, confeſſeth himſelf to be his Son, and acknowledgeth *Fermia Moron* to be his Mother, and therefore prayes him to forgive him this his innocent ingratitude towards him, in ſeeking his death of whom he had received his own life: And although the conſideration of his Mothers lamentable murther doth pierce him to the heart with grief, yet knowing him likewiſe to be his Father, and himſelf his Son, he freely and willingly offers the Captain of *Rome*, and the Judges all his Eſtate to ſave his Fathers life, but this his robbery is ſo foul, and that former murther of his ſo inhuman and lamentable, yea ſo odious to God and the World, and ſo execrable to Men and Angels, that none will preſume to dare to ſpeak in his behalf: So the next day *Lorenzo* is hanged, having firſt freely forgiven his Son *Thomaſo*, and entreated him likewiſe to forgive him for murthering of his Mother, and for any other thing elſe, he at his death ſaid little: But curſed the name and memory of that miſerable and covetous

tous wretch his Father in Law *Moron*, who ſ unkindneſs and cruelty he ſaid had occaſioned and brought him to all this miſery. But he ſpak not a word of his grief or ſorrow for having murthered his wife *Fermia Moron*; Only he ſaid and believed that this his untimely death was a juſt revenge and puniſhment of God to him for the ſame.

The common ſort of the Spectators and people of *Rome*, ſeemed to tax the Cardinall of *Florence* his Maſter for not ſaving this his Bakers life; but the wiſer and more religious ſort, applauded his generoſity and piety for not attempting it from the Pope: But all do admire and wonder at Gods ſacred providence and divine juſtice in making the Son the curſed inſtrument of his Fathers hanging for murthering of his Father, the which indeed gave cauſe of ſpeech and matter of wonder a *Rome*, *Genoua*, *Savona*, and *Florence*, yea, to all *Italy*: And thus was the wicked life and deſerved death of this bloody Villain *Lorenzo*, and in this manner did the Juſtice of the Lord triumph ore his crime in his puniſhment. And as for his Son *Thomaſo* (the Goldſmith) after this infamous and ſcandalous death of his Father, he could no longer content himſelf to live in *Rome*, but retired to *Savona* to his Grandfather *Moron*, who received him with many demonſtrations of Joy, and affection, and after ſole heir to all his wealth and Eſtate.

To God be all the Glory.

FINIS.

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In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Amorous, Morall, and Divine.

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Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

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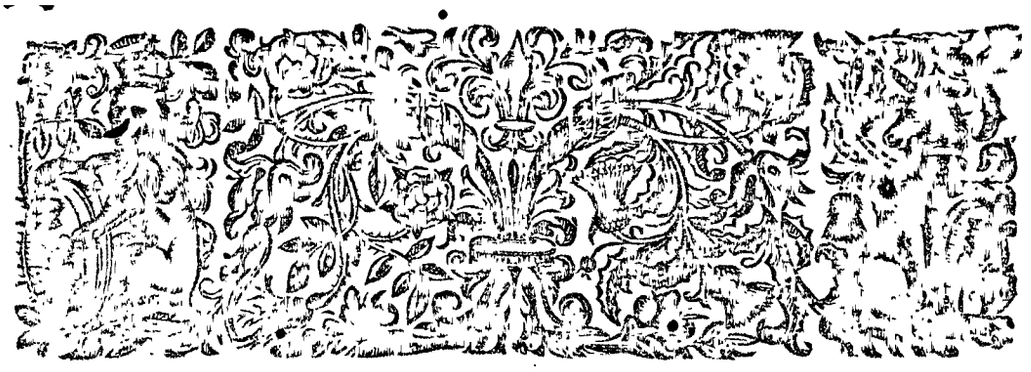


TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
(And truely Noble)
FRANCIS, LORD *RUSSELL*,
Baron of *Thornehaugh*, and Earl of *Ledford*.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

When I had the honour to referre, to that Valiant Wiſe, and honeſt Nobleman, Arthur Lord Chicheſter, Baron of Belfaſt (whoſe ſublime merits & here juſtly deſerve and challenge this Teſtimony from my Duty, that he was too good for Earth, and therefore is now ſo ſoon crowned a Saint in Heaven) then had ſuſt the happineſſe to know, and to be known of your Honour at your Chiſwicke; In whom (becauſe I ever hold it a farr leſs crime to ſpeak the truth, than either to ſilence or diſſemble it) I then found ſo many prints and ſtamps of true honour, and Characters of ancient Goodneſs and Nobility, that (with a pleaſing content and deleſtation) I was enforced to be again and again enamoured of Vertue and Honour for your ſake, and reciprocally, to love and reſpect your Lordſhip for both their ſakes. Since when (out of your generoſity, not my expectation or deſerts) your Honour was pleaſed to confer a favour on me, the which though you forget, yet the remembrance thereof I will (with equall Zeal, and Ambition) ſtrive to make as eternall, as I know my ſelf to be mortall and tranſitory. You are a Religious Chriſtian, and a true hearted Engliſhman; and therefore as it is your glory, ſo it is

our

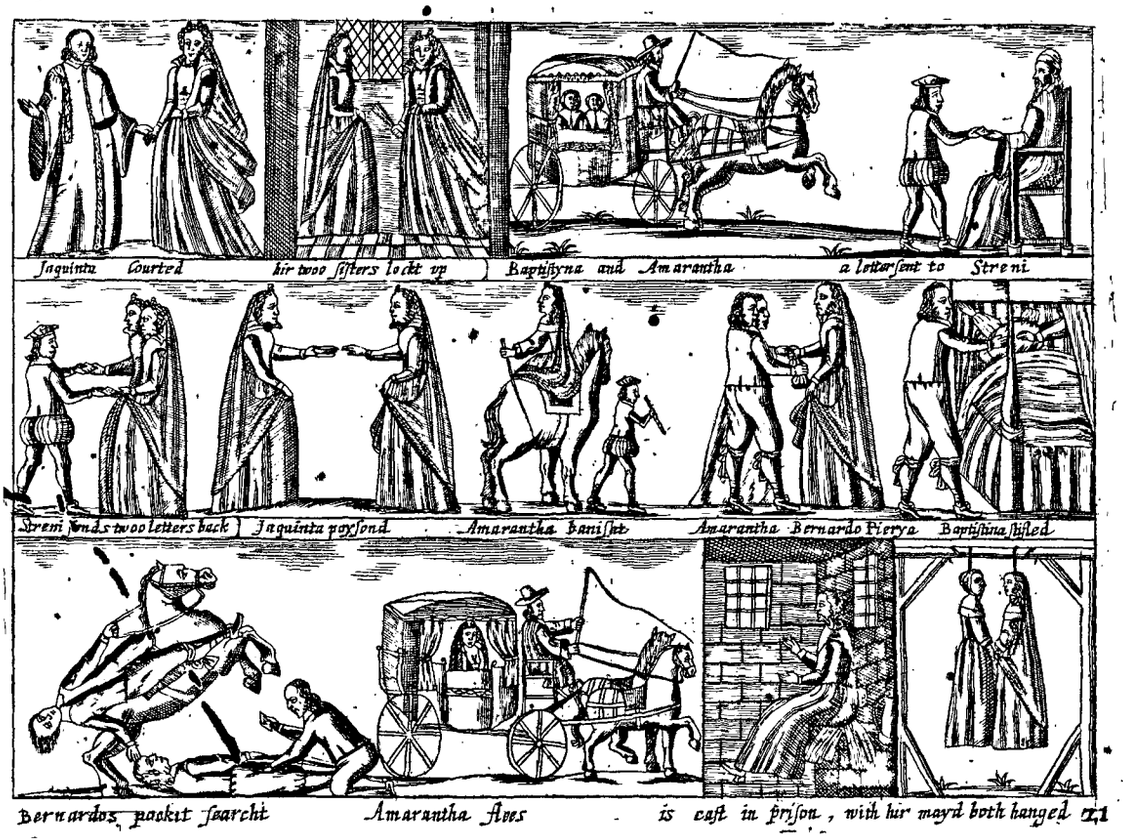
our happineſs, that you are both a conſtant lover of God and his Church, and a firm and faithfull honourer of your Prince and Countrey, and you are now Lord Lieutenant (under our Gracious Soveraign) of that famous County of Devon, *and fair, and honourable City of* Exceſter, *to which I owe my nativity; and in both which the* Ruſſels (*Earls of* Bedford) *your noble Anceſtors have condignly left behind them many honourable Trophees of their* Vallor, *& ſweet and precious perfumes of their* Vertue.

Theſe premiſes being ſo powerfull in truth, and ſo conſiderable and prevalent in reaſon, I therefore flatter my ſelf with this hope, that your Honour *will attribute it rather to Duty, than Preſumption in me, If I now publickly attempt to profer and ſacrifice up ſomething to the Honour of your illuſtrious* Name, *and to the Dignity of your reſplendent* Vertues: *Miſſing therefore of that deſired happineſs (by ſome rare or elaborat peece) ſufficiently to teſtifie to your* Lordſhip *and the whole World, what you are to me in the height of* Honour, *and what I am, and deſire to be found of you in the lowneſs of* Obſervance *and* Humility, *It will therefore be no leſs my* Felicity, *than your Goodneſs, If you vouchſafe to accept and patronize this my Fift Book of forraign* Tragicall Hiſtories, *and alſo pleaſe to permit them to travell and ſeek their Fortunes abroad in World, under the auſpicious Plannet, and authenticall Paſſeport of your Noble Protection, wherein you may behold and ſee, how ſoundly, how ſacredly the Juſtice of God meets with this crying and ſcarlet* Sin *of* Murther, *which (in theſe our depraved, and ſinfull times) in contempt of the laws of* Heaven *and* Earth, *make ſo lamentable and ſo prodigious a progreſſion; and how ſharply and ſeverely it (deſervedly) puniſheth (thoſe Butchers, and Monſters of Nature) the perpetrators thereof; And if I may borrow (for I deſire not to uſurp) any part of your* Lordſhips *hours of lieſure to give firſt to the Knowledge, and then to the contemplation of theſe Hiſtories, and the ſeverall Accidents which they report and relate, I ſhall then triumph in my good fortune, as having obtained that* Honour *and* Favour, *which I ingeniouſly acknowledge, I am farr more capable to deſire than deſerve.*

I come now to implore pardon of your Honour *for this my Preſumption, in inſcribing and adventuring ſo mean a work to your noble acquaintance. And I have ended this my Epiſtle, as ſoon as began, to aſſure you, That I will ever (religiouſly) pray unto God to accumulate all proſperities and bleſſings on your* Honour; *as alſo on your moſt Vertuous* Counteſs, *and ſucceſſively on your Honourable and Flouriſhing Poſterity, who now promiſe no leſs than a happy and famous perpetuity to your thrice Noble Name, and Family.*

Your Honours in all
Duty and ſervice.

JOHN REYNOLDS.



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Exe-

ecrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXI.

Babtyſtina *and* Amarantha *poyſon their eldeſt Siſter* Jaquinta, *after which* Amarantha *cauſeth her ſervants* Bernardo *and* Pierya *to ſtifle her Elder Siſter* Babtyſtina *in her Bed;* Bernardo *flying, breaks his neck with the fall of his Horſe,* Pierya *is hanged, ſo likewiſe is* Amarantha, *and her body after burnt,* Bernardo *being burried, his body is again taken up, hanged to the Gallows by his feet, then burnt, and his Aſhes thrown into the ayre.*

THe Golden times being paſt, what doth this Iron or flinty age of ours produce, but Thorns for Roſes and Brambles for Lillies, I mean bloudy and barbarous acts inſtead of deeds of Compaſſion and works of Charity? Not but that Chriſtianity (as a fair and glorious vail) covereth the face of *Europ*, as the firmament of Heaven doth that of Earth; and that (by the mercy of God) there are now great variety of learned and Godly Preachers, who (by the ſanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrin) ſpend the greateſt part both of their time, and of themſelves to propagate Vertue, and Piety in us, and conſequently to root out vice and Sin from among us; But it is the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Judgments, the weakneſs of our Faith, the coldneſs of our Zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which ſometimes (O that I might not ſay too too often) tranſporteth our ſelves, beyond our ſelves, and our reſolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reaſon, yea and violently carryeth us to deſperate and inhumane attempts, which this next deplorable Hiſtory will ſo apparantly and perſpicuouſly verifie unto us, that we ſhall difficultly read it without ſighes, nor underſtand it without tears, at leaſt if we have but the ſparks of ſo much Charity in our hearts, and Piety in our Souls as the unfortunat Authors, and miſerable Actours hereof wanted.

If *Tuſcany* be the beauty and glory of *Italy*, then *Florence* (the capital City thereof) muſt needs be that of *Tuſcany*; or elſe it could not ſo juſtly and generally deſerve that true and excellent Epithete of Faire. It is a City which hath given both Life and being to the Illuſtrious Family of the *Medicis*, (or as ſome affirm, they to it) The worſt Grounds about it are Vineyards, and the beſt are dainty Meadowes, and delicate Gardens, or rather their Gardens are Meadowes for their ſpaciouſneſſe, and their Meadowes are Gardens for their fertility and beauty. It is divided and croſſed in two parts by the famous River *Arno*, and that River again by two ſtately Bridges curiouſly imbeliſhed and adorned with many Marble and Alabaſter Statues. The Streets hereof are well paved, broad and long; the Buildings (for the moſt part) rather Palaces than private Houſes, and the Temples for ſumptuouſneſſe and beauty, nothing inferiour to the beſt, and richeſt of *Italy*, eſpecially the two moſt ſumptuous and unparelleld Chappels of the *Baptiſteria*, and Saint *Lorenzo*, as alſo the *Domo*, and *Campanella* (which is the Tower) thereof, it being a moſt magnificent and ſtately Cathedrall Church, which not only catcheth our eye with wonder but ſurprizeth our thoughts with admiration, as all our Engliſh Noblemen and Gentlemen Travellers, (do peradventure) know far better than my ſelf; I ſay in this rich and faire City of *Florence*, near the Church of the *Dominican* Friers, in the latter daies of the great Duke *Ferdinand*, there dwelt an antient, vertuous, and generous Cavalier, named *Seignior Leonardo Streni*, deſcended of a noble Family, near to the City of *Piſtoia*, where his Anceſtours left him many faire Demeanes, and a very rich Patrimony, the which (through his Frugality, Vertue and Wiſedome, the true Foundation of moſt of the cheifeſt Houſes, and beſt Familes of *Italy*) he managed and improved ſo well, that within the ſpace of twenty years, he became ſo exceeding rich and opulent: but neer about this time, that the ſweetneſſe of his content, might receive ſome check of bitter affliction, to ſhew him that man is ſubject to God, and that there is no perfect or permanent felicity here on earth, his Lady *Aloydina* died, which brought him much ſorrow and affliction, having only yet this Joy and Conſolation left him, that he had by her in marriage, three proper young Ladies to his Daughters, named *Iaquinta*, *Baptiſtyna* and *Armarantha*, who albeit, he hoped would prove the ſtayes and comforts of his Age, yet they will futurely afoord him, far leſſe felicity, and more miſery than he can expect, or my Readers (as yet) any way conceive or imagine, the which, to approve and verifie, they are by me prayed to underſtand, and remember, that theſe two youngeſt Daughters *Baptiſtina*, and *Amarantha*, are wonderfull fair and beautifull, of a reaſonable tall ſtature, very ſtreight and ſlender; but *Iaquinta*, the eldeſt Daughter is of a brown complexion, ſhort, and crook-backt, but ſhe hath this ſleight, that her Tailors art ſerves to overvaile the defects, and to cover the deficiency of her Nature; and ſhe her ſelf hath the skill to put on freſh tincture and complexion on her face, vices which the purity and ſimplicity of former Ages were not acquainted with, or elſe purpoſely diſdained and hated, although the Pride and Vanity of theſe our times do ambitiouſly allow and practiſe them. Again *Iaquinta* is proud and ſtately, *Baptiſtyna* chollerick, ſullen, and revengefull, and *Amarantha* (to the eye and judgement of the World) pleaſant and courteous. Have we but a little patience, and we ſhall ſhortly ſee each of theſe three Siſters, appear in their true colours, and in very different wayes to act their ſeveral Parts upon the Stage and Theater of this their Hiſtory.

Streni ſeeing himſelf a Widdower, not ſo much favoured of God to have any Son to enjoy his Name and Lands, and all his three Daughters to be now capable of Marriage; He (as a provident & loving Father) holds it a great point of affection & diſcretion in him now to leave his Mannour Houſe of *Cardura* near *Piſtoia*, and to betake himſelf to live and reſide in *Florence*, hoping thereby with leſſe difficulty, and far more advantage, to look out and provide fit Huſbands for his Daughters, anſwerable to their Rank and Degree; which Diſpoſition and Reſolution of his pleaſed them well, and adminiſtred them cauſe of great content and joy, ſith it is now grown to a cuſtome, and an habit, that young Ladies and Gentlewomen do infinitely deſire to live in great Towns and Cities, where they may ſee, and be ſeen, and eſpecially in thoſe of *Italy*, more than in any Country of the World, where the whole Nobility and Gentry make all their aboad and reſidence, the which indeed is one of the main points, and eſſentiall reaſons, why their Cities are ſo rich, populous and fair.

Thus we ſee *Streni* and his three Daughters by this time come to *Florence*, and dwell (as I have formerly ſaid) neer the Monaſtery of the *Dominican* Friers, where his Wealth, Birth, and Port, cauſe him to be Viſited and Frequented of the beſt and nobleſt ſort of that City, and as the time of his reſidence, ſo the number of his acquaintance encreaſeth, for vertue is capable to purchaſe Friends every where, and his wealth and

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Daughters beauties like ſo many powerfull Lures and Adamants draw many young gallant Gentlemen to his Houſe to ſee and ſerve them; Where although *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, are beloved and ſought in Marriage of many, yet their Father is reſolute to marry their eldeſt Siſter *Iaquinta* firſt, wherefore when any Noblemen or Gentlemen come to his Houſe, ſhe is to be ſeen, and courted, but *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha* are mewed and faſt locked up in a Chamber. They grieve hereat, but they can neither alter nor remedy this their Fathers reſolution, for his word muſt be their Oracle, and his will their Law. Now before I proceed farther in the dilation of this Hiſtory, as I one way commend *Streni* his reſolution to marry his eldeſt Daughter firſt, ſo yet in approving his diſcretion for her preferment, I muſt nevertheleſs tax his want of affection, in hindring that of his two youngeſt Daughters; For a ſit was a courteſie of him to have *Iaquinta* ſeen of Suters, ſo it was a degree of diſ-reſpect, I may ſay, of cruelty in him to confine *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha* as Priſoners to their Chambers, when divers of them came purpoſely and honourably to his Houſe, both to ſee and ſeek them in Marriage.

But *Iaquinta* (armed with her Fathers love and authority) growes extreamly imperious and ſtately; She triumpheth in conceit to ſee her ſelf preferred of her Father before her Siſters. She ſees her two Siſters *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha* are ſued and ſought for in marriage by divers Cavaliers, and the very conſideration hereof grieves, and the remembrance afflicts her, but withall ſhe obſerves that they dare not diſobey, or contradict their Fathers command, to affect or ſpeak with any, and therefore the very knowledge and remembrance hereof, again rejoyceth her, As it is a happineſs for us to purchaſe friends, ſo it is a miſery to loſe them. Her Siſters love her, but ſhe loves not them, they are as unworthy of her hatred, as ſhe is of their affection. Nature (indeed) hath given her the prerogative, and priviledge, but yet ſhe ſhould conſider, that they are her Siſters, and not her Servants, and that their blood is hers and hers theirs. It is an argument of indiſcretion and inſolency, for one Brother or Siſter to think themſelves better then another, But many Gentlewomen who are Siſters, eſteem pride a ſecond beauty, or at leaſt an excellent Grace and Ornament to them, and therefore to preferr and elevate themſelves, they care not how they diſparage and deject others. The beauty of *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha* is an eye-ſore to *Iaquinta*. The tree of malice never produceth good fruit: It is ſtill a happy vertue for us to check and vanquiſh our own vices. She knows that many Gentlemen love them, but ſees and obſerves with grief, that none affect her. Her deſire to marry is ſo immodeſtly licentious and boundleſs, as ſhe could willingly reſolve to accept of any Gentleman for her Husband, that would be content to take her for his wife: but Incontinency proves ſtill a pernicious Counſellor to young Ladies and Gentlewomen. Now, as *Cantharides* flye ſtill to the faireſt flowers; ſo ſhe ſees (and indeed infinitly bites the lip, and grieves to ſee) that all Lovers and Sutors flye to one of theſe her two Siſters, and wholly abandon and forſake her ſelf: But being a woman, ſhe wants not an invention to apply a preſent remedy to this her diſcontent and choller. She muſt have her Siſters beauties and braveries eclipſed, that hers may appear more bright, and reſplend and ſhine with more luſtre and glory: She knows that Chriſtall ſeems precious when Diamonds are not in place; to which end, ſhe very perſonarly, and yet ſubtilly works upon the affections of her Father, and obtains of him, that as her years, ſo her Apparrell may excell and exceed that of her Siſters the which he inconſiderarly grants her; and this ſhe receives and conceives to be a ſtep to her advancement, and an obſtacle to theirs. So if they formerly grieved to ſee themſelves impriſoned in a Chamber, whiles ſhe to her content and pleaſure rejoyceth both to ſee, and to be ſeen of Gentlemen; So now their diſcontent thereof grows into choller, and their choller into rage, to ſee this their elder Siſter *Iaquinta* not only to ſtep ſome degrees beyond them, but likewiſe many beyond her ſelf in her apparell.

It is ever a wiſe and diſcreet vertue in Parents to diſtribute their favours and affections equally to their children, or if they chance to affect one better than others, at leaſt that they be ſo reſerved and cautious, as to conceal it ſecretly to themſelves, that the reſt may neither perceive nor know it. That *Streni* ſought to marry *Iaquinta* before *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarintha* (as I formerly have ſaid) he did well, but yet to make them loſe when they might find and gain a fortune, was withall to be indiſcreet, if not unnaturall. Mens fancies and affections in marriage are many times counſelled and led by the eye, as the eye is by the Heart. Some will priſe and affect beauty without vertue, others vertue without beauty; but where both meet and concurr, it doth not only pleaſe, but delight, and ſo joyntly ſympathize to make each other excellent. Many of the beſt and nobleſt Cavaliers of *Florence* love *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, but not *Iaquinta*; or if they ſeem to court *Iaquinta*, it is but with a reſerved hope and intent to enjoy the ſight and company of *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, but as jealouſie and malice have

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always four eyes inſtead of two; ſo it is at leaſt a torment, if not many deaths, to *Iaquinta*, to ſee her two Siſters to live and be beloved of all Suters, and her ſelf of none; the which to prevent, and ſo to ſtop the progreſs of their Triumphs, and conſequently of her own diſcontent and affliction, ſhe (not deſirous to have two ſuch Starrs of beauty to appear and ſhine together in the Firmament of her Fathers Houſe in *Florence*) doth ſo ſecretly undermine, and ſo cunningly prevail with him, as her two Siſters (when they leaſt dream or think thereof) are by his order and command ſuddenly ſent away by Coach to his Country Houſe of *Cardura*, neer *Piſtoia* (whereof we have already made mention) notwithſtanding all their requeſts, ſighs, and tears to the contrary, and there by his appointment to be privatly and diſconſolately ſhut up, for any acceſs or converſation of any man whatſoever, and under the charge and cuſtody of an old ill-favoured Beldame (ſometimes their School-Miſtris) named *Dona Malevola*.

Baptiſtyna and *Amarantha*, being enforced to baniſhment from *Florence* to *Cardura*, believed that it proceeded as well by the pride and malice of their Siſter *Iaquinta*, as by the ſeverity of their Father; They know not from what Saint to implore aid or aſſiſtance, or from what point their Art, or Invention to expect for hope or redreſs hereof; but at length (being conſtrained to make a Vertue of Neceſſity) they brook this their diſgrace, with as much patience as they may, no way doubting (much leſs diſpairing) but that a little time will work a great alteration in their Eſtates and Fortunes; But ſeeing a moneth paſt over, and their keeper *Malevola*, ſtill more and more bent to reſtrain them of their liberty, without ſuffering them to ſee or ſpeak with any Stranger, or any ſtranger with them, they at laſt recollect, and pluck up their ſpirits to themſelves, and ſo reſolve to write a fair Letter to their Father, and a peremptory one to their Siſter *Iaquinta*, to procure their return to *Florence*, which they do, and ſend it by one *Bernardo* a truſty Servant of theirs; That to their Father ſpake thus.

BABTISTYNA.

BABTISTINA and AMARANTHA to STRENI.

IT is with much aſtoniſhment and grief to us, that you have ſo ſuddainly baniſhed us from your preſence, and from Florence, *to live here rather as Priſoners than your Daughters, in your Country houſe of* Cardura; *And having the honour to be ſo great a part of your ſelf, we do not a little wonder, what our Errors or Crimes ſhould be, that we muſt be inforced to be deprived of that felicity, and ſuffer this miſery. If we have been ſought unto by any Noblemen or Gentlemen, it hath been in the way of marriage, and therefore in that of honour, and yet we have ſtill ſo ſtrictly tyed our fancies to our Duties, and our affections to our obedience towards you, that in the leaſt degree we have not ſwerv'd from your conſent, but have done, and do ſtill inviolably make your Pleaſure therein our reſolution, and your will and commands our Law. But we are confident that although you are the cauſe, yet our Siſter* Jaquinta *is the ſole Author of this our ſorrowfull and immerited ſequeſtration; Who (peradventure) in regard that her beauty comes ſhort of ours, that her malice therefore muſt not only exceed the bounds of Reaſon, but of Nature. And although ſhe allege her privilege and Prerogative of years againſt us, yet becauſe our bloud is as good as hers, and our hearts and education no worſe, therefore we humbly beſeech you to be ſo favourable, and kind to us that in regard her Malice and Pride hath made her our accuſer, and which is worſe our enemy, that you will not make her our Judge, but that we may ſpeedily reobtain the happineſs to return and live with you in* Florence, *without which we ſhall aſſuredly either live here in diſpair, or ſhortly dye in Diſcontent and Miſery: Which requeſt of ours is ſo juſt and equall, as you cannot deny it to us, either in affection or nature, much leſs in reaſon or pitty. God ever bleſs you with happineſs, and make us happy in your bleſſing.*

BABTISTYNA.

AMARANTHA.

Their Letter to their Siſter *Iaquinta* depainted theſe paſſions.

BABTISTYNA and AMARANTHA to JAQVINTA.

HAving curiouſly examined our thoughts and actions, we cannot find the leaſt ſhadow of cauſe, much leſs of Reaſon, why thou ſhouldſt ſo ſharply exaſperat our Father againſt us, ſo ſuddenly to baniſh and exile us from Florence *to* Cardura, *neither do we think it is for that we are fairer than*

thy

thy ſelf, but that thou art more malicious then we, which hath occaſioned thee, and thou precipitated him to this ſharp reſolution againſt us. If thou art deſirous of a Husband, let it content thee, that as yet we not any way intend or deſire to become Wives to any, and therefore if thou wilt not believe us, at leaſt believe this truth from us, that thou haſt far more reaſon to doubt thine own haſte, than any way to ſuſpect or fear ours. wherein for whiles thou prayeſt for a Husband, we will firſt make it our Prayers to God, that we may be capable and happy to deſerve good ones. We adviſe thee therefore in Love, and counſel thee in Affection and Charity, to conſider ſeriouſly with thy ſelf, that we are thy Siſters, not thy Servants, much leſs thine Enemies; and in that regard that we are as unworthy of thy malice, as unwilling and uncapable to digeſt it, becauſe the priority of thy years can no way juſtly introduce an inequality in our blood; and if thou wilt not inforce us to degenerate from our ſelves, and conſequently from the nature and affection of Siſters, thou ſhalt do us great right, and to thy ſelf more reaſon, to cauſe our Father to recall us home to him, with as much celerity and favour, as he ſent us away from him with diſcourteſie and indignation.

BAPTISTYNA.
AMARANTHA.

The Lackey *Bernardo* arriving at *Florence*, and having delivered theſe two Letters to *Streni* and *Iaquinta*, they breaking up the ſeals thereof, peruſed and read over their Contents; when he ſmiling to ſee thee indiſcretion of theſe his two daughters, attributed this their diſobedience towards him, and their diſcontent towards their ſiſter *Iaquinta*, rather to ignorance and ſimplicity, than to malice, and yet he could not but wonder at this their bold and peremptory Letter ſent him; But for *Iaquinta*, ſhe was ſo galled and netled with her two ſiſters inſolent carriage and Letter towards her, that it exceedingly troubled and perplexed her, but eſpecially, and far the more, for that ſhe feared that their Letter to her Father might cauſe him to grant their return to *Florence*, the which to her poſſible power ſhe would no way willingly permit or ſuffer, as deſirous to rule and govern her Father alone, and ſo to raign ſole Lady over his humours and houſe, without rivals and competitors: to which end ſhe goes to him, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt terms which either her Art, or malice could invent, ſhe extreamly inceneth him againſt her Siſters, alledging to him that their ſtay in *Cardura* was neceſſary, and their diſobedient motion for their return to *Florence* too inſolent and inſupportable, and that ſhe hoped with confidence, that he would not permit their malice ſo unjuſtly to fall and reflect on her, becauſe ſhe was as innocent as they guilty thereof, and that for any thought and deſire of a husband ſhe vowed ſhe had none, but that his will and pleaſure ſhould in all things be hers, as reſolving both to live under his commands, and to die in his favour and ſervice: Which ſugred and treacherous ſpeeches of hers ſo prevailed and vanquiſhed the credulity of her old Father, yea and ſo powerfully wrought and trenched upon his affection, that being all in choller againſt *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha*, he reſolves with himſelf to return them a ſharp anſwer, and commands *Iaquinta* to do the like, the which they both write and ſend back to them by *Bernardo*, who returning to *Cardura*, he delivereth his two young Ladies and Miſtreſſes theſe two Letters, and they ſpeedily and privately retyring themſelves to a cloſe ſhaddowed arbour in the Garden, they there with much earneſt deſire and impatiency, firſt break up that of their Father, wherein contrary to their hopes, but not not to their fears, they finde this language.

STRENI to BAPTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

IF it be not purpoſely to croſs your own good fortunes, you would not ſo raſhly and peremptorily have attempted to croſs my good intentions and affection towards you, in ſending you to Cardura, *but would have brooked it with as much patience as I ſee you do with diſcontent, and before this act of your diſobedience, now revealed me in your Letter, I held you for my Daughters, not for mine enemies, and mine houſe of* Cardura *to be rather a palace than a priſon for you; ſo if you know how ill thoſe errors of yours become you, you would rather redeem them with repentance and tears, than remember them either with the leaſt thought of delight, or conceit, or ſenſe of joy. Nay think with your ſelves what modeſty it was, what wiſdom it is, for your green youth to preſume (or to dare to preſume) to teach my gray age how, or when, to chooſe you husbands, when God knows that neither your years, nor your diſcretion, do as yet make you capable to think of husbands; and if you have any judgement remaining in you, then judge with your ſelves how falſe and incongruous your reaſons are, when in words you pretend to obey my commands, and yet in effects you wilfully oppoſe and contradict them. And having uſed me with ſo ſmall reſpect, ſee again with how much untruth and envy you abuſe your ſiſter* Jaquinta, *who to my knowledge is as innocent of thoſe falſe aſperſions of pride and malice towards you, as your ſelves*

are guilty of them towards her, ſith ſhe loves nothing more, and you affect nothing leſs than humility and charity, their contraries; for believe me, I finde her to be your true friend, and your ſelves to be the greateſt and only enemies to your ſelves; for otherwiſe you cannot live in the ſmalleſt degree of deſpair, diſcontent, or miſery, becauſe ſuch is my care of your education and maintenance, that no young Ladies of Tuſcany, *and few of* Italy, *of your rank and quality, are brought up in more bravery, delight, and honor, the which my indulgency and affection ſhall ſtill continue to you, if your diſobedience and folly henceforth give me no further motive to the contrary: and therefore as you tender my bleſſing, I charge you to make it your delight and practice to think of God, not of husbands; of your love to your ſiſter* Jaquinta, *not of her hatred to you; and of your Prayer-books, your Lutes, and your Needles, and not of ſuch vain conceits, and paſſions, wherewith you have ſtuffed and farced up your Letter to me; the which, together with the Copy of this of mine to you, I now incloſe and return to your Governeſs* Malevola, *that ſhe hereafter may be more carefull of your conduction and carriage, and that you give more hours to diſcretion and honour, and leſs to idleneſs and vanity, to the end that ſhe ſeeing her fault in yours, ſhe may thereby the better futurely know how to teach, and you how to learn to reform them. And ſo I beſeech God who hath made you my Daughters, to bleſs, and make you his faithfull ſervants.*

STRENI.

They having thus peruſed their Fathers Letter, and ſeen his ſpleen and paſſions towards them, they cannot ſo much accuſe him of choller, as they believe they have reaſon to condemn their ſiſter *Iaquinta* of cruelty towards them; wherefore with more ſpeed than affection, and with more haſte then charity, they likewiſe break up the ſeals of her Letter, wherein ſhe greets them thus.

JAQUINTA to BABTISTYNA and AMARANTHA.

I Am ſo far from incenſing, or precipitating our Father againſt you, as I vow to God, and to you, that his ſending of you from Florence *to* Cardura, *was not only without my conſent, but without my knowledge; and for calling in queſtion either the thought of your beauties, or of my husbands, you equally wrong me, and the truth therein; for it is that moſt whereof I trouble my heart and minde leaſt: and therefore my haſte to marry comes infinitely ſhort of your jealouſie and fear; and except it be out of your pride and malice, of Siſters to become mine enemies herein, I know no cauſe in Nature, and leſs reaſon in Grace, why thoſe falſe ſuggeſtions of yours ſhould fall within the compaſs of your conceit, or thoſe untrue ſcandals within the power of your heart and pen, and it is as vain as ridiculous either for your love or counſell ever to think to make me believe or conceive the contrary. As for the priority of my years, it ſhall never make me eſteem worſe of you than of my ſelf; for my conſcience to God, and my actions to the world ſhall ſtill make it apparent, that although you contemn my friendſhip, I will yet corrobarate and cheriſh yours, and that there ſhall want no good will or zeal in me, that (according to your deſires and expectation) our Father do not ſpeedily recall you from* Cardura *to* Florence, *where your preſence ſhall ſtill be my happineſs, and your company my content and felicity: And except your deportments and carriage towards me give me not henceforth juſt cauſe to divert me from this ſiſterly affection and reſolution, I am conſtantly reſolved both to live and die in the ſame.*

JAQUINTA.

Baptiſtyna and *Amaranths* having thus read and conſidered theſe two ſeverall Letters of their Father and Siſter *Iaquinta*, they are infinitely incenſed and chollerick to ſee his diſcourteſie, and her diſſimulation and cruelty towards them, in that they muſt be enforced to live a ſolitary countrey life in *Cardura*, whiles ſhe triumphs in pride, and flaunts it out in bravery in *Florence*; and as they much repine and murmure at his diſ-affection, ſo they infinitely diſdain and complain of her imperious courſes and carriage towards them, adding no belief to her Letter, but judging it to be hypocritical. They pity the weakneſs of their Fathers judgement, in ſuffering himſelf to be ſo violently tranſported and carried away by the ſubtile policy and ſecret malice of their ſiſter towards them; wherein although their duty and obedience do ſome way excuſe his age, yet their blood and beauty can no way poſſibly diſpence with the pride and malice of her youth, which they hourly ſee confirmed and made apparent in the unaccuſtomed ſtrict and hard uſage of their Governeſs *Malevola* towards them, which with her beſt endevours and ambition ſought as well to captivate their minds as their perſons, by making her ſelf to be as much their Gaoler as their Governeſs; but they vow to requite her unkindneſs, and to revenge their Siſter *Jaquinta*'s cruelty towards them: They ſee her deformity in their beauty, her malice in their love, and her pride in their humility; ſo they alter the courſe

of

of their natural affection, and now decline, inſtead of increaſing, in ſiſterly love and charity towards this their ſiſter. To go retrograde in vertue, is to go forwards in vice; for as it is the mark, ſo it is the duty of Chriſtians to render good for evil, but not evil for good: yea, all contrary Examples and Axioms are ill taught, and worſe practiſed, and it is to be feared, that the end thereof will produce at leaſt ſorrow, if not miſery and deſtruction.

But *Baptiſtyna* and *Amarantha* are too young and wilfull to make good uſe of their ſiſter *Jaquinta's* bad affection, and malicious carriage towards them; for elſe, had they had as much wit as beauty, or as much affection as malice, they would then flie that which they follow, and deteſt this bloody deſign and reſolution of theirs, which they now intend to embrace and put in practice. They are weary of their Siſters hard uſage of them, they cannot digeſt her imperiouſneſs and pride, and (in all outward ſemblance and appearance) if they ſtay from Marriage till ſhe be married, they may all die Maids, and as our Engliſh adage goes, *Whip Apes in Hell for company.* They prefer their beauty before hers, as much as ſhe doth her age before theirs, and deeming it impoſſible for them to have Husbands ere ſhe be a wife, they thereupon abandon all reaſon and religion, and ſo at one time begin both to deſire and to plot her death; and of theſe two wretched ſiſters *Baptiſtyna* is the moſt forwards in this their intended deplorable buſineſs; for ſhe is ſo weak with God, and Satan ſo ſtrong with her, that ſhe ſays often to her ſelf, ſhe can reap no content in this world, before her ſiſter *Jaquinta* ſee another. It were better for us not to foreſee a ſin, than ſeeing it, not to prevent, but perpetrate it. To which end, ſhe purpoſely lets fall ſome words to her ſiſter *Amarantha* tending and bending that way; but *Amarantha* is too courteous to be ſo cruel, and too religious, to be ſo outragious and diabolical to any, eſpecially to her ſiſter: had ſhe lived in the piety, and perſevered in the integrity of this opinion and conſcience, peradventure, her days had ſeen better fortunes, and her end been freed from ſo much miſery. It is not enough for us to be vertuous and godly, except we religiouſly and faithfully continne therein; for conſtancy in all good and pious actions, makes men and women excellent, and of being wholly mortal, to become (in a manner) partly divine: But (to report Truth in her naked colours) *Amarantha* is too weak to reſiſt her ſiſter *Baptiſtyna's* ſtrong temptations and perſwaſions. It is an excellent vertue and happineſs in us, to have our ears ſtill open to good counſel, and ſhut to that which is evil and pernicious; but *Amarantha* hoping and deſiring to gain a good Husband, makes her in a ſmall time conſent to the loſs of a bad ſiſter; and now ſhe is therefore fully reſolved to joyn with *Baptiſtyna* to make *Iaquinta* away. Good God, what cruelty, rage and barbariſm is it, for two Siſters to reſolve to murther their third! But this is not all; for we ſhall ſee more blood ſpilt upon the Theatre of this Hiſtory, before we ſee the Cataſtrophe thereof. Theſe two unnatural young Gentlewomen, having thus ſwapt a bargain with the Devil, to diſpatch their Siſter *Jaquinta*, they now conſult on the manner thereof, whether or no, they ſhould perform it with ponyard or poyſon; but at laſt they agree upon poyſon, but diſagree which of them ſhall adminiſter it to her, and if there were any ſpark of grace remaining in either of theſe two bloody minded Siſters, it was in *Amarantha*; for ſhe cannot finde in her heart or conſcience to do it, and yet ſhe is ſo graceleſs and impious, as ſhe freely gives way to the performance of this bloody Fact; ſo in the end, they fall upon this ungodly reſolution, that lots muſt decide it, thus the devil holds, and they as his internal Factors and Agents, draw them, and it falls to *Baptiſtyna* to do it. But here ere they proceed farther in the progreſs of this lamentable buſineſs, and how to execute it; they are now aſſaild with a doubt and difficulty of no mean importance; for as they hold it requiſite for them to perform this murther in *Florence*, ſo they know not how to eſcape from their watchfull Governeſs *Malevola* from *Cardura*: but they are women, and therefore they will be induſtrious in their malice; they are Ladies, and therefore they will be ſwift and ſubtile in their revenge; for having gold (though not their liberty at their commend) they reſolve that the firſt ſhall ſpeedily procure the ſecond: To which end, they, by their ſervant *Bernardo*, ſecretly hire a Coach for four Duckatoons, the next night to carry them away very cloſely and privately from *Cardura* to *Florence*, and with ſo many more to corrupt the Gardiner to give him the Key of the Garden Poſtern gate; both which (with much care, fidelity, and ſilence) he effecteth, being himſelf only by them appointed to attend, and commanded to accompany them in this their Journey.

Theſe two revengefull Siſters having thus given order for their eſcape, and ſecretly packed up ſuch things as they held neceſſary to carry with them, aſſoon as their Governeſs *Malevola* was in bed and faſt aſleep, who was as innocent as they were guilty of this their clandeſtine departure, in comes *Bernardo* about midnight to their Chamber door, to which giving a ſoft knock, they preſently deſcend the ſtairs with him to the Garden, and from thence to the

Coach, wherein ſeating themſelves, they leave *Cardura*, and ſo with great ſpeed drive away for *Florence*, where they arrive at their Fathers houſe, betwixt nine or ten of the clock the next morning, he much wondering, and their Siſter *Jaquinta* extreamly perplexed and grieved at this their ſudden and unexpected arrival, they caſt themſelves at their Fathers feet, and crave his bleſſing and excuſe, but he receives them with more anger than joy, & ſo gives them frowns and checks inſtead of kiſſes: he hears their reaſons of their unlooked for departure from *Cardura*, which he rejects both with contempt and choller, ſharply reproves their diſobedience, and voweth ſpeedily to return them; they anſwer him, that his preſence is the ſole felicity and glory of their life, and that they had rather die with him in *Florence*, than live without him in *Cardura*. As for their Siſter *Jaquinta*, ſhe diſſembles her love to them, as they do their malice towards her; for whiles ſhe ſecretly wiſheth them out of *Florence*, ſo (in counterchange) do they as ſilently wiſh and deſire her in heaven: but after a day or two was paſt over, then their hypocriſie and diſſimulation was ſuch each to other, as (to the eye of the world) it ſeemed they could not be better friends, nor dearer or kinder ſiſters, then now they were; ſo artificially could all of them overveil their malice, and ſo cunningly could they conceal their different intentions, thereby the better to compoſe their countenances and ſpeeches. But when *Iaquinta* again perceives that the gallants of *Florence* do afreſh repair and flock to her fathers houſe, purpoſely to neglect her, and to admire and adore the excellent beauties of theſe her two younger ſiſters, then her old jealouſie revives, and inflames her new malice towards them; ſo as withall her power and art, ſhe again ſecretly tampers with her Father, either to return them again to *Cardura*, or to contract and eſpouſe them to a Nunnery, that ſhe might thereby triumph alone at her pleaſure, and being then ſole Heir to all his Lands and Eſtate, might Wed her ſelf to the greater fortune, and nobler husband, and ſhe wanted neither ſighs nor tears to draw him to this her earneſt deſire and reſolution.

This is not ſo ſecretly born betwixt their Father & Siſter *Iaquinta*, but *Baptiſtyna*, and *Amarantha* have preſent and pregnant notice hereof, the which ſtrongly and fully to prevent, they now (encouraged and animated by the devil) reſolve to reduce, and draw their bloody contemplation into action, & ſo (with more haſte than good ſpeed) to diſpatch their ſiſter for heaven, becauſe they loved *Florence*, diſdained *Cardura*, and above all (from their hearts & ſouls) infinitely deteſted to ſpend and end their days in a Nunnery; when neither having the fear of God in their hearts, nor his Juſtice or Judgements before their eyes, *Amarantha* buys the poyſon, and *Baptiſtyna* adminiſtreth it to their ſiſter *Iaquinta*, in a Lemmon poſſet, which they obſerved ſhe often uſed to drink in the Summer time, ſo that ſome ten days after ſhe died hereof, when none but God, beſides them, was witneſs of this their unnatural and bloody buſineſs: So they rejoyce as much as their Father grieves and ſorrows hereat, and eow they are alone, and domineer at their pleaſures in their Fathers houſe at *Florence*, without Rivals or Competitors: but God is as juſt as they are ſinful, and therefore they ſhall reap but poor and miſerable fruits of this their bloody victory. For within leſs than ſix weeks after the deplorable death of *Iaquinta*, a ſudden languiſhing ſickneſs oretakes and ſurpriſeth *Baptiſtyna*, ſo as the white tincture of her face looks yellow, and the freſh Roſes and Lillies of her beauty did exceedingly fade, & wither of the Jaundies: A ſickneſs which I think God ſent her purpoſely to puniſh her for that execrable crime of hers in poyſoning her Siſter. But the beauty of *Baptiſtyna* cannot be ſo much eclipſed or deformed, as that of *Amarantha* daily grows more deliciouſly ſweet, and ſweetly delicious and amiable; ſo as all thoſe Nobles and Gallants of *Florence* and *Tuſcany*, who come to ſeek *Streni* his Daughters in Marriage, do infinitely prefer *Amarantha* before *Baptiſtyna*, and paſſionatly deſire the firſt, as much as they now ſleight and neglect the ſecond: *Baptiſtyna* is not ignorant hereof, but ſees it with grief, obſerves it with ſorrow, and remembers it with choller and indignation; and yet ſhe ſeeks and ſtrives to conceal it from her Father, and to diſſemble it to her Siſter *Amarantha*. She in this wane of her beauty and joy begins now to participate of her dead ſiſter *Iaquinta*'s living humors and conditions; ſhe is now become the eldeſt ſiſter, and therefore will not permit or ſuffer her younger to be her mate, or equal, much leſs her ſuperior; and although her ſickneſs hath deprived her of a great part of her beauty, yet it hath no way diminiſhed, but rather increaſed and augmented her deſire to Marry, ſhe envies the ſight and fame of her ſiſter *Amarantha*'s beauty, as much as ſhe lamenteth the decays, and pittieth the ruins of her own; and both grieves and ſcorns to ſee ſo many Gallants court and ſeek her in Marriage, and none her ſelf: Now as pride and malice (for the moſt part) are inſeparable Companions, ſo her diſcontent hereat made her ſo devilliſhly malicious, as ſhe ſecretly vows to her ſelf, that ſhe could almoſt finde in her heart to make *Amarantha* as well a Companion of *Iaquinta*'s Fortune, as of her blood, but God then preſenting her firſt Murther to her eyes and remembrance, the Devil was not then enough prevalent or

power-

powerful with her to draw her to conceive or commit a ſecond. Thus not being willing to add murther to murther, and ſo to gallop in ſtead of pacing to hell and deſtruction, ſhe nevertheleſs determinately reſolves to emulate and imitate the actions of her dead Siſter *Iaquinta*, towards her living ſiſter *Amarantha*; and yet ſo to wreak her malice and revenge on her, as cloſely to inſinuate, and under hand ſurreptitiouſly to prevail with her Father, that ſhe be ſpeedily eclipſed, and again ſent away to *Cardura*, under the guard and cuſtody of *Malevola*, the which ſhe effectually and briefly obtaineth of him; ſo our young and fair *Amarantha* (though infinitely againſt her will) is now enforced to leave *Florence*, and ſuddenly (when ſhe leaſt thought or dreamed thereof) is again confined and baniſhed to *Cardura*, notwithſtanding all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to her Father to the contrary.

Amarantha (with much ſorrow and more indignation) being arrived at *Cardura*, ſhe is not a little perplexed and grieved thereat, but rather exceedingly diſcontented with her Father, and infinitely incenſed againſt her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* for the ſame, as well knowing that it wholly proceeded from her meer pride and malice towards her; the which ſhe now doth not conceal, but make apparant to her old Beldam Governeſs *Malevola*, both in her looks, ſpeeches, and actions. She wondreth that her Siſter is ſo inconſiderate of her ſelf, and ſo imperious and bitter towards her; and how it is poſſible for her ſo ſoon to forget either their joynt crime, or their ſeveral danger for their ſo inhumanely and cruelly poyſoning their elder Siſter *Iaquinta*; the conſideration and remembrance whereof is of ſo ſharp and bitter digeſtion to her, as her thoughts vow to her heart, and her heart ſwears to the Devil, that ſhe neither can nor will long endure it; yea, the time ſeems ſo irkſom to her, and her ſtay in *Cardura* ſo infinitely long and tedious, as if hours were years, and days ages, that ſhe often thought to ſteal away from thence to *Florence*, either on foot or horſe-back, and ſo to have put her ſelf into ſome diſguiſed apparel, that none ſhould know thereof before ſhe came to her Fathers houſe and preſence: but at laſt conſidering, that her reputation and fortune might ſuffer much in this action, ſhe holds it not amiſs, rather convenient, firſt to write to her Father and Siſter, to ſee if her Letters may prevail with them for her return; the which ſhe doth, and ſends them to them to *Florence* by her old truſty ſervant *Bernardo*.

Her Letter to her Father bewrayed theſe paſſions.

AMARANTHA to STRENI.

MY obedience hath not deſerved ſo much contempt and hatred, as that (without cauſe or reaſon) you ſhould thus again baniſh me from Florence *to* Cardura; *and with how much grief and ſorrow I digeſt it, I can better relate with diſcontent, than conceal with patience: How dear your ſight and preſence was, and ever ſhall be to me, if you will not know, and withall remember, God doth; for my ſoul appeals unto him, and my heart to Heaven, that I made it the chiefeſt life of my joy, and the ſweeteſt joy of my life; So as if you are not the cauſe, I am ſure my* Siſter Baptiſtyna *is of this (undeſerved) cruelty towards me, who out of her pride, ambition, and malice, ſtrives to be as unnaturally imperious to me, as my deceaſed Siſter* Jaquinta *was both to her ſelf and me. The remedy hereof is every way worthy of you, as you are my Father, and of my ſelf, as God and Nature have made me your Daughter; for if you will not permit me to reſpire and breath the ayr of* Florence, *I will ſhortly hazard my life to enjoy that of heaven: for already this my enforced exile hath brought me to extream diſcontent, and that almoſt to utter deſpair.*

AMARANTHA.

Her Letter to her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* carried this Meſſage.

AMARANTHA to BAPTISTYNA.

COuldſt thou not be contented to live happy in Florence, *but that thou muſt needs conſtrain our Father to make me live miſerable here in* Cardura? *Is our Siſter* Jaquinta's *blood already cold, or is the memory as well as the manner and cauſe of her death already of thee forgotten, and ſo raked up in the duſt of her Grave? Judge with thy ſelf (if thou art not wholly as devoid of Judgement, as of affection and charity) what a palpable, yea what a groſs and ſottiſh vice it is in thee, hereby to make thy ſelf both guilty of her pride, and Heir apparant to her malice. I remember theſe ingrateful crimes and vices of hers towards us with pity, and I pity theſe of thy ſelf to me with admiration, in that thou wilt not ſuffer me to live at the courteſie of thy tongue, when thou well*

well knoweſt that thy life ſtands at the mercy of mine; Now that I am either ſo malicious to thee, o ſo uncharitable or undiſcreet to my ſelf, to wiſh thee any diſaſter or danger to the prejudice of min own happineſs, and ſafety; for I deſire all peace, affection, and atonement betwixt us: the which i thou wilt grant me, by cauſing our Father ſpeedily to recall me home to Florence, *be ſhall then ſee, an thou aſſuredly finde, that I will be as much thy Handmaid as thy Siſter, and that I will far ſooner hop hope and pray for a good Husband for thee, than for my ſelf: but if thou deny me this courteſie, the blame not me, but thy ſelf, if the event and iſſue of this thy cruelty come too ſhort of thy hopes, and (peradventure flie a pitch far beyond thy expectation.*

AMARANTHA.

Bernardo being thus charged by his Lady *Amarantha*, for the ſafe and ſpeedy delivery of thei her two Letters, as alſo to procure her Fathers and Siſters Anſwers to them, he rides away t *Florence*, where he is no ſooner arrived at *Streni* his houſe, but meeting with the young Lad *Baptiſtina*, and thinking to deliver her Letter (whether it were out of haſte, or misfortune or both) he delivers her her Fathers Letter, in ſtead of her own, the which ſhe well obſerving ſhe haſtily and purpoſely breaks up the Seals thereof, and ſilently reads it to her ſelf; whereu growing firſt red with choller, and then again pale with envy, ſhe folds it up, and committing it to her pocket, turns to *Bernardo*, and demands him for her Siſter *Amarantha*'s Letter to he ſelf; for (quoth ſhe) that which *I* have already read and peruſed, is hers to my Father; whe *Bernardo* (as much amazed at his error, as afflicted at his fooliſh ſimplicity) reading the di rection of the ſecond Letter, and finding her ſpeeches and his miſtaking true, he then give her her own Letter and deſires back the other for her Father, as alſo both their anſwers there unto, for his Lady and Miſtreſs *Amarantha*; whereunto, when ſhe had peruſed her own Letter ſhe (with diſdain in her looks, and malice in her eyes) tears her Fathers Letter before *Bernar do*'s face, and then returns him this bitter Anſwer: *Tell that proud Girl thy Miſtreſs from me that it is my Fathers pleaſure and mine, that ſhe ſhall ſtay in* Cardura *and not ſee* Florence *till ſh receive other order from us; and for any further anſwer, either from our Father, or my ſelf, it is both a vanity and a folly for her to expect*: And ſo (in much choller and indignation) ſhe flies from him, and violently throws faſt the door againſt him. *Bernardo*, not expecting ſuch ſharp and cold entertainment, and ſeeing it now wholly impoſſible for him to have any acceſs to *Streni*, or anſwer from *Baptiſtyna*, he leaves *Florence*, and ſpeedily returns to *Cardura* to hi Lady *Amarantha*, to whom he punctually and fully relates the bitter reply, and ſharp and proud anſwer which her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* had given and ſent her, and leaveth not a ſyllable un-rehear ſed, but only ſilenceth his miſtaking, in giving of her her Fathers Letter in ſtead of her own as right now we underſtood.

Amarantha is all inflamed with choller at this proud and cruel carriage of her Siſter *Bap tiſtyna* towards her, yea the remembrance thereof, ſo tranſporteth her thoughts with envy and her heart with revenge againſt her, that ſhe vows ſhe neither can, nor will brook it at he hands; and here, not hearkning either to Reaſon, or Religion, or to her Conſcience, or Soul ſhe now violently ſeduced, and exaſperated by the Devil, doth refreſh and revive her old ma lice, and reſumes her former pernicious reſolutions to her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*: She hath neithe the wit, much leſs the grace, to conſider, That choller increaſeth her own torment and mi ſery, and that if we vanquiſh not our own malice and revenge, it is more to be feared that doubted, that it will in the end both vanquiſh and ruine us. She hath formerly conſented to poyſon her eldeſt Siſter *Jaquinta*, and now ſhe likewiſe vows, that ſhe will cauſe her elde Siſter *Baptiſtyna* either to be poyſon'd or piſtoll'd to death; but which of theſe to make choic of as yet ſhe is irreſolute, and upon this bloody buſineſs her thoughts run inceſſantly to he heart, as ſo many lines to their centre. O that ſo young a Lady, and ſo ſweet a beauty ſhoul make her ſelf acceſſary and guilty of ſo foul and inhumane crimes; but this I may write to he ſhame, and the Reader may pleaſe to obſerve it to his comfort, and retain to his inſtruction That had ſhe had the grace to have been formerly ſorrowfull and repentant for her firſt Mur ther, ſhe had then never proceeded ſo far, as to have made her ſelf guilty of contriving an reſolving a ſecond.

Baptiſtyna hath a Chamber-maid named *Pierya*, of ſome twenty four years old, who wa far more fair than rich, as being heir to much beauty, though to no lands, or eſtate; and ha ving heretofore for ſome trivial reſpects ſometimes incurred the anger and diſpleaſure of he Lady, and for the ſame received many a ſharp word, and bitter blow from her, as being freer Gentlewoman of her hands, than of her purſe: She now accidentally chancing to breal a fair rich Looking-glaſs of hers, her Lady doth not only exceedingly beat her, but alſo with

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out pity or humanity draws and drags her by the heir about her chamber, and then again and again kicks her with her foot. *Pierya's* heart is not ſo ill lodged, nor her extraction and quality ſo contemptible, but that ſhe is very ſenſible of this her diſgrace, as holding her fault far inferior to her correction, and therefore diſdaining any longer to ſerve ſo cruel a miſtreſs, ſhe very privately packs up her apparel, leaves *Florence*, and flies to *Cardura*, forſakes *Baptiſtyna*, and ſo reſolves henceforth to live and die with her younger Siſter *Amarantha*: But as there are many of both theſe places, who report that it was only her hatred to *Baptiſtyna*, and her affection to *Amarantha*, which drew her to this reſolution; yet there are divers others both of *Florence*, *Cardura*, and *Piſtoia*, who (better acquainted with *Pierya*, and her ſecrets) have ſolidly affirmed to me, that it was wholly her affection to *Bernardo*, which was the trueſt reaſon, and ſtrongeſt motive thereof, and the event and iſſue of this Hiſtory, will confute the firſt, to confirm this ſecond opinion of theſe her deliberations and reſolutions; For, for the term of at leaſt three or four years heretofore, *Pierya* was known to be paſſionatly in love with *Bernardo*, and ſhe had imployed many friends towards him, to perſwade and draw him to marry her; but he was ſtill as averſe, as ſhe forward in this ſute: For although he were enamoured of her beauty, and loved her tall and ſlender perſonage, yet he hated her poverty, and (becauſe of ſome ſmall Lands and means he had) as he thought himſelf too good to be her Husband, ſo ſhe in regard of her beauty, youth and chaſtity, both highly and infinitely diſdained to be his ſtrumpet; and indeed the paſſage and proceſs of theſe their affections was not from time to time unknown to *Amarantha*. *Pierya* is as welcom to *Amarantha*, as *Baptiſtyna* is ſorrowfull for her departure, and the youngeſt ſiſter now entertains her with as much curteſie, as the eldeſt formerly retained her with cruelty: As for *Bernardo*, he inwardly delights, though outwardly will not ſeem to rejoyce in her company, and ſo gives her his eyes, though not his heart; And for *Pierya*, her carriage was ſo modeſt, and yet withal ſo reſpective to him, as if ſhe endeavoured to make it her chiefeſt ambition and glory, that her vertues and chaſtity ſhould make as true and as perfect a conqueſt of his heart, as her beauty had of his eyes: As for *Baptiſtyna* (her *Quondam* Lady) ſhe is now angry with her ſelf, as ſoon as ſhe knew of her departure from her; but when ſhe underſtands that *Pierya* is fled to *Cardura*, and lives with her diſcontented ſiſter *Amarantha*, then (under hand) ſhe makes ſtrong means to her return again to her ſervice, intimating to her, that ſhe is ready to redeem her former diſcourteſie towards her, both with acknowledgement and requital. But theſe her hopes will deceive her, for ſhe will finde, that errours are not ſo ſoon repaired as committed, and that her want of kindneſs to her Chamber-maid *Pierya* may in the end (perchance) prove cruelty to her ſelf. *Pierya* is deaf to all theſe her requeſts, and endeavors rather to tie her ſelf to *Amarantha* her new affection, then to *Baptiſtyna* her old unkindneſs, as preferring the courteſie of the firſt to the choller and indignation of the ſecond. On the other ſide, *Amarantha* is glad of this reſolution of her new Maid, *Pierya*; for the Devil being ſtill at her elbow, he continually ſets fire to her malice, & (as an infernal incendiary) perpetually blows the coals to her revenge againſt her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*; yea, and now he ſo captivateth her ſoul, and extinguiſheth her devotion and zeal towards heaven, that I write it with pity and ſorrow, and not with paſſion, but compaſſion) ſhe had neither the power to pray, nor the happineſs or grace, either to frequent the Church for Gods ſake, or to deſire Gods preſence and aſſiſtance for her own: No, no, Such thoughts of piety were far from her prophane thoughts and minde; for as her beſt blood, ſo her beſt zeal was now corrupted and polluted with revenge towards her Siſter. And here, as a wretched Lady and a bloody Siſter, ſhe doth yet far worſe: For (by the Devils ſuggeſtion) ſhe aſſumes this horrible reſolution, not only to engage and hazard her ſelf, but others therein, as ſhe took a pride, and conceived a glory, not to ſhipwrack her ſelf alone, but to confound and caſt away others with her for company in this prodigious and lamentable buſineſs of hers The manner is thus:

She knows, that by reaſon of her ſtrict exile in *Cardura*, ſhe muſt needs employ ſome Factors and Agents, either to poyſon or murther this her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* in *Florence*; and therefore ſhe thinks none ſo fit and proper to attempt and perform it, as her old truſty ſervant *Bernardo*, and her new Maid *Pierya* his Sweet-heart, whom (by degrees) ſhe purpoſely draws and obligeth to her by gifts and promiſes; and her reaſon for this conceit and opinion of hers, that they will concur with her in this bloody Fact, is derived from this foundation and ground, that Love and Money may eaſily act wonders in the hearts and minds of thoſe who deſire the one, and want the other; as alſo, for that ſhe perfectly knows, that for many years *Pierya* hath deeply loved *Bernardo*, and dearly deſired and wiſhed him for her Husband, and that he hath ever affected her, but only diſliked her poverty: Wherefore believing that ſhe would do much for the obtaining of this Husband, and he for preferment and gold, ſhe is reſolute in making

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this her bloody propoſition to them; when not caring any more to write to her Father, ſhe is now as haſty as bloody in her malice and revenge towards her Siſter; and ſo impatient of delay (and without any further conſideration with her ſelf, or conſultation either with her ſoul, or with God) ſhe taking time at advantage, firſt breaks with *Pierya* about this bloody buſineſs, adding withal, that her deſire and reſolution is to have her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* ſtifled in her bed, For now the Devil hath caſt off her reſolutions from Poyſon or Ponyard; to which effect, ſhe promiſeth to gain her *Bernardo* to her Husband, and to give them wherewithall to maintain themſelves well being Married, if ſhe will conſent with him to undertake and perform her requeſt: which proffers and promiſes of her Lady do ſound ſo ſweetly in poor *Pierya's* ears, and work ſo deep an impreſſion in her heart, eſpecially that ſhe ſhall hereby enjoy *Bernardo* for her Husband, whom ſhe loves far dearer than her own life, that being wholly vanquiſhed with the conſideration thereof, as alſo inchanted with the ſweet melody of her Ladies ſugred perſwaſions, ſhe (without any fear or thought of God, as an inconſiderate and graceleſs Maiden) yields to her ungodly and inhumane requeſts; who than ſwearing her to ſecrecie, ſhe within a day or two after, likewiſe boardeth her ſervant *Bernardo* upon this bloody buſineſs, the which if he will perform for her, and take *Pierya* to his wife, ſhe faithfully promiſeth to give him an hundred and fifty Dukatoons of yearly Annuity, during his life, and to remain their true and conſtant friend for ever. At firſt *Bernardo* wondereth and ſtaggereth at the hearing of this cruel and lamentable project, as amazed and aſtoniſhed thereat, as if he were now ſo good a Chriſtian, that Grace triumphed above Nature in his heart, and God above Satan in his ſoul; but at laſt, being deeply enamoured of *Pierya's* delicate youth and beauty, which he likes well, and of this yearly ſum of gold for their maintenance in Marriage, which he loves dearly, he (forgetting himſelf, and which is worſe, God) without any further rubs or rumination, gives his Lady *Amarantha* his free conſent and promiſe to perform both her requeſts, as well of the Murther as Marriage. Whereupon ſhe carries him to her Cloſet, and there calls for *Pierya*, and acquaints her with her and *Bernardo's* concluſion; So in her preſence, they (by joyning of hands) contract themſelves each to other, and then they all three do ſeverally and joyntly ſwear ſecreſie, as alſo punctually to accompliſh this which they have concluded: When this wretched and execrable *Amarantha* (the faſter and ſtronger to tie them to her deſires and their promiſes) opens a Casket of hers, and gives each of them fifty Duckatoons in gold, as a pledge and earneſt penny of her love to them; and then faithfully promiſeth to reward them with ſo much more as ſoon as they have ſent her Siſter *Baptiſtyna* to Heaven; when *Bernardo* and *Pierya* (to teſtifie their thankfulneſs to her) do both vow and ſwear, that herein (as in all things elſe) her will ſhall be their Law, and that their beſt ſervices and beſt lives ſhall for ever be proſtrate to her commands. But they ſhall repent the taking, and *Amarantha* the giving of them this gold, becauſe it is the price and hire of innocent blood.

This lamentable (becauſe ſinfull) compact, being thus ſecretly ſhut up, and impiouſly concluded between theſe three wretched perſonages, then *Bernardo* and *Pierya* fall ſo cloſe and thick to their amorous kiſſes, as being deſirous to become one in body, as already they are in heart and minde, they requeſt their Lady *Amarantha*, that ſhe would pleaſe to permit them to finiſh and conſummate their Marriage, before they perpetrate the Murther of her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*; but ſhe (who was clearer ſighted in her malice and revenge to her ſaid Siſter, than they in their judgements and affections to themſelves) conſidering that this Seal of their Marriage was the great tye and Gordian knot for them to perform and finiſh her deſire, the which, if it were once ſolemnized, than their devotion and z al thereunto might (peradventure) afterwards, either grow cold, or freeze, if not ſhortly wither and dye away upon the Deſign, ſhe ſtrongly oppoſes and contradicts it, as affirming they ſhall firſt diſpatch her Siſter before they Marry; the which *Bernardo* well obſerving and conſidering, he thinks it no folly in him to learn by her, and ſo to make her diſcretion his: and therefore that this Murther being once committed, ſhe might after at her pleaſure revoke her verbal Annuity given him; the which to prevent (and ſo to be as wiſe in his Coveteouſneſs, as ſhe was cruel and bloody in her Bounty) he tells his Lady *Amarantha*, that according to her deſire, he will willingly defer his Marriage till then, but withall, humbly requeſts her to give him her promiſed Annuity written and ſigned with her own hand; the which, becauſe ſhe cannot well refuſe, ſhe then and there doth in theſe terms:

IN conſideration, that my ſervant Bernardo *do eſpouſe, and take to his wife my Chamber-maid* Pierya, *I do promiſe, that (after the conſummation thereof) upon my fidelity and honour, I will yeerly give and pay unto the ſaid* Bernardo, *or his Aſſigns, during all the term of his life, the full and intire ſum of one hundred and fifty Duckatoons of* Florence *money, and in witneſs and teſtimony of this truth, I hereunto ſubſigne my Name:*

AMARANTHA.

A promiſe and contract written with more blood than ink, or rather not with ink, but wholly with blood, and which therefore God, in his divine providence, may hereafter produce, and bring to light, to ſerve as a powerfull witneſs, and Inſtrument of his glory; and, peradventure, to the infamy and confuſion of thoſe who gave and received it.

Amarantha having thus given this promiſe to *Bernardo*, and likewiſe received his, and his intended wifes *Pierya's* oaths in counterchange, ſhe now thinks with her ſelf, that ſhe muſt again return *Pierya* to *Florence*, and by ſome ſlie hypocriſie, to re-inveſt and ſcrew her anew into her old Lady, *Baptiſtyna's* ſervice, thereby to be the more able and fit to diſpatch her. Now as ſhe is maliciouſly ruminating on this invention, there falls out an accident, which ſeems both to favour her hopes, and to further her deſires and expectation herein: For by this time, *Baptiſtyna* writes over to *Malevola*, to deal ſecretly and ſeriouſly with *Pierya* for her return to *Florence* to her ſervice, and that ſhe ſhall finde her welcom to exceed her expectation and deſires: So the truth is apparant, that *Pierya* (inſtructed by the Premiſes) now needs not many great perſwaſions from *Malevola*, to draw her to conſent to this reſolution; for as ſhe and her *Bernardo* receive the firſt motion of this (unexpected) news with joy, ſo *Amarantha* imbraceth and entertains it with delight; and now their laſt conſultation is held between them, about the concluſion and finiſhing of this mournfull buſineſs. To which end, *Pierya* is diſpatched for *Florence*, and the fifteenth day after, *Bernardo* is likewiſe ſecretly and preciſely to arrive there to her by night, and then is the direct and appointed time for them to cloſe and ſhut up this Tragedy. We muſt now allow and conceive *Pierya* to be again entertained of her old Lady *Baptiſtyna* in *Florence*, with much courteſie and joy; and for the ſeal and ciment of this their reciprocal reconciliation, her Lady gives her a new black wrought Silk Gown, and a purple Damask Petticoat, the which (as a treacherous diſſembling wretch) ſhe ſeems to receive of her with much content and thankfulneſs, the which yet we ſhall ſhortly ſee her requite with a moſt inhumane and prodigious ingratitude; for her deſire of Marriage, and longing for a Husband, makes her think every hour ten, before the fifteenth day be arrived, and for her late Lady *Amarantha*, (who ſees by no other eyes, but by thoſe of malice and revenge towards her Siſter) ſhe thinks every day an age, before ſhe hear of her diſpatch. At the expiration of which time (according to their former agreement) *Bernardo* arrived by night at *Streni* his houſe in *Florence*, and at one of the clock after midnight, he finds the little Garden door open, and his *Pierya* there purpoſely to receive and welcom him; ſo they begin their meeting with kiſſes. She leads him by the hand to the outer door of her Ladies Chamber, and they two having agreed on the manner how to ſtifle her in her bed, ſhe had there to that purpoſe, provided two pillows, keeps one, and gives him another to effect it: Theſe miſerable wretches (for the more ſecrecy) put off their ſhoes, and out the candles, and the darkneſs of the Moon, and the obſcurity of the night, ſeeming to conſpire to their conſpiracy, they ſoftly enter her chamber, go one by one ſide, and the other by the other, where unfortunate *Baptiſtyna* lying ſoundly ſleeping and ſnoring, they ſtifle her with their pillows, and then a little whiles after, thruſt a handkercher into her mouth, and their fury and malice was ſo fierce and implacable towards her, as ſhe hath neither ſpace to ſpeak, nor power to ſcreech or to cry. Thus ſhe who had formerly poyſoned her elder ſiſter *Iaquinta*, is now alſo cruelly murthered by the treachery of her youngeſt *Amarantha*, which makes me cry out and ſay: *O Lord, as thou art immenſe in thy mercy, ſo thou art inſcrutable in thy judgements, and that therefore, as we ought not, ſo we cannot reſiſt his divine power and eternal preordination.*

Bernardo and *Pierya* (as two limbs of the Devil) having finiſhed this cruel Murther on *Baptiſtyna*, they leave her breathleſs body on her bed, and then withdrawing themſelves from her Chamber, they ſoftly pull faſt the door, which had a Spring-lock, and then ſhe ſecretly throws in the key within ſide, at a private hole, or cranny; when her Sweet-heart and her ſelfe deſcended the ſtaires, and with wonderfull ſilence ſtalk away to the Garden, without the Poſterne door whereof, his Horſe, tyed up to an Iron Ring in the wall, awaited and attended him; where with a multitude of kiſſes they part,

part, he faithfully promiſing her to return to her again at *Florence* within a moneth after at moſt, and then to marry her: So whiles *Pierya* now (in the depth and dead of this diſmal night) betakes her ſelf to her bed, and there (as devoid of fear as of grace) ſleeps ſoundly, her Sweet-heart *Bernardo*, that very obſcure night, gallops thorow the ſtreets of *Florence* towards the gate which leads to *Piſtoia*, where God (in his all-ſeeing providence) cauſeth his horſe to ſtumble, and fall with him to the ground, whereof he brake his neck, and preſently died, and his horſe then riſing, flies from him ſtraglingly in the ſtreets, leaving the breathleſs Corps of *Bernardo* in the ſtreet, having not the happineſs either to cry or utter one word at this his ſudden and diſaſterous death; God having ſo ordained and decreed in his Star Chamber of Heaven, that although for the murthering of the Lady *Baptiſtyna* he deſerved a more ſhamefull end, yet that this poor horſe which brought him to *Florence*, ſhould at the ſame time and place be his Executioner, as alſo that there was ſcarce one hour between his crime and his puniſhment, between her murther and his own death: An act and example of Gods Juſtice, worthy of all men to know, and of all Chriſtians moſt eſpecially to remember, ſo ſecret and ſacred are the Judgements of the Lord of Hoſts. All that night *Bernardo*'s dead body lay gored in his blood (which abundantly iſſued forth his mouth) as alſo in the dirt of the ſtreet, uneſpied of any mortal eye; but aſſoon as the morning began to appear thorow the windows of Heaven, then it was found, & likewiſe to be done by the fall off a horſe, whereof his neck, the beholders ſaw, was broken, the which the ſooner they were induced and led to believe, becauſe they likewiſe found a horſe neer him, ſtragling in the ſtreets without his Rider: This his dead body is therefore preſently expoſed to the Criminal Judges of that fair and famous City, who forthwith, cauſe his Pockets to be ſearched, where inſtead of gold, they, by the direction of God, finde the before nominated promiſe of a yeerly Annuity, which we have formerly underſtood *Amarantha* gave him: Whereupon, they knowing the Lady *Amarantha* to be *Seignior Leonardi Streni* his daughter, and by this note, confidently believing this dead man to be the ſame *Bernardo*, and he to be *Amarantha*'s ſervant, they (without once ſuſpecting or dreaming of any Murther committed by him) hold it a part of their office and duty to acquaint *Streni* herewith. But the news of this dead found Corps ratling thorow the ſtreets of the City, it devanceth this care of theirs, and ſo ſpeedily arrives to *Streni* his houſe before them; whereat *Pierya* (looking for nothing leſs) takes ſo hot an alarme of grief, fear, and deſpair, that her guilty thoughts and conſcience (like ſo many Blood-hounds) ſtill purſuing her, ſhe ſeeing this unlook'd for diſaſter and death of her *Bernardo* to be an act of God, and a blow from Heaven, which infallibly predicted both her danger and death; ſhe therefore preſently flies out of doors, and (with much celerity, and more fear) betakes her ſelf to the leaſt frequented and moſt remoteſt ſtreets of the City for her ſafety. By this time the Criminal Officers are arrived at *Streni* his houſe, whom they acquaint with this mournfull accident, ſhew him this aſſurance of Annuity, and inquire of him if it be the Lady *Amarantha* his Daughters hand, as alſo the dead corps, and if this were her ſervant, who (with a countenance compoſed of aſtoniſhment, fear and ſorrow) acknowledgeth to them, that it is his Daughter *Amarantha*'s own hand writing, and the dead perſonage to be her ſerving-man *Bernardo*: Whereupon they confidently believe, and he ſorrowfully fears, that this death of his, and that aſſurance of hers, doth either import or include ſome greater diſaſter and misfortune: Whereupon, they again modeſtly, yet juridically, demand of him for his Daughter *Amarantha*, and her Chamber-maid, *Pierya*, who returns them this anſwer; that the firſt is at his Mannor of *Cardura*, neer *Piſtoia*, and the ſecond here in his houſe, and now ſerving his eldeſt Daughter *Baptiſtyna*; they demand to ſpeak with *Pierya*, whom he cauſeth to be ſought in all places of his houſe, but ſhe is not to be found, ſo he ſends to look her in his Daughters Chamber, her Miſtreſs, but his ſervants return and report, that the door of that Chamber is faſt lock'd, and that they can get no ſpeech either of her, or of the Lady *Baptiſtyna*; which anſwer of theirs doth exceedingly augment the jealouſie of the Judges, and the fear of the Father: So they all reſolve to aſcend themſelves to that Chamber, where they aloud again calling both the Lady and her Maid, and hearing no anſwer of either of them, they inſtantly cauſe the door to be forced open; where (contrary to their expectation) they finde the Lady *Baptiſtyna* dead, and well near cold in her bed, and cauſing her body to be ſecretly ſearched by ſome Chirurgeons and neighbour Gentlewomen, they are all of opinion, that ſhe is undoubtedly ſtifled in her Bed, and her face very much black and ſwoln with ſtruggling for life againſt death. They are amazed, and her Father *Streni* almoſt drowned in his ſorrowfull tears at the ſight of this deplorable accident, and mournfull ſpectacle, and therefore what to ſay, or how to bear himſelf herein he knows not.

But

But the Judges upon farther knowledge and conſideration of the flight of *Pierya*, the death of *Bernardo*, and the promiſed Annuity of *Amarantha* upon their marriage (as it were prompted by God) do vehemently ſuſpect and believe that they all three were undoubtedly conſenting and guilty of *Baptiſtyna*'s death, notwithſtanding that the Key of her Chamber was found thrown in within ſide: So they preſently leave this ſorrowfull Father to his tears, and betaking themſelves to their Seat of Juſtice, do inſtantly cauſe all the Gates of the City to be ſhut, and a ſtrict and curious ſearch to be made in all parts thereof, for the apprehenſion of *Pierya* which (in their zeal and honour to ſacred Juſtice) they perform with ſo much care and ſpeed, as within three hours after ſhe is found out, and apprehended in an Aunts houſe of hers, who was a poor woman and a Landreſs of that City, named *Eleanora Fracaſa*.

The Judges being preſently advertiſed hereof, convent her before them, and (by vertue of this Annuity) charge both her and her Lover *Bernardo* to be the actors, and *Amarantha* to be at leaſt acceſſary, if not the Author, with them of murthering of *Baptiſtyna*; ſhe can hardly ſpeak for tears at this her Examination, becauſe her ſighs ſtill cut her words in pieces; and yet ſhe is ſo far from grace and repentance, as at firſt ſhe ſtoutly denies all, and boldly affirms, that both *Amarantha*, *Bernardo*, and her ſelf, were every way innocent of attempting any thing againſt *Baptiſtyna*'s life, and that if ſhe were dead, ſhe died only of a natural death by the appointment of God, and no otherwiſe; and to this anſwer of hers the Devil had made her ſo ſtrong, as ſhe added many fearfull oaths and deprecations, both for her own and their juſtification; but yet (notwithſtanding this her Apology) theſe grave and clear-ſighted Judges are ſo far from diminiſhing, as they augment their ſuſpition both of her and them, and ſo commit her to priſon, and forthwith to the rack. At the pronouncing of which Sentence, *Pierya* is much daunted, ſeems to let fall ſome of her former fortitude and conſtancy, and to burſt forth into many paſſionate tears, ſighs and exclamations; but they will nothing avail her: For, ſeeing her pretended Husband *Bernardo* dead, in whom lived the imaginary joys of her heart, ſhe ſo fainted, as at the very firſt ſight of the Rack (with ſome tears, and more deep-fetcht ſighs) ſhe confeſſed to her Judges, that ſhe and *Bernardo* had ſtifled her Lady *Baptiſtyna* in her bed; but ſtill conſtantly affirmed that her ſiſter *Amarantha* was wholly innocent thereof, flattering her ſelf with this hope, that for thus her clearing of her Lady *Amarantha* from this crime and danger, ſhe (in requital thereof) could do no leſs than be a means to procure a pardon for her life: But theſe hopes of hers will deceive her, and flie as faſt from her hereafter, as ever ſhe formerly did from God. So the Judges (in deteſtation of this her foul and bloody crime) adjudge her to be hanged for the ſame; but firſt they ſend her back to priſon, and the very next morning before break of day, they ſecretly ſend away three of their *Isbieres* (or Sergeants) to *Cardura*, to fetch the Lady *Amarantha* to *Florence*, being very confident (notwithſtanding *Pierya*'s denial) that ſhe likewiſe had a deep finger and ſhare in her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*'s murther.

Amarantha not dreaming in *Cardura* what had betided in *Florence* to *Bernardo* and *Pierya*, but flattering her ſelf with much hope and joy, that by this time they had undoubtedly made away her ſiſter *Baptiſtyna*, and conſequently that ſhe ſhould ſhortly reviſit *Florence*, and there domineer alone, and obtain ſome gallant Cavalier of her Father for her Husband; ſhe in expectance of her ſervant *Bernardo* his return, and of his pleaſing news, had that day (as it were, in a bravery and triumph) purpoſely dighted her ſelf up in her beſt attire, and richeſt apparel; and ſo betaking her ſelf to her Chamber, and to that window which looked towards *Florence*, ſhe with a longing deſire expecteth every minute when he will arrive; when about ten of the clock before dinner (contrary to her expectation) ſhe ſees three men to enter into the houſe, apparelled as *Florentines*, whereat ſhe much muſeth and wondereth, as not knowing what they, or their coming ſhould import. Theſe three Sergeants having entred the houſe, they are brought to the Governeſs *Malevola*, who brings them to her young Lady *Amarantha* in her Chamber; to whom (with a diſſembling confidence) they report to her, That *Seignior Streni* her Father, hath ſent them to conduct and accompany her ſpeedily to *Florence*. *Amarantha* inquired of them for her Fathers Letters to that effect; whereunto one of the ſubtiileſt of them makes anſwer very ſlily and artificially to her, that her Fathers haſte, and her preferment, would not permit him to write to her; for that he perfectly knew from him, he was now upon matching her to a rich and noble Husband: Her Governeſs *Malevola* likewiſe demands of them, if he had not written to her ſelf, they anſwer no, but that he bad them tell her, that he willed her without delay to bring away his Daughter *Amarantha* with her, and themſelves to *Florence* by Coach, and only one Foot-boy. The Pupil and Governeſs conſult hereon, and the very name of a Husband makes the firſt

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as willing as the ſecond is diſcontented to go to *Florence* without a Letter; but the policy of the Sergeants ſo prevail with the ſimplicity of this young Lady, and old Gentlewoman, that they ſpeedily pack up their Trunks, ſo dine, and then take Coach and Horſe, and away for *Florence*; during which ſhort journey, although the mirth and joy of *Amarantha* be great, yet ſhe finds ſo many different reluctations, and extravagant thoughts in her minde at the abſence and ſilence of her man *Bernardo*, as ſhe cannot poſſibly again refrain from muſing and wondering thereat. They all arrive at *Florence*, where theſe Sergeants (having learnt their parts well, and acting them better) inſtead of *Amarantha*'s Fathers houſe, do clap her up cloſe priſoner in the Common Gaol of that City, notwithſtanding all her prayers and cryes, ſighs and tears to the contrary; and then ſend her Governeſs *Mal vila* home to her ſaid Father to advertiſe him hereof; who tearing the ſnow-white hair off his head and beard at this ſad news, and extreamly fearing the dangerous conſequence of this deplorable accident, he (with tears in his eyes, ſorrow in his looks, and ſighs in his ſpeeches) repairs ſpeedily to the Judges, to whom ſorrowfully and humbly caſting himſelf almoſt as low as their feet, he prays them to think of his age, and of his impriſoned Daughters youth, and that having unfortunately loſt his eldeſt Daughter, that they would not deprive him of his youngeſt, nor caſt her life away either upon bare preſumption or circumſtance, or upon the wrongfull reports and malice of his and her enemies: but theſe grave and Lynce-eyed Magiſtrates (who look as deeply into the priviledge and dignity of Juſtice, as he doth into the paſſions of paternal affection and nature) cut him off with this ſharp reply, That they honour his age, and reſpect his Daughters youth, that ſhe ſhall have juſtice, and that by the Laws of *Florence* he muſt expect no more; with which cold anſwer he returns home to his houſe, as diſconſolate, as he came forth ſorrowfull, being not permitted, but defended to ſee, or ſpeak with his Daughter *Amarantha* in priſon, only he hath permiſſion to bury his murthered Daughter *Baptiſtyna*, the which he performeth with far more grief and ſorrow than ſolemnity.

The truth and decorum of this Hiſtory muſt now invite the Reader to viſit *Amarantha* in priſon, who being here debarred from ſpeaking with any, or any with her, except (thoſe miſerable comforters) her Sergeants and Gaolers, ſhe now ſeeing the imminency of her danger, and fearing the aſſurance of her death, for that ſhe heard a ſecret inckling (from the lower Court, through her Chamber window) *That her Siſter* Baptiſtyna *was murthered, her Maid* Pierya *impriſoned, and ſhe her ſelf vehemently ſuſpected for the ſame*: She therefore now begins to think of her former bloody crimes with repentance, and of theſe her inhumane cruelties towards her two elder Siſters with contrition, and ſolemnly vows to God, that if his Divine Majeſty will now pleaſe to ſave her life, ſhe will henceforth religiouſly redeem the firſt and ſecond with repentance. So in the midſt of theſe good thoughts, though vain deſires and wiſhes of hers, ſhe yet ſtill flatters her ſelf with this poor hope, that if her man *Bernardo* be living, then her promiſed Annuity to him written with her own hand is ſtill ſure, and therefore tacitly dead in his cuſtody; and that both he and *Pierya* cannot any way wrong her without infinitely wronging themſelves, and endangering their own lives: ſo albeit her Judges have matter of ſuſpition, yet they can have no cauſe of death againſt her, or if peradventure they have, yet that the power of her Fathers greatneſs and Friends are ſo prevalent in *Florence* and *Tuſcany*, that if (the worſt fall out) he and they can obtain at leaſt her Reprival for the preſent, if not, her Pardon for the future. But (contrary to all theſe her weak and trivial hopes) the very next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges to a private examination, who (after they had made a grave and Religious ſpeech to her) they demand her, firſt, If ſhe imployed not her ſervant *Bernardo*, and *Pierya* to murther her Siſter *Baptiſtyna*, the which ſhe firmly and conſtantly denies: ſecondly, If ſhe had not given an Annuity of 150. Duckatons during his life to marry *Pierya*, the which ſhe likewiſe denies; then they produce and ſhew it her under her own hand writing, whereat (they meaſuring her heart by her countenance) ſhe ſeems to be ſo much perplexed with ſorrow and amazed with fear, as ſhe cannot refrain from giving them leſs words, but more tears; Of which her Judges conceiving a good opinion and hope, and therefore deeming themſelves now to be in a fair way, and a direct courſe to obtain the whole truth of this lamentable buſineſs from her) they bethink themſelves of a policy, thereby to effect and compaſs it, which is every way worthy of themſelves and their offices, of their diſcretion and Juſtice. They tell *Amarantha*, that in regard of her youth and beauty, and of her Fathers age and nobility, they deſire and intend to ſave her, if ſhe will not wilfully caſt her ſelf away; That her ſafety and life now conſiſteth in her plain confeſſion, and not in her perverſe denial and concealation, of being acceſſary and conſenting to the murther of her ſiſter *Baptiſtyna*; That they have proofs thereof, as clear, and as apparant as the Sun: and that they having

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cauſed *Pieria* to be executed for the ſame this morning, ſhe confeſſed it to them at her death, yea and dyed thereon. At which ſpeeches of her Judges, and confeſſion and death of *Pieria*, this wretched and unfortunat Lady *Amarantha* (ſeeing her ſelf ſo palpably convicted of this her bloudy and inhumane crime) being wholly vanquiſhed either with fear toward her ſelf, or choller towards *Pieria*, ſhe falls on her knees to her Judges feet, and (with a great ſhower of tears) makes her ſelf (by her free confeſſion) to be the prime authour of her Siſter *Baptiſtma's* murther, That ſhe had hired *Bernardo* and *Pierya* to perform it, and given him an Annuity of 150 Duckatons *per annum*, and to each of them 50 Duckatons more in hand to that effect, concealing no point or part thereof, as we have already formerly underſtood: when (contrary to the expectation of her Judges) ſhe moſt bitterly exclaimed on the name, memory, and ingratitude of this baſe wretch *Pieria* (for ſo ſhe then termed her) in that ſhe could not be contented to die her ſelf, but alſo as much, and as maliciouſly, as in her power, to think likewiſe to hazard her own life with her. And now our cholerick, and yet ſorrowfull *Amarantha* (between theſe two different extreams of hope and fear) layes hold of her Judges late promiſe and profered courteſie to her to ſave her; and then and there (with many reverences, tears, and wringing of her hands) moſt humbly beſeecheth them for Gods ſake, and for honours cauſe, to be good unto her, and to give her her life, although ſhe confeſſeth ſhe is moſt worthy of death, in being ſo degenerat and bloudy minded towards her own Siſter. But they (having by this commendable means, and artificiall policie, drawn this worm from *Amarantha's* tongue, I mean this truth from her mouth) are exceeding ſorrowfull, and as much deteſt this her barbarous fact, as they pitty her deſcent, youth, and beauty; but well knowing with themſelves, that God is glorified in the due and true execution of Juſtice upon all capitall malefactors, and eſpecially on murtherers (who are no leſs then monſters of nature, the diſgrace of their times, and the very butchers of mankind) and that the greatneſs of their quality and blood doth only ſerve but to make theſe crimes of theirs the greater: therefore (I ſay) theſe wiſe and religious Judges prove deaf to her requeſts, and blind to her tears; and ſo having firſt cauſed her to ſigne this her confeſſion, and then confronted her with *Pieria*, who now to *Amarantha's* face confirmed as much as ſhe her ſelf right now confeſſed and affirmed, they now in expectation of this her cruell murther, adjudge her likewiſe to be hanged the next day, at the common place of Execution, in company of *Pieria*; although her aged ſorrowfull Father *Seignior Streni* (being well nigh weighed down to his grave with the extream grief and ſorrow of theſe his misfortuns and calamities) profered the Judges and the great Duke the greateſt part of his eſtate, and lands, to ſave this his youngeſt, and now his only Daughter *Amarantha*: But his labour proved loſt, and his care and affection vain in this his ſute and ſolicitation, becauſe thoſe learned Judges, and this prudent and noble Duke, grounded their reſolutions and pleaſures upon this wholſome and true Maxim, That Juſtice is one of the greateſt Coloſſus and ſtrongeſt columns of Kingdoms and Common-weals, and the trueſt way and means to preſerve them in flouriſhing proſperity and glory, and conſequently, that all wilfull and premeditated murtherers cannot be either too ſoon exterminated, or too ſeverely puniſhed, and cut off from the world. So *Amarantha* with more choller then ſorrow, and *Pieria*, with more fear then choller, are now both ſent back to their priſons; and that night *Streni* ſends his Daughter, and the Judges ſend *Pierya*, ſome Fryers and Nvnnes to prepare their ſoules for Heaven, but (in honour of the truth) I muſt affirm with equall grief and pitty, that both theſe two female monſters had their hearts ſo ſealed, and their ſoules ſo ſeared up with impiety, that neither of them could there be perſwaded, or drawn, either to think of repentance or of God.

Whiles thus *Florence* reſounds of theſe their foul and inhumane crimes, as alſo of their juſt condemnations, the next morning about ten of the clock, they are brought to the deſtin'd place of Execution, there to receive their condign puniſhments for the ſame. *Pierya* firſt mounts the Ladder, who made a ſhort ſpeech at her death, to this effect; That her deſire to obtaine *Bernardo* for her Husband had chiefly drawn her to commit this murther on her Lady *Baptiſtina*, and that it was far more her Siſter *Amaranthaa's* malice to her, then her own, which ſeduced her to this bloody reſolution; and that this her own ſhamefull death was not half ſo grievous to her, as the unfortunate end of her lover *Bernardo*, whom, ſhe there affirmed to the world, and took it to her death, that ſhe loved a thouſand times dearer then her own life, with many other vain and ridiculous ſpeeches tending that way, and which favoured more of her fond affection to him, then of any zeal or devotion to God; and therefore I hold them every way more worthy of my ſilence, then of my relation: and ſo ſhe was turned over. To ſecond whoſe unfortunate and ſhamefull end, now our bloudy and execrable *Amarantha* (with far more beauty then contrition, and bravery then repentance) aſcends the Ladder; who (to make her infamy the more famous) had purpoſely dighted and apparelled her ſelf in a plain black

Sattin gown, with Silver lace, and a deep-laced Cambrick Ruff of a very large Set, with her hair unvailed, and decked with many Roſes of ſilver Ribband: At her aſcent, her extraction, beauty, and youth, begat as much pitty, as her bloudy and unnaturall crime did deteſtation, in the eyes and hearts of all her ſpectators: When after a pauſe or two, ſhe (vainly compoſing her countenance, more with contempt, then fear of death) there to a world of people, who flocked from all parts of the City and Country to ſee her dye (with a wondrous boldneſs) confeſſed, That ſhe had not only cauſed her ſiſter *Baptiſtina* to be ſtifled in her bed by *Bernardo* and *Fierya*, but that her ſaid Siſter *Baptiſtina* and her ſelf had formerly poyſoned their elder Siſter *Jaquinta*, and that it was only their imperiouſneſs and pride towards her, which drew her to this reſolution and revenge againſt them both; the which ſhe affirmed, ſhe could now as little repent, as heretofore remedy, and that ſhe more ſenſibly lamented, and grieved for the ſorrows of her Fathers life, then for the ſhame and infamy of her own death: when, without any ſhew of repentance, without any ſpeech of God, or which is leſs, without ſo muth as onee looking up towards Heaven, or inviting or praying her ſpectatours to pray to God for her ſoule ſhe with a graceleſs reſolution, and prophane boldneſs) conjured her Executioner ſpeedily to performe his office and duty, which by the command of the Magiſtrate he forthwith did. So this wretched *Amarantha* was hanged for her ſecond murther, and then by a ſecond decree and ſentence of the criminall Judges, her body is after dinner burnt to aſhes for her firſt; who likewiſe, in honour to Juſtice, and to the glory of God, do alſo cauſe the dead body of *Bernardo* (for two whole dayes) to be hanged by his feet in his ſhirt ta the ſame Gallows, and then to be caſt into the River of *Arno*. And here the Judges alſo, to ſhew themſelves, themſelves, were once of opinion to have unburyed *Baptiſtina*, and likewiſe to have given her dead body ſome opprobrious puniſhment, for being acceſſary with her Siſter *Amarantha* to poyſon their elder ſiſter *Jaquinta*; but having no other evidence or proof hereof, but only the teſtimony of her condemned dying Siſter *Amarantha*, whom it was more probable then in poſſible, ſhe might ſpeak it more out of malice then truth, as alſo that God had already afflicted a deplorable end and puniſhment to her, they therefore omitted it. And thus was the deſerved ends, and condign puniſhments of theſe wretched and execrable murtherers; and in this manner did the juſt reveng, and ſacred juſtice of God meet and triumph over them and their bloudy crimes.

And now herefully to conclude and ſhut up this Hiſtory in all its circumſtances; The griefs and ſorrows of this unfortunate old Father was ſo great and infinite, for the untimely and deplorable deaths of all theſe his three only Daughters and Children, that although piety and Religion had formerly taught him, that the afflictions of this life are the joyes of that to come, yet being wholly vanquiſhed and depreſſed with all theſe his different bitter croſſes and calamities, he left *Florence*, and retired himſelf to a ſolitary life in *Cardura*, where he not long ſurvived them, but dyed very penſively and mournfully.

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXII.

Martino *poyſoneth his Brother* Pedro, *and murthereth* Monfredo *in the ſtreet; Hee afterwards grows mad, and in confeſſion reveals both theſe his murthers to Father* Thomas *his Ghoſtly Father, who afterwards dying, reveals it by his Letter to* Cecilliana, *who was Widdow to* Monfredo, *and Siſter to* Pedro *and* Martino. Martino *hath firſt his right hand cut off, and then is hanged for the ſame.*

AS it is a dangerous wickedneſs to contrive and plot murther; So much more it is a wretched and execrable one to finiſh, and perpetrate it; for to kill our Chriſtian Brother, who figuratively bears the image of God, is an act ſo odious, as Nature cannot excuſe, and ſo diabolicall, as no Clemencie can pardon; And yet this age, and this world is but too plentifull and fertill of ſuch bloody Tigers, and inhumane Monſters, and Butchers of mankind, as if they had not a Conſcience within them to accuſe them, a God above them to condemn them, and a Hell below them to puniſh them; or as if they had not the ſacred Oracles of Gods eternall Word, I mean the Law and the Goſpell, and the bleſſed Precepts and Doctrine of the holy Prophets and Apoſtles, yea, of Chriſt Jeſus himſelf, the great Shepherd, and ſacred Biſhop of our ſoules, to teach us the rules of Mercy, Meekneſs, and Long-ſuffering, whiles we live in this vale of Miſery here below, and that we muſt imbrace and follow Peace and Charity with all men, if ever we think to participate of the true felicity and joyes of Heaven above: But nevertheleſs (yea directly contrary hereunto) this enſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who though ſufficiently inſtructed in the rules of Piety and Charity, yet he wilfully abandoned the firſt, and contemned the ſecond, by cruelly and unnaturally imbruing his hands in innocent bloud, for the which we ſhall ſee, that he in the end ſuffereth a ſevere and ſhamefull death. May we read this Hiſtory to the glory of God, and the inſtruction of our ſelves.

The Scene of this Hiſtory is laid in *Spain*, in the famous Province of old *Caſtile*, and in the fair and ancient City of *Burgos*, where lately dwelt a noble and rich old Gentlewoman, termed *Dona Catherina Antunez* (a Sirname much known, and famous in that City, Province, and Kingdom) who had by her deceaſed Husband *Don Roderigo de Ricaldo*, two Sons, *Don Pedro*, and *Don Martino*, and one Daughter named *Dona Cecilliana*. Her eldeſt Son *Don Pedro* was a gallant Cavalier of ſome eight and twenty years of age, tall and well-timbred, by complexion and hair black, and of a ſwart and martiall countenance, who for the ſpace of ſeven years ſerved as a voluntary Gentleman under that wiſe and valiant Commander *Don Gonſalez de Cordova* in *Germany*, and againſt the Lords States of the *Netherlands*, and ſince in the *Voltoline* and *Millane*, againſt the *Griſons* and *French*; In both which warrs he left behind him many memorable teſtimonies of his proweſs, and purchaſed divers honourable trophees of true valour, and generoſity: but for any other intellectuall endowments of the mind, he was no ſcholler, but of an indifferent capacity, yet very honeſt, courteous, and affable, particularly to his friends, and generally to all the world. His Brother *Don Martino* was of ſome four and twenty years of age, ſhort of ſtature, very ſlender, but crook-back'd, of an Aubrun hair, a withered face, a ſquint eye, of inclination extreamly ſullen, and of diſpoſition and nature envious and revengefull, as deſirous rather to entertain a night-quarrell in the ſtreet, then a day-combat in the Field; but as God is many times pleaſed to countervail and reward the defects of nature in the body, with ſome rich gifts and perfections of the mind, ſo though not by profeſſion, yet by education he was an excellent Scholar, of an active and ſharp wit, a fluent tongue, and ſingularly able either to allure or divert, to perſwade or diſſwade, according as the ſtream of his different paſſions and affections led him; Vertues enough reluctant and excellent to build a fame and ſufficient to raiſe an eminent fortune, if his former vices do not too fatally eclipſe the one and deface the other. Their Siſter *Cecilliana* (aged of ſome twenty years) was of an indifferent height, but growing to corpulencie and fatneſs, of a black hair, an amiable brown complexion, a big rolling eye, and the ayre of her countenance rather beautifully amorous, then modeſtly beautifull: She was of a nimble wit, of humour pleaſant and facetious, yet ſo reſerved in the externall demonſtration thereof, that through her Mothers pious and auſtere education of her, ſhe (in all outward ſemblance) ſeemed rather to be fit for a Nunnery then a Husband, and more proper to make a Saint, then a Wife; but as the face proves not ſtill a true Index of the heart, nor our looks and ſpeeches ſtill a true Sybile of our ſoules, ſo how retired ſoever her Mother kept her from the company of men, yet her wanton eye, conſpiring with her laſcivious heart, made her the more deſirous thereof, and far the more licentiouſly, in regard ſhe was ſtrictly forbidden it; ſo as (not to contradict or diſſemble the truth) I am here enforced to relate and affirm, that ſhe imparteth her favours upon two or three young Gentlemen of that City, of her privat acquaintance, and is more familiar with them, then modeſty can well warrant, or chaſtity allow of. But there is a young Gallant of this City likewiſe (more noble by birth, then rich in eſtate and means) named *Don Balthazar de Monfredo*, who (deeming *Cecilliana* as famous for her chaſtity, as for her beauty) bears a ſingular affection to her; yea, his heart and thoughts are ſo fervently intangled in the ſnares of her delicious beauty, that in publick and privat, in his deſires and wiſhes, and in his ſpeech and actions he proclaims her to be his Miſtreſs, and himſelf her ſervant; and if he affect and deſire *Cecilliana* for his Wife, no leſs doth ſhe *Monfredo* for her Husband; ſo that they many times by ſtealth meet and conferr privatly in remote Churches and Chappels, it being rather a prophane than a religious cuſtome of *Spain* (wherein Heaven is too much made to ſtoop to Earth, and Religion to impiety) for men to court their intended wives, and (which is worſe) many times their Courtizans and Strumpets. *Cecilliana* (oftentimes warrented by her Mothers indiſpoſition) can no ſooner take Coach to enjoy the pleaſure and benefit of the freſh ayre abroad in the fragrant fields, but *Monfredo* aſſuredly meets her, where leaping from his Coach into hers (and leaving his Page to accompany her Waiting Gentlewoman in his own) they at firſt familiarly kiſs and confer, and in a few of theſe meetings at laſt effectually reſolve to give themſelves each to other in the ſacred bonds of marriage; ſo he gives her a rich Diamond Ring, and ſhe reciprocally returns him a pair of Gold Bracelets, in token of marriage, and they then and there (calling God to witneſs) very ſolemnly contract themſelves man and Wife, yet for ſome ſollid reaſons, and important conſiderations, which conduce to the better accompliſhing of their deſires, they for a time conclude to bear it ſecretly and ſilently from all the world; and it is concluded and agreed between them, that a moneth after, and not before, he ſhall attempt to ſeek her publickly in marriage, both of her Mother the Lady *Catherina*, as alſo of her two Brothers *Don Pedro* and *Don Martino*.

So

So when this moneth is paſt over (which to theſe our two Lovers ſeems to be many ages) *Monfredo* very fairly and orderly ſeeks her of her Mother in marriage, and likewiſe (in tearms fit for him to give, and them to receive) acquaints her two Brothers with his ſute and affection to their Siſter, and with his beſt art and eloquence endeavoureth (on honourable tearms) to gain and purchaſe their conſents thereunto. As for her Mother, ſhe (preferring wealth to honour, and riches to content) conſidering the weakneſs of *Monfredo's* eſtate, the death of his parents, whereby ſhe ſees him deprived of all future hope to raiſe his fortunes, doth abſolutely deny to beſtow her Daughter on him in marriage; and the more to bewray her extream diſtaſt of this his ſute and diſlike of himſelf, ſhe (with much obſtinacy and choller) forbids him her Daughters company, and (with more incivility and indignation) conjures him to leave and forbear her houſe, telling him ſhe hath already firmly ingaged her word and promiſe to *Don Alonſo Delrio*, that he ſhall ſhortly eſpouſe and marry her. Now although this ſharp anſwer of hers ſeem to nip *Monfredo's* hopes and deſires in their bloſſoms, yet relying more on the affection and conſtancy of the Daughter, than on the power or reſolution of the Mother, he again and again (with a moſt reſpective and honourable importunity) ſoliciteth her conſent; but he ſees it loſt labour, becauſe ſhe is reſolute that her firſt ſhall be her laſt anſwer to him herein. As for her Brother *Don Pedro*, he loves his Siſter ſo perfectly, and her content ſo dearly, that he finds him to ſtand well affected to their affections, and in regard of his love to her, and reſpect to him, that he utterly contemnes the motion and mention of *Delrio*; and therefore faithfully promiſeth *Monfredo* his beſt aſſiſtance towards his Mother for the effecting of their deſires. But for her younger Brother, *Don Martino*, he finds a contrary nature and diſpoſition in him; for he never loved, but hated his Siſter *Cecilliana*, and therefore hates *Monfredo* for her ſake, and loves *Delrio*, becauſe he hears ſhe hates him, and ſo animates his Mother againſt them; and thus he gives *Monfredo* cold anſwers, and (the ſooner and better to convert his hope into deſpair) tels him plainly that *Delrio* muſt and ſhall marry his Siſter, and none but he. Thus *Monfredo* departs, as glad of *Don Pedro* his love, as he is ſorrowfull for his Mother and Brother *Don Martino's* hatred. And here (to obſerve the better order in this Hiſtory, and likewiſe to give the curioſity of the Reader the fuller ſatisfaction) it will not be improper, rather pertinent for us to underſtand, that *Don Delrio* was alſo a well deſcended Gentleman of the ſame City of *Burgos*, rich in Lands and monies, but at leaſt fifty five years old, having a white head and Beard, of a hard and ſoure favour, and exceedingly Baker-legged; yet as old as he was, he was ſo paſſionately enamoured of the freſh and ſweet beauty of *Cecilliana*, that he thought her not too young to be his wife, nor himſelf too old to be her Husband, but led more by his luſt than his Judgment, and encouraged by *Don Catherina* her Mother, for that his great lands and wealth wholly inclined and weighed down her affection towards him, he often viſiteth her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and with his beſt oratory and power ſeeks and courts her affection in the way of marriage: but ſhe having her heart fixed on *Monfredo's* youth, and comely feature, ſhe highly ſlights *Delrio's* frozen age, and diſdaining to make her ſelf a *May* to this *December*, becauſe ſhe apparantly knew, and perfectly believed, that he was every way fitter for his Grave, than for her Bed; for it was *Monfredo*, and only *Monfredo*, whom her heart had elected and choſen for her ſecond ſelf and Husband: And ſuppoſe (quoth ſhe) that *Monfredo* be not ſo rich as *Delrio*, yet all *Caſtile*, yea all *Spain* well knows, that by deſcent and generoſity he is far more noble, and that there is as great an *Antitheſis* and diſparity between the vertues of the firſt, and the defects and imperfections of the laſt, as there is between a Clown and a Captaine, and a Peaſant and a Prince; therefore let my Mother ſay what ſhe will, *Delrio* what he can, or my Brother *Martino* what he dare, yet they ſhall ſee, and the world know, that I will be wife to none but *Monfredo*, and that either he, or my Grave ſhall be my Huſband.

But the Lady *Catherina* her Mother (notwithſtanding her Daughters averſneſs and obſtinacie) laies her charge and bleſſing upon her to forſake *Monfredo*, and take *Delrio*, urging to her the poverty of the one, and the wealth of the other, what delights and contentments the laſt will give her, and what afflictions and miſery the firſt do threaten her: but the affection of *Cecilliana* is ſtill ſo firmly fixed, and ſtrongly ſettled and cymented on her *Monfredo*, that ſhe is deaf to theſe requeſts, and blind to theſe reaſons of her Mother, in ſeeking to diſſwade her from him, and in conſenting and perſwading her to accept of *Delrio* for her Husband; and although her Mother follow her in all places as her ſhaddow, and haunt her at all times as her Ghoſt, to draw her hereunto, yet ſhe ſtill finds her Daughter as reſolute to deny, as ſhe is importunate to requeſt it of her, vowing that ſhe will rather wed her ſelf to a Nunnery, than to *Delrio*, whom ſhe ſaith ſhe cannot affect, and therefore peremptorily diſdaineth to marry. Her Mother ſeeing her Daughter thus conſtantly and willfully to perſevere in her obſtinacy againſt

her deſires, ſhe (with much choller and grief) relates from point to point to her Son *Don Martino* what had paſt between them; whom ſhe knew did as much love *Delrio*, and hate *Monfredo*, as her eldeſt Son *Don Pedro* hated *Delrio*, and loved *Monfredo* for their Siſter in *marriage*. *Martino* takes advantage of this occaſion and opportunity, and thinking to give two blowes with one ſtone, by croſſing his Siſter in her affection; and his Brother in his deſignes and wiſhes, doth now more than ever incenſe his Mother againſt her, alleadging that it would be a far greater honour, and leſs ſcandall to their Name and Houſe, that ſhe were rather married to a Nunnery, than a Beggar, and with many powerfull reaſons, and artificiall perſwaſions, ſtrives to make her inclinable to this project, and flexible to this reſolution of his, as indeed in a little time ſhe doth: For the Mother being thus wedded to her will, and therein now confirmed by the ſlie policy, and fortified by the ſubtile inſinuation of her Son *Don Martino*, ſhe hereupon conſtantly reſolves to betake and give her Daughter to God and the Church, affirming that ſhe ſhall never reap any true content in her thoughts, nor peace in her heart, before ſhe ſee her Cloyſtered up and eſpouſed to a Nunnery. But this compact of theirs is not ſo cloſely carried between them, but the vigilancy of *Don Pedro* (whoſe affection and care aimes to give *Monfredo* and his Siſter content) hath perfect notice and intelligence hereof, the which for a time he holds fit to conceal from them both; when firmly purpoſing to prevent it, and ſo to croſs his Mother and Brother, who herein delight and glory to croſs him, he bethinks himſelf of an invention (worthy of himſelf) how and which way to effect it. He ſends for *Don Alonſo Delrio* to the *Cordeliers* Church, and there relates him the friendſhip he bears him, that he will not ſee him run himſelf into an errour in ſeeking his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, whom he knows he cannot poſſibly obtain; She (to his knowledge) being already firmly contracted to *Monfredo*, notwithſtanding all that his Mother and Brother *Don Martino* have ſaid or can do to the contrary. *Delrio* heartily thanks *Don Pedro* for the expreſſion of this love to him, the which he affirms he ſhall ever find him ready both to deſerve and requite; when meaſuring the time future by the preſent, and of *Cecilliana's* blooming youth by his weather-beaten and blaſted age, he vows to *Don Pedro*, that he will henceforth no more deſire or ſeek his Siſter in marriage; nor yet ſpeak with her, or come near his Mother or Brother; ſo that buſineſs is for ever daſhed, and receives an end, almoſt as ſoon as a beginning. The which *Don Martino* (out of his deep reach and politick pate) underſtanding, and knowing that this falling off of *Delrio*, from farther ſeeking his Siſter in marriage, proceeded wholly from the ſecret undermining of his Brother *Don Pedro*, he is extreamly in choller againſt him for the ſame; and ſo (with more paſſion than diſcretion) goes and chargeth him herewith: Whereupon theſe two Brothers fall at great contention and variance, and many bitter words and outragious ſpeeches here interchangeably paſs between them, the repetition whereof I think good to bury in ſilence, becauſe it matters not much to give it a place in this Hiſtory; only (to deal on generals) I muſt ſay that *Don Pedro* was high, and *Don Martino* hot, and that the firſt ſpake not ſo much as he dared, and the laſt dared not ſo much as he ſpake. But this tongue combate of theirs was ſo violent and bluſterous, as the iſſue thereof redounding to *Don Pedros* glory and generoſity, and to *Don Martino's* ſhame and baſeneſs, and *Martino* finding that he had more will than power to be now revenged hereof on his Brother, he is inflamed with choller and revenge againſt him for the ſame, as conſulting with Satan, not with God, he is ſo revengefull and inhumane, as he wiſheth his ſaid Brother in Heaven, and from thenceforth plotteth with himſelf how to finiſh it, reaſoning thus uncharitably and damnably with himſelfe; That he being dead, and his Siſter pent a mewed up in and Nunnery, he ſhall then be ſole Heir and Lord to all the Lands and Eſtate which his Father left him.

Thus in the heat of his choller, and the fumes of his revenge againſt his Brother *Don Pedro*, he repayres to his Mother, informs her how it is he and his policie which hath beaten off *Delrio* from ſeeking his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, and that through his cloſe treacherous dealing, he hath prevailed with him for ever to abandon her; yea, he here leaves no invention unaſſayed to incenſe his Mother againſt his Brother, nor means unattempted to inflame her againſt his Siſter, by ſtill putting her in mind of his raſhneſs towards *Delrio*, and for her diſobedience towards her ſelf; and here (he remembring his own avaritious ends) doth again modeſtly perſwade, and then again importunatly pray his Mother to conſtitute her to a Nunnery; whereunto (as we have formerly underſtood) he knows ſhe is already reſolutely bent and reſolved: When ſhe (being vanquiſhed with her own deſires, and his importunity) promiſeth him very ſhortly to effect it. But firſt ſhe ſends for her Son *Don Pedro*, and in a language of thunder rebukes and checks him for his double crime, in diſſwading *Delrio* from ſo ſuddenly forſaking his Siſter, and in perſwading ſo ſtrongly to affect *Monfredo*, adding withall, that notwithſtanding his treachery and policie, and her ingratefull diſobedience to her, ſhe is inviolably

violably reſolved ſhortly to ſend *Monſredo* to ſeek another wife, and to give and betake her to no another Husband than a Nunnery. *Don Pedro*, holding it his duty to entertain this choller and theſe ſpeeches of his Mother rather with modeſty than paſſion, returns her this anſwer, that he hath not ſaid, nor done any thing to *Delrio*, but what he can well juſtifie with his obedience to her, and his honour to the whole world; that his affection to his Siſters preſent content, and care of her future proſperity, makes him aſſume this belief and confidence, that *Delrio* is as unworthy of her, as ſhe worthily beſtowed on *Don Monfredo*, and therefore that it is both pity and ſhame, that the wealth of the firſt ſhould be preferred to the nobility and generoſity of the ſecond; he prayes her to conſider, that as *Cecilliana* is her Daughter, ſo ſhe is his Siſter, and that he is ſo well acquainted with her diſpoſition and ſecrets, as not to diſſemble her the truth, he holds her far more fit to make a Wife than a Nunne, and a Nunnery therefore (every way) to be improper for her, and ſhe for it; that he is not ignorant that it is the policie or rather the malice of his Brother *Don Martino*, which hath wrought theſe falſe impreſſions in her belief againſt himſelf, and this her uncharitable reſolution againſt his Siſter; for which baſe treachery and ingratitude of his, if he thought him as worthy of his care, as he knows he is of his ſcorn, he would not faile to call him to a ſtrict account for the ſame, but that Nature and Grace preſcribe him contrary rules. *Dona Catherina* being far more capable to diſtaſte, than to reliſh this bold anſwer of her Son *Don Pedro*, and contenting her ſelf to have now delivered him her mind and reſolution at full, ſhe leaves him, and finds out his Brother *Martino*, to whom ſhe punctually relates what had paſt between her and his Brother *Don Pedro*; whereat he is a freſh ſo netled with choller, and inflamed with revenge againſt him, as what before he hath deſperatly plotted and reſolved againſt his life, he now vows and ſwears ſhortly to execute; whereat his bloody thoughts (without intermiſſion) aime and tend, and next thereunto he deſires nothing ſo much, as to ſee his Siſter made a vowed and vayled Siſter.

Whiles thus his Mother and himſelf are deep in conference, and buſie in conſultation how to effect and compaſs theſe their different deſignes; *Don Pedro* goes to his Siſter *Cecilliana*, finds out *Monfredo*, and to them both ſincerely delivers what hath paſt between his Mother, his Brother, and himſelf, in their behalfs; yea, it is a jeſt (both worthy, and well beſeeming his laughter) to ſee how between earneſt and jeſt, he tels his Siſter (in preſence of her lover *Monfredo*) that ſhe muſt ſhortly prepare her ſelfe for a Nunnery, for that their Brother *Don Martino* hath decreed it, and their Mother *Don Catherina* ſworn it: At this pleaſant paſſage and conceipt of *Don Pedro*, *Cecilliana* cannot refrain from bluſhing, nor *Monfredo* from ſmiling: for looking each on other with the eyes of one and the ſame tender affection and conſtancy, he ſmiles to ſee her bluſh and ſhe again bluſheth to ſee him ſmile hereat, here ſhe tels her Brother *Don Pedro* plainly, and her lover *Monfredo* pleaſantly, that ſhe will deceive her Mothers hopes, and her Brother *Don Martino's* deſires, in thinking to make her a Cloyſtred Siſter, when again metamorphoſing the ſnow white Lillies of her cheeks into bluſhing Damask Roſes, ſhe with a modeſt pleaſantneſs, directing her ſpeech to *Monfredo* (who then lovingly led her in the Garden by her arme) tels him, that his houſe ſhould be the Nunnery, his armes the Cloyſter, and himſelfe the Saint, to whom (till death) ſhe was ready to proffer up, and ſacrifice both her affection and her ſelf; that as ſhe did not hate, but love the profeſſion of a Nunne in others, ſo for his ſake ſhe could not love, but hate it in her ſelf, adding withall, that for proof and confirmation hereof (if it were his pleaſure) ſhe was both ready and willing to put her ſelf into his protection, and to repoſe her honour in the confidence of his faithfull affection and integrity towards her.

Monfredo firſt kiſſing her, then infinitly thanking her for this true demonſtration of her dear and conſtant affection to him, when again intermixing kiſſes with ſmiles, and ſmiles with kiſſes, he ſwears to her, in preſence of God, and her Brother *Don Pedro*, that if the Lady her Mother wholly abandon her, or reſolve to commit her to a Nunnery, he will receive and entertain her in his poor houſe with delight and joy, and preſerve her honour equally with his own life, and that in all things (as well for the time preſent, as the future) he will ſteer his actions by the ſtarr of her deſire, and the compaſs of her preſent Brother *Don Pedros* commands: for which free and faithfull courteſie of his, *Cecilliana* thanks him, and no leſs doth *Don Pedro*, who in requitall hereof makes him a generall and generous tender of his beſt power and ſervice to act and conſummate his deſires; and ſo for that time, and with this reſolution they part each from other, leaving the progreſs of their affections, and the ſucceſſe thereof partly to time, but chiefly to God, whom they all religiouſly invocate to bleſs their deſignes in hand.

Leave

Leave we them for a while and come we now again (curſorilie) to ſpeak of their Mother *Dona Catherina*, and of *Don Martino* their Brother, who being the Oracle from whom ſhe derives and directs all her reſolutions, ſhe is ſtill conſtant to her ſelf, and therefore ſtill vehemently bent againſt her Son *Don Pedro*, her Daughter *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, ſwearing both ſolemnly and ſeriouſly, that ſhe will rather dye, than live to ſee him her Son in Law: and yet whatſoever *Don Martino* do ſay, or can alleadge to her to the contrary, ſhe yet loves *Don Alonſo Delrio* ſo well, and her Daughter *Cecilliania* ſo deerly, that before ſhe will attempt to Cloyſter her up in a Nunnery, ſhe hoping to reclaim him to affect her, and to revive his ſuit of marriage, doth by a Gentleman her ſervant ſend him this Letter.

CATHERINA to DELRIO.

I Am wholly ignorant why thou thus forſakeſt thy affection and ſute to my Daughter Cecilliana, *whereof, before I am reſolved by thee, I have many reaſons to ſuſpect and think, that it was as feigned as thy promiſes and Oaths pretended it to be fervent. Sure I am, that as envie cannot eclipſe the fame of her vertues towards the world, ſo Truth dares not contradict the ſincerity of my well wiſhes and affections towards thee, in deſiring to make thee her Husband, and her thy wife. Her poor beauty (which thou ſo often ſworeſt thy heart ſo deerly admired and adored) hath loſt no part of its luſtre, but is the ſame ſtill; and ſo am I, who have ever wiſhed, and ever will faithfully deſire, that of all men of the world, thy ſelf only may live to enjoy it. If thou think her affection be bent any other way, thou doeſt her no right, but offer a palpable wrong to thy own judgment, and to my knowledge: Or if thou imagine the Portion be too ſmall, which I promiſed to give, and thou to receive with her in marriage, thou ſhalt command that augmentation from me, which none but thy ſelf ſhall ever have cauſe to requeſt, or power to obtain; yea, thou ſhalt find, that for the finiſhing and conſummating of ſo good a work (which thou ſo much deſerveſt, and I ſo much deſire) I will willingly be contented to inrich her fortunes with the impoveriſhing of mine own. If thou ſend me thine Anſwer hereunto, I ſhall take it for an argument of thy unkindneſs: but if thou bring it thy ſelf, I will eſteem it as one of thy true reſpects and affection to me.*

CATHERINA.

Don Martino being ſolicited and charged by his Lady Mother likewiſe to write effectually to *Delrio* to return to ſeek his Siſter *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet notwithſtanding drawn thereunto for his own covetous ends, ſecretly to deſire and wiſh that he might never marry her, but ſhe a Nunnery, he therefore to that effect writes, and ſends him a moſt diſſembling and hypocriticall Letter by the ſame Meſſenger, to accompany hers, but he is ſo reſerved and fine, as he purpoſely conceals the ſight and reading thereof from his Mother. This Letter of his, which was as falſe and double as himſelf, reported this language.

MARTINO to DELRIO.

MY duty ever obliging me to eſteem my Mothers requeſts as commands, I therefore adventure thee this Letter, as deſiring to know who or what hath ſo ſuddenly withdrawn thee, or thy affection from my Siſter Cecilliana. *Thou canſt not be ignorant of my hearty well wiſhes and love to thee in obtaining her to thy wife; and yet it is not poſſible for the to conceive, much leſs believe, the hundreth part of the bitter ſpeeches, which I have been inforced to receive and pack up, from her & my Brother* Don Pedro, *for deſiring and wiſhing it. I know that inforced affections prove commonly more fatall than fortunate, and more ruinous than proſperous; therefore I am ſo far from any more perſwading thee to ſeek her in marriage, that I leave each of you to your ſelves, and both unto God. And to the end thou mayſt ſee how much the Lady my Mother affects thy ſute, and diſtaſts that of* Monfredo *to my Siſter, ſhe upon thy forbearence and abſence hath vowed unto God, that if thou be not, he ſhall not, but a Nunnery muſt be her Husband. My Mother is deſirous to ſee thee, and my ſelf to ſpeak with thee; but becauſe marriages ought firſt to be made in Heaven, before conſummated on Earth, therefore thou knoweſt far better than my ſelf, that in all actions (eſpecially in marriage) it is the duty of a Chriſtiam to wait on Gods ſecret providence, and to attend his ſacred pleaſure with patience.*

MARTINO.

Delrio receives and reads theſe two Letters, and (conſulting them with his judgment) finds that they look too different wayes; for *Dona Catherina* the Mother would marry her Daughter to himſelf, but not to *Monfredo*, and her Son *Martino* aimes and deſireth to have her married to a Nunnery, and not to himſelf; wherein wealth and covetouſneſs are the chiefeſt ends and ambition of them both, without having any reſpect to the young Ladies content, or regard to her ſatisfaction; and although the ſpeech which *Don Pedro*, delivered him in the *Cordeliers* (or Gray Friers) Church, have ſo much wrought with his affection, and ſo powerfully prevailed with his reſolution, that he will no farther ſeek *Cecilliana* in marriage, yet in common courteſie and civility he holds himſelf bound to anſwer their two Letters, the which he doth, and returns them by their own Meſſenger. That to the Lady *Catherina* had theſe words:

DELRIO to CATHERINA.

THough you ſuſpect my ſincerity, yet if you will beleive the truth, you ſhall find, that the affection which I intended the Lady Cecilliana *your Daughter was fervent, not feigned; and becauſe you are deſirous to know the reaſons why I forbear to ſeek her in marriage, I can give you no other but this, that I know ſhe is too worthy to be my wife, and believe that I am not worthy enough to be her Husband: ſo though envie ſhould dare to be ſo ignorant, yet it cannot poſſibly be ſo malicious; either to eccliſs the luſtre of her beauty, or the fame of her vertues, ſith the one is ſo ſweet a grace to the other, and both ſo precious ornaments to her ſelf, that infinit others beſides my ſelf hold it as great a prophaneneſs not to adore the laſt, as a happineſs to ſee and admire the firſt. For your affection in deſiring my ſelf hers, and ſhe mine in marriage, I can give you no other requitall but thanks for the preſent, and my prayers and ſervice for the future. How your Daughter hath, or will diſpoſe of her affection, God and her ſelf beſt know; and therefore I ſhall do her right, and your knowledge and my judgment no wrong, rather to proclaim my ignorance, than my curioſity herein: but this I aſſure you, that if hers to me had equallized mine to hers, I ſhould then thankfully have taken, and joyfully received her with a far leſs portion than you wold have given me with her. To your ſelf I wiſh much proſperity, and to the Lady your Daughter all happineſs. I muſt return you this mine anſwer by mine own ſervant, and whether you make it an argument of my unkindneſs, or affection, in pleaſing your ſelf you ſhall no way diſpleaſe me.*

DELRIO.

His Letter to *Don Martino* ſpake thus.

DELRIO to MARTINO.

I Have (by my Leteer) given the Lady thy mother the reaſons why I deſiſt from any farther ſeeking thy Siſtr Cecilliana *in marriage; and becauſe I know ſhe will acquaint thee therewith, therefore I hope they will ſuffice both for thee and her. I am as thankfull to thee for thy well wiſhes to have obtained her for my wife, as I grieve to underſtand that thou haſt received any bitter ſpeeches, either from her or thy Brother* Don Pedro, *for my ſake, it reioyceth me to ſee thee of the opinion, that inforced marriages prove commonly fatall and ruinous, in which belief and truth, if thou and thy mother perſevere, I hope you will eſpouſe your Siſter to* Don Monfredo, *and not to a Nunnery, becauſe (if I am not miſ-informed) her affections ſuggeſt and aſſure her, that ſhe ſhall receive as much content from the firſt, as miſery from the ſecond. As thy mother is deſirous to ſee me, ſo am I to ſerve her, and likewiſe thy ſelf; and as thou writeſt religiouſly and truly, that marriages ſhould firſt be made in Heaven ere ſolemnized in Earth; ſo, doubtleſs, God hath reſerved thy Siſter for a far better Husband than* Delrio, *and him for a far worſe wife then* Cecilliana: *And thus (as a Chriſtian) I recommend her with zeal to the providence, and my ſelf with Patience to the Pleaſure of Almighty God.*

DELRIO.

When in regard of his former affection, and future reſpect, devoted to the beauty and vertues of *Cecilliana*, and ſeeing her ſelf her Mother and Brother *Don Martino* bent to diſpoſe otherwiſe of her in Marriage, he will yet be ſo jealous of her good, and ſo carefull of his own honour and reputation, as he holds himſelf obliged to take his leave of her by Letter, ſith not in perſon, and ſo to recommend her and her good fortunes to God; the which he doth, and gives his Letter to the ſame Bearer, but with a particular charge and ſecret inſtructions to deliver

liver very privatly into the Lady *Cecilliana*'s hands, without the knowledge either of her Mother or Brother *Don Martino*, which he faithfully promiſed to perform: His ſaid Letter to her was charged with theſe lines.

DELRIO to CECILLIANA.

BEing heretofore informed by our Brother Don Pedro *of your dear affection to* Don Monfredo, *and your conſtant reſolution to make him your Husband, I held my ſelf bound, out of due regard to you, and firme promiſe to him, to ſurceaſe my ſute to you, and (becauſe the ſhorteſt errours are ever beſt) no more to ſtrive to make impoſſibilities poſſible, in perſevering to ſeek you in marriage, whom I ſee (Heaven and Earth have conſpired) another muſt obtain and enjoy: And when I look from my age to your youth, and from that to* Monfredo's, *I am ſo far from condemning your choyce, as I both approve and applaud it, praying you to be as reſolute in this confidence, as I am confident in this reſolution, that my beſt prayers and wiſhes ſhall ever wiſh you the beſt proſperities. And to the end you may perceive that my former affection ſhall ſtill reſplend and ſhine to you in my future reſpect, I cannot, I will not conceale the knowledge of this truth from you, that by Letters which right now (by this Bearer) I received from the Lady your Mother and Brother* Don Martino, *they have ſome exorbitant and irregular deſign in contemplation, ſhortly to reduce into action, againſt the excellency of your youth and beauty, and the ſweetneſs of your content and tranquillity; which howſoever (to your ſelf and the world) they ſeem to ſhaddow and over-vail with falſe colours, yet although they make Religion the pretext, you (if you ſpeedily prevent it not) will in the end find that their malice to your lover* Monfredo *is the true and only cauſe thereof. God hath endued you with a double happineſs, in giving you an excellent wit to ſecond and imbelliſh your exquiſite beauty, whereunto if in this buſineſs you take the advice of your beſt friend* Monfredo, *and follow that of your noble Brother* Don Pedro, *you will then have no cauſe to doubt, but all the reaſons of the world to aſſure your ſelf that your affections and fortunes will in the end ſucceed according to my prayers, and your merits and expectation.*

DELRIO.

The Meſſenger firſt publickly delivereth the two former Letters to his Lady *Dona Catherina*, and her Son *Don Martino*, and then privatly the other to the young Lady *Cecilliana*, according to his promiſe and *Don Delrio's* requeſt: As for the Mother, ſhe grieves to ſee that *Delrio* will not be reclaimed, but hath quite forſaken her Daughter; But for her Son *Don Martino* he is exceeding joyfull hereof; for now he is confident, that (according to his plot) his Mother upon *Delrio's* refuſall, will (in meer malice to *Monfredo*) aſſuredly commit his Siſter to a Nunnery: Thus if he obtain his ends and deſires, he cares not who miſs theirs. As for *Cecilliana* ſhe doth not a little rejoyce at *Delrio's* Letter to her, and at his conſtant reſolution to leave, and commit her to *Monfredo*; yea ſhe reputes his advice to her concerning her Mother, and her Brother *Don Martino's* intended diſcourteſie towards her to much reſpect and honour. She acquaints her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her *Monfredo* with this Letter of *Delrio*, who now plainly ſee their Mother and Brothers former reſolution confirmed, in aiming and intending to make *Cecilliana* a holy Siſter, whereat they again laugh and jeſt at her, and ſhe to them, for in their hearts and thoughts they all know, and reſolve to prevent it. But they cannot but highly approve of *Delrio's* noble reſpect and true diſcretion, in being ſo conſtant to give over his ſute to her, and yet ſo courteous and honeſt towards them all in this his kind and reſpectfull Letter to *Cecilliana*; the which above the other two, ſhe cheerfully receives; and joyfully welcomes, that ſhe reſolves ſhe can (in honour) do no leſs, than return his complement, and anſwer his Letter with one of her own to him, the which ſhe doth in theſe tearms.

CECI-

CECILIANA to DELRIO.

WHat my Brother Don Pedro *informed you concerning* Monfredo *and my ſelf, was the very truth and ſincerity of thoſe affections wherewith God hath inſpired our hearts, and ſettled our reſolutions each to other. As I was never doubtfull of your well-wiſhes and love, ſo now I am not a litle thankfull to you for your dear reſpect towards me, in approving my choyce, and in pr aying to God to make it proſperous, whereas the obſtinacy of my Lady Mother, and the malice of my Brother* Don Martino *(without ground or reaſon) affirm it muſt needs prove ruinous. I have heretofore been advertiſed, and now (by your care of me, and reſpect to me which clearly reſplends and ſhines in your Letter) am fully confirmed that my ſaid Mother and Brother have ſome undeſerved deſigne againſt me, and my content; and although my poor beauty and ſilly wit no way deſerve thoſe excellent praiſes of your pen, yet my heart ſhall conſult with* Don Pedro *how to bear my ſelf in this ſo weighty and important a buſineſs, whereon (although the cauſe be malice, and the pretext Religion) I know depends either my future content or affliction, my happineſs or my miſery, in the mean time I will pray for thoſe who vitiouſly hate me, and honour thoſe who vertuouſly affect and honour me. Of which laſt number, I ingeniouſly and gratefully acknowledge, that your generoſity, not my merits hath condignly made you one.*

CECILIANA.

When ſhe had diſpatched this Letter to *Delrio*, then *Monfredo* by her conſent, and the advice of her Brother *Don Pedro*, holds it very requiſite now once againe to ſound the affection, and to feel the pulſe of their Mother *Dona Catherina's* reſolution towards him, to ſee whetaer yea or no ſhe will pleaſe to give him her Daughter in marriage; and it is agreed of all ſides between them, that at the very time and hour which he goes there, that ſhe and her Brother *Don Pedro* will purpoſely abſent themſelves, and ride abroad in their Coach, to take the aire, which they do. To this effect *Monfredo* takes his Coach, and goes directly to the Lady *Catherina's* houſe, and ſends up his name to her, as deſiring to have the honour to ſalute her, and kiſs her hand; but ſhe is ſo enraged and tranſported with choller at his arrival and meſſage, as ſhe ſends him down a flat and peremptory deniall, That ſhe will not ſee him, and as formerly ſhe prayed, ſo now ſhe commands him to depart, and ever hereafter to forbear her Houſe. An anſwer ſo unkind and uncivill, that *Monfredo* well knows not whether he have reaſon to digeſt it with more choller or laughter; ſo returning her anſwer by her Waiting-gentlewoman, that he will obey her commands, and no more trouble either her Houſe or her patience, yet that he will ſtill remain her moſt humble ſervant, and although ſhe refuſe to ſee him, that he will ever pray for her long life and proſperity: *Don Martino* is now at home, and laughs in his ſleeve as a Gipſie, to ſee what brave entertainment his Mother gives *Monfredo*, he expecteth alſo that he ſhould viſit him, but becauſe his Mothers ſtomack is ſo high, therefore he cannot deſcend ſo low, as owing him no ſuch duty and ſervice, and ſo takes Coach and away; and knowing where *Don Pedro* and his Miſtreſs *Cecilliana* were, in the fields, he drives away preſently to them, and very pleaſantly relates them the whole long ſtory of their Mothers ſhort entertainment to him, which adminiſtreth matter of laughter to them all, and far the more, in regard neither of them expected leſs; ſo *Monfredo* ſtaying an hour or two with them in the fields, and then bringing them to the Gates of the City, they for that time take their leave each of other, and all appoint to meet the next day after dinner, in the Garden of the *Auguſtine Friers*, and there to provide and reſolve for their affairs, againſt the diſcontent of their Mother, and the malice of their Brother *Don Martino*.

The next morning, the Lady *Catherina* (ſtorming at *Monfredos* yeſterdayes preſumption and boldneſs) ſends for her Daughter *Cecilliana* into the Garden to her, as being fully reſolved to treat effectually with her for ever to forſake *Monfredo*, or if ſhe cannot, then to commit her to a Nunnery. She comes, when (in great privacy and efficacy) ſhe layes before her the poverty of *Monfredo*, the which ſhe affirmes will bring her to more miſery than ſhe can expect or think of, or indeed which ſhe deſerves, at leaſt if ſhe be not ſo wilfull to ruine her ſelf and her fortunes, as ſhe is to preſerve them. *Cecilliana* now ſeeing her mother bent to play her prize againſt the merits and honour of her *Monfredo*, and therefore againſt the content and felicity which ſhe expects to enjoy by enjoying him, ſhe no longer able to brook or digeſt it, cuts her off with this reply, that (her duty expected) it is in vain for her, either to ſeek to diſparage *Monfredo* or any way of the world to attempt to withdraw her affection from him, and therefore with much obſervance and reſpect prayes her to affect and honour him, if not for his

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own ſake, yet for hers. Her Lady mother weeps to ſee her Daughter thus obſtinate (ſhe might have ſaid thus conſtant) in her affection to *Monfredo*, and therefore (with frowns & fiery looks, and anger in her eyes) ſhe thunders out a whole Catalogue of diſpraiſes and recriminations againſt him; and becauſe yet ſhe deſpaireth to prevaile with her hereby, ſhe now (thinking it high time) reſolves to divert and change the ſtream of her affection from him to God, and ſo at laſt to mew and betake her to a Nunnery, whereon her deſires and intentions have ſo long ruminated, and her wiſhes and vows aimed at: to which end calming the ſtorms of her tongue, and compoſing her countenance to patience and piety, ſhe with her beſt art and eloquence ſpeaks to her thus; That in regard ſhe will not accept of *Don Delrio* for her Husband, with whom ſhe might have enjoyed proſperity, content, and glory, but will rather marry *Monfredo*, from whom ſhe can, and muſt expect nothing but poverty, grief, and repentance. ſhe therefore (out of her naturall regard of her, and tender affection to her) hath by the direction of God, bethought her ſelf of a *medium* between both, which is to marry neither of them, but in a religious and ſanctified way to eſpouſe her ſelf to God and his holy Church; when thinking to have taken time by the forelock) ſhe depainteth her the felicity and beatitude of a Nuns profeſſion and life, ſo pleaſing to God and the World, to Heaven and Earth, to Angels and men: When her Daughter *Cecilliana* being tyred and diſcontented with this poor and ridiculous Oration of hers, ſhe lifting up her eyes to Heaven, with a modeſt boldneſs, yet with a bold truth, interrupts her mother thus, that God hath inſpired her heart to affect *Monfredo* ſo dearly, and to love him ſo tenderly, as ſhe will rather content her ſelf to beg with him, than to live with *Delrio* in the greateſt proſperity which either this life or this world can afford her; that although ſhe had no bad opinion of Nuns, yet that neither the conſtitution of her body, much leſs of mind, was proper for a Nunnery, or a Nuunery for her; in which regard, ſhe had rather pray for them then with them, and honor then imitate them: when the Lady her mother, notable to contain her ſelf in patience, much leſs in ſilence, at this audacity (and as ſhe thought) impiety of her Daughter, ſhe with much choller and ſpleen demands her a reaſon of theſe her exorbitant ſpeeches. When her Daughter no way dejecting her looks, to Earth, but rather advancing and raiſing them to Heaven, requites her with this anſwer; That it is not the body, but the mind, not the fleſh, but the ſoul, which is chiefly requiſite and required to give our ſelves to God and his Church; that to throw, or (which is worſe) to permit our ſelves to be thrown on the Church through any cauſe of conſtraint, or motion of diſtaſte or diſcontent, is an act which favoureth more of prophaneneſs then piety, and more of Earth than Heaven; that as Gods power, ſo his preſence is not to be confined or tyed to any place, for that his Center is every where, and therefore his circumference no where; that God is in *Ægypt*, as well as in *Paleſtine* or *Hieruſalem*, and that Heaven is as near us, and we Heaven, in a Manſion houſe, as in a Monaſtery or Nunnery; that it is not the place which ſanctifieth the heart and ſoul, but they the place; and that Churches and Cloyſters have no priviledge or power to keep out ſin, if we by our own lively faith, and God by his all-ſaving grace do not. Which ſpeech of hers as ſoon as ſhe had delivered, and ſeeing that the Lady her Mother was more capable to anſwer her thereunto with ſilence than reaſon, ſhe making her a low reverence, and craving her excuſe, departs from her, and leaves her here alone in the Garden to her ſelf and her Muſes.

Her Mother having a little walked out her choller, in ſeeing her Daughters firm reſolution not to become a Nun; ſhe leaves the Garden and retires to her Chamber, where ſending for her Son *Martino*, ſhe relates him at full what conference had there paſt between his Siſter and her ſelf, who likewiſe is much perplexed and grieved hereat, as putting their heads and wits together, they within a day or two, vow to provide a remedy for this her obſtinancy and wilfullneſs. As for *Cecilliana*, ſhe likewiſe reports this verball conference, which had paſt between her Mother and her ſelf, to her Brother *Don Pedro*, and *Monfredo*, wher (according to promiſe) they met that afternoon in the *Auguſtines* Garden, who exceedingly laught thereat, and yet again fearing leſt the malice of their Brother *Don Martino* towards them, might cauſe his Mother to uſe ſome violence or indurance to her, and ſo to make force extort her from her will, which fair means could not, they bid her to aſſume a good courage, and be cheerfull and generous, promiſing her that if her mother attempted it, that *Monfredo* ſhould ſteal her away by night, and that he, as he is *Don Pedro* her Brother, will aſſiſt her in her eſcape and flight; whereon they all reſolve with hands, and conclude with kiſſes: neither did their doubts prove vain, or their fear & ſuſpition deceive them herein; for her incenſed mother being reſolute in her will, and wilfull in her obſtinacy, to make her Daughter a Nun, ſhe ſhuts her up in her Chamber, makes it no leſs then her priſon, and her Brother *Don Martino* her Guardian, or rather her Goaler. Poor *Cicilliana* now exceedingly weeps and grieves at this cruelty of her

her Mother and Brother *Don Martino*, which as yet her dear Brother *Don Pedro* cannot remove by perſwading or prevailing with them to releaſe her; he acquaints *Monfredo* with it, they both conſulting, find no better expedient to free her from this domeſticall impriſonment, than counterfeitly to give her Mother to underſtand and believe, that her Daughter hath now changed her mind, and that (by Gods direction) ſhe is fully reſolved to abandon *Monfredo*, and to ſpend and end her dayes in a Nunnery; but contrariwiſe, they reſolve to fetch her away by night, and without delay. Accordingly hereunto *Cecilliana* acts her part well, and pretends now to this ſpirituall will and reſolution of her Mother, as before ſhe was diſobedient. Her Mother infinitly rejoyceth at this her converſion, and no leſs (or rather more) doth her Brother *Don Martino*, who to fortifie and confirm her in this her religious reſolution, they ſend ſome Friers and Nuns to perſwade her to appoint the preciſe day for her entrance into this Holy Houſe and Orders; which with her tongue ſhe doth, but in her heart reſolves nothing leſs, or rather directly the contrary. The Mother now acquaint both her Sons with this reſolution of their Siſter, which is the next Sunday to give her ſelf to God and the Church, and to take holy Orders; when *Don Pedro* purpoſely very artificially ſeems as ſtrongly to oppoſe, as his Brother *Don Martino* cheerfully approves thereof, now extolling her devotion and piety as far as the ſky, if not many degrees beyond the Moon; ſo the day appointed for her entrance and reception drawing near, the Lady Abbeſſe is dealt with by her Mother, her Cell provided, her ſpirituall Apparell made, all her Kinſfolks and chief friends invited to a ſolemn Feaſt, to celebrate this our new holy Siſters marriage to God and the Church. But whiles thus *Don Catherina* the Mother, and *Don Martino* her Son are exceedingly buſie about the preparation and ſolemnity of this ſpirituall buſineſs, *Don Pedro* and *Monfredo* reſolve to run a contrary courſe, and ſo to ſteal away *Cecilliana* the very night before the prefixed day of her entrance into the Nunnery, as holding that Saturday night the fitteſt time and moſt void of all ſuſpition and fear, whereof (both by tongue and letter) they give her exact and curious notice; which ſtriking infinite joy to her heart and thoughts, ſhe accordingly makes her ſelf ready, packs up all her Jewels and Bracelets in a ſmall Caſket, and acquainting none of the world therewith, for that her Brother *Don Pedro's* Chamber was next to hers, and he as vigilant and watchfull as her ſelf, for *Monfredo's* comming about midnight, which was the appointed hour for his *Rendevouz*. when at laſt both their ſeverall Watches (in their ſeverall Chambers) aſſuring them that it was near one of thy clock, it being the dead time of the night, none of the houſe ſtirring, but all huſhed up in ſilence, as if every thing ſeemed to conſpire to her eſcape and flight; then, I ſay, *Don Pedro* iſſues forth of his Chamber to hers, where the door being a little open, and her Candle put out, he finds his Siſter ready, when conducting her by the arm, they ſoftly deſcend the ſtairs, and ſo to a Poſtern door of the Garden; where they find *Monfredo* (joyfully ready to receive the Queen regent of his heart) aſſiſted with two valiant confident Gentlemen his friends, who were well mounted on excellent Horſes with Swords and Piſtols, and for himſelf and her a Coach with ſix Horſes: When briefly paſſing over their Complements and Congees each from other, they (with a world of thanks) leave *Don Pedro* behind them, and ſo away as ſwift as the wind, who ſeeing them gone, ſecretly and ſoftly returns to his Chamber and Bed, ſilently ſhuting all the doors after him, whiles *Monfredo* with his other ſelf and his two friends drive away to *Vald. bella*, a manner houſe of his ſome eight leagues from *Burgos*.

Don Pedro lies purpoſely long in his bed the next morning, thereby the better to colour out his ignorance and innocency of his Siſters clandeſtine flight and eſcape: So his Mother about five, or neer ſix of the clock, ſend *Felicia* her Daughters Wayting Gentlewoman to her Chamber to awak and apparell hers to receive many young Ladies and Gentlewomen, who were come to viſit her, and to take their leaves of her before her entry into Gods Houſe: but *Felicia* ſpeedily returns to her with this unlookt-for anſwer; That her Ladies Chamber door is faſt locked, whereat ſhe hath many times called and knock'd aloud, but hears no ſpeech. The Mother is amazed hereat, and no leſs, (rather more) is her Son *Don Martino*; ſo they both run to her Chamber, and knock and call aloud, but hearing no anſwer, they force open the door, where they find the Neſt, but the Bird flown away; whereat the Mother infinitly weeps, and her Son *Don Martino* doth exceedingly rage and ſtorm, at this their afront and ſcandall, he tels his Mother he will engage his life, that his Brother *Don Pedro* is acceſſary to his Siſter *Cecilliana's* flight, and gone with her; ſo they both run to his Chamber, but find him in his Bed faſt ſleeping and ſnoring, as he pretends and they believe, their out-cries awake him; but they ſhall find him as ſubtile and reſerved in his policy towards them, as they were in their malice to his Siſter; ſo he hears their news, puts on his apparell, ſeems to be all in fire and choler

hereat, profereth his Mother his beſt endeavours and power to recover his Siſter, and to revenge himſelf on the villain who hath ſtoln her away. But his Brother *Don Martino* is ſo galled and netled at the eſcape of his Siſter, and theſe words of his Brother, as he tel him to his face, in preſence of their Mother, that his ſpeeches and profers are counterfeit, and himſelf a diſſembler, and that it is impoſſible but he aſſiſted and favoured her eſcape and departure; for which uncivill and foul language of one Brother to another, *Don Pedro* gives him the lye, and ſeconds it with a box on the Ear, and then very cunningly betakes himſelf to conſolate and comfort the Lady his Mother, who is not a little grieved and angry at this her ſecond affliction, and the more in regard he did it in her preſence; ſo *Don Pedro* reconducting her to her Chamber, and leaving her weeping in company of many of their ſorrowfull Kinsfolks and Neigbours, he then calls for his Horſe, and under colour to find out his Siſter, he rides to *Valdebelle* to her and *Monfredo*, ſtayes their ſome eight dayes, where being exceeding carefull of the preſervation of his Siſters honour and reputation, he before his departure ſees them ſolemnly but ſecretly married; where leaving them to their Nuptiall joyes, and pleaſures, he againe returns to *Burgos*, and tels his Mother it is impoſſible for him to hear any news of his Siſter.

And now what doth the return, ſight, and preſence of *Don Pedro* do here in his Mothers houſe at *Burgos*, but only revive his Brother *Don Martino's* old malice, and new choller and revenge againſt him, for the lye and box on the Ear, which he ſo lately gave him? For the remembrance thereof ſo inflames his heart and thoughts againſt him, that he forgetting his conſcience and ſoul, yea Heaven and God, as he aſſumes and gives life to his former bloody reſolution to murther him, and thinks no ſafer, nor ſurer way for him to effect it, than by poyſon, that ingredient of Hell, and drug of the Devill. But *Don Martino* is reſolute in his rage, & execrable in his bloody malice & revenge againſt this his generous and noble Brother *Don Pedro*; ſo diſdaining all thoughts of religion & conſiderations of piety) he procureth a pair of poyſoned perfumed Gloves, and treacherouſly inſinuating them into his Brothers hands, and wearing, the fatall invenom'd ſent thereof in leſſe than two dayes poiſoneth him; ſo he is found dead in his Bed: when *Don Martino*, the more cloſely to overvail this damnable fact of his, purpoſely gives it out, that it was an Impoſtum which brok within him, and ſo he dyed ſuddenly thereof in his bed, there being no ſervant of his own, nor none elſe that night neer him, or by him to aſſiſt him, and this report of his paſſeth currant with the world; ſo the Lady his Mother and himſelf cauſe him to be buried with more ſilence than ſolemnity, and every way inferiour to his honourable birth and generous vertues, becauſe ſhe ſtill affected and loved *Don Martino* far better then him: ſo his death did not much afflict or grieve her, and far leſs his Brother *Don Martino*. But for his Siſter *Cecilliana*, as ſoon as ſhe underſtood and heard hereof, ſhe is ſo appalled with grief, and daunted with ſorrow and deſpair, that ſhe ſends a world of ſighs to Heaven, and a deluge of tears to Earth for the death of this her beſt and deareſt Brhther. Her Husband *Don Monfredo* (for henceforth ſo we muſt call him) likewiſe infinitely laments *Don Pedro's* death, as having loſt a conſtant friend and a dear and incomperable Brother in law in him; and yet all the means which he can uſe to comfort this his ſorrowfull wife, hath will, but not power enough to effect it; for ſtill ſhe weeps and ſobs, and ſtill her heart and ſoul do prompt and tell her, that it is one Brother who hath killed another, and that her Brorher *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of his and her Brother *Don Pedro*; but ſhe hath only preſvmption, no proofs for this her ſuſpition, and therefore ſhe leavs the detection and iſſue hereof to time, and to God.

Now by this time we muſt underſtand, that *Dona Catherina* hath perfect news, that it is *Monfredo* who hath ſtoln away her Daughter *Cecilliana*, and keeps her at his houſe of *Valdebelle*, in the Countrey, but as yet ſhe knows not that he hath married her; wherefore being deſirous of her return, not for any great affection which ſhe now bore her, but only to accompliſh her former deſires, in fruſtrating her marriage with *Monfredo*, and in marrying her to a Nunnery, ſhe again ſtill provoked and egged on by the advice of her Son *Don Martino*, ſends him to *Valdebelle* to crave her of *Monfredo*, and ſo to perſwade and haſten her return to her to *Burgos*, but writes to neither of them. *Don Martino* arrives thither, and having delivered *Don Monfredo* and his Siſter *Cecilliana* his mothers meſſage for her return to *Burgos*, he then vainly preſumes to ſpeak thus to them from himſelf. He firſt ſharply rebukes her of folly and diſobedience, in flying away from his and her mother, and then (with more paſſion than Judgment) checks him of diſhonour to harbour and ſhelter her; that this was not the true and right way to make her his Wife, but his Strumpet, or at leaſt to give the World juſt cauſe to think ſo; and if he intended to preſerve her proſperity and honor, and not to ruine it, that he ſhould reſtore his Mother her Daughter, and himſelf his Siſter, and no longer retain her; but ſpeaks not a word of his Brother *Don Pedro's* death, much leſſe

makes

makes any ſhadow to mourn, or ſhew to grieve or ſorrow for it. His ſiſter *Cecilliana* (at his firſt night) is all in tears for the death of her brother *Don Pedro*, and yet extreamly incenſed with him for theſe his baſe ſpeeches towards her and her *Monfredo*, ſhe once thought to have given him a hot and chollerick reply, but at laſt conſidering better with her ſelf (as alſo to prevent *Monfredo*, whom ſhe ſaw had an itching deſire to fit him with his anſwer) ſhe then in general terms returns him this ſhort reply; that ſhe is now accomptable to none but to God for her actions, who beſt knows her heart and reſolutions, and therefore for her return to her mother at *Burgos*, or her ſtay here at *Valdebelle*, ſhe wholly refers it to *Don Monfredo*, whoſe will and pleaſure therein ſhall aſſuredly be hers, becauſe ſhe hath, and ſtill finds him to be a worthy and honourable Gentleman: when (before ſhe conclude her ſpeech to him) ſhe tells him, that ſhe thought his coming had been to condole with her for the death of their brother *Don Pedro*; but that with grief ſhe is now enforced to ſee the contrary, in regard his ſpeeches and actions tend to afflict, not to comfort her, and rather to be the argument of her mourning, than the cauſe of her conſolation. But *Monfredo* being touched to the quick, with theſe ignoble and baſe ſpeeches of *Don Martino*, both to himſelf and *Cecilliana*, he is too generous long to digeſt them with ſilence, and therefore preferring his affection to her, before any other earthly reſpect, and her reputation and honour dearer than his life, he compoſing his countenance to diſcontent and anger, returns him this anſwer: That if any other man but himſelf, had given him the leaſt part of thoſe unworthy ſpeeches, both againſt his honour, as alſo againſt that of his ſiſter *Cecilliana*, his Rapier, not his Tongue, ſhould have anſwered him; that his affection and reſpects to her, are every way vertuous and honourable; and that ſhe is, and ſhall be ſafer here in *Valdebelle*, than the life of his noble brother *Don Pedro* was in his mothers houſe at *Burgos*; that as the young Lady his ſiſter is pleaſed to refer her ſtay or return to him, ſo (reciprocally to requite her courteſie) doth he to her; and for his part, he is fully reſolved not to perſwade, much leſs to adviſe her to put her ſelf into her mothers protection, or his courteſie; for that he is fearful, if not confident in this belief, that the one may prove pernitious, and the other fatal and ruinous to her. And ſo with cold entertainment, and ſhort Ceremonies, *Don Martino* is enforced to return to *Burgos* to his mother without his ſiſter, where aſſoon as he is arrived, he tells his mother of his ſiſter *Cecilliana's* conſtant reſolution, from whence he thinks it impoſſible to draw or divert her, becauſe he finds *Monfredo* of the ſame opinion: but whether he have married her or no, he knows not, neither could he inform himſelf thereof.

And here yet *Don Martino* is ſo cautious to his Mother, as he ſpeaks not a word or ſyllable of any ſpeech or mention they had of the death of his brother *Don Pedro*. But aſſoon as he had left his Mother, and retired himſelf to his Chamber, then he thinks the more thereof; yea, then he again and again remembers what dangerous ſpeeches he publickly received from his Siſter *Cecilliana* and *Monfredo*, concerning that his ſudden death, whereby they ſilently meant, and tacitely implied no leſs than Murther; Wherefore he is ſo helliſh and bloody-minded, that he reſolves ſhortly to provide a plaiſter for this ſore; and he knows, that to make their tongues eternally ſilent, he cannot better or ſafer perform it, than by murthering them, whereof he ſays the reaſon is apparantly and pregnantly true: for as long as that ſuſpition lives in them, he therefore can never live in ſafety, but in extream danger himſelf. But becauſe of the two, *Monfredo* ſeemed to intend and portend him the greateſt cheller, and the moſt inveterate rage, therefore (as a Limb of the Devil, or rather as a Devil incarnate himſelf) he reſolves to begin with *Monfredo* firſt, and as occaſions and accidents ſhall preſent, then with his Siſter *Cecilliana* after, without ever having the grace to think of his Conſcience or Soul, or of Heaven or Hell, or without once conſidering, that our own malice and revenge doth more hurt us than our enemies; That anger is a ſhort madneſs, and that it is a moſt aſſured happineſs for us rather to forget offences, than to revenge them; and which is more, that (in a manner) it is but right now that he came from poyſoning of his own Brother, whoſe innocent blood is yet hardly cold in his untimely grave, but ſtill cries aloud for vengeance from Heaven on his head for that cruel and damnable Fact.

But this ſhame, this monſter of Nature, *Don Martino*, who fears none leſs than God, and loves none more than the Devil, will not thus forſake his cruel malice, nor abandon his execrable revenge: but underſtanding that *Monfredo* ſometimes (though ſecretly) leaves *Valdebelle* to ſee *Burgos*, he hearkens out therefore for his next coming thither: when being aſſured that he was now in the City, he waiting for him as he iſſued forth his houſe, which he did between eleven and twelve at night, he with his ſmall Target, and dark Lantern in his left hand, and his Rapier drawn in his right, runs him twice thorow the body therewith,

of which two mortal wounds he preſently fell dead in the ſtreet, his misfortune being then ſo great; as he had no Servant nor Friend preſent to aſſiſt him, and his fear and care of himſelf ſo ſmall, as he was kill'd before he could ſee his enemy, or have the leaſure to draw his ſword in his own defence and aſſiſtance; ſo fierce and ſudden was *Martino*'s rage and malice, in murthering of this harmleſs and innocent Gentleman; the which aſſoon as he had performed, he ſecretly flies home to his Mothers houſe, and ſpeedily betakes himſelf to his bed, where the Devil rocking him aſleep in ſecurity, he as his infernal Agent, and bloody Factor, nothing cares what God or man can do unto him. The next morning at break of day, this breathleſs body of *Don Monfredo* is found in the Street: ſo all *Burgos* reſounds of this his lamentable Murther, but no mortal eye hath ſeen, or tongue as yet can tell who the Murtherer ſhould be. But God (in his Divine Juſtice, and for the exaltation of his ſacred Glory) will ſhortly bring both it and him to light, by an accident no leſs ſtrange than remarkeable.

Dona Catherina hears hereof, and is ſo far from grieving, as ſhe rejoyceth thereat, no way doubting, but *Monfredo* being dead, ſhe with much facility (accbrding to her deſires and wiſhes) ſhall now of two reſolutions, draw her Daughter *Cecilliana* to embrace and follow one; that is, either to Marry *Delrio* in earneſt, or a Nunnery no more in jeſt. The next day after Dinner, the Relation of this deplorable accident arrives at *Valdebelle*, and conſequently to the knowledge of our *Cecilliana*, who ſo pittifully weeps and mourns thereat, as for meer grief and ſorrow ſhe tears her hair, bolts her ſelf into her Chamber, and there throws her ſelf down on the floor, and neither can, nor will be comforted, no, nor permit any one to adminiſter it to her, or which is leſs, to ſee or ſpeak with her. So although *Monfredo*'s Kinsfolks and Friends do infinitely lament this his unfortunate Death, yet all their ſighs and tears put together, are nothing in regard of thoſe of his young Wife, and now Widow, *Cecilliana*, who (out of the immoderate exceſs of this her anxiety and affliction) is now become ſo reaſonleſs and deſperate, that firſt the Murther of her dear brother *Don Pedro*, and now this of her ſweet husband *Monfredo*, is both a grief to her thoughts, and a torment to her heart and mind, yea to her very ſoul; For ſtill ſhe remains confident in this opinion, that her brother *Don Martino* is infallibly the Murtherer of them both; and from this ſuſpition of hers, ſhe cannot, ſhe will not be diverted; yea, her living affection to their dead Memories, is ſo extream and fervent, that to be aſſured whether it be him, or who elſe that hath murthered them, it leads her minde to a reſolution, to prove an Experiment; which though prophane curioſity in ſome perſons ſometimes ſeem to allow and practiſe as tolerable, yet ſacred Religion muſt and doth for ever both reject and contemn it as Diabolical. She diſguiſeth her ſelf in her apparel, and very early in the morning rides to one *Alphonſo Sanchez*, a famous reputed Wizard or Sorcerer, who dwelt at *Arena*, ſome ſix Leagues off from *Valdebelle*, and giving him the two Pictures of her murthered Brother and Husband, as alſo a perfect note of their age, and horoſcope of their Nativities, ſhe prays him to diſcover and ſhew her in a Looking-Glaſs, the true pictures and repreſentations of their murtherers; When to have him diſpatch both it and her ſelf the ſooner, ſhe gives him ten Duckets, upon the receipt whereof he promiſeth her his beſt Art and Skill, makes her ſtay till almoſt dark night, and then fools her off with this flam, that he hath effectually invocated and raiſed his Spirit, from whom he could get no other anſwer, but that God for that time would not permit him to ſhew her theſe Murtherers Pictures in a Glaſs; whereby this Wizard proving himſelf more a cheating Knave than a Sorcerer, and more a true Impoſtor, than a Chriſtian, he herein makes a fool of this ſorrowfull young Lady, in thinking to make her know that which it is both a foul ſhame, and a ſhameſull ignorance for any Chriſtian to be ignorant of, (to wit) *That it is not the devil, or his Agents, but only God, who (in his divine pleaſure and Providence) hath power to reveal Murthers, and Murtherers, both when, where, how, and by whom it ſeems moſt agreeable and pleaſing to his All-ſeeing and ſacred Majeſty.*

Cecilliana returning home, more loaden with doubts than Gold from this Monſter of Men, (becauſe in effect he makes it his profeſſion to be leſs a man than a Devill) ſhe is aſhamed of her ignorance and impiety herein, and (for meer grief and ſorrow) weeps, to ſee that the foundation of her faith ſhould be ſo weak and reeling, as not conſtantly to relye upon the providence and Juſtice of God, but to repoſe her fooliſh curioſity and belief upon this prophane and ſottiſh Sorcerer, for the detection of theſe Murtherers. But leaving her for a while in her diſconſolation and ſorrow at *Valdebelle*, I come now to this wretched villain *Don Martino* her Brother, in *Burgos*, who having thus committed theſe two cruell and lamentable Murthers, doth for the firſt two or three moneths after put a cheerfull and frolick countenance thereon, thereby the more abſolutely to betray, and blear the eyes of the World, that the leaſt ſpark or

ſhadow

ſhadow thereof ſhould not diffuſe or reflect on him. But here before I proceed further, the Reader is requeſted to obſerve this one remarkable circumſtance of Gods Juſtice and Providence, in detecting of *Don Martino*, to be the ſole Authour and Actor of theſe two unnaturall and deplorable Murthers. For as the Devill had made him ſo cautious in his malice, and ſubtile in his Revenge, that he imployed no other Miniſter, nor uſed no other Agent or Aſſiſtant herein but himſelf; ſo being deprived of any witneſſ, either to accuſe, or make him guilty hereof; God (I ſay) out of the immenſity of his Power, and profundity of his Providence, will make himſelf to become a witneſſe againſt himſelf, and wanting all other meanes, will make himſelf the onely meanes both to detect and deſtroy himſelf. The manner thus.

As there is no felicity to Peace, ſo there is no felicity or Peace comparable to that of a quiet and innocent Conſcience; It is a precious Jewell of an ineſtimable value, and unparalleld price, yea, a continuall Feaſt, than which Heaven may, but Earth cannot afford us a more rich or delicitious: and the contrary it is, where the Heart and Conſcience have made themſelves guilty of ſome foul and enormous crimes, and eſpecially of Murther, wherein we can never kill Man the Creature, but we aſſuredly wound God the Creator: for then, as thoſe, ſo this, (with leſſe doubt and more aſſurance) gives in an heavy and bloody evidence againſt us, and which commonly produceth us theſe three woefull and lamentable effects, *Deſpair*, *Horrour*, *Terrour*; the which we ſhall now ſee verified and inſtanced in this bloody and miſerable Wretch *Don Martino*, who (as I have formerly ſaid) hath not fully paſt over the tearm of three moneths in externall Mirth, Jollity, and Bravery, thereby to caſt a cheerfull countenance and varniſh on thoſe his bloody Villains, but God ſo diſtracted his wits and ſenſes, ſtruck ſuch an aſtoniſhment to his thoughts, and amazement to his Heart and Conſcience, as it ſeemed to him, that (both by night and day) the Ghoſts of his harmeleſſe Brother *Don Pedro*, and of innocent *Don Monfredo*, ſtill purſue him for Revenge, and Juſtice of theſe their Murthers. And now his looks are extravagant, fearfull, and ghaſtly, which are ſtill the ſignes and ſymptomes either of a diſtempered Brain, a polluted Conſcience and Soul, or of both. He knows not to whom, or where, or where not to go for remedy herein, but ſtill his Heart is in a Mutiny and Rebellion with his Conſcience, and both of them againſt God. He is afraid of every Creature he ſees, and likewiſe of thoſe who ſee him not. If he look back, and perceive any one to run behind him, he thinks it is a Sergeant come to arreſt him; and if he chance to behold any Genleman in a Scarlet cloak comming towards him, he verily beleeves and fears it is a Judge in his Scarlet Robes to arraign and condemn him. He hath not the grace to go into a Church, nor the boldneſſe to look up to the Tower thereof, for fear leaſt the one ſwallow him up alive, and the other fall on him, and cruſh him to death: If he walk in any Woods, Fields, or Gardens, and ſee but a leaf wag, or a Bird ſtir, he is of opinion, there ſome furies or executioners come to torment him; or doth he hear any Dog howl, Cat crie, or Owle, whoot, or ſcreech, he is thereat ſo ſuddenly appalled and amazed, as he thinks it to be the voice of the Devill, who is come to fetch him away. He will not paſſe over any Bridge, Brook, or River, for fear of drowning, nor over any plank, gate or ſtile, leaſt he ſhould break his neck. The ſight of his ſhadow is a corroſive to his Heart, and a Panique terrour to his thoughts, becauſe he both thinks and believes, that it is not his own, but the Hang-mans; and when any one (out of charity or Pity) come to ſee or viſit him, he flies from them, as if Hell were at his back, and the Devill at his heeles. The very ſight of a Rapier, ſtabbes him at his Heart, and the bare thought, or name of Poyſon, ſeems to infect and kill his Soul; and yet miſerable Wretch and Miſcreant that he is, all this while he hath not the goodneſſe to look down into his Heart and Conſcience with contrition, nor the grace to look up to Heaven and to God with repentance. The Lady *Catharina* his Mother is wonderfully perplexed and grieved hereat, and ſo are all his Kinſfolks and Friends in and about *Burgos*, who cauſe ſome excellent Phyſitians and Divines to deal with him about adminiſtring him the meanes to cure him of this his Lunacy and Diſtraction. But God will not permit, that either the skilfull Art of thoſe, or the powerfull perſwaſions of theſe do as yet prevail with him, or perform it. Two Moons have fully finiſhed their cœleſtiall courſe, whiles thus his Phrenſie and madneſſe poſſeſſeth him; and in one of the greateſt, and moſt outragious fits thereof, he (without wit or guide) runs to Saint *Sebaſtiano's* Church, finds out Father *Thomas* his Confeſſour, in private and ſerious confeſſion, reveals him, how he hath poyſoned his Brother *Don Pedro*, and alſo murthered *Don Monfredo*; adding withall, that God (out of his indulgent Mercy) would no longer permit him to charge his ſoul with the concealing thereof, and then beggs his Abſolution and Remiſſion for the ſame.

His Confeſſor (being a religious Church-man) much lamenting, and wondring at the foulneſſe of theſe his (Penitents) two bloody facts, although he find more difficulty than reaſon to grant his deſire, yet enquiring of him, if there were any other acceſſary with him in theſe Murthers, and *Don Martino* freely and firmly acknowledging to him there was none, but the Devill and Himſelf: he (after a ſerious check, and religious *reprimendo*) in hope of his future contrition and repentance, gives him a ſharp and ſevere Penance (though no way anſwerable to his crimes) and ſo abſolves him; and yet for the ſpace of at leaſt a whole moneth after, his Lunacy (by the permiſſion of God) ſtill followes him, when (for a further triall of his comportment, and hope of his repentance) God is again pleaſed to ſtack the hand of his Judgement, and ſo frees him from his madneſſe and deſtruction, to ſee whether he will prove Gold or Droſſe, a Chriſtian or a Devill.

Not long after this, his Confeſſor Father *Thomas*, (being Curate of one of the neighbouring Pariſhes) falles extream ſick of a Pluriſie, and ſo dangerouſly ſick, that his Phyſician (deſpairing of his life) bids him prepare his body for death, and his Soul for Heaven and God: Who then revoking to mind (what he hath heard and ſeen) how grievouſly and ſorrowfully the Lady *Cecilliana* takes the Death of her Brother and Husband, and more, in that ſhe is ignorant who are their Murtherers, he is no longer reſolved to burthen his conſcience and ſoul with concealing thereof; but to write it to her in a Letter, the which he chargeth and conjureth his own Siſter *Cyrilla*, to deliver into her own hands, ſome three daies after his buriall; the which we ſhall ſee her ſhortly perform: for the Prieſt Father *Thomas*, her Brother lived not three weekes after.

In the mean time, come we to the Lady *Dona Catherina*, the Mother, who having outwardly wept for the Death of her eldeſt Son *Don Pedro*, for the diſobedient flight and clandeſtine Marriage of her Daughter *Cecilliana* to *Monfredo*, who is now murthered, but by whom ſhe knows not, and ſeeing her ſaid Daughter thereby made a ſorrowfull Widdow, ſhe (as an indulgent and kind Mother) forgetting what ſhe had formerly done and been, and now deſirous to comfort her, and to be comforted of her, again ſends her Son *Don Martino* to *Valdebelle*, to ſollicite his Siſter to return, and to live with her in *Burgos*: Who (deteſting this project and reſolution of his Mother) is very ſorrowfull thereat; but ſeeing that ſhe will be obeyed, he rides over to *Valdebelle*, to his Siſter, and there delivereth his Mothers will and meſſage to her; but in ſuch faint and cold tearmes, as ſhe thereby knowes, he is far more deſirous of her abſence than her preſence, and of her ſtay, than her return; yea, (and to write the truth of her mind) his very ſight ſtrikes ſuch flames of fear into her heart, and of ſuſpition into her thoughts, that ſhe ſtill aſſumes and retaines her old opinion and confidence, that he is the abſolute Murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; but herein ſhe now holds it diſcretion to conceale her ſelf to her ſelf, and ſo gives him kind and reſpective entertainment ſhe prayes him to report her humble duty to her Mother, that ſhe will conſider of her requeſt, and either ſend or bring her her reſolution ſhortly: but inwardly in her Heart and Soul, ſhe intends nothing leſſe, than either to hazard her content upon the diſcontent of her Mother, or (which is worſe) her life on the inveterate malice of her Brother *Don Martino*.

And now we approach and draw neer, to ſee the Judgements and Juſtice of God overtake this our wretched *Don Martino*, for theſe his two moſt lamentable and bloody murthers. And now his ſacred Majeſty is fully reſolved to detect them, and his Arrow is bent, and Sword whetted, to puniſh him for the ſame; for, we muſt underſtand that the very ſame day which her Brother *Don Martino* was laſt with her at *Valdebelle*, his Confeſſor Father *Thomas* died; and ſome three daies after, his Siſter *Cyrilla* (according to his dying Order) rides over to the Lady *Cecilliana*, and delivereth her the Prieſt her Brothers Letter; at the receipt whereof, *Cecilliana* findes different emotions in her Heart, and Paſſions in her mind: when going into the next Room, ſhe breakes up the Seales, and finds therein theſe Lines.

FATHER THOMAS to CECILLIANA.

WEll knowing that the Laws of Heaven are far more powerfull and ſacred than thoſe of Earth, as I now lie on my Death-bed, *ready to leave this Life, and to flie into the Armes of my Saviour and Redeemer Chriſt Jeſus, I could not go to my Grave in peace, before I had ſignified unto thee, that very lately thy Brother* DON MARTINO *in Saint* HONORIAS *Church, delivered*

declared unto me in Confeſſion, That he had firſt poyſoned thy Brother DON PEDRO *with a paire of perfumed Gloves, and then after murthered thy Husband* DON MONFREDO *with his Rapier in* BURGOS: *And although I muſt and doe acknowledge, that he was in his Fit of Lunacy and Madneſs, when he thus made himſelf a witneſs againſt himſelf hereof, yet no doubt the immediate Finger and Providence of God led him to this reſolution, as an Act which infinitely tends to his Sacred Honour and Glory. I ſend thee this Letter by my Siſter* CYRILLA, *whom I have ſtrictly charged to deliver it to thee three dayes after my Buriall, becauſe I hold it moſt conſoniant to my Profeſſion and Order, that not my Life, but my Death ſhould herein violate the Seal of Confeſſion, and thou ſhalt ſhew thy ſelf a moſt Religious and Chriſtian Lady, if thou make this uſe hereof, that it is not my ſelf, but God who ſends thee this newes by me.*

FATHER THOMAS.

Cecilliana having over-read this Letter; and therin underſtood and found out that her Brother *Don Martino* is the cruell Murtherer, both of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*, Her Griefe thereat doth ſo far overſway her Reaſon, and her Malice and Revenge her Religion, as once ſhe is of a mind to Murther him with her own Hand, in requitall hereof; but then againe ſtrangling that bloody thought in its conception, ſhe vowes, that if not by her own Hand, he ſhall yet infallibly dye by the hand of the Common Executioner: When Love, Pitty, Nature, Reaſon, Griefe, Sorrow, Rage, and Revenge, Acting their ſeverall Parts upon the Stage of her Heart, ſhe findes a great combate in her her Heart, and reluctancy in her Soul; what, or what not to doe herein; when with many Teares and Prayers (by the Advice and Counſell of God) ſhe enters into this conſultation hereon with her ſelf. Ahlaſſe, unfortunate and ſorrowfull *Cecillania!* It is upon no light preſumption, or triviall circumſtances, that I beleeve my Brother *Martino* to be the inhumane Murtherer of my Brother *Don Pedro*, and Husband *Monfredo*; for beſides that God ever prompted mine Heart, and whiſpered my Soul that this was true, yet now here is his own Confeſſion to his Ghoſtly Father, and his Ghoſtly Fathers own Letter and Confeſſion to me, to the ſame Effect, Evidences and Witneſſes, without exception, as clear as Noon-day, and as bright as the Sun in his hotteſt and brighteſt Meridian, that he, and only he, was the Murtherer of them both: but Oh poor *Cecilliana* (quoth ſhe) to what a miſerable eſtate and perplexity hath theſe his bloody facts and crimes now reduced me! For he hath murthered my Brother and my Husband, ſhall I then permit him to live? but withall, he is likewiſe my Brother, and ſhall I then cauſe him to die? True it is, I cannot recall their Lives, but it is likewiſe as true that I may prevent his Death; for as the firſt lay not in my power to remedy, yet all the World knowes, that the ſecond meerly depends of my pitty, courtſie, and compaſſion to prevent: But Ahlaſſe, (ſaith ſhe) the tyes of Heaven are, and ought to be infinitely more ſtrong then thoſe of Earth, and the glory of God to be far preferred before all our naturall affections and obligations to our beſt Friends, or neareſt or deareſt Kinſfolks whoſoever. Therefore, as to detect theſe Murthers of his, thou art no Friend to Nature, ſo again, to conceale them, thou thereby makeſt thy ſelf an enemy to Grace; for aſſure thy ſelf, unfortunate *Cecilliana*, that God will never be appeaſed, nor Juſtice ſatisfied, untill their innocent blood be expiated, and waſhed away in his, who is guilty thereof; becauſe, as by detecting Murther, we bleſſe and glorifie God, ſo by concealing it, we heap a fatall *Anathema*, and curſe upon our own heads.

As Clouds are diſſipated, and blown away, when the Sun ariſeth and mounteth in his verticall luſtre and glory, ſo *Cecilliana* having thus ended her conſultation with her ſelf, and now began her reſolution with God, ſhe leaves *Valdebelle*, takes her Coach, and diſpeeds away to *Burgos*; where in ſtead of going to her Lady Mothers, ſhe goes directly to the *Corrigador's* (or criminall Judges) of that City, and with much grief and ſorrow (her teares interrupting her ſighes, and her ſighes her tears) before them accuſeth her Brother *Don Martino* to be the bloody Murtherer of her Brother *Don Pedro*, and her Husband *Don Monfredo*; and for proof of this truth, produceth the Letter of Father *Thomas* his Confeſſor. The Judges read it, and are aſtoniſhed with this report of hers, and far the more, in regard they here ſee a Siſter call the life

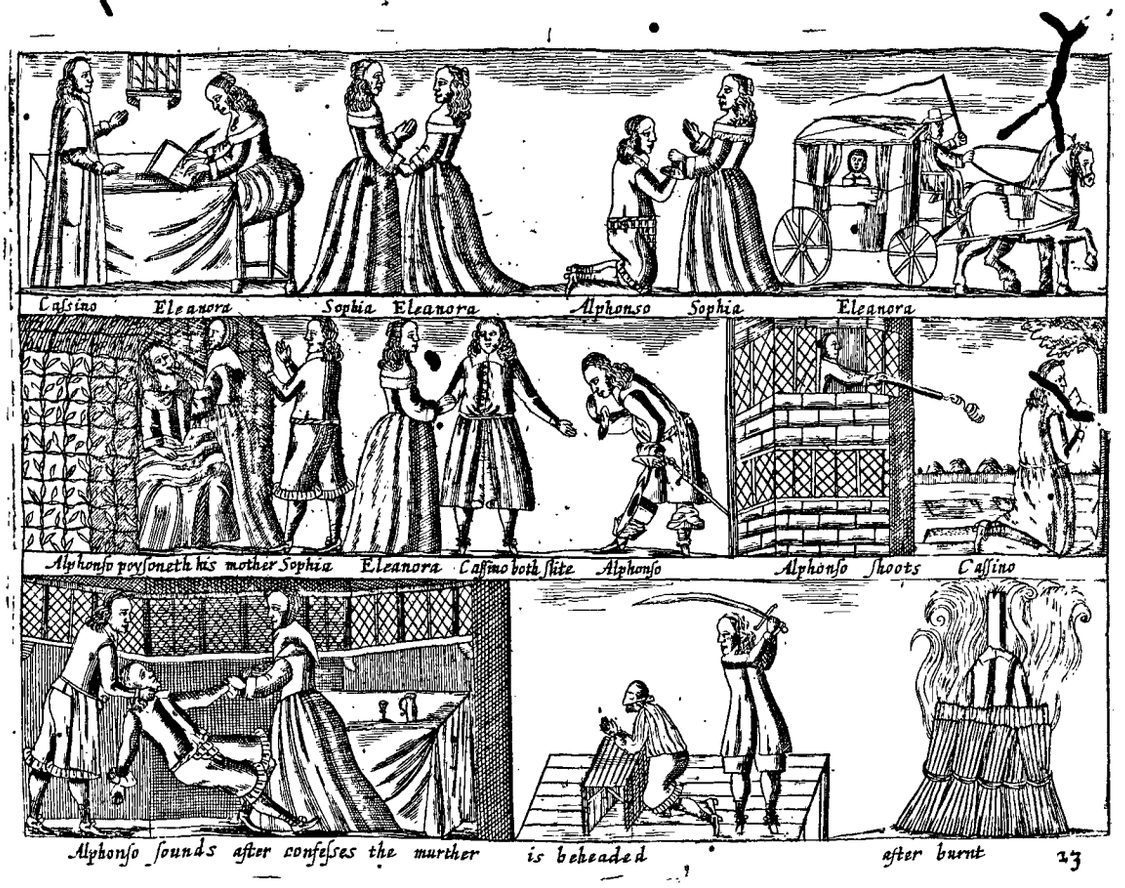
of

of her own Brother in Queſtion; but they ſee that ſhe hath as much right and reaſon for her Accuſation, as her inhumane Brother *Don Martino* wanted for his malice, in making himſelf guilty of theſe foul and bloody Crimes.: Wherefore attributing it wholly to the Pleaſure and Providence of God, they highly extoll her piety and integrity towards his ſacred Majeſty, in preferring his Glory before the ſcandall and miſery of her ſo wretched and execrable Brother; and then (out of their zeal and honour to Juſtice) they (to evince and vindicate the truth of this lamentable buſineſſe) ſend away for *Cyrilla*, and (as ſoon as ſhe came) upon her Oath propoſe her theſe three Queſtions; Firſt, whether ſhe had this very Letter from her deceaſed Brother Father *Thomas* his own hand, and that he gave her order and charge to deliver it to the Lady *Cecilliana*, three daies after his deceaſe? Secondly, if it were of his own writing and ſealing? And Thirdly, if ſhe with her own hands, delivered this Letter to the Lady *Cecilliana*? To all which three Queſtions, *Cyrilla* (with a ſtaid look and countenance) anſwereth affirmitively, and thereupon (with haſt and ſecrecy) they grant out a Warrant to apprehend *Don Martino*, when he was as it were drowned in Voluptuouſneſſe, Security and Impenitency, as making it his vain glory build Caſtles of content in the aire, and to erect Mountaines of wealth and preferment in the *Utopia* of his ambitious deſires and wiſhes, without ever having the grace, either to think of his former horrible Crimes, or future puniſhment for the ſame. He is amazed at his Apprehenſion by the Sergeants, but far more, at the ſight and preſence of the Criminall Judges, before whom he is now brought. They ſharply accuſe him of theſe two aforeſaid foul Murthers, and for evidence and witneſſes, produce him his Confeſſor Father *Thomas* his Letter, his Siſter *Cyrilla*, and his own ſiſter the Lady *Cecilliana*; at the ſight and knowledge whereof, he at firſt ſeemed to be much appalled and daunted, but at laſt recollecting his Spirits (taking counſell of the Devill, and not of God) aſſumes a bold countenance, puts himſelf and his Tongue on the points of denyall and Juſtification, and ſo to his Judges tearms his Confeſſor a Devill, and no Man, and *Cyrilla* and his Siſter *Cecilliana* Witches, and no Women, ſo unjuſtly and falſly to accuſe him of theſe foul Murthers, whereof he affirms not only the act, but the very name and thought is odious and execrable to him. But God will not be mocked, nor his Judges deluded with this his Apology: So they adjudge him to the Rack; the firſt tortures whereof, he indureth with an admirable fortitude and patience, but the ſecond he cannot; but then and there confeſſeth himſelf to be guilty, and the ſole Author and Actour of both theſe deplorable Murthers: But yet his Heart and Soul is ſtill ſo obdurated by the Devill, as he hath neither the Will to be Sorrowfull, nor the Grace to be Repentant for the ſame.

For expiation of which his inhumane and bloody Crimes, his Judges condemn him to be hanged, and his right hand to be firſt cut off and burnt the next morning, at the common place of Execution, notwithſtanding that his afflicted and ſorrowfull Mother (out of the naturall and tender affection which ſhe bore him) imployed all her Friends and poſſible power, yea, and offered all her own Eſtate and Lands to ſave his life; but ſhe could not prevail or obtain it. So the next morning (in obedience to this his ſentence) this Monſter of Nature *Don Martino* is brought to the common place of Execution, to take his laſt farwell of this life, and this world: He was clad in a black ſilk Grograin Sute, with a faire white Ruffe about his neck, and a black Beaver Hat on his head, which he drew down over his eyes, that he might neither ſee, nor be ſeen of that great concourſe of people there preſent, who came to ſee him conclude the laſt Scene and Cataſtrophe of his life; When after his right hand was cut off and burnt, which held the Rapier, whereby he murthered *Don Monfredo*, he then aſcended the Ladder: Where the Spectators expecting ſome repentant and Religious Speech from him before his Death, he reſembling himſelf (I mean, rather an Atheiſt than a Chriſtian, and rather a Devil than a man) as lived ſo he would dye, a prophane and graceleſſe Villain; for ſome ſpeeches he (betwixt his teeth) mumbled to himſelf, but ſpake not one word that could be heard or underſtood of any one: and ſo moſt reſolutely he himſelf putting the Rope about his neck, although all the people, and eſpecially two Friers neer him, cryed to him to the contrary) he ſaved the Hang-man his labour, and ſo with more haſt and deſperation than repentance) he caſt himſelf off the Ladder, and was hanged. And thus was the bloody life and deſerved death of this Hell-hound; and Limbe of the Devill, *Don Martino*; and in this ſort and manner did the juſt Revenge of God triumph ore his foul and bloody Crimes; which may all true Chriſtians read to Gods Glory and to the Inſtruction of their own ſouls.

And if the curioſity of the Reader make him farther deſirous to know what became of the old Lady *Catherina* the Mother, and of *Dona Cecilliana* the Daughter, after all theſe their diſmal and diſaſtrous Accidents, I thought good (by the way of a Poſt-ſcript) briefly to add this for his ſatisfaction, That the Mother lived not long after, but her Daughter was firſt reconciled to her: and ſhe to her Daughter, to whom ſhe (having no other childe) left all her whole Eſtate: And for her, who was now become likewiſe very rich, as having a fair yearly Revenue and Joynture out of her deceaſed Husband *Don Monfredo's* Lands and Means, although ſhe were again ſought in Marriage by ſome noble Gallants of *Caſtile* and *Burgos*, yet ſhe reſolved never to Marry more; and as I have within theſe very few years underſtood, ſhe then lived ſometimes at *Burgos*, and ſometimes at *Valdebelle*, in great Pomp and Felicity.

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIII.

Alphonſo *poyſoneth his own Mother* Sophia, *and after ſhoots and kills* Caſſino *(as he was walking in his Garden) with a ſhort Musket (or Carabine) from a Window. He is beheaded for theſe two Murthers, then burnt, and his aſhes thrown into the River.*

AS Faith and Prayer are the two Pillars of our Souls, and may well be called the Fortreſs of Chriſtian Piety againſt the tentations of Satan: ſo by the contrary we expoſe and lay open our ſelves to the treacherous lures and malice of the Devil. For if by Faith we do not firſt believe, then pray unto God for our own preſervation, it will be no hard matter for him to tempt us in our choller, to quarrel with our beſt friends, and in our malice and revenge to murther even our neareſt and deareſt kindred. O *Faith*, the true foundation of our ſoveraign felicity! O *Prayer*, the ſweet preſervative and ſacred Manna of our ſouls, how bleſſed do you make thoſe who embrace and retain you! and contrariwiſe, how miſerable and wretched are they who contemn and reject you! Of which laſt number, this enſuing Hiſtory will produce us one, who (by his debauched life, and corrupt converſation) trampled thoſe two heavenly Vertues and Graces under his feet, without thinking of God, or regarding, much leſs fearing his Judgements: But how God (in the end) requited him for the ſame, this Hiſtory will likewiſe ſhew us. May we therefore read it to Gods glory, and to our own inſtruction.

In the City of *Verceli*, (after *Turin*, one of the chiefeſt of *Piedmont*) bordering neer to the Eſtate and Dutchy of *Millan*, there lately dwelt a rich Cannon of that Cathedrall Church, named *Aloſius Caſsino*, who had a dainty ſweet young Gentlewoman to his Neece, named *Dona Eleanora*, whoſe Mother (being Siſter to *Caſsino*) named *Dona Iſabella Cælia*, lately died, and left to her only Daughter and Child her Heir, very rich both in demeans and monies, when her Uncle *Caſsino*, being neareſt her in blood, takes *Eleanora* and her eſtate into his protection and wardſhip, and is as tender of her breeding and education, and as curious of her comportment and cariage, as if ſhe were his own Daughter; for there is no ſweet quality, nor exquiſite perfection requiſite in a young Gentlewoman of her rank and extraction, but he cauſed her to become, not ſuperficiall, but artificiall therein, as in Dancing, Muſick, Singing, Painting, Writing, Needling, and the like, whereof all the Nobility and Gentry of *Verceli* take exact notice and knowledge; yea, her beauty grew up ſo deliciouſly with her years, that ſhe was (and was juſtly reputed to be) the prime Flower and Phenix of the City. *Caſsino* conſidering that his Houſe was deſtitute of a Matron, to accompany and overſee this his Neece *Eleanora*, that his age was too Stoical for her youth, and that his Eccleſiaſticall profeſſion and Function called him often to preach and pray; he therefore deeming it very unfit and unſeemly (in the *Interims* of his abſence) to leave her to her ſelf, and to be ruled and governed by her own fancy and pleaſure, ſhe being now arrived to twelve years of age; He therefore provides her new apparell, and other pertinent neceſſaries, and giving her a Wayting-maid, and a Man of his own to attend her, he ſends her in his Coach to the City of *Caſſall*, in the Marquiſat of *Montferrat*, to the Lady *Marguerita Sophia*, a Widdow Gentlewoman, left by her deceaſed Husband but indifferently rich, but endowed with all thoſe ornaments of Art and Honour, which made her famous, not only in *Piedmont* and *Lombardie*, but alſo to all *Italy*; and to her he therefore writes this enſuing Letter to accompany his Neece, and chargeth his Man with delivery thereof to her.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

TO ſatisfie your courteous requeſts, and my former promiſe, I now ſend you my Neece Eleanora *to* Caſſall, *whom I heartily pray thee to uſe as thy Daughter, and to command as thy Hand-maid. She hath no other Vncle but me, nor I any other acquaintance but thy ſelf, with whom I would entruſt her for her Education, and recommend her for her Inſtruction. She is not inclined to any vice that I know of; except to thoſe imperfections wherein her youth excuſeth her ignorance, and it is both my order and charge to her, that ſhe carefully and curiouſly adorn her ſelf with vertues in thy example and imitation, without which the priviledges of Nature and Fortune (as Beauty and Wealth) are but only obſcure ſhadows, and no true ſubſtances, becauſe there is as much difference betwixt thoſe and theſe, as between the purity of the ſoul and the coruption of the body, or between the dignity and excellencie of Heaven, and the invaliditie and baſeneſs of Earth. I am content to lend her to you for a few moneths, but do infinitly deſire to give her to thy Vertues for ever. In which my voluntary tranſaction and donation, thou wilt confer much happineſs to her, and honour to me, and conſequently for ever bind both her Youth, and my age to thee in a ſtrict obligation of thanks and debt. What apparell, or other neceſſaries thou deemeſt her to want, thy will ſhall be mine. God ever bleſs her in his fear, and you both to his Glory.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* receives this ſweet young Virgin with much content and joy, yea, ſhe ſees her tender years already adorned with ſuch excellent beauty, and that beauty with ſuch exquiſite vertues, that it breeds not only admiration, but affection in her towards her, whom ſhe entertaineth with much reſpect and care, as well for her own ſake, as alſo for her Uncle *Caſsino's*, whoſe Letter ſhe again and again reads over, highly applauding his vertues and honourable care of this his Neece, whom in few years ſhe hopes will prove a moſt accompliſhed and gracious Gentlewoman; when *Caſsino's* Coachman after a daies ſtay, deeming it high time for him to return to *Verceli* to his Maſter, he takes his leave of his young Miſtris *Eleanora*, who, out of her few years, and tender affection and duty to her Uncle, with tears in her eyes, prayes him to remember her beſt ſervice to him at his comming home; and the Lady *Sophia* by him likewiſe returns and ſends him this Letter in anſwer of his.

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

I Know not whether you have made me more proud, or ioyfull, by ſending me Eleanora, *wherein you have given mee far more honour than I deſerve, though far leſſe than ſhe meriteth, and who*

henceforth

henceforth ſhall be as much my Daughter in affection, as ſhe is your Neece by Nature; and if I have any Art in Nature, or Judgment in Inclinations, her vertues and beauty do already anticipate her years; for as the one is emulous of Fame, and the other of Glory: ſo (as friendly Rivals, and yet honourable friends) they already ſeem to ſtrive and contend in her for ſupremacie: to the leſt of which (as being indeed the moſt precious and ſoveraign) if my poor capacity, or weak endeavours may add any thing, I will eſteem it my ambition for your ſake, and my felicity for hers. But if you reſolve not rather to give her to me for ſome years, then to lend her to me for a few moneths, you will then kill my hopes in their buds, and my ioyes in their bloſſoms, and ſo make me as unfortunate in her abſence, as I ſhall be happy in her ſight and company. As for her Apparell, and other neceſſaries, ſhe ſhall want nothing which is either fit for her to have, or you to give. Let your prayers to God ever deſire, and follow her welfare, and then reſt confident, that her prayers and mine ſhall never faile to wiſh you long life, and to implore all proſperity for you.

SOPHIA.

Caſſino did well to place his young Neece *Eleanora* with the Lady *Sophia*, but ill in forgetting that ſhe had a very debauched young Gentleman to her Son, named *Seignior Alphonſo*, of ſome two and twenty years of age, who (to her grief and ſhame) haunts her and her houſe as a Ghoſt, make himſelf the publique laughter and pity of all the different humours of *Caſſall* yea the lewdneſs of his life, and the irregularity of his converſation, and actions, hath reduced him to this fatall point of miſery, that he holds it a noble vertue in him, to participate himſelf and his reputation into baſe debts, vices, and company, making this his ſhame his glory, and lewd vices his honour, till in the end not caring for the world, the world will not care for him, nor he for himſelf, untill he have wholly loſt himſelf in himſelf, without either deſert, or hope ever to be found or recalled again. But at laſt ſeeing ſo ſweet a beauty, and ſo rich an Heir as *Eleanora* fallen into his Mothers hands, and therefore he vainly thinks into his; and hoping that her wealth ſhall redeem his prodigalities, and revive his decayed Eſtate and Fortunes he ſecretly Courts her: but *Eleanora* (as young as ſhe is) ſees his vices with diſdain, himſelf with contempt, and his affection to her with ſcorn. He is importunate in his ſute, and ſhe perverſe and obſtinate in her deniall, but ſhe reſolves to conceal it from all the World. As for *Alphonſo*, he (after ſome ſix moneths time) acquaints the Lady *Sophia* his Mother herewith, and with his fervent deſire and affection to marry *Eleanora*; but ſhe chargeth him on her bleſſing, never to proceed any further herein without her conſent and order; and quoth ſhe, if here (in the preſence of God and himſelf) thou wilt now ſwear wholly to abandon all thy former vices, henceforth to be abſolutely led by my advice and counſell, and to ſteer all thy actions by the ſtar of Honour, and the card of Vertue, then I will promiſe thee to uſe all my beſt endeavors and poſſible power, both with *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, to effect thy deſires. *Alphonſo* hereat (with much courteſie and humility) thanks his Mother, and ſolemnly ſwears to God and her, to perform all theſe points carefully and punctually; and to add the more Religion and reverence to this Oath, he doth it on his knees; and it is a wonderfull joy to her, to ſee that the fruits and effects thereof do accordingly fall out and follow: for this her Son *Alphonſo* in a very few dayes, is become a new man, and ſhe from her heart and ſoul praiſeth and glorifieth God for this his happy converſion: and if his Mother *Sophia* be glad thereof, no leſs is our ſweet young *Eleanora*, for now hereby ſhe ſees that ſhe is rid of her Sutor.

Caſſino comes over three ſeverall times to *Caſſall* to ſee his Neece. The Lady *Sophia* gives him her beſt entertainment. He is wonderfull glad to ſee that ſhe hath imprinted ſuch Characters of vertue and honour in her; and during his ſtay there, *Sophia* chargeth her Son *Alphonſo* not to ſpeak or motion a word to *Caſſino*, of this his affection to his young Neece *Eleanora*: ſo he bears himſelf exceeding modeſtly and reſpectively towards him, and for his Mother, ſhe holds it fit not as yet to break or ſpeak a word hereof to *Caſsino*. *Caſsino* (no way dreaming of their intents and deſires towards his Neece) tels the Lady *Sophia*, he is infinitly joyfull to ſee that her Son *Alphonſo* proves *Fame* to be true, but a tatling goddeſs in his condition, and converſation; whereat ſhe heartily thanks him: and thinking then (though reſervedly and ſecretly) to take time and opportunity at advantage, ſhe leaves not a vertue of her Sons either undiſplayed, or unmagnified, but extols them all to the skie, and himſelf beyond the Moon, and ſo leaves the remainder hereof to time, and the iſſue of God. But yet revolving and ruminating in her mind, how (in a fair and honourable way) to obtain this rich and beautifull young prize for her Son; and holding it diſcretion, not as yet either to motion or mention it to her, ſhe ſecretly layes wait at *Verceli* to know when *Calſino* will have home his Neece, and ſo ſome three weeks before that time ſhe holds it fit to motion it to him, by her Letter, which ſhe doth in theſe tearms.

Sophia

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

THe fervent affection, and vertuous deſire of my Son Alphonſo, *to marry your Neece* Eleanora *know the ſole cauſe and argument of this my Letter to you, the which I had not attempted to, write or ſend you, but that I know his love and zeal to her is as pure, as her beauty and vertues are excellent. He (without my privacy or knowledge) hath already motioned his ſute to her, and as he tells me, ſhe hath returned him her deniall inſtead of her conſent, whereof I held my ſelf bound to advertiſe you, becauſe his ambition and mine herein is ſo honourable, as it ſhall go hand in hand with your good will and approbation, but never without it, eſpecially in regard you have pleaſed to recommend her to my charge and cuſtody, wherein I faithfully promiſe you, nothing ſhall be deſigned or practiſed to the prejudice of her honour or your content. All the eſtate and means which I can give, or you require of mee, to make my Son a fit Husband for your Neece, I will freely and chearfully depart with; and yet were I not fully and firmely aſſured, that he is now as deeply enamoured of vertue and goodneſs, as heretofore he was of their contraries, neither my tongue or pen had dared thus to have preſented his ſute to her acceptance, and your conſideration. The joy and bleſſing of which Marriage (if God in his ſecret and ſacred Providence reſolve to make it a Marriage) will, I hope in the end be theirs, the honour mine, and the content your own; wherein I requeſt your anſwer, and entreat you to remain moſt confident, that both in this, and in all things elſe,* Alphonſo's *will and reſolution ſhall ever be* Sophia's, *and hers,* Caſſino's.

SOPHIA.

Caſſino, upon the receit and peruſall of this Letter of the Lady *Sophia*, is not a little diſpleaſed, to ſee her ambition in deſiring his Neece *Eleanora* for wife to her Son *Alphonſo*, and although he be formerly well acquainted with the weakneſs of the Mothers eſtate, as alſo perfectly advertiſed of her Sons debauched life, and corrupt and prodigall converſation, howſoever ſhe pretend to put a vertuous gloſs and colour hereon to the contrary, yet he holds it diſcretion to ſeem to be ignorant of the one, and not to take notice of the other, but will frame his excuſe to them herein, that he hath already diſpoſed of his Neece, and that their motion to him for her came too late, when in heart reſolving to make her preferment and fortunes more aſſured, and not ſo doubtfull; and to match her in a higher blood, and nobler family than that of theirs; he yet in diſcretion and honour, knowing himſelf bound to anſwer the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, cals for Pen and Paper, and by her own Servant and Meſſenger returns his mind and reſolution to her thus.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

ALthough the tender years of my Neece Eleanora *make her incapable of marriage, yet your rich deſerts and reſplendent merits, and your Son* Alphonſo's *honourable affection and zeal to her (which every way exceeds her poor beauty and vertues) had infallibly made me to grant her for his wife, which I am now inforced to deny, inregard I have already (by my promiſe) diſpoſed and given her to another before your Letter came to my hands, and conſequently before that motion of his arrived to my knowledge and underſtanding: For to me it would and ſhould have been both a ſweet joy and a ſingular honour, to have ſeen your Son matched to my Neece in the lincks of Wedlock. But God having otherwiſe decreed it; you have many reaſons to reſt confident, that your Son is reſerved for her better, and ſhe promiſed to his inferiour; and therefore the freeneſs of this your profered courteſie to her, and of your honourable reſpect and affection towards me, ſhall for ever tye me to a thankfull acknowledgment and an immortall obligation; and I will make it my chiefeſt Felicity and Ambition, if (in requitall thereof) I may any way either ſerve you in your Son* Alphonſo, *or him in his Mother* Sophia, *of whoſe converſion to vertue, and propenſion to goodneſs, your Letter hath ſo firmely and joyfully aſſured me, that the truth hereof will, I hope, hereafter prove his happineſs in your content and glory; the which my moſt Religious Prayers ſhall ſtill deſire of God, becauſe he is your only Child and Son by Nature, and your ſelf my moſt honourable friend both by deſert and purchaſe.*

CASSINO.

Within three weeks after that *Caſſino* had diſpatched away this his Letter to the Lady *Sophia*, he then (in contemplation and conſideration of the debauſhed life and corrupt practiſes and vices of her Son *Alphonſo*) not thinking his Neece *Eleanora* to be ſafe with her in *Caſſall*, for fear leſt her old wit, or his ſmooth tongue might peradventure too far prevaile and work upon her young years and indiſcreet affection: he therefore ſends over his Coach, and one of his Servants to bring her home, and to the Lady *Sophia* writes this Gratulatory Letter for her honourable education and entertainment.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

According to my laſt Letter to you, having heretofore privatly contracted my Neece Eleanora *to a Husband, reaſon and Religion, his requeſt and my promiſe now require, that I take her from you in* Caſſall *to give her to him here in* Vercely; *to which effect I here ſend my Coach and Servant to you for her, and deſire you to return her to me with your beſt prayers as I ſent her to you with my beſt affection: and had not God now viſited me with ſickneſs, my reſolutoin for her return had not bern either ſo ſuddain or ſo ſpeedy. For your honourable care in adorning her few years with ſo many excellent vertues and ſweet perfections, I know not how to deſerve, much leſs how to requite, except in my Prayers and Oriſons to God for his beſt favours and graces to you, and the beſt proſperities and honours to your Son: But if my age now cannot, I hope her youth hereafter will endeavour partly to free me of that debt and to acquit her ſelf of that ſtrong obligation, till when as I will not fail to give it a place in my heart, ſo I am ſure will not ſhe likewiſe to allot it one in her remembrance: in which mean time, I forget not my chiefeſt reſpects firſt to your ſelf, then to your Son. God give give us all his Grace that we may live and die his Servants.*

CASSINO.

Now as *Caſſino's* firſt Letter to *Sophia* (wherein he deſired her Son to marry his Neece) exceedingly afflicted and diſcontented her, ſo this his ſecond to her, wherein he ſo ſuddenly ſends for her away from her, doth extreamly afflict and torment her, and not only her, but likewiſe her Son *Alphonſo*, who is all in ſorrow, all in grief hereat: For now they feare that their hopes of this young Lady are fruſtrated, and ſhe according to her Uncles report in his Letter is contracted to ſome Gallant of *Vercelly*: When *Alphonſo* again laying before his Mother the fervency of his affection to *Eleanora*, and repreſenting unto her the extremity of the grief and miſery which her refuſall of him, and his loſſe of her, will occaſion him, he with ſighs and tears again and again entreats his Mother to ſeek out ſome cure for this his diſconſolation, and that ſhe will pleaſe once more to try her chiefeſt wits and invention to change *Eleanora's* refuſall, and her Uncle *Caſſino's* deniall of him to be her Husband; when at laſt his Mother being much moved and induced with theſe his ſorrowfull paſſions and importunities, ſhe before her departure doth her ſelf break this motion for her Son to her, wherein her wit and age ſets upon the innocency and ſimplicity of her youth, with the ſweeteſt Oratory and moſt delicious ſpeeches and perſwaſions which poſſibly ſhe could invent, but ſhe finds her Art to be Ignorance, and her Eloquence folly therein. For *Eleanora* is (as young as ſhe is) deaf to her requeſts, and dumb to her entreaties and perſwaſions; returning contempt to the firſt, and little deafneſs to the ſecond, and diſdain to both; ſo as in deteſtation of his ſute, and envy of his affection, ſhe will no more hear the Mother for her Sons ſake, nor ſee the Son for his Mothers ſake. When yet again, although *Sophia* deſpaire of the Neece, yet ſhe will once more make farther triall of her Uncle *Caſſino*, flattering her ſelf with the hope, and her hope with this conceit, that his pretence of precontracting her to another, might be but only a policy of his, to try her Sons affection in his conſtancy towards his Neece, and her own zeal in her perſeverance thereof towards himſelfe: When ſeeing Breakfaſt being ended, the Coach prepared, and *Eleanora* ready to depart, ſhe betakes her to her Cloſet, where taking pen and paper, ſhe haſtily ſcribles out a few lines, and ſealing up her Letter, delivereth it privatly to *Eleanora*, whom ſhe ſecretly prayeth, and effectually conjureth to deliver it carefully to her Unkle *Caſſino* at her comming to *Vercely*, which this young Lady confidently promiſeth her, when likewiſe taking her own Coach, ſhe and her Son conduct her three or four miles in her way, where the Mother with many fugred ſpeeches and complements, and the Son with many amorous ſighs, regards and kiſſes, take their leave of her, they returning to *Caſſall*, and ſhe driving away to her Uncle *Caſſino* at *Varcely*, who receives her with much joy, and welcomes her with infinite gladneſs and humanity; to whom ſhe delivering the Lady *Sophia's* Letter, he haſtily breaking up the ſeals thereof, finds therein this Language.

SOPHIA

SOPHIA to CASSINO.

BEfore I was ſo happy to anſwer your firſt Letter, your ſecond which now cals home your Neece from me, makes me again double unfortunate: Neither do I hold it your reſolution, but rather your pleaſure, or at leaſt your policy, in thinking to make me beleeve you have formerly contracted her to another. I will not ſay but that ſhe deſerves my Sons letters in marriage; but thus much I will ſpeak for him out of my knowledge of his affection, and confidence, of his zeal towards her, that in heart and ſoul he is a perfect honourer of her vertues, and a true admirer of her Beauty: Yea, and no way to exceed or ſtray from the truth, I have many pregnant reaſons for this belief of mine, that he is a ſervant to the firſt, and a ſlave to the ſecond, and that his flame is ſo fervenet towards her, that he would think himſelf honoured to proſtrate his life at her feet, and eſteem himſelf bleſſed to receive his Death at her commands. Think not then ſo ſlightly of him, who thinks ſo ſeriouſly and ſincerely of her; and this aſſure your ſelf, that if you will give her to him in marriage, I will give nothing which I enjoy in the world from him. In obedience to your requeſt and order, I now ſend you your Neece, and I am ſure that her proficiency as her ſtay, hath been ſo ſmall with me in Caſſall, *as it neither deſerves her debt, or your obligation, your requitall or her remembrance. My Son was deſirous to have viſited you with this Letter, but that I commanded his Pen and reſolution herein to ſilence: And notwithſtanding all your prayers for his proſperity, I am aſſured he is more your reall Servant, than you as yet are his intended friend. God bleſs your ſelf and my Son, your Neece and my ſelf, and make us all the lovers of his Grace, and the heirs of his glory.*

SOPHIA.

Caſſino upon the peruſall of this Letter, perceiving that the Lady *Sophia* and her Son *Alphonſo*, were ſo far from giving over their ſute to his Neece *Eleanora*, as they now proſecuted it with more importunity and violence than before, he not only cals her reſpect toward him, but her diſcretion in her ſelf in queſtion, to ſee that ſhee is incredulous that he hath precontracted her, or that his former Letters to her in that behalf are not worthy of her belief and confidence: Whereupon being ſenſible of a kind of diſreſpect and wrong, whereof ſhe had voluntarily made her ſelf guilty towards him, in the paſſage of this buſineſs, and abſolutely refuſing to hearken to, or entertain any other parley, and ſo to caſt away his Neece on the vices and prodigalities of her Son, He arming his pen with diſcontent and choller, returns her this peramptory anſwer, which he covenanteth and reſolves with himſelf, ſhall be the very laſt that he will either write or ſend to her in this nature.

CASSINO to SOPHIA.

I Had well hop'd and thought, that your affection and judgment would have deemed my former Letters to you (in contracting my Neece) to be currant, not conterfeit; yea, to be the pure truth, and therefore no way my policy to inform you of the contrary; for ſuch proceedings to any one, eſpecially to your ſelf (whom I ſo much reſpect for your Birth, and honour for your vertues) are as unworthy of me, as I am and will be ignorant of them: As for your Son, his zeal to my Neece, or his affection to her ſervice in the way of Marriage; if it be as pure and fervent as you affirm it, ſhe is the more bound to him; but I notwithſtanding, the leſs to your ſelf, in that you endeavour to make me an enemy to my ſelf and to mine own honour, which next to my Soul is the beſt part of my ſelf, in perſwading me to take her from a Gentleman, to whom (by faith and promiſe) I have ſolemnly given her; and as this was my firſt, ſo it ſhall be my laſt reſolution and anſwer to you, which I aſſure you I write not ſlightly, but (to uſe your own words) ſeriouſly and ſincerely: Therefore I thank you for impoſing ſilence to your Sons pen; and if you will henceforth likewiſe preſcribe the ſame Law to your own herein, I will take it both for a courteſie and a reſpect from you; only in any other matter whatſoever that you will think me capable to ſtead him, or ſerve you, your will and pleaſure ſhall be my Law, and your Letters ſhall receive many reſpects and kiſſes from mee. I have received my Neece, and her tongue, and mine eye and eare informe me, how much we both are bound to you for your care, and her proficiencie in Caſſall, *the which my Age and her Youth will expoſe to Uſury before I have the honour to pay you the Principall, and ſhee the intereſt thereof. God ever bleſs you, and your Son* Alphonſo, *and give you no leſs joy and honour of him, then I hope and deſire to find in mine own Neece Eleanora.*

CASSINO.

The Lady *Sophia* grieves, and her Son *Alphonſo* ſtormes at the receipt of this unkind Letter from *Caſſino*, whereby they ſee their hopes of his Neece *Eleanora* reverſed and fruſtrated; and although this his flat refuſall made her of opinion no more to ſtir or intermeddle herein, yet (as Lovers are impatient of denials and delayes) ſome three weeks after, he prayes his Mother to ride over to *Vercely*, again to prove *Caſſino*, and likewiſe to (again) motion and ſolicite it to *Eleanora*, hoping that her preſence may purchaſe that which her Letters cannot procure; and he is very deſirous and willing to accompany her himſelf. His Mother *Sophia* grants both his requeſts; they arrive to *Vercely*, where the Mother courts the Uncle and the Son the Neece; and although they finde exceeding great Cheer and noble Entertainment, yet in the point of their buſineſs, which is *Alphonſo's* Marriage to *Eleanora*, they finde themſelves loſt, and their ſute in vaine, and ſo they are enforced to return to *Caſſall* with their definitive ſentence of denial, which makes her to bite the lip, and infinitely grieves and exaſperates her Son; ſo now hee again caſts off the Cloak of Vertue, and far worſe than ever, flies to his old vices and ſins, which his Mother with her ſweet perſwaſions & remonſtrances can no longer retaine or conceal, eſpecially from his Whoring and Drunkenneſs: yea, and which is moſt lamentable and deplorable, he will no longer ſerve God, either abroad or at home, for he forſakes the Church, and wholly abandoneth that ſweet and Heavenly vertue of Prayer, which is the ſpirituall food and life of the Soul. His *Mother Sophia* exceedingly weeps and grieves hereat, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not: For his diſcontent hath made him ſo vicious, his vices ſo obſtinate, and his obſtinacy ſo outragious and violent, as his Mother ſurfeits with his Love-ſute to *Eleanora*, and will no more intermeddle with it. He prayes and reprayes her to make one Journey more for him to *Vercely* to ſee what alterations time may have wrought in the hearts of *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, but ſhe is as averſe and wilfull, as he is obſtinate and peremptory: and therefore conſtantly vows, neither to write, nor ever to confer more with them herein. But this reſolute anſwer of the Mother breeds bad blood in the Son, yea it makes a Mutiny in his thoughts, a Civill Warr in his Heart, and a flat Rebellion in his reſolutions againſt her for the ſame, to which the Devill (the Arch-enemy, and Incendiary of our Soules) blowes the Coals For hee who heretofore looked on his Mother with obedience and affection, cannot (or at leaſt will not) ſee her now but with contempt and malice; yea, he is ſo devoid of Grace, and ſo exempt of Goodneſs, that he looks from Charity to Wrath, from Religion to Revenge, from Heaven to Hell; and ſo reſolves to murther her, thinking with himſelf, that if he had once diſpatcht her, he ſhould then be ſole Lord of all her wealth, and that then this his great and abſolute Eſtate would ſoon induce *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, to accept of his affection: But he reckons without his Soul and without God, and therefore no marvell if theſe his bloudy hopes deceive and betray him, his Religion and Conſcience cannot prevail with him, neither hath his Soul either grace or power enough to divert him from this fatall buſineſs, and execrable reſolution; for he will be ſo infernall a Monſter of Nature, as to act her death of whom he received his life. He conſults with himſelf, and the Devill with him, whether he ſhould ſtab or poyſon her, but he holds it far more ſafe and leſs dangerous, to uſe the Drug than the Dagger; and ſo concludes upon poyſon; to which end he being reſolute in his rage, thus to make away his Mother, he as an execrable Villaine (or indeed rather as a Devill) provides himſelfe to poyſon, the which he ſtill carries about him, waiting for an opportunity, to give an end to this deplorable buſineſs, the which the Devill very ſhortly adminiſtreth him: The manner thus.

This refuſall of *Sophia* to her Son *Alphonſo*, and his miſerable relapſe to Whoredome, Drunkenneſs, and neglect of Prayer, doth exceedingly diſtemper the Lady *Sophia* his Mothers ſpirits, and they her body, ſo that ſhe is three dayes ſick of a burning Feaver; when to allay the ſervour of that unaccuſtomed heat, ſhe cauſeth ſome Almond-milk to be made her, the which ſhe compoundeth with many cool herbs and other wholſome Ingredients of that nature and quality; which ſhe takes three times each day, morning, after dinner, and before ſhe goes to Bed: So the third day of her ſickneſs, walking in the afternoon in one of the ſhaddowed Allies of her Garden with her Son, and there with her beſt advice rectifying and directing his reſolutions from Vice to Vertue, ſhe is unexpectedly ſurpriſed with the ſymtome of her Feaver, when ſitting down, and cauſing her waiting Maid to hold her Head in one of the Arbours, ſhee prayes her ſon *Alphonſo* to run to her Chamber, and to bring her a ſmall wicker Bottle of Almond-milk, the which he doth, bnt bloudy Villain that he is, nothing can withold him (but his Heart being tempered with inhumanity and cruelty) he firſt poures in his Poyſon therein, and then gives it her, who, good Lady, drinks two great draughts thereof; when a ſweat preſently over-ſpreading her face, and ſhe beginning to look pale, he (as a wretched Hypocrite) makes a loud outcry from the Garden to the Houſe, and calling their ſervants to her aſſiſtance, he likewiſe cals for a Chair, ſo ſhe is brought to her Chamber, and laid in her

Bed

dead, and within few hours after (as a vertuous Lady and innocent Saint) ſhe forſakes this Life and this World for a better, and the ignorance of her Servants, and her bloody Son (quench'd as it were in the rivolets of his feigned tears, together with his exceſſive lamentations) do coffin her dead body up ſomewhat privatly and ſpeedily ſo that there is no thought nor ſuſpition of Poyſon; and thus was the lamentable Murther, and deplorable end of this wiſe and religious Lady *Sophia* committed by her own wretched and internall Son. Now this Devill *Alphonſo* (to ſet the better luſtre on his ſorrows, and he better varniſh and colour on his mourning for the death of his Mother) gives her a ſtately Funerall, the pomp and coſt whereof, not only equallized, but exceeded their rank and quality: For he left no Gentleman or Lady in or about *Caſſall* uninvited to be at her Buriall, and his Feaſt, and deighted himſelf and all his Kinsfolks, and Servants in mourning attire, thereby the better to carry off the leaſt reflexion or ſhaddow of ſuſpicion from him of this his foul and inhumane Murther.

The news of the Lady *Sophia's* death, runs from *Caſſall* to *Vercely*, where *Caſſino* and his Neece *Eleanora* underſtanding thereof, they both of them exceedingly lament and ſorrow for it, in regard ſhe was a very honourable, wiſe, and religious Lady, and to whom the tender youth of *Eleanora* was infinitly beholding and indebted for many of her ſweet vertues and perfections; ſo that as her Uncle honoured her ſo this his Neece held her ſelf bound to reverence her, as making her eminent and ſingular vertues the mould and pattern whereon ſhe framed all her terreſtriall comportments and actions, which in few moneths after were ſo many, and ſo excellent, that as ſhe was known to be one of the moſt beautifull, ſo ſhe was likewiſe juſtly reported to be one of the wiſeſt young Ladies of all that City and Country, which together with her own great Eſtate, as alſo that of her Uncle *Caſſino's* to the full enjoying whereof (in contemplation of her vertues and conſanguinity) he had juſtly both deſigned and adopted her his ſole Heir; the which made her to be ſought in marriage by divers young gallants of very noble and chief houſes; moſt whereof were ſuperior to *Alphonſo*, both in blood and wealth. When her Uncle at laſt (with her own free affection and conſent) privatly marries her to *Signior Hieronyms Braſciano*, a rich and brave young Gentleman of *Vercely*, who was Nephew and Hair to the Biſhop of that City; but he being likewiſe very young, the tenderneſs of both their ages diſpenſed them from as yet lying together, and both the Biſhop and her Uncle *Caſſino* (for ſome important reaſons beſt known to themſelves) cauſed this their marriage as yet to be concealed from all the world with great privacy and ſecrecy, he for the moſt part living with the Biſhop his Uncle at the City of *Turin* (which is the Court of the Duke of *Savoy*) and ſhe in *Vercely* with her Uncle *Caſſino*, only they viſit each other with their Letters, which is all the familiarity that as yet they are permitted to reap and receive each of other.

And here the true order of our Hiſtory cals us again, to ſpeak of this degenerate and debauſhed Gentleman *Alphonſo*, who had no ſooner embrued his guilty hands in the innocent blood of the Lady *Sophia* his Mother; but he then without any farther ſhew of ſorrow, or ſight or ſenſe of repentance for the ſame, again deſperatly abandoneth himſelf to all old vices and prodigalities, flaunting it out in brave apparell (for his mourning weeds he ſpeedily caſt off) and ſwimming as it were in the vaſt Ocean of all his carnall Delights, and worldly Pleaſures and Senſualities, never thinking of Religion or Prayer, but paſſeth away whole dayes and nights. yea conſumeth whole weeks and moneths in all licentious riots, and exceſſive prodigalities with his debauſhed Companions and Strumpets, which began to drown his Eſtate, and to devour his Lands apace: and in the heat and ruffle of theſe his joviall follies, and exorbitant intemperancies, he bethinks himſelf again of the wealth and beauty of the young Lady *Eleanora*, and ſo (in the vanity of his conceits, and the imbecillity of his judgement) flattering himſelf, that being now Lord of all his deceaſed Mothers Lands, and Wealth, her Uncle *Caſſino* cou'd not refuſe to give her him in Marriage, not ſo much as once dreaming or remembring how plainly and peremptorily, both he and ſhe had formerly given him the repulſe: To which effect he dights himſelf and his followers in exceeding rich Apparrell, and (with a train too worthy of himſelf) he rides over to *Vercely*, and there becomes a moſt importunate Sutor, both to *Caſſino* and *Eleanora*, firſt ſeeking her, and then courting her Uncle for her: but all in vain, for he puts him off with diſreſpect, and ſhe rejects him with diſdain; and when yet they ſee that his importunacy herein paſſeth the bounds of reaſon, and exceedeth the limits of diſcretion and civility, then *Caſſino* tels him plainly that his Neece is married; and that therefore (in that conſideration) he forbids him his houſe and her company; which point of diſcourteſie (and as *Alphonſo* tearms it of diſhonor) to him, he takes in ſo ill part from *Caſſino*, that exchanging his reaſon into rage, and forgetting himſelf to be a

man, or which is more a Gentleman, or which is moſt of all a Chriſtian, he again ſtrikes hands and agrees with the Devill, and for meer deſpight and rage vowes that he will murther *Caſſino*: The Devill making him ſtrong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that this ſpeech and ſuggeſtion of his, that his Neece *Eleanora* is married, is but fabulous and falſe and that if he were once dead, he could not impeach or hinder him from enjoying the faire and rich *Eleanora* to his Wife, which is the ſame prodigious bait and lure whereby Sathan formerly drew, and betrayed him to poyſon his Mother: the Devill ſtill ſo cloſely over-vailing his Conſcience and Soul, and ſo eclipſing, and winking his underſtanding and judgement, that as his hand, ſo his heart is inured and obdurated to the effuſion of innocent blood, and therefore he will not retire with grace, but onwards with impiety to the finiſhing of this cruell Murther of *Caſſino*; and although he had an itching deſire, and an helliſh ambition likewiſe to effect it by Poyſon, yet in regard he was denied acceſſe to his houſe and company, as alſo for that he was unacquainted with any Apothecary or Phyſician of *Kercely*, he therefore reſolves with the Devill to do it by a Carabine, which many times by night he wore and carried about him. There is nothing eaſier than to do evill, and as it is the nature, ſo it is the policy of Sathan, as well to furniſh us with the means, as the matter thereof: For when we caſt our ſelves from malice to Revenge, and from revenge to Murther, he then makes us induſtrious, firſt in the contriving, and then in the execution thereof, but in the end God will ſo ordain, that this helliſh policy ſhall turn to miſery.

Alphonſo's malice againſt *Caſſino* will give no peace to his thoughts, ſo he informs himſelf, that every morning and evening he is accuſtomed to walk alone in his Garden, for an hour or two in his ſpirituall Meditations, and therefore he thinks this a fit place (from ſome adjacent houſe or window) to ſhoot at him; when being likewiſe aſſured, that there was a poor ſmall Tavern (not much frequented with company) that lay ſomewhat neer and commodious to *Caſſino's* Garden, he reſolves to make choiſe of that, and there to give end to this bloody buſineſſe, which his heart ſo much deſireth, ſo abandoned by God, and guided and conducted by the Devill, he about ſix of the clock in the evening rides thither, and tying up his Horſe to the door, he in a diſguiſed ſute of Apparell, pretending there to ſtay for a friend of his, which promiſed to come thither to meet him (and having purpoſely ſent away his Servants before him to *Caſſall*) he goes up into the Chamber, cals for Wine and ſomething to eat, the better to favour and colour out his ſtay there, when bolting the Chamber door to him, he (putting aſide the paper Caſements, which they uſe in *Italy* to expell the fervency of the Son) from thence (according to his former intelligence) plainly perceives *Caſſino* walking in his Garden with his Hat in one hand, and his Breviary (or Prayer-book) wherein he reads, in another, with which he was as buſie with God in his meditations and devotions, as he was with the Devill, in charging his Carabine with a brace of Bullets, and dreſſing of his Fire-lock, and priming of his powder touch-hole, when, without the leaſt ſpark of grace, or fear of God, or his puniſhments, he lets flye at him; and the Devill had made him ſo expert a Mark-man, that as *Caſſino* was ſoftly comming on, walking towards the Window, wherein he ſecretly and ſcelerouſly ſtood, both the bullets hit him right in the breſt, a little below the left Pap, whereof this harmeleſſe and religious old Gentleman *Caſſino* fell preſently dead to the ground, and none being in the Garden with him (wherein I my ſelfe have ſince ſometimes been) I could not underſtand, that he had the power or happineſs to ſpeak a word: But we ſhall ſee, that this inhumane and bloody murtherer, ſhall not go far before the Judgments of God will ſurpriſe and overtake him. The manner whereof is thus.

As ſoon as *Alphonſo* had given this bloody blow, and ſeen *Caſſino* fall dead to the ground, he unbolting the Chamber, preſently reſolves to take horſe and flye away, but God ordained the contrary: For as he had again put up his Carabine into his Belt, God preſently ſtruck him into a ſtupified ſwoon, whereof falling to the ground, the noiſe of his fall, the report of his Carabine, and the ratling of his Sword and it, preſently invited the people of the houſe below, to ſee what had befaln above to this Gentleman, where finding him groveling and gaſping for life, they (by Gods immediat direction) do think that he hath there ſhot and murthered himſelf; when deveſting him of his Apparell, and laying him in bed to ſearch for his wounds, they find none; but yet it is an hour before they perceive any motion, or action of life in him. And then opening his eyes, he with a diſtracted look and amazed countenance, deeming himſelf upon the very point of death; and that for his murthering of *Caſſino* the Lord in his judgement had infallibly ſtrucken him with ſudden death, he finding this foul and bloody act of his, to lie heavy upon his ſoul and conſcience, in this laſt Scen (as he then thought) of his life, he (rather raving then ſpeaking) in the heat of his madneſs and diſtraction, cryes out again and again, that he had murthered *Caſſino*: The which the people of the houſe are exceedingly aſtoniſhed to underſtand. And now by this time *Caſſino* is found

dead

dead in the Garden, and ſhot thorow with a brace of Bullets. So his Neece *Eleanora* is all in tears hereat, and all *Vercelie* reſounds of this his lamentable murther. When *Caſtino*'s friends and ſervants make ſpeedy ſearch for the Murtherer, and finding a Horſe tyed to this little Tavern door, they find the Man, Wife, and Servants thereof in out-cryes and amazement: So they attend the ſtairs, find *Alphonſo* in bed, with his Carabine by him on the Bench, and his cloths on the Table, and examining the people of the Houſe, they report to them this ſuddain accident of his ſwooning, and therein of his confeſſion of the murthering of *Caſtino*; ſo they all praiſe and glorifie God, in that they have ſo ſoon, and ſo readily found out the inhumane Authour and Actor of this bloody Murther.

But here before I proceed farther, I (in the name and fear of God) do requeſt and invite the Reader to take notice of another remarkable (I may ſay miraculous) circumſtance of Gods mercy and glory, which likewiſe appears in this detection and confeſſion of *Alphonſo*, to be the cruell murtherer of this innocent, harmeleſs Gentleman *Caſtino*; for he being no better than diſtracted of his wits, before God had cauſed and brought him to confeſs it, which elſe he had never done, but that in the agnoy and anxiety of his ſtupified ſpirits he (as I have formerly ſaid) thought himſelf on the point and brink of death, and no ſhaddow of hope left him, either of this life or this World: Then, I ſay, as ſoon as he had confeſſed it, God in his good pleaſure and providence preſently reſtored him again to his perfect health, ſtrength, and memory; ſo that being put in mind, and again remembring his confeſſion, and ſeeing the eminency of his danger by the preſence of *Caſtino*'s friends and ſervants, who were there preſent about his Bed, to apprehend and carry him away to Priſon for the ſame; he now with tears, and bitter Oaths, and curſes, declines and recants what he hath formerly ſpoken thereof, and rather as the Devill than a Chriſtian, in loſty and proud ſpeeches ſtands upon the terms of his juſtification, alleadging and affirming to them farther that what he had formerly confeſſed, or ſaid to them, concerning the murther of *Caſtino*, proceeded from the diſtemperature of his heart and braine, in that of his diſtraction, or elſe from the deluſions and temptations of the Devill, and no otherwiſe. But his own confeſſion, the teſtimony of thoſe of the houſe who heard it, and the reſt of the preſumptions and circumſtances are ſo pregnant and apparant, that he is the undoubted murtherer of *Caſtino*, as they beleeve not what he now ſayes in his own behalf and Apologie, or that it is any way the deluſions of the Devill, but the good pleaſure of God, which brought him to this detection and conviction of himſelf for the ſame: So they being deaf to his requeſts and Oaths, they enforce him to draw on his apparell, and then by order of the criminall Judges, they that night commit him to Priſon, where the Devill having brought him, he now leaves him to himſelf, and to his own miſery and confuſion, which it is to be believed, that the Lord hath ordained ſhall ſpeedily befall him.

The next morning this Monſter of Nature *Alphonſo*, is called to his arraignment, where being by his Judges, charged with this foul murther, the Devill hath as yet ſo obdurated his heart, as he not only denies it, but conteſts againſt it with vehemency and execrations. So the Vintner and his Wife, and Servants, are produced againſt him as witneſſes, who acknowledge and confeſs his own confeſſion thereof, as alſo the report of his Carabine, and the vicinity of their houſe, and proſpect from the Chamber wherein he was, to *Caſtino's* Garden, wherein as he was walking he was ſhot to death. When the mournfull and ſorrowfull young Lady *Eleanora*, is likewiſe brought forth as a witneſſe againſt him, who informs his Judges, that *Alphonſo* was a moſt importunate Suter to her, both in his Mothers houſe at *Caſtall*, as alſo at her deceaſed Uncles houſe, here in *Vercelie*; adding withall, that (in her heart and ſoule) ſhe verily beleeves him to be the Murtherer of her ſaid Uncle. But ſtill he denies it with choler and indignation: Whereupon, the preſumptions and circumſtances hereof, being more apparant to his Judges, than the knowledge of this truth, they adjudge him to the Rack, where at the very firſt torments thereof, he with tears confeſſeth it; and God is now ſo merciſull to his ſoule, as he ſeems to be very ſorrowfull and repentant thereof: ſo they ſeeing him guilty, pronounce ſentence againſt him, the next day to have his head cut off for the ſame; and that night the Judges (out of their honourable zeal to charity and piety) ſend him ſome Friers to priſon to him, to direct his ſoule to Heaven; who willing him to disburthen his conſcience and ſoul of any other capitall crime, which he might have committed in all the courſe of his life, to the end that it might not hinder her paſſage and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven; He then and there reveals them, how he had alſo formerly poyſoned his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, at *Caſtall*, for the which he likewiſe craved abſolution both of them and God. Whereat his Judges are exceedingly amaz'd and aſtoniſhed, to ſee a Gentleman ſo degenerate, inhumane, and bloody, as to be the death of his own Mother, of whom formerly he had received his life.

The

The day following (according to his ſentence) *Alphonſo* is brought to the place of execution, clad in a black ſute of Silk Grograin, and a falling Band, where aſcending the Scaffold, and drawn to much humility and contrition, by his ſecular Prieſts and Friers, he in preſence of a great concourſe of people, there made this ſhort ſpeech. That theſe two murtherers of his, and eſpecially that of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*, were ſo odious in the ſight of God and Man, that he acknowledged, he no longer deſerved to tread on the face of the Earth, or to look up to Heaven. That he knew not juſtly, whereunto to attribute this infamy and miſery of his, but to his continuall neglect and omiſſion of prayer, whereby he baniſhed himſelf from God, and thereby gave the Devill too great an intereſt over his body and ſoul; that he deſired God to forgive him, theſe his two foul and bloody crimes of Murther, as alſo that of his neglect of Prayer; and ſo (with tears in his eyes) beſought all who were there preſent, likewiſe to pray unto God for him: When again beſeeching the vertuous young Lady *Eleanora*, to forgive him the murther of her good old Uncle *Coſſino*, he often making the ſign of the Croſs, and recommending himſelf into the hands of his Redeemer, bad the Executioner do his office, who preſently with his Sword ſevered his head from his body, and both were immediatly burnt, and the aſhes thrown into the River of *Ticino*, without the wals of *Vercelie*, although his Judges were once of opinion, to ſend his ſaid head and body to *CASSALL*, for the Judges of that place to do their pleaſure therewith, for there poyſoning of his own Mother, the Lady *Sophia*.

And thus was the miſerable (and yet deſerved) death and end, of this bloody and execrable Gentleman *Alphonſo*, and in this ſort did the judgements and puniſhments of God befall him, for theſe his two moſt inhumane, and deplorable Murthers. May God of his infinite grace and mercy, ſtill fortifie and confirme our faith by conſtant and continuall prayer (the want whereof was the fatall Rock whereon he periſhed) that ſo we may ſecure our ſelves in this World, and our ſoules in that to come.

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIV.

Pont Chauſey *kils* La Roche *in a Duell.* Quatbriſſon *cauſeth* Moncallier (*an Apethecary*) *to poyſon his own Brother* Valfontaine, Moncallier *after fals ſ and breaks his neck from a paire of Stairs.* Quatbriſſon *likewiſe cauſeth his Fathers Miller* Pierot *to murther, and ſtrangle* Marieta *in her Bed, and to throw her body into his Mill-pond.* Pierot *the Miller is broken alive on a wheel, and* Quatbriſon *firſt beheaded, then burnt for the ſame.*

WEE may truly affirme, that the world is in her wane, when Murther is become the practice of Chriſtians, which indeed is the proper office of the Devill; and how frequently thoſe wofull accidents happen, we cannot think of, but with much horrour, nor remember but with grief of mind, and compaſſion of heart; For it is not to make our ſelves wilfull Traitors and Rebels to God, to violate his Divine Majeſty, in ſpoiling his true Image and reſemblance; yea, is it not the high way of Hell? But that this age of ours produceth ſuch Monſters of Nature read we but this enſuing Hiſtory, and it will informe us of much innocent blood ſhed, weknow not whether more wilfully or wickedly.

It is not unknown, that the Province of Little *Brittain*, was (long ſince) annexed and united to the flouriſhing Kingdom of *France*, by the marriage of *Charles* the Eighth, with *Anne* the young Dutcheſs thereof, notwithſtanding that ſhe was formerly contracted to *Maximilian* (Arch-Duke of *Auſtria*) where we ſhall underſtand, that in the City of *Vannes* (formerly the Court and Reſidence of thoſe Britiſh Dukes) there of late years dwelt a Noble Gentleman (of rich Demaines and Revenues) termed *Monſieur de Careſtaing*, who by his Wife *Madamoyſelle*

de le Ville Blanche, had two Sons, the eldeſt named by his title *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon*, and the youngeſt *Monſieur de Valfontaine*: The firſt aged of twenty four years, being ſhort and corpulent, the ſecond of twenty, being tall and ſlender; both of them brave and hopefull Gentlemen, as well in their outward perſonages, as in the inward perfections, and endowments of their minds; For in all reſpects, the care and affection of their Parents, had made their education anſwerable to their births. *Valfontaine* (for the moſt part) lived in the City of *Nantes* (the ſecond of that Dutchie) with an Uncle of his named *Monſieur de Manſſie*, being Preſident of the Kings Chamber of Accounts which is kept there, who frequenting the Bals or publike Dancings (whereunto the youth of *France* are generally addicted) amongſt many other excellent beauties, wherewith that City is graced, and thoſe paſtimes and meetings honoured, he ſees a young Gentlewoman (being a ſtranger, and newly come to the City) ſo infinitely rich in the excellencies of nature, and the treaſure of lovelineſs and beauty, as (with a kind of imperious commanding power) ſhe attracts all mens eyes to behold, to admire, to affect her. So as although *Valfontaines* youthfull heart and years, had never as yet ſtooped or ſacrificed to Love, yet at the very firſt ſight of this ſweet yong Gentlewoman, (whoſe name we ſhall not go far to know) he cannot retain his enamoured eyes from gadding on the Roſes, and ranging on the Lillies of her ſweet complexion, nor his reſolutions from enquiring, what her name and her ſelf was; when being enformed, that ſhe was the only Daughter and Heir of a rich and noble Gentleman, a Widdower termed *Monſieur de Penelle*, of the Pariſh of Saint *Argnaw*, four leagues from the City, and her name *Madamoyſelle la Pratiere*, of the age of ſome ſeventeen, he at the very firſt ſight likes her ſo well, and loves her ſo deerly, that (if her interiour vertues come not too ſhort of her exteriour beauty and feature) he vows he will be her Sutor and Servant; and ſo he attempts to court and ſeek her for his Wife.

To which end, he (more like a Tutor than a Pupill, in the Art and School of Love) is ſo farr from neglecting any, as he curiouſly and carefully ſeeks all opportunities and occaſions to enjoy the felicity of her company, and ſo (for the moſt part) he conducts her to and from the dancings, ſits and talks with her in her Lodgings, meets her at Church, where as well at *Veſpers* as *Maſs*, he accompanies and prayes with her, and (briefly) ſhe can difficukly be preſent any where, where he is long abſent from her; For by this time (which is ſcarce a moneth ſince he firſt ſaw her) her peerleſs beauty, and unparallell'd vertues and diſcourſe, have acted ſuch amorous wonders in his heart, as he vows he muſt either live her Husband, or dye her Martyr. But ſee the providence and pleaſure of God, for if *Valfontaine* tenderly love our ſweet and fair *La Pratiere*, no leſſe doth ſhe him; for knowing him to be the Son of his Father, and therefore a Gentleman of Noble extraction and worth; and ſeeing him to be wiſe, diſcreet, and proper, as alſo remembring and marking, that he fervently and infinitely affects her, ſhe is ſo delighted with his neat feature and perſonage, and raviſhed with the melody of his diſcourſe, as albeit at firſt, her tongue be ſo civill and modeſt to conceal her affection from him, yet her eyes (the Ambaſſadours of her heart) cannot but in dumb Eloquence, and ſilent Rhetorick bewray it him. So as (to omit the gifts, preſents, and eſpecially the Letters, which interchangeably paſt between them) and which indeed powerfully aſſiſted to the ſympathiſing and cimenting of their youthfull affections, it ſufficeth that we take notice and knowledge, that *Valfontaines* preſence was *La Pratiere's* delight, and the enjoying of her company, his felicity and glory, aad that ſhe in life and death would remain his obedient and faithfull Wife, and he her faithfull and loving Husband, only ſhe prayes him carefully and reſpectfully to conceal her affection to him, and ſo likewiſe to obſerve her Father in ſeeking his conſent to their marriage, the which he promiſeth her ſhortly to perform; For as ſoon as *La Pratiere* hath left *Nantes*, and purpoſely retired her ſelf home to her Fathers houſe, at *St. Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* is not many dayes behind her, where he acquaints her Father *Pennelle*, with his affection to his Daughter, ſeeks her in marriage, requeſteth his conſent, and with many reaſons, fairly and diſcreetly endeavoureth to enduce him thereunto, where for three or four dayes he takes up his lodging and reſidence, under pretence to court the Daughter, whom we know he hath already won, but his ſute is no wayes pleaſing, but diſtaſtfull to *Pennelle*, who althongh he know, that *Monſieur de Caerſtaing* his Father (as well for Lands as blood) is every way rather his Superiour than his Equall, yet becauſe his Daughter *La Pratiere* is his only child and Heir, and *Valfontaine* but a Cadet (or younger Brother) therefore covetouſneſs makes him aſſume this reſolution, that he will have none of him for his Son in Law: but this reaſon, and concluſion he conceals to himſelf, and ſo (in generall terms) gives *Valfontaine* a cold and averſe anſwer, little better in effect than a flat deniall; and thus for his firſt Journey, *Valfontaine* takes leave of his ſweet *La Pratiere*, no way doubting but that his ſecond to her, will prove leſs diſtaſtfull and more fortunate, he leaves *Nantes* and rides home to *Vaanes*.

Being

Being arrived at *Vannes*, he acquaints his Father and Mother, with his affection and ſute to *Madamoyſelle La Pratiere*, the only Daughter and Heir of as we have heard of *Monſieur de Pennelle*, of *Saint Argnaw*, whereunto (becauſe they know him to be rich and noble, and his Daughter faire and vertuous) they give good approbation and allowance, when *Valfontaine* praying his Father to ride over to *Monſieur de Pennelle*, to confer with him about this buſineſs, whoſe preſence he hopeth will effect that with him, which he fears and knows his poor power cannot: But his Father although he be very glad, to procure his Sons advancement and content by this match, yet being at that time much troubled with the Gout, he excuſeth himſelf upon his indiſpoſition, and ſo defers off that journey to another time. *Valfontaine* miſſing of his Father, deems it rather expedient than impertinent, to entreat his Brother *Quatbriſſon* herein, to whom he fully relates what hath paſt between *Pennelle* and himſelf, but withall conceals upon what terms he ſtands with *La Pratiere*, or that ſhe is any way his, or he hers, either by contract or promiſe, to the end that he may have no juſt cauſe either to tax her immodeſty, or condemn her indiſcretion, in ſo ſodainly giving her ſelf to him *Quatbriſon* very willingly yeeld to his Brothers requeſt; when (followed with a traine and equipage anſwerable to their rank and quality, and armed with their Fathers Letter to *Monſieur de Pennelle*) they take horſe and ride to *Saint Argnaw*. Now as it is the errour (or nature) of Lovers to be ſtill unſecret Secretaries, in delighting to talk and prattle of their Miſtreſſes, whom they eſteem their Soveraign good and chiefeſt felicity: So all the way between *Vannes* and *Saint Argnaw*, *Valfontaine* could neither refrain, nor reſtrain his tongue from painting forth *La Pratiere* in all the excellency of her prayſes, and from extolling her beauty and perfections above the skies; yea, he ran ſo curious a diviſion, and ſo ample a comment on the wonders and rarity of her beauty, that his verball relation already prepared his Brothers eyes to behold a female Maſter-peece of Nature in *La Pratiere*; but being arrived to her Fathers houſe (a little before Dinner time) and ſeeing, and ſaluting, firſt him, then her, at the very firſt encounter and ſight, his ſenſes are ſo ſurpriſed with the ſweetneſs of her countenance, and ſo taken with the exquiſiteneſs of her feature, as he now finds that his Brothers report and prayſes of her come infinitly ſhort the dignity and excellency of her beauty.

Dinner being ended, and *Quatbriſſon* delivering his Fathers Letter to *Pennelle*, with whom making a ſlight and ſuperficiall conference, concerning his Brothers affection and ſute to his Daughter, he turnes from him to her, who dying her milk white cheeks with a roſeat bluſh to entertaine him, he raviſhed with the delicate of ſo amorous an encounter, and ſweet object, could not likewiſe refrain from bluſhing to ſee her bluſh, when enquiring of her, if ſhe pleaſed to take the aire of the Garden (where her Father and his Brother were already gone and attended them) and ſhe replying, that his pleaſure therein ſhould be hers, he taking her by her hand conducts her thither; where *Valfontaine* in civilitie purpoſely walking aloof off, becauſe he hoped and aſſured himſelf, that his Brother *Quatbriſſon* now meant effectually to ſpeak with his Miſtreſs in his behalf, there being then no witneſſes to their conference, but only the ſweet Quiriſters of the woods (the Thruſhes and Nightingals) who purpoſely and pleaſantly ſate on every buſh and tree, to delight them with their melliſluous melody; the very firſt words he adminiſtred and directed to her was; That if ſhe pleaſed to ſwear her tongue to ſecreſie, to what he ſhould now ſay and deliver to her, he would reveal her a ſecret which ſhould infinitly import her good. *La Pratiere* (wondring at the nature of *Quatbriſſons* firſt ſpeech and requeſt and what it might mean and concern) ſtood a little while mute and ſilent, not knowing what to conceive thereof, much leſs what to anſwer thereto: But at laſt conſidering that *Valfontaine* was her Lover, and *Quatbriſſon* his Brother, ſhe imagined there was ſome plot ſecretly compacted between them, that if her Father would not condeſcend to their deſires, that they had then reſolved to ſteal her away from him, and ſo to make it a Claudeſtine marriage: Whereupon (her affection being deſirous to know the certainty hereof, and her curioſity ambitious to ſee this abſtruce myſterie unlocked) ſhe grants him his requeſt, vowing to impoſe ſearecy to her tongue in what he ſhould deliver, or entruſt her with: When he kiſſing her, and evaporating many far fetch'd ſighs (as the Herauld to proclaim his affection) he tels her; that her incomparable beauty hath captivated his thoughts, and made his heart both her Tribunall, and her Priſoner; that he envies his Brothers happineſs, in having the honour to ſee her before himſelf. That as he is his Superior in years, ſo he is in affection to her, and that he knowes his Brother is as unworthy of her, as himſelf worthily beſtowed on her: *La Pratiere* (whoſe affection and thoughts ran a direct contrary Cariere, left dreaming of that which ſhe is now enforced to underſtand) is ſo afflicted, and withall ſo incenſed at theſe unexpected ſpeeches of *Quatbriſſons*, that (her paſſion giving a law to her civility)

caſting

caſting a ſnow-white vaile over her crimſon cheeks, and bending her brow (in whoſe furrows it ſeemed that diſcontent and choller ſate now triumphant) her affection is too ſincere and entire to *Valfontaine*, as ſhe returnes his diſcourteous Brother *Quatbriſſon*, this ſhort and ſharp anſwer: *Quatbriſſon* (quoth ſhe) to have offered this unkindneſs of yours to your friend, had been ignoble ingratitude, but to do it to your own Brother, can be no leſs than treachery; and therefore this know from me, that I eſteem your primogenitorſhip as inferiour to *Valfontains* Vertues, as they are in all reſpects ſuperiours to yours, and had you not tied and wedded my tongue to ſilence, I would now preſently publiſh it to the world, to the admiration and deteſtation of all good men, and ſo (with a look ingendred of choller, and derived from diſdain) ſhe haſtily and ſuddenly trips away from him, leaving him alone in the Garden to his Muſes; *Quatbriſſon* biting his lip at this ſharp repulſe of *La Pratiere*, is yet reſolute not thus to leave her, when hoping to find her Father more tractable and propitious to his ſute than his Daughter, he ſeeks him out, and in fair termes informs him of his affection and love to her; and that (notwithſtanding his Brothers reſearch of her) he himſelf infinitely deſireth her to be his own wife. Old *Pennelle* (being more covetous of his Daughters preferment, than any way carefull of her content) gives an attentive and pleaſing Eare to this motion of *Quatbriſſon*, and is ſo delighted with the melody of his ſpeeches, as already in heart, he wiſheth her maried to him, but how to anſwer, or give content to *Valfontaine* he knows not.

Now the better to effect, and to compaſſe this match, ſo much wiſhed of *Quatbriſſon*, and deſired of *Pennelle*; he (in the abſence of *Valfontaine*) ſends for his Daughter into his Cloſet, ſhews her what preferment and happineſs is now offered her, if ſhe will forſake *Valfontaine* and accept of his elder Brother *Quatbriſſon* for her Husband. *La Pratiere* (both moved and grieved with this her Fathers propoſition and ſpeeches) very humbly beſeecheth him; that if ever he will reſpect her content, or regard her life, that *Valfontaine* may be her Husband, and not *Quatbriſſon*, becauſe ſhe confeſſeth ſhe loves the younger Brother, but that ſhe neither can nor will affect the elder: Now although this her reſolute and obſtinate anſwer, do exceedingly afflict and grieve her Father, yet hoping that a little time will prove capable to draw her to his deſires, he ſecretly bids *Quatbriſſon* to ride home to *Vannes*, to take his Brother with him, and ſhortly after to return again to *Saint Argnaw* without him, and that he ſhall find no cauſe to fear, or reaſon to doubt, but that he ſhall enjoy his Miſtris; the mannaging whereof, he prayes him to refer to his care in his abſence: Thus we ſee the Father and Daughter differently affected, he loves *Quatbriſſon* and not *Valfontaine*, and ſhe *Valfontaine*, but not *Quatbriſſon*, who grieving as much at the Daughters refuſall, as he rejoyceth at her Fathers conſent; Hee now venteth his malice on the Innocency, and his treachery on the integrity of his Brother, by acquainting him, that he hath uſed his beſt power and art of ſolicitation towards *Pennelle*; and that he finds it impoſſible to draw him to reaſon; adding withall, that he is ſo far from conſenting, that he ſhall obtain his Daughter in marriage, as (upon the whole) in terms enough clear and apparant, he futurely denies him acceſs to his houſe; Wherefore Brother (quoth he) becauſe I ſee with grief, that you ſtrive againſt the ſtream, and that in all actions and accidents whatſoever, the ſhorteſt errours are ſtill beſt, let us to morrow take horſe and away, and let this indifferency be your reſolution: That if God have decreed it ſhall be a match, it then will be, otherwiſe not. *Valfontains* heart bleeds at *Pennelles* averſneſs and cruelty, and his eyes overflow with tears, ſo ſoon to forſake the ſight and company of his Daughter, of his dear and fair Miſtris *La Pratiere*; but being ignorant of all his Brothers paſſages, and treacheries intended, and meant towards him, he holds it folly to impugn, or contradict his pleaſure, and ſo reſolves to leave *Saint Argnaw*, and depart home with him to *Vannes*.

Our fair *La Pratiere*, ſeeing all things bent to croſs her deſires, and her *Valfontaines* wiſhes, ſhe (out of her tender affection to him) reſolves to give him a privat meeting and conference, when that very night (as her Father and his Brother were in their Beds ſoundly ſleeping) ſhe ſends for him into her Chamber, where ſeeing him extreamly penſive and ſorrowfull ſhe bids him be cheerfull and couragious, tels him that he hath no reaſon to deſpair, but to hope, for that in life and death ſhe will be his, and only his; and then informs him, that inſtantly upon his arivall to *Vannes*, ſhee will write and ſend him a Letter, wherein ſhe will acquaint him with the paſſage of a buſineſs, whereof he neither can conceive or dream, conjuring him now to enquire no farther what it is, for that her tongue was enjoyned to ſecreſie, and ſworn to ſilence, and ſo (with much chat, and more kiſſes) he giving her a Diamond Ring from his fingers, and ſhe him a paire of Pearl Bracelets from her armes, in token of their muſuall conſtancy and affection each to other, they (infinitly againſt their minds) are enforced to take leave each of other, and the ſucceeding morn being come, the two Brothers prepare, and diſpoſe themſelves for their Journey.

When

When breakfaſt ended, according as it was concluded betwixt *Pennelle* and *Quatbriſſon*, *Pennelle* takes *Valſontain* a ſide to a window, and in ſhort tearms prayes him, henceforth to forbear his houſe, and refrain his Daughters company, for that he hath provided another Huſband for her; ſo having ſeverally and ſolemnly taken their Congees, firſt of the Father, and then of the Daughter, they take Horſe and away. Now as they are riding home towards *Vannes*, as it is a ſenſible and heart-killing grief to *La Pratiere*, ſo ſoon to be deprived of her *Valſontains* dear and ſweet company, ſo again ſhe cannot refrain from ſmiling, to ſee how ingratfully and ſubtilly *Quatbriſſon* goes to work to betray his Brother, in ſeeking to obtain her for himſelf in marriage, but meaſuring the integrity of the one, by the treachery of the other, and likewiſe remembring her promiſe to *Valfontaine*, to write to him at the end of two dayes after their departure, ſhe (by a confident Meſſenger) accordingly ſends him this Letter.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

MY promiſe owes you this Letter, whereby I give you to underſtand, that I know not whether you have greater cauſe to love me or hate your Brother Quatbriſſon, *in regard he vowes, he affects no dearer than your ſelf, and hath attempted to rob you of your Wife, and conſequently me of my Husband; and as this is ingratitude in a friend, ſo it muſt needs be treachery in a Brother. I have heard his courting, and ſeen his complements tending that way, but for your ſake I reliſh thoſe with diſtaſt, theſe with neglect, and himſelf with contempt and diſdain. He hath won my Father to his will, but reſt your confident (my dear* Valfontain) *that he neither can, nor ſhall draw me to his deſire. And becauſe true affection, eſpecially in accidents of this nature, cannot ſtill be exempt of fear, therefore if any ariſe, or engender in your thoughts, let this diſſipate and diſpell it, that although my Father have baniſhed you his houſe, yet his Daughter is (till death) conſtantly reſolved to retain and cheriſh you in her heart, and none but you: Manage this your* Pratieres *advice with diſcretion towards my Father, and not with choller towards your Brother, and be but a little time a patient Spectator of my affection and conſtancy to you, and you ſhall aſſuredly ſee him act his own ſhame, and your glory; his affliction, your content and deſire.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine having received and read this Letter; the baſe ingratitude and foul treachery of his Brother *Quatbriſſon*, doth extremely afflict and torment him; yea, the knowledge and remembrance thereof, throws him into ſuch paſſions of choller, and fumes of revenge, as once he reſolved to right himſelf on him, by ſending him a Challenge, and fighting with him: vowing that the rights of nature were not by far ſo ſtrong, as thoſe of affection, and that his Brother having given the firſt cauſe of offence and breach of amity betwixt them, it was no marvell that he took that courſe and preferred that forme of proceeding to any other. But then again conſidering his dear *La Pratieres* injunction and prohibition from choller, this laſt reaſon oreſwaied and prevàiled againſt his former reſolution, when knowing himſelf infinitly obliged to her for her courteſie, and conſtancy, ſo ſweetly expreſſed to him in this her Letter, he can do no leſs, than return her an anſwer thereof in requitall, the which he doth by her own Meſſenger in theſe terms.

VALFONTAINE to LAPRATIERE.

OF all men of the world, I leaſt thought that my Brother Quatbriſſon *would have proved my Rivall, in attempting to love you, becauſe he perfectly knows, I affect you far dearer than the whole world; yea, this errour (or as you juſtly terme it, this treachery) of his, is ſo odious, ſo ſtrange to me, as it had far exceeded my belief, if your affection and conſtancy had not ſo courteouſly revealed it to me in your Letter, the which I both bluſhed and pulled to peruſe. Neither is it any thanks to him, that he miſſed of his deſire, in miſſing of you, rather to your vertuous ſelf, which diſtaſted his courting and complements for his own ſake, and diſdaining him for mine. Dear and ſweet* La Pratiere, *in that my Brother hath won your Father, I exceedingly grieve, but in that I have not loſt his Daughter, I far more triumph and rejoyce: But why think I of loſing you, ſith to call your conſtancy in queſtion, is no leſſe than to prophane your affection and my Judgement, and ſo to make my ſelf both uncapable and unworthy of you, for how can my love to you, retain any ſpice or ſpark of fear, for that being baniſhed your Fathers Houſe, I am yet ſo happy, to recover ſo ſafe a Harbour, and Sanctuary, yea ſo precious a Temple, as your heart; In which regard it is every way fit, that your requeſts ſhould be to me commands, for otherwiſe my Sword had already called me Coward, if by this*

time I had not called my Brother to a ſtrict and ſevere account for this his treachery. I will ſtill obſerve your Father with reſpect, though he refuſe to reſpect me with obſervance; and for my ingrateſull and treacherous Brother, he may act his own ſhame and affliction, but cannot conduce to content, or deſire, becauſe that muſt ſoly proceed from your ſelf, (ith in the ſweet enjoying of you to my Wife, conſiſts the only content of my life, and the chiefeſt of all my earthly felicity.

VALFONTAINE.

Some two dayes after that *La Pratiere* was made joyfull with this anſwer of her *Valfontaine*; ſhe hath again ſorrowfull news of *Quatbriſſons* arrivall to her Fathers houſe at *Saint Aignaw*, who had purpoſely given it out to his Brother *Valfontaine* at *Vannes*, that he rides to *Aennbon*. He here renews his late ſute to the Father and Daughter, but he finds them both in the ſame humours and reſolutions, he left them; he willing, and ſhe coy, he deſirous to have him his Son in Law, and ſhe reſolute never to make him, but his Brother *Valfontain* her Husband. He profereth her many rich gifts and preſents, and a blanck to write down what Joynture ſhe pleaſeth to demand, but ſhe peremptorily refuſeth it all, and bids him beſtow it on ſome other, of whom it may find better acceptance; yea, I may ſafely ſay, and truly affirm, that their affections are far more oppoſite, and contrary, then their ſexes, for the more he ſees her, he loves her, and the oftner ſhe beholds him, the more ſhe hates him; ſo that when he apparantly perceives, that ſhe deeply vows to her Father, and himſelf, only to marry his Brother *Valfontaine*, or her Grave, he ſeeing his labour for the time preſent loſt, and his affection to her in vaine; having nothing left to comfort him againſt the repulſe of this amorous ſute, but the conſtant friendſhip of her Father, he ſorrowfully takes his leave of them, and rides home to *Vannes*; but as cloſe as he bears this his Journey from his Brother, *Valfontaine*, yet *La Pratiere* holds her ſelf bound to ſignifie it to him, the which the very next day ſhe doth by her ſecond Letter, which ſpeaks thus.

LA PRATIERE to VALFONTAINE.

I Hold it a part of my duty and affection to advertiſe you, that theſe two dayes, I have been again importunately haunted and ſolicited by your unkind Brother Quatbriſſon *for marriage, but he hath found my firſt anſwer, to be my ſecond and laſt; Yea I have ſo nipt his vain hopes in their bluſſoms, by ſignifying to him and my Father, my infallible reſolution, either to wed you or my Grave, as I think (except their hopes betray their Judgments) the one is aſſured, and the other confident, that time will make it apparant to the World, that my words will prove deeds, and that the laſt will make the firſt reall: But if your ſaid Brother will yet (notwithſtanding farther exerciſe his folly in my patience, and ſo make himſelf as ridiculous to me, as to you he is treacherous, I out of the dear affection, and tender reſpect which I bear you) will then fall on my knees to my Father, to haſten his conſent to our marriage; that in ſeeking my content, you may therein find your own; and this is my reſolution, wherewith if yours concurr and ſympathize, Heaven may, but Earth ſhall not croſs our deſires.*

LA PRATIERE.

Valfontaine receives this ſecond Letter from his Miſtreſs with ſmiles and frowns; with ſmiles to ſee her inviolable conſtancy and affection, with frowns to behold his Brother *Quatbriſſons* continuall malice and treachery towards him, the which conſidering (as alſo becauſe it ſo neerly concerns him) he reſolves to tax him thereof, and to ſee whether (by fair requeſts and perſwaſions) he may reclaime him from affecting his fair and deer *La Pratiere*, and ſo to give over his ſute to her, but firſt he knows himſelf indebted and obliged, to return her an anſwer to this her laſt Letter, the which he doth in theſe terms.

VALFONTAINE to LA PRATIERE.

IT is every way your affection, no way your duty (ſweet La Pratiere*) which again advertiſeth me of my Brother* Quatbriſſons *perſeverance in his treachery towards me, by ſeeking to betray and bereave me of your ſelf, in whom my heart and thoughts imparadiſe their moſt ſoveraign earthly felicity; and your reſolution in nipping his hopes, and your Fathers will, by electing me or your Grave for your Husband, doth ſo raviſh my heart with joy, and ſo rap my conceits in an extaſie of ſweet content, as I am confident God hath reſerved* La Pratiere*, to be* Valfontains *ſweet wife, and he to be her dear Husband. But as I know not whether my unkind and treacherous Brother, will yet farther*

ther bewray you his folly, in exerciſing your patience with his importunity; ſo to ſave you that labour and penance; which for my ſake and love you are ready to impoſe to your ſelf, I am both ready and reſolved, not only to fall on my knees to your Father, but alſo to your ſweet ſelf, that our marriage be haſtned; for as your reſolution herein, is, and ever ſhall be mine, ſo our hearts and thoughts ſympathiſing in theſe wiſhes, I hope that both Heaven and Earth have reſolved, not to croſs, but ſhortly to conſummate and finiſh our deſires.

VALFONTAINE.

He having thus diſpatched and ſent away his Letter, to his ſweet and fair Miſtreſs, he now reſolves to have ſome conference with his unkind Brother, to ſee what a brazen face, he either will, or can put upon this ingratitude and treachery: But *Quatbriſſons* policie will anticipate and prevent him; for he having his heart and contemplations deeply fixed on *La Pratieres* beauty, and having ran over all the inventions of his art and affection, how to make her forſake her coyneſs, and ſo how to obtain her for his Wife, he at laſt reſolves to fain himſelf ſick, and ſo then to reveal to his Brother *Valfontaine*, that it is his dear and fervent affection to *La Pratiere*, which is the cauſe thereof. To which purpoſe he keeps his Bed, and in his perfect health is twice let blood, thereby to look ill; when ſending for his Brother to his Chamber, and excepting all other company thence, he acquaints and informs him, That ſince he firſt ſaw *La Pratiere*, he ſtill moſt tenderly loved her; and that he muſt now die, becauſe ſhe will not affect and love him; He prayes and conjures him (by vertue of all the ſame blood, which equally ſtreams in both their bodies) for the ſaving and preſerving of his life, that he will now abandon his affection from her, and ſo yeeld him up all the power and intereſt that he hath, or pretends to have in her, and that in requitall thereof (if occaſion require) he ſhall ſtill find him ready, not only to expoſe all his means, but his deareſt blood and life at his command: A requeſt ſo unjuſt and a propoſition ſo devoid of common ſenſe and reaſon, as *Valfontaine* obſerving it, and therein ſeeing his Brothers impudency, now grown to the height of baſeneſſe and folly, he exceedingly incenſed thereat (with a diſdainfull look) returns him this ſharp and bitter, yet deſerved reply. Was it not enough that I underſtood your treachery; by my fair and dear *La Pratiere*, in ſeeking and attempting to bereave me of her, but that thou art thy ſelf become ſo ſottiſh, to make thy tongue the Advocate. as well to plead and apologiſe thy treachery to me, as to publiſh thy ſhame to thy ſelf, and to the whole world, in ſeeking and deſiring me to ſurceaſe my affection to her, and to renounce my intereſt of her to thy ſelf: No, no, baſe *Quatbriſſon* (for henceforth I highly diſdain to learn or eſteem you my Brother) I give thee to underſtand and know, that in heart, and in honour ſhe is mine, and I hers, and therefore you ſhall dye and damn, before I will permit thee to inrich thy ſelf with my loſs of her, whom I eſteem and priſe a thouſand times dearer than my ſelf, or than all the lands and treaſures of the World; when without any other farewell, he haſtily and cholerickly flings forth his Chamber from him.

Quatbriſſon ſeeing his Brothers furious departure, and remarking his peremptory and incivil anſwer to him, he (in his heart and thoughts) vows revenge, and in his reſolutions ſwears to make him repent it. To which effect, forſaking his Bed, and abandoning his counterfet ſickneſs his choller hardly affording his patience three dayes to recover his bloud and ſtrength, but knowing his Brother to be now at *Nantes* with their Uncle *De Maſſy*, he ſeeks out a dear and intimate friend of his named *Monſieur La Roche*, whom ingaging to be his Second in a Duell againſt his own Brother *Valfontaine*, they ride over to *Nantes*, when comming to a ſmall Pariſh, termed *S. Vallerge*, within a league of the City, he writes a Challenge, delivers it to *La Roche*, and ſo diſpeeds him away with it to his Brother. *La Roche* comes to *Nantes*, finds out *Valfontaine* at the Preſident, his Uncles houſe, being in the company of a very intimate friend of his, of that City, named *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey*, and delivereth him his Brothers Challenge faſt ſealed, the which he haſtily breaking open, and peruſing, he finds that it ſpeaks this Language.

QUATBRISSON to VALFONTAINE.

IN regard it is impoſſible for both of us to enjoy the fair La Pratiere *to Wife, therefore it is fit that one of us die, that the other may ſurvive and live, to be enriched with ſo precious a treaſure, and crowned with ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing and felicity; which conſidering, as alſo becauſe my modeſt requeſts have (undeſervedly) met with thy incivill carriage, and been requited with thy malicious execrations, Therefore find it not ſtrange, to ſee affection give a Law to Nature, and mine honour to con-*

temne thy contempt and malice, in inviting thee and thy Second, to meet me and mine with your ſingle Rapiers, to morrow twixt two or three after dinner, in a fair medow at the Eaſt end of Saint Vallery *within a little flight ſhot thereof, where thou ſhalt find this Gentleman (whom I have prayed to be the Bearer hereof) who will ſafely conduct thee to me, where I will patiently attend thee; I expect no other anſwer but thy ſelf, neither do I any way doubt (much leſs deſpair) of thy meeting mee, ſince by birth I know thou art Noble, and by inclination pretendeſt to be Generous.*

QUATBRSSON.

Valfontaine ſmiles at the reading of this Challenge, and in conceit laughing at his Brother *Quatbriſſons* errours and folly, he cheerfully turns himſelf to *La Roche*, to whom he ſpeaks thus. *Monſieur La Roche*, I mak no doubt but you are *Quatbriſſons* Second; to whom he replies; My reſpect to your Brother hath engaged mee thereunto, in ſtead of a more worthy, and yet I ingeniouſly confeſs and proteſt (Sir quoth he) that I have promiſed no more to him, than (if occaſion preſented) I am ready to perform for your ſelf. *Valfontaine* thanks him; and prayes him to return his Brother *Quatbriſſon* this anſwer, That to morrow at the appointed hour and place he will not fail to meet him: When entreating *La Roche* to walk with him into the next Chamber, he told him, he preſumed he ſhould ſhew him his Second; when *Valfontaine* taking *Pont Cauſey* to the window, he ſhews him his Brothers Challenge, and prayes him to honour him in being his Second. *Pont Cauſey* (not out of any fear in himſelf, but in love to theſe two Brothers) as a Chriſtian Gentleman profereth to ride over to *Quatbriſſon* to *Saint Vallery*, and to uſe his beſt power and endeavors to take up and reconcile theſe differences between them; but *La Roche* tels him he may ſave that Journey and labour, For (that to his knowledge) *Quatbriſſon* is both reſolute and irreconcileable in that quarrell; whereupon *Pont Chauſey* freely engageth himſelf to *Valfontaine*, and ſo theſe two Seconds (though not as loving friends, yet as friendly and honourable Enemies) very ſecretly that evening provide their Rapiers, which done *La Roche* rides back to *Saint Vallery*, acquainting *Quatbriſſon* with his Brother *Valfontaines* generous reſolution, to meet and fight with him the next day, as alſo that *Pont Chauſey* is Second.

And although (by the inſtigation of Satan) that Choller and Revenge make minutes ſeam hours, and hours years, ere it hath wrought his wiſhed effects, and effected his bloody deſignee: So theſe our four raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen (more full of Valour than Vertue, and of courage than Chriſtianity) the hour appointed for the Rendezvous approaching, and *Quatbriſſon* with his Chirurgion, beeing firſt in the Field, hath difficultly made two turns before *La Roche* uſhereth in his Brother *Valfontaine*, his Second *Pont Chauſey* and their Chirurgion, when they all tying up their Horſes to the Hedge, they (according to the cuſtome of Duels) do all throw off their Dublets, and each unbooting his fellow, they appear in their ſilk ſtockings and white Pumps, as if they were fitter to dance *Coranto's* or *Pavins*, than to fight Duels.

So the two Brothers firſt draw, and approach each other, and at their firſt comming up, *Valfontaine* (without being touched himſelf) givers *Quatbriſſon* a deep wound in his right thigh, as if his Rapier had not beaten down the thruſt, it had undoubtedly nailed him to the ground; at their ſecond encounter they are both hurt, *Quatbriſſon* in the right arme, and *Valfontaine* of a ſcar in the neck, and here they make a ſtand to take breath, *Quatbriſſon* not as yet deſpairing, nor *Valfontaine* triumphing or aſſuring himſelf of the Victory, and the ſight and effuſion of their blood is ſo far from rebating or quenching, as it rather revives their Courages with more ſpleen and animoſity, ſo they will again try their fortunes; They now traverſe their ground, and approach each other, and although they are not leſſe valorous than before, yet (to the eyes of their Seconds and Chirurgions) they are now more cautious in their plea, and more adviſed in chooſing and refuſing their ground, when *Valfontain* breaking a thruſt (which his Brother preſented him) he then calling to mind the ſweetneſs of his *La Pratieres* beauty, and the foulneſs of his Brothers malice and treachery towards him, drives home a thruſt at him, which entereth betwixt his ſhort ribbs, and making the blood to guſh and ſtream forth, doth ſoon quaile his courage; ſo as he who right now thought himſelf Maſter of his Brothers life, now feares his own, ſo that he thinks he hath given enough, if not received too much in counter-exchange, as well to ſecure his reputation from the ſcundall of his friends, as to warrant his Generoſity from the detraction of his Enemies, and therefore throwing away his Rapier, he (with more wiſedome than honour) beggs his life of his Brother, vowing henceforth wholly to forſake and leave him *La Pratiere*, and to love him as dearly as formerly he hated him deadly: Which cowardiſe of his, is ſo far from

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being reliſhed, or approved of the Spectators, as it proves the wonder of *Valſontaine*, the laughter of *Pont Chauſey*, the diſdain of his own Second *Le Roche*, and the contempt of both their Chirurgions; but *Valſontaine* was as benign as *Quatbriſſon* was baſe and envious, and as noble as he was treacherous, and ſo upon his ſubmiſſion, he ſheaths up his Sword, gives him his life, and with his Hat in his hand embraceth him, and thus with many fraternall words and complements, theſe two Brothers (in all outward ſhew) are again reconciled, and become perfect friends: But the end proves all things.

Now to follow the ſtream of our Hiſtory, and the ceremonies of Duels, we muſt paſſe from *Quatbriſſon* and *Valſontaine* the Principals, to *Le Roche* and *Pont Chauſey* their Seconds, to ſee in what ſhape they will come forth, and how they reſolve to bear themſelves in the concluſion, and knitting up of this reconciliation; As for *Pont Chauſey*, he thinks it no diſparagement or ſhame to him now to refuſe to fight, ſith his Principall hath given his Enemy the foile, in giving him his life; but contrariwiſe, *La Roche* being Second to the Challenger, not the Challenged, he therefore holds it no lawfull plea or excuſe for him to exempt himſelfe from fighting, *Pont Chauſeys* modeſty ſeems to over-vaile his valour with ſilence and indifferency, which the inſulting vanity of *La Roche* doth ſo far miſconſtrue, as he erroniouſly attributes it, rather to fear and cowardiſe, than to reaſon or judgement. The worſt of *Pont Chauſeys* malice venteth no other ſpeeches and language, but that he will follow and abide the cenſure of their Principals, whether they being their Seconds ought to fight or no, and accordingly he is ready either to retire or advance; but *Le Roche's* intemperate paſſions (flying a higher pitch) with much vehemency and choller proteſteth, that he came into the Field purpoſely to fight and not to keep ſheep, or to catch flies with his Rapier: the two Brothers interpoſe and conſult hereon, and do joyntly affirme, that becauſe they themſelves are recouciled, and become good friends, they hold it repugnant to reaſon and contradictory to the right and nature of Duels, that their Seconds ſhould once draw their weapons, much leſs fight; But this neither doth nor can as yet ſatisfie *Le Roche*, whoſe choller is now become ſo boundleſs, as he in lofty terms elevateth *Valſontaines* valour to the skies, and dejecteth *Quatbriſſons* cowardiſe as low as Hell, begging permiſſion of the one to fight with the Second, and peremptorily informing the other, that he will fight, but both *Quatbriſſon* and *Valſontaine* condemn thoſe fumes and this heat of *La Roche*, and are ſo far from applauding it in him, as they (in down right termes) repute it to temerity and raſhneſs, and not to magnanimity and valour; yea, his impatiency hath ſo provoked and moved their patience, as (not in jeſt but in earneſt) they bandy theſe words to him, that he glorieth ſo much in his generoſity, as in now ambitiouſly ſeeking to add to his valour, he ſubſtracteth from his judgement. When *Pont Chauſey* (to retort and wipe off the leaſt taint or blemiſh, which either *Le Roche*, or the two Brothers might conceive lay on his reputation) thinks it now high time to ſpeak, becauſe as yet he had ſpoken ſo little, and prayes *La Roche* to find out ſome expedient, either that they might return as loving friends or fight it out as Honourable enemies, and that for his part he is ſo far from the leaſt ſhaddow of fear, or conceit of cowardiſe, as he tells him plainly, he ſhal find his Rapier of an excellent temper, and his heart of a better: Whereupon vaine and miſerable *Le Roche*, conſulting with nature, not with grace; he to give end to this difference, reſolves on an expedient as wretched, as execrable, the which he propoſeth to *Pont Chauſey* and the two Brothers in theſe terms; That the only way, and his laſt reſolution is, that a fair pair of Dice ſhall be the Judge and Umpier between them, and that who throws moſt at one caſt, it ſhall be in his choice either to fight or not to fight, whereunto *Pont Chauſey* willingly conſenteth, although *Quatbriſſon* and *Valfontaine* do in vain contradict and oppoſe it. But the decree is paſt, and *Le Roche* (very officious in his wickedneſs, and forward in his impiety) ſpreads his Cloak on the ground, draws a pair of Dice forth his Pocket, and becauſe he was of the challengers ſide, he will throw firſt, which he doth, and the fortune of the Dice gives him ſeven; *Pont Chauſey* follows him, and likewiſe taking the Dice throws only five: Whereat *La Roche* graceleſſely inſulting and triumphing, with an open throat cries out, fight, fight, fight; and ſo preſently draws his Rapier. *Pont Chauſey* ſeeing his enemy armed, thinks it no longer, either ſafe or honourable for him to be unarmed, when (yet with a kind of religious reluctancy, and unwilling willineſs) he likewiſe unſheaths his Rapier, and ſo without any farther expoſtulation, they here approach each other: But becauſe (for brevities ſake) I reſolve to paſſe over the circumſtances, and only to mention the iſſue of their ſingle combate, let me (before I proceed further) in the name and fear of God conjure the Chriſtian Reader, here to admire with wonder and admiration, at his ſacred Providence, and divine Juſtice which in the iſſue of this Duell is made conſpicuous and apparant to theſe two raſh and inconſiderate Gentlemen, the Combatants, and in them to all others of the whole world; For loe, juſt as many picks as each of them threw on the Dice,

ſo many wounds they ſeverally received each from other, as *Pont Chauſey* five, and *La Roche* ſeven, and he who ſo extremely deſired to fight, and ſo inſatiably thirſted after *Pont Chauſeys* blood, is now here by him nailed dead to the ground, and his breathleſs corps all gored and waſhed in his own blood. A fearfull example and remarkable preſident for all bloody minded Gentlemen of theſe our times, to contemplate and look on, becauſe wretched *La Roche* was ſo miſerable, as he had no point of time to ſee his errour, no ſpark of grace to repent it.

Quatbriſſon and his Chirurgion (as ſorrowfull for his death, as his Brother *Valfontaine* is glad thereof) take order for his decent tranſporting to the Citie; whiles *Valfontaine* congratulates with *Pont Cauſay* for his good fortune and victory; who for his ſafety flies to *Blavet*, untill the Duke of *Rayes* (to whom he was homager) had procured and ſent him his pardon from the King, the which in few weeks after he effected. *Monſieur de Cuerſtainge*, and *Madamoyſelle Ville-blanche* his Wife are advertiſed of their two Sons quarrell at *Saint Vallery*, and of the cauſe and iſſue thereof, who condemn *Quatbriſſon* for his treachery and malice, and applaud *Valfontaine* for ſo nobly giving of his Brother his life, when it lay in his power and pleaſure to have deprived him thereof, which news is likewiſe ſpeedily conveyed firſt to *Nantes*, and to *Saint Aignaw*, where *Pennelle* as much grieves at *Quatbriſſons* foile and diſgrace as his Daughter our fair *La Pratiere* triumphs at her *Valfontaines* victory, and becauſe ſhe will no longer be deprived of his preſence, whoſe abſence deprives her of all her earthly content and felicity, ſhe makes her prayers and tears become ſuch inceſſant Orators, and importunate Advocats to her Father, as ſhe now drawes his free conſent to take *Valfontaine* for her Huſband, which at laſt to their own unſpeakable joy, and the approbation and content of all their Parents of either ſide, is at *Saint Aignaw* performed and conſummated with much pomp and bravery.

But albeit *Quatbriſſon* (as we have formerly underſtood) have all the reaſons of the world, to be fully and fairly reconciled to his Brother *Valfontaine*, yea (and according to his promiſe and Oath) to affect him tenderly and dearly, yet where the heart is not ſanctified and in peace, the tongue may pretend though not intend it; For the more he gazeth on his Siſter in Law *La Pratieres* beauty, the more the freſhneſs and delicacy thereof revives and inflames his laſcivious luſt towards her, when knowing her to be as chaſt as fair, and being confident that he was out of all hope to receive any immodeſt courteſie, or familiarity from her, whiles her Huſband his Brother *Valfontaine*, lives, the Devill hath already taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of his heart, as (with a helliſh ingratitude and impiety) he wretchedly reſolves to deprive him of his life, of whom as it were but right now he had the happineſſe to receive his own.

As ſoon as we think of revenge we meerly forget our ſelves, but when we conſent to murther we abſolutely forget God; for that helliſh contemplation, and this inhumane and bloody action, do inſtantly work ſo wretchedly in us, that of Men we become Monſters, and (which is worſe) of Chriſtians, Devils; for thereby we make our ſelves his ſlaves and members. A miſery to which all others are not comparable, becauſe thoſe are finite, in regard they have only relation to the life of our bodies but this infinite, in regard it occaſioneth the death of our ſoules: But notwithſtanding, it is not in jeſt but in earneſt, that *Quatbriſſon* aſſumes the bloody reſolution to murther his Brother *Valfontaine*; For ſeeing that it was neither in his power or fortune to kill him in the Duell, he therefore holds it more ſafe, leſs dangerous, to have him poyſoned, and ſo deals with his Brothers Apothecary, named *Moncallier*, to undertake and perform it, and in requitall thereof he aſſureth him of three hundred crowns, and gives him the one half in hand, whereupon this Factor of the Devill this Emperick of Hell, confidently promiſeth him ſpeedily to effect and perform, the which he doth.

The manner thus.

Valfontaine within ſix weeks of his marriage, findes his body in an extream heat, ſome reputing it to an exceſs of Wine, which he had the day before taken at *Pontivie* Fair, and others for having bin too amorous and uxorious to his ſweet young wife *La Pratiere*; but it matters not which exceſs of theſe two gave him his ſickneſs, only let it ſatisfie the Reader, that (as we have already heard) his body was very much inflamed and hot, the dangerous ſymptoms either of a burning Feaver, or a Pluriſie, the which to allay and cool, he ſends for his Apothecary *Moncallier* from *Vannes* to *Saint Aignaw*, and after their conſultation he openeth him a vein very timely in the morning, and draws ten ounces of blood from him, and towards night gives him a Glister, wherein he infuſed ſtrong poyſon, which ſpreading ore the vitall parts of his body,

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doth ſo ſoon work its operation, and extinguiſh their radicall moiſture, that being the moſt part of the night tortured with many ſharp throes, and heart killing convulſions, he before the next morning dyes in his bed: His Wife *La Pratiere* being deſperatly vanquiſhed with ſorrow, doth (as it were) diſſolve and melt her ſelf into tears, at this ſudden and unexpected death of her Husband *Valſontaine*, and indeed her griefs and ſorrows are far the more infinite and violent, in that ſhe ſees her ſelf a Widdow almoſt as ſoon as a Wife. Her Father is likewiſe penſive and ſorrowfull for the death of his Son in Law, and ſo alſo is his own Father and Mother at *Vannes*. But for his inhumane Brother *Quatbriſſon*, although he neither can, or ſhall blear the eyes of God, yet he intends to do thoſe of men, from the knowledge and detection of this foul and bloody fact; for he puts on a mournfull and diſconſolate countenance, on his rejoycing and triumphing heart, for the death of his Brother, the which he endeavoureth to publiſh in his ſpeeches and apparell; ſo he rides over to *Saint Aignaw* to his Siſter in Law *La Pratiere*, condoles with her for her Husband his Brothers death, and with his beſt oratory ſtrives to diſſipate and diſpell her ſorrows; but ſtill her thoughts and conſcience do notwithſtanding prompt her that (conſidering his former affection to her, and his fighting with his Brother her Husband for her) ture he had a hand in his death, but in what manner or how ſhe knows not, and ſo as a moſt vertuous and ſorrowfull Lady, leaves the revealing thereof to the good pleaſure and providence of God; and the curious heads both of *Nantes* and *Vannes* concur with her in the ſame conceit and belief.

But three moneths are ſcarce paſt over, ſince *Valſontaine* was laid in his Grave, but *Quatbriſſon* is ſtill ſo deeply beſotted with his own luſt, and the beauty of *La Pratiere*, as he ſels his wit for folly, and again becomes a Sutor to marry her, having none but this poor Apologie to colour out his inceſtuous deſires; that he will procure a diſpenſation from *Rome* to approve it; and that he hath already ſpoken to *Yvon* Biſhop of *Reimes* to that effect, who was many years Penitentiary (or Almoner) to Pope *Paulus Quintus*. And what doth this indiſcretion of his work with *La Pratiere*, but only to increaſe her jealouſie, to confirm her ſuſpition, and to make her the more confident, that her Husband had been ſtill in this World if he had not been the means ſo ſoon to ſend him into another: Wherefore ſhe rejecteth both his ſute and himſelf, tels him, that if he can find in his heart and conſcience to marry her; ſhe cannot diſpence with her ſoul to eſpouſe him, and therefore that he ſhall do well to ſurceaſe his ſute, either to the Pope or Biſhop, ſith if it lay in their power, yet it ſhould never in her pleaſure to grant, or reſolution to effect it; but this peremptory refuſall of hers cannot yet cauſe *Quatbriſſon* to forſake and leave her; For if his luſt and concupiſcence formerly made him peeviſh to ſeek her for his Wife, now it makes him meerly ſottiſh and impudent to alter his ſute, and ſo to attempt and deſire to make her his Strumpet: But he hath no ſooner delivered her this baſe and obſcene motion, but all the blood of her body flushing into her face, ſhe highly diſdaineth both his ſpeeches and himſelf, and vowing and ſcorning henceforth ever more to come into his company, ſo ſhe informs her Father of his diſhonourable intent, and unchaſt motion to her, who to rid himſelf of ſo uncivill and impudent a gueſt, thereupon (in ſharp termes forbids him his Houſe and his Daughters company, as having hereby altogether made himſelf unworthy to enjoy the priviledge of the one, or the honour of the other; when this ſweet and chaſt young Lady (to be no more haunted with ſo laſcivious a Ghoſt and Spirit) being ſought in marriage by divers noble and gallant Gentlemen, ſhe among them all (after a whole years mourning for the firſt) makes choice of *Monſieur de Pont Chanſey* for her ſecond Husband, and marries him; *Quatbriſſon* ſeeing himſelf ſo diſdainfully ſleighted and rejected of *La Pratiere*, he (as a baſe Gentleman, and diſhonourable Lover) metamorphoſed his affection into hatred towards her, and vows that his revenge ſhall ſhortly match her diſdain, and meet with her ingratitude and ſo flies her ſight and company as much as he formerly deſired it. But as the beſt revenge is to make our enemies ſee that we proſper and do well, ſo he quite contrary makes it his practiſe and ambition to do evill; for from henceforth among many other of his vices he defileth his body with whoredome, and gives himſelf over to Fornication and Adultery, which hath taken up ſo deep a habit in him, as it is now grown to a ſecond nature; for he wholly abandoneth himſelf to Queans and Strumpets, that be ſhe Maid, Wife, or Widdow, his wanton eye ſcarce ſees any, but his luſtfull heart deſireth, and his laſcivious tongue ſeeks.

Now *Quatbriſſon* (among many other) hearing that a poor Peaſant, or Countreyman termed *Renne Maliot*, of the Pariſh of *Saint Androws*, three miles from *Vannes*; had a ſweet and fair young Daughter, he therefore very lewdly reſolves to ſee her, and to tempt her to his obſcene deſires, when provoked and halled on by his luſt, as that was likewiſe by the Devill,

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he rides over to her Fathers houſe, and alighting from his Horſe cals there for ſome wine, but with his Hauk on his fiſt, and his Lackq ay and Dogs at his heels, thereby the better to over-vail and colour out his laſcivious deſign and intent: And that the Reader may the better and apparantly behold this Country Virgin *Marieta*, ſhe was aged of ſome ſix-teen years, and towards her ſeventeenth, tall and ſtraight, and rather a little enclining to fameſs than to leaneſs; her hair was of a bright flaxen colour, and ſhe of ſo freſh a beauty, and ſweet delicate complexion, that her eyes were capable to inflame deſire, and her Cheeks to engender and exact affection, ſo that as it was a wonder among many to find ſo delicate a Countrey-laſs, it was alſo many wonders in one, to ſee how ſweetly her rich beauty graced her poor cloathes, whiles they (though in vaine) endeavour to diſgrace it. *Quatbriſſon* no ſooner ſees *Marieta*, but ſhe is ſo fair and amiable in his eyes, as they inform him, that report comes infinitly ſhort of her beauty, when burning in the flames of his beaſtly concupiſcence towards her, his luſt ſo exceedingly outbrave his reaſon, that his eyes and heart do already do homage to hers, and he is ſo far caught and inſnared in the contemplation of her freſh youth and beauty, as he vows to leave no Art unattempted to obtain his luſtfull deſires in enjoying of her virginity: To which end he very often and ſecretly viſiteth her, diſcovereth her his lewd deſires and affection, gives her Gloves, Bonlace, Lawn, worſted Stockings, and the like trifles, thereby the ſooner to prevail with her, when God knows this fair poor Maiden was ſo chaſt, as yet ſhe knew not what belonged to unchaſtity, ſuch was her obſcure dwelling, and innocent education, and yet behold the Devill was ſo buſie with her, and *Quatbriſſon* with the Devill, to draw and proſtitute her to ſin, as ſhe was ſo far in love with his gay clothes, figred ſpeeches and fair promiſes, rich gifts, and eſpecially becauſe he was a Gentleman, that in a few weeks ſhe had hardly the power or will to deny him any thing, no not her ſelf.

But whiles thus *Quatbriſſon* layes cloſe ſiege to the chaſtity of the Daughter, her Mother *Jane Chaumett* (being of a quick wit and ſharp apprehenſion, meaſuring his youth by her Daughters beauty) begins to miſtruſt and fear that by his often viſits, he endeavoured to put a rape on her vertue, in ſeeking to inrich himſelf with the loſſe of her Maiden-head, the which to prevent; ſhe forbids him her houſe, ſhewing him that ſhe had rather dye, than live to ſee her Daughter made a Strumpet, adding farther, that if hereupon he did not forbear her houſe and her Daughters company, ſhe would forthwith acquaint his Father *Monſieur de Caerſtainge* therewith, alleadging that how cloſe ſoever he bore himſelf, ſhe knew him to be his Sonn and Heir, and termed *Quatbriſſon*; which croſſe ſpeeches of hers do much afflict and perplex him, and the more becauſe he ſees he cannot now approach *Marieta*, and which is worſt of all, in regard he knows not whom to imploy towards her, to win her to his deſires: But at length remembring that he was well acquainted with an old Franciſcan Frier of *Auroy*, named Father *Symplician*, who many years begged the Countrey for the repairing of their Monaſtery, and with whom he had often carouſed and been merry: He therefore holds him a fit Inſtrument and Agent for his purpoſe, and ſo rides over to *Auroy*, and ſends for him to his lodging, where giving him good cheer, and well heating his head with wine, he there from point to point, diſcovereth this ſecret, and layes open himſelf to him: So this old Frier loving his cups better than his Beads, and *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon* better than his Guardian (becauſe he had twice formerly expelled him the Monaſtery for ſome of his diſhoneſt and debauched prancks) he freely, engageth himſelf to him, affirming that he well knew both Father and Mother, and Daughter having heretofore many times layen in their houſe, when he hath been overtaken, either by night or raine.

Hypocriſie is the Devils Mask or Viſard, and there is no way ſo ſubtle, or ſinfull to deceive as under the Cloak and Colour of Religion, and therefore it is a moſt pernitious and odious ſhame to Chriſtians, that thoſe who profeſs piety ſhould prophane it. This good-Fellow Frier *Symplician* (taking the tide of time, and the wind of opportunity) under the pretext of viſiting ſome of his Kinsfolks leaves *Auroy*, repaires to *Vannes*, and ſo to *Malliots* houſe in the Country, where purpoſely faining himſelf ſick, thereby to procure himſelf the better colour for his ſtay, and the better means for the diſpatch of this love buſineſs for *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, there *Malliot* and his Wife *Jane Chaumet* (out of their reſpect to Religion, and reverence to Churchmen) entertain him lovingly, and attend him carefully and diligently, thinking no coſt too much, nor any meat, care or labour enough which they ſpent and beſtowed on him; But we ſhall ſee him requite this Hoſpitality, and repay this courteſie of theirs with a baſe ingratitude.

For in the abſence of the Father and Mother, this deboſhed Frier teacheth their fair Daughter *Marieta* a new Catechiſme; he tels her that *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* is deeply in love with her; that if ſhe will hearken to his affection, and ſo become flexible to his deſires,

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he will ſhortly ſteal her away from her Parents, and either maintain her Gentlewoman like in brave apparell, or elſe mary her to ſome rich Serving-man, or Farmers Son, with whom ſhe might live merrily, and at her hearts content all the daies of her life; adding withall, that it was pitty her delicat freſh beauty ſhould be ſo ſtrictly and obſcurely mewed up in her Fathers poor Cottage, and that it was a ſhame to her to prove an enemy to Nature, who had been ſo bountifull and ſo true a friend to her, with many more obſcene reaſons, and deboſhed ſpeeches looking that way, the which (in modeſty) I cannot remember without ſhame, nor relate without deteſtation. So this pandariſing old Fryer (degenerating from his habit, profeſſion, and name,) what with the hony, (or rather indeed the poyſon) of his ſpeeches and promiſes, and the ſugar of ſome gifts and tokens which he delivered her from *Quatbriſſon*, he draws this harmleſs ind innocent poor country Maid, ſo far to forget himſelf, her Parents, and God, that in hope of rich apparell, and a good Husband, ſhe tels her Father *Symplician*, that ſhe is wholy *Quatbriſſons* ar command, and that for his ſake and love ſhe is abſolvtly reſolued to forſake her Father and Mother, and to go away with him any night or day, when hee pleaſeth to fetch her; the which ſhe ſhortly doth, and ſhe accompliſheth: And thus was the odious ingratitude of this Fryer *Symplician*, towards honeſt *Malliot* and his Wife, for his good cheer, lodging and entertainment, to betray and bereave them of their only child and Daughter; whom they well hoped would have proved the joy of their life, and the ſtaff and comfort of their Age.

Quatbriſſon (in the vanity of his voluptuous thoughts (having thus (by himſelf and the Fryer) played his prize in ſtealing away fair *Marietta*, he by night brings her to his own old Nurſe her houſe, which is a little mile diſtant from that of his Father, where he ſecretly keeps her, takes his pleaſure of her, and as often as he pleaſeth, lies with her whole nights together; but *Marieta's* ſorrowfull Father and Mother ſeeing themſelves thus robbed of their only Jewell their Daughter, they bitterly lament her loſſe; and their own misfortunes therein. They complain to all their Neighbours thereof, and leave few adjacent Pariſhes or Houſes unſought for her; yea her Mother *Jane Chaumets* grief and jealouſie tranſport her ſo far, as vehemently ſuſpecting that *Monſieur de Quatbriſſon* had ſtolne her away, ſhe trips over to his Fathers Houſe, and there (with ſorrow in her looks, and tears in her eyes) acquaints both him and the Lady his Wife thereof; who preſently ſend for their Son *Quatbriſſon* before them. They ſhew him what an infinite ſcandall this foul fact and crime of his will breed him, and likewiſe reflect upon themſelves, and all their Kinsfolks and Family. How the juſtice of God infallibly attends on whoredom and fornication, and that he hath no other true courſe or means left him to expiate and deface it, but Confeſſion, Contrition, and Repentance, and by returning the poor Country Girle again to her aged and ſorrowfull Parents: But *Quatbriſſon* their Son (as a baſe deboſhed Gentleman) denies all, terms old *Malliots* Wife an old Hag and Devill, to charge him thus falſly with the ſtealing away of her Daughter; and ſo with out any other redreſs or comfort, this poor Mother returns again home to her ſorrowfull-full Husband, and *Quatbriſſon* ſecretly to his Nurſes, to frollick and ſport it out with his ſweet and fair Countrey Miſtris *Marieta*.

But to obſerve the better Order and *Decorum* in the dilation and unfolding of this Hiſtory, leave we (for a ſmall time) this laſcivious young couple. wallowing in the beaſtly pleaſures of their ſenſuality and fornication, and come we a little to ſpeak how ſuddenly and ſharply (at unawares) the vengeance and juſtice of God ſurpriſeth our execrble Apothecary *Moncallier*, who ſo wretchedly and lamentably (as we have formerly underſtood) had ſent innocent *Valfoneaine* from Earth to Heaven, by that damnable drug and iugredient of poyſon. The manner whereof briefly thus thus.

Quatbriſſon (as we have already ſeen) having exchanged his former affection into future malice and envie towards his Siſter in Law *La Pratiere*, doth ſtill retain ſuch bloody thoughts againſt her, as (riking hands with the Devill) he (in favour of three hundred Crowns more) hath again ingaged his helliſh Apothecary *Moncallier* likewiſe to poyſon her, at his firſt adminiſtring of Phyſick to her; which intended deplorable Tragedy of theirs is no ſooner projected and plotted of the one, than promiſed ſpeedily to be acted and performed by the other, to the end (quoth theſe two miſerable wretches) to make her equall, as in marriage, ſo in death with her firſt Husband *Valfontaine*. Thus *Quatbriſſon* longing, and *Moncallier* hearkning out for *La Pratieres* firſt ſickneſs, two moneths are ſcarce blown over, ſince her marriage with *Pont Chauſey*, but ſhe is ſurpiſed with a peſtilent Fever; when he as a loving and kind Husband (at the requeſt of his ſick Wife) rides over to *Vannes* for this Monſter of his profeſſion and time *Moncallier*, to come with him and give her phyſick, the which preſently (with as much treacherons care, as feigned ſorrow) he promiſeth to effect; and ſo inwardly reſolves

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with the Devill, and himſelf to poyſon her: but we ſhall ſee here that Gods providence will favourably permit the firſt, and his goodneſs and mercy miraculouſly prevent the ſecond.

Moncallier ſees this his fair and ſweet Patient *La Pratiere*, but he is yet ſo far from ſhame, or repentance that he had poyſoned her firſt Husband, as (with a graceleſs ratiocination) he confirmes his former impious reſolution likewiſe to diſpatch her ſelf: but for that time he contenteth himſelf only to draw ſix ounces of blood from her, and promiſeth to return to her the next morning with Phyſick, and therein to inſinuate and infuſe the poyſon. But here (in the fear, and to the glory of God) let me requeſt the Chriſtian Reader to admire and wonder with me at the ſtrangeneſſe of this ſudden and divine puniſhment of God, than and there ſhown on this wretched Apothery *Moncallier*: For as he was ready to depart, and being on the top of the ſtayres (next to the Chamber door where *La Pratiere* lay ſick) complementing with her Husband *Pont Chauſey* at his farewell, he trips in his Spurs, and ſo fals down headlong at the foot thereof, there breaks his neck, and which is lamentable and fearfull, he hath neither the power or grace left him to ſpeak a word, much leſſe to repent his cruell poyſoning of *Valfontaine*, or to pray unto God to forgive it him. And thus was the miſerable end of this wretched *Moncallier*, who, when he abſolutly thought that that bloody fact of his was quite defaced and forgotten of God, then God (as we ſee) in his due time remembred to puniſh him for the ſame, to his utter confuſion and deſtruction, that as his crime was bloody, ſo his puniſhment ſhould be ſudden and ſharp.

Return we now again to *Quatbriſſon* (who amidſt his carnall pleaſures with his young and fair *Marieta*) is advertiſed of *Moncalliers* ſudden and unnaturall death at *S. Aignaw*, whereat (reſembling himſelf) he is ſo far from any apprehenſion or grief, as he exceedingly triumpheth and rejoyceth thereat; yea, he is as glad that he hath thus brok his neck, becauſe he can now tell no tales, as ſorrofull if now before his death he have not poyſoned *La Pratiere*, as formerly he did her Husband *Valfontaine* his Brother. Whiles thus *Quatbriſſons* joy in enjoying *Marieta*, proves the grief and diſconſolation of her Parents, for it is now generally bruted in *Vannes*, that *Quatbriſſon* hath ſtoln away *Malliots* Daughter *Marietta*, whereof her Father and Mother being ſorrowfully acqnainted (he being weak and ſickly) ſhe again repairs to *Monſieur de Caerſtainge* and his Lady, and with tears in her eyes throwing her ſelf at their feet, acquaints them with this puplick report, humbly beſeeching them to be a means to the Gentleman their Son, that he reſtore them their Daughter; but they are (in a manner deaf to her requeſts, and ſo only return her this generall anſwer, that they will again examin their Son, and cauſe all their Tenants houſes near about to be narrowly ſearched for her, and this is all the redreſs and conſolation which this ſorrowfull Mother could get for them; Whereof *Quatbriſſon* being advertiſed, he (with much ſecrecy and haſt) about midnight, cauſeth *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, to fetch *Marieta* away from his Nurſes houſe to his Mill, which is ſome quarter of a League from his Fathers houſe, the which accordingly *Pierot* effecteth. The very next morning *Quatbriſſon* goes ſecretly to the Mill and viſits her; he informs her how her Parents have incenſed his againſt him, and againſt her ſelf likewiſe; he bids her be of good comfort, that ſhe ſhall want nothing, that he will very ſhorly procure her a better lodging, and provide both for her ſafety and reputation, and ſo continually trollicks it out, and there takes his pleaſure of her; yea, he lies ſo often with her many whole nights and ſome dayes at this Mill, that at laſt her belly ſwels, and both of them apparantly perceive that ſhe is with child by him: when poor ſol, ſeeing her ſelf as it were pent up in a priſon, that ſhe had no new apparell, nor was towards any Husband; yea, looking back into the foulneſs of her fault, and ſeeing that ſhe had made her ſelf the grief of her Father and Mother, the laughter of the world, and almoſt the diſdain of *Quatbriſſon*, who (ſurfetting in his pleaſures with her) began now to look leſſe familiar, and more ſtrange to her than accuſtomed, ſhe with many ſighes and tears repents her ſelf of her errour, but how to remedy it, ſhe knows not.

As for *Quatbriſſon*, he ſuppoſing he had his Fathers Miller *Pierot* at his command, profereth him two hundred French Crowns to marry her; whereat this Meal-cap Miller (being a luſty young fellow of ſome five and twenty years old) could not at firſt refrain from bluſhing and laughing; when ſeeing *Marieta* to be young and fair, he is ſo far in love with her, as at firſt he wiſheth her to his wife; but then again conſidering that ſhe hath a geeat belly by his young Maſter, that he ſtill lyes with her, and that if he ſhould marry her, he would undoubtedly be more Maſter and owner of her than himſelf, he prayes him therefore to excuſe him, for that he is fully reſolved not to marry her.

When

When *Quatbriſſon* yet farther deſirous to draw him to take her to his Wife, profereth *Pierot* a new Leaſe and Eſtate of his Mill from his Father for ſeven years, at his own coſt and charges. But this Miller (being a pleaſant joviall wag) tels his young Maſter that he had rather never hear the clacking of his Mill, than to live to ſee himſelf cornuted; and ſo upon no terms will marry *Marieta*, but for any other ſervice, he ſwears to him, that he is, and ever will be wholly at his command. Poor *Marieta* now ſeeing her hopes grow ſmall, and her belly great, and conſequently her joyes decline, and her ſorrows increaſe, finding that ſhe is now rather *Quatbriſſons* priſoner than his prize, and the Miller rather her Goaler than her Land-lord, (ſhe with many far fetcht ſighs & briniſh tears) very paſſionatly beſeecheth *Quatbriſſion* on her knees, that he will ſpeedily either provide her a Husband, or permit her with her ſhamefull and ſorrowfull burthen to return home to her afflicted and angry Parents. Two requeſts, and both ſo reaſonable (quoth ſhe to him) as if it be not in your power to grant me the firſt, yet I hope it will be your pleaſure not to deny me the ſecond. But *Quatbriſſon*, notwithſtanding all theſe tears and prayers of *Marietta*, he is ſtill ſo vexed, as well with her importunity, as with the ſharp complaints of his own Parents; and the bitter lamentations and outcries of hers, that (in the heat of ſottiſh choller and ingratfull diſdain) he flies from her, abſents himſelf longer then accuſtomed, and thenceforth (by degrees) begins as much to loath her, as he formerly loved her. *Marietta* perceiving this his unexpected and ingratfull unkindneſs towards her, it pierceth her very heart with grief, and her ſoul with deſpaire; She requeſts the Miller to tell *Monſieure de Quatbriſſon* that ſhe prayes him to ſee her, or to permit her to ſee him; but he perceiving that his young Maſter ſlighted her; and that his hot affection was by this time waxed cold and frozen to her, he refuſeth to go himſelf, and ſo ſends his Boy; But what doth this importunity of hers procure or effect with *Quatbriſſon*, but only the more inflame his choller; and therein the more increaſe her own ſorrows, and accelerate and haſten on her miſeries? For he bids the Boy tell her, that he is gone to *Rennes*, and will not return in a moneth; and withall, he wils him to bid his Maſter to come ſecretly to him in the morning, at his Fathers Orchard. So if *Quatbriſſons* unkindneſs to *Marieta* formerly made her ſeem to be the picture of ſorrow, Alas, now this his diſcourteous departure, and diſdaining either to ſee her, or once bid her farewell, makes her really to be ſorrow her ſelf; for ſhe tears her hair, and (with a mournfull and ſorrowfull Ambition) endeavoureth to drown her ſelf in the Ocean of her tears; yea, her griefs are ſo infinite, and her diſcontents ſo inſupportable (in that ſhe hath ſo deeply diſobeyed her Parents, and offended God with her Fornication) as the remembrance of theſe ſins and crimes of hers make her not dare to look up to Heaven for aſſiſtance; a thouſand times ſhe repents her ſelf of her folly, and as often ſaith and dictateth to her, that ſhe ſhould be as happy as now ſhe is miſerable, if ſhe again were a child, and not with child, and that ſhe were again as living in her Mothers belly, as now by this time ſhe finds her own poor unfortunate innocent babe is in hers. She as high as Heaven exclaimeth on *Quatbriſſons* ingratitude, and curſeth the name and memory of Fryer *Symplician* as low as Hell, for thus betraying and ſeducing her to ſin, which hath now brought her to miſery and diſconſolation; yea, her unfortunacy is ſo great, as ſhe cannot write for aſſiſtance from any where, or if ſhe could, ſhe knows not from whom once to expect, much leſs to receive it: but rather ſees her ſelf reduced to ſuch extreme affliction and miſery, that ſhe is every way far more capable to weep or ſigh forth her ſorrows to her ſelf, then to ſpeak, or make them known to the world.

Whiles thus *Marieta* is penſively and pitifully ecchoing forth her complaints to the bare wals of her poor Chamber, *Pierot* the Miller finds out his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, in the Orchard behind his Fathers houſe, according to his appointment, where betwixt this wretched and execrable couple the Reader muſt prepare to ſee them conſult and conclude a moſt bloody and mournfull buſineſs, which will both exact pitty, and command lamentation from the moſt flinty and barbarous heart, yea in a word, from any living mortall man, whoſe prophane life and impiety hath not abſolutly made him a meer Devill. For *Quatbriſſon* having thus ſatiated and ſurfetted himſelf in reaping his beaſtly pleaſures of poor *Marieta*, and (as before) exchanged his familiarity into malice, and his affection into envie towards her, knowing that ſhe will be a perpetuall eye-ſore to hi, Parents, and a continuall ſhame and ſcandall to himſelf, as long as ſhe lives in this world, he therefore moſt ingratfully and cruelly reſolves ſpeedily to ſend her into another; and no conſideration whatſoever either of her youth or beauty, of her great belly, or of his quick child within her, or of his own ſoul; can prevaile with him to the contrary: But the Devill is ſo ſtrong with him, that he is miſerably reſolute not to retire, but to advance in this bloody buſineſs. To which effect, he breaks with *Pierot* the Miller to attempt and finiſh it, and again promiſeth him the Fee-ſimple (or at leaſt a Leaſe of ſeven years) of his Mill, to finiſh it; which this bloody miſcreant (out of his helliſh covetouſneſs; and itching deſire

to

to pleaſe his young Maſter) promiſeth to accompliſh. They now conſult of the manner how to murther *Marieta*: The Miller affirms it to be the ſureſt way (under ſome pretext) to take her into the next Wood by night, and there to murther her, which *Quatbriſſon* contradicteth, becauſe (ſaith he) her dead body being found ſo neer his Fathers houſe, this her murther will reflect on him; and therefore to make ſure work, he bids the Miller to ſtrangle her by night in her Bed, and ſo to bury her in his outer yard, and there to clap a Wood-vine over her, whereon they both agree. When ſwearing perpetuall ſecrecy each to other, this execrable Miller here promiſeth *Quatbriſſon* to diſpatch her within three dayes at ſartheſt.

This bloody bargain and compact being thus concluded between them, *Pierot* the Miller returnes to his Mill, where poor *Marieta* (little ſuſpecting or dreaming, what a diſmall ſtratagem was plotted and reſolved againſt her life) ſhe (finding comfort from no where, and therefore ſeeking it every where) enquires of him if he came from *Monſieur de Caerſtainges* houſe, and if his Son *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* were departed from *Rennes*, as his Mill-boy had told her; who (here the better to lull her aſleep, thereby with more facility to finiſh his bloody deſign on her) tels her that he was gone thither, but that before his departure he had left ſecret word for him to uſe her curteouſly in his abſence, the which he ſwore to her he would carefully perform; whereat *Marieta* thanks him, but yet again prying more narrowly into this Millers looks than his ſpeeches, ſhe found that he now looked more ſullen and haggardly to her than accuſtomed, or elſe that either her conceit or his countenance and Phyſiognomy deceived her therein. But here (before I proceed further) let us remark the ſtrange effects, and events hereof; For a dreams prove ſeldome true, becauſe they are as incertain as their cauſes, which for the moſt part either proceed from the influence of the heart, or elſe flow from the operations of the brain in their different paſſions of affection, Envie, Hope, Fear, Joy, Sorrow, or the like; So it pleaſed God that the very ſame night *Marieta* dreamt, that *Pierot* the Miller killed her, and threw her dead body into the Pond; the which remembring the next morning, ſhe likewiſe remembred to acquaint him therewith, who (vile wretch and diſſembling Hypocrite) ſeemed to be in choller thereat, vowing and ſwearing to her with many oaths and deprecations, that ſhe was and ſhould be as ſafe in his Mill, as if ſhe were either in the Tower of *Bylin*, or in the Caſtle of *Blavet*, which indeed are reputed to be two of the ſtrongeſt and moſt important peeces of little *Britany*; whereat poor *Marieta* again and again thanks him. But this notwithſtanding, I now here tremble to report, that the very next inſuing night (*Marieta* proving too true a Herauld and Propheteſs, to her own immediate mournfull Tragedy) as the night had given truce to her tears, and ſleep adminiſtred reſt to her eyes, as ſhe lay in her poor pallat bed, then this bloody villain *Pierot* the Miller very ſecretly enters her Camber, and ſoftly conveies a ſmall cord under her head, and faſtning it to her further bed poaſt (his ſtrength conſpiring with his malice) he then and there ſtrangles her dead, giving her neither the power or time to cry, much leſs to ſpeak one word, and as ſoon as this Agent of Hell had bereaved her (and conſequently the fruit of her womb) of life, he within leſs than an hour after (not to give the lye to her own dream) changeth his purpoſe in the manner of her buriall, and ſo (in her clothes as ſhe was) carries her to his little Mill-boat in the Pond, where faſtning a great piece of an old broken Mill-ſtone to her middle (or waſt) by a ſtrong new Rope which he had purpoſely provided, he there throws her into the deepeſt place of his Pond, hoping, yea aſſuring himſelf, that ſhe ſhould never ſee nor hear more of her.

The very next morning after the finiſhing of this deplorable fact, *Pierot* (the Miller (not able to ſleep for joy (at the very break of the day, diſpeeds himſelf away with the news hereof to his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon*, who hears and receives it with much content and joy, when (by his promiſe and oath again aſſuring the Miller of his Mill) he the better to bear, and wipe off the ſuſpition which this murther might reflect or caſt on him (if it ſhould ever hereafter come to be detected or diſcovered) rides away to the City of *Rennes*, where the States Generall of that Province (which we in *England* term our Parliament) was then to aſſemble, where rejoycing that he had ſo happily diſpatched his clowniſh Strumpet *Marieta*, and *Pierot* the Miller at home likewiſe finging and triumphing at this his eaſie purchaſe of his Mill, they not ſo much as once look up to Heaven and God, or down to their own conſciences and ſoules, what this foul and deteſtable Murther of theirs deſerves. And not to go far, by this time the Lord thinks it high time, to bring this their cruell Murther to light, by a ſtrange (I may juſtly ſay by a miraculous accident, which at unawares and when they leaſt think thereof, will (amidſt their mirth and ſecurity) befall them.

A moneth is not full paſt over ſince this Murther of *Marieta*, but God (in his ſacred mercy and juſtice) is now reſolved to make *Monſieur de Pont Chauſey* (*La Pratieres* ſecond Husband)

to

o be the firſt means for the detection hereof (and in that likewiſe afterwards of the poyſoning of *Valſontain*) who being one day at *Vannes* with three other Gentlemen, his friends, he is deſirous to hunt a Duck with two of his own Spaniels; And no Pond being ſo fit or neer as that of *Monſieur de Caerſtaignes*, he makes choice thereof, but the Duck is no ſooner in the Pond and the Dogs after her, but theſe two poor harmleſs Curs ſwimming eagerly for their prey, as they come to the place where *Mariet*'s dead body was ſunk and tyed, they inſtantly forſake and abandon the Duck, and there puddling with their feet, and ſnuffling with their noſes in the water, they moſt lamentably ſet up their tunes, and aloud howl and bark each at other, without departing or ſtirring thence, the which *Pont Chauſey* and the other Gentlemen well obſerving, God inſtantly inſpires their conceits with this apprehenſion, and their hearts with this jealouſie; that (peradventure) there was ſome body, either accidentally or purpoſely drowned there, and that it now pleaſed his Divine Majeſty to make theſe two poor Dogs his Agents and Officers to diſcover it, whereupon they once reſolve to draw up the ſluce, and to let out all the water of the Pond, but firſt they reſolve to make another trial and experiment hereof, ſo for that time they take up their Duck, depart, and call away their Spaniels, but after Dinner they return, and the Duck being again put in, the Spaniels in the very ſame place do the like as in the morning, ſtill howling and barking moſt lamentably, the which indeed yeilds harſh and diſpleaſing muſick to the trembling heart and guilty conſcience of this murderous Miller, but ſtill the Devil his School-maſter makes him put a brazen face on his fear. Now this ſecond action and demeanor of the Spaniels, confirms the firſt jealouſie and apprehenſion of *Pont Chauſey* and his aſſociats, who (to vindicate this truth) are now reſolute in their former propoſition, and deſire of letting out the water of the Pond, the which they attempt to effect: But then this wretched Miller ſeeing himſelf now ſo narrowly put to his trumps and ſhifts, and therefore knowing it high time to prevent them, at leaſt if he meant to provide for his own ſafety and life; he with many humble and ſugred ſpeeches (not ſeeming any way to take notice of their apprehenſion) tels them, that he is a poor young man, that this is his firſt year of ſetting up his Trade of a Miller for himſelf, that it being now in the midſt of a hot and a dry Summer, his Pond will not receive in water again for his Mill to go in a week or two after, which will infallibly begger him, and therefore (almoſt with tears) he beſeecheth them to deſiſt from their purpoſe, and not to turn out the water of his Pond, yea he ſpeaks ſo paſſionatly and pittifully to them, as his reaſons prevail with the three other Gentlemen, but with *Pont Chauſey* they cannot, but rather the more confirm his former apprehenſion and belief, that ſure there was ſome one or other drowned, and withall God doth afreſh diſtill and infuſe into his imaginations, that this very Miller himſelf might have ſome hand therein, notwithſtanding all his humble prayers and ſmooth ſpeeches to the contrary.

To which end *Pont Chauſey* the better to effect his deſire & reſolution, he (as a wiſe and diſcreet Gentleman) grants the Miller his requeſt, when purpoſely ſending away his Servants, Duck and Dogs, he enquires of the Miller if he have any dice or cards in his Mill, who anſwers him that he hath cards, but no dice: So into the Mill they all four go, and play at Lansknight for Cartdeſcus, and the Miller (now raviſhed with joy to ſee how his fair tongue hath kept the water in his Pond) is wonderfull diligent to wait, and officious to attend them and their commands.

But they having played an hour, *Pont Chauſey* now thinks it high time for him to effect his deſign and reſolution, and then tels *Pierot* the Miller, that he is very dry and thirſty, demanding of him if there be any wine to ſell neer his Mill, who tells them there is none nearer than the Town, where he willingly profereth to go and fetch ſome ſpeedily, which indeed is that very part and point whereat *Pont Chauſey* only aimed: So he gives him money to fetch two grand pots of wine; when this inconciderate and ſecure Miller (without either fear or wit) ſeems rather to flie than to run to the Town with joy for it, thinking and aſſuring that the ſtorm of his danger was now already quite paſt and blown over; but he is no ſooner out of ſight, but *Pont Chauſey* preſently throws up the Cards, and prays the reſt of the Gentlemen to aſſiſt him in drawing up the ſluce and emptying the Pond, for that his heart ſtill prompts him there is ſome one drowned therein, whereunto they all give free conſent; ſo by that time the water is half out, Lo (with much admiration and pitty) they behold a dead body floating therein, and yet faſtned with a Rope to the bottom of the pond. And prying more narrowly to diſcern it, they (by the coats it wore) perceived it to be a woman, whom they cauſe to be taken up in the Mill boat, but her fleſh is ſo riveld and withered with the water, and eaten and diſfigured by the fiſh, as it was impoſſible to know what ſhe was, and ſhe ſtunk

ſo odiouſly, as almoſt none durſt approach her. *Pont Chauſey* (and his aſſociats) ſeeing this woefull and lamentable ſpectacle, and comparing therewith the Millers earneſt refuſall, not to permit them to empty his pond, he here confirms his former jealouſie, and now confidently ſuſpects him, either to be the Author or Actor of this cruell murther; To which end he and his aſſociats lay exact and curious wait for his return with the wine who comming therewith from the Town merrily ſinging, and not ſo much as once dreaming what had hapned at the Pond, he aſcending the top of the Hill by the Woods ſide, and eſpying his Pond emptied, then the foulneſs of his fact and conſcience, and the eminency of his danger doth ſo terrifie and amaze him, that he ſet down his pots of wine on the ground, and (committing his ſafety to the celerity and ſwiftneſs of his heels) he with all poſſible ſpeed runs away towards the centre of the Wood; the which *Pont Chauſey* and the reſt of the Gentlemen eſpying, they need no other evidence but this his flight, to proclaim himſelf guilty of this murther, and ſo they ſpeedily ſend after him, and within one hour after he is found out, apprehended and brought back; they vehemently accuſing, and he as reſolutely excuſing himſelf of this murther; but notwithſtanding they ſhut him up cloſe in his own Mill, till it be found out what this drowned murdered woman is.

The report of this mournfull accident being ſpeedily divulged in *Vannes*, and bruted in the neighbour Pariſhes, there are a world of people, who from all parts flock to the Pond, to be ſpectators of this dead woman; and among the reſt, *Yvon Malliot* and his wife *Jane Chaumet*, no ſooner underſtand hereof, but knowing it to be a woman, and drowned in *Monſieur de Caerſtaings* Pond, they exceedingly fear it is their Daughter *Marieta*, and to ſee the iſſue and truth hereof ſhe runs before; and he limps after as faſt as he can, as if they ſhould not come time enough to make themſelves miſerable, with the ſight and object of their miſery. Now they are no ſooner arrived to the Pond, but they ſee all the people ſtand aloof from this murdered corps, becauſe of the ſtinck thereof; but they (hardned by their fear, and encouraged by their affection) do willingly ruſh towards it, but cannot as yet diſcern what ſhe was, by reaſon the fiſhes had almoſt eaten away all the fleſh from her bones, which therefore no way ſatisfying their curioſity and enquiry, they then fall to waſh away the mud and oze from her clothes, hoping to draw ſome information and light from them, as alas they now inſtantly do, for they find the Waſtcoat and two Petty-coats; that of aſh colour ſerge, and theſe of green and red Bayes to be the very ſame which their Daughter *Marieta* wore, when ſhe either fled, or was ſtolen from them; whereat croſſing their Arms, and ſending their ſighs to heaven, and their tears to earth, this poor afflicted Father and Mother cry out that it was the dead body of their fair and unfortunate Daughter *Marieta*, and doubtleſs, that either *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* or *Pierot* the Miller, or both of them were her Murtherers; whereat all the people admire and wonder, every one ſpeaking thereof as their ſeverall fancie led them, and as they ſtood affected, or diſaffected to *Quatbriſſon*, and the Miller.

But *Pont Chauſey* rides preſently to *Vannes* (leaving the other three Gentlemen his friends to guard the Miller in his mill) and advertiſeth the Seneſhall, and the other two Judges of this deplorable fact; ſo they ſend for this Miller to *Vannes*, and the next day being brought before them, they examine and accuſe him for thus murthering of *Marieta*, but (having learnt his anſwer and reſolution of the Devill) he with many bitter oaths and curſes denies it, depoſing and ſwearing that he never knew her nor ſaw her; but this falſe anſwer and counterfeit coyn of his will no way paſs current with his Judges, but they forthwith ordain him to the Rack. Our wretched Miller *Pierot* is amazed and terrified at the ſight hereof, yea now his courage begins to fail him, as fearing it to be the true Prologue, and fatall Harbinger to his death; ſo he endures the ſingle torment reaſonable well, but feeling the pinches and tortures of the ſecond, and well knowing that his heart, Joynts, and patience can never endure it, he then and there confeſſeth to his Judges, that he was the only Author and actor of this murther, and that he ſtrangled her in his Mill, and then ſunk her in his Pond, becauſe ſhe would never conſent or yeeld to be his wife, but ſpeaks not a word of *Quatbriſſon*, or that he had any way ſeduced or hired him to commit it; but fed his exorditant thoughts and erroneous hopes with the ayr of this vain belief That when he was condemned to die here in *Vannes*, that he would then appeal thence to the Court of Parliament of *Rennes*, where he knew his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon* then was, & where he preſumed he had ſo many great and noble friends, as he ſhould not need to fear his life: But (contrary to theſe his weak & poor hopes) the very next morning when he expected to hear the ſentence of death pronounced againſt him, his Judges again adjudge him to the torments of the Scarpines, to know if *Monſieur Quatbriſſon*, or any other were acceſſary with him in this murther, when they cauſe his left foot to be burnt ſo ſoundly, as he will not endure to have his right touched, and ſo confeſſeth that his young Maſter *Quatbriſſon* ſeduced and hired him to ſtrangle *Marieta* in her bed in his Mill, and promiſed him the Fee Simple or Leaſe thereof to perform it, that he it was who likewiſe threw her into the Pond, and that he alſo believes ſhe was quick with child by his ſaid Maſter.

All,

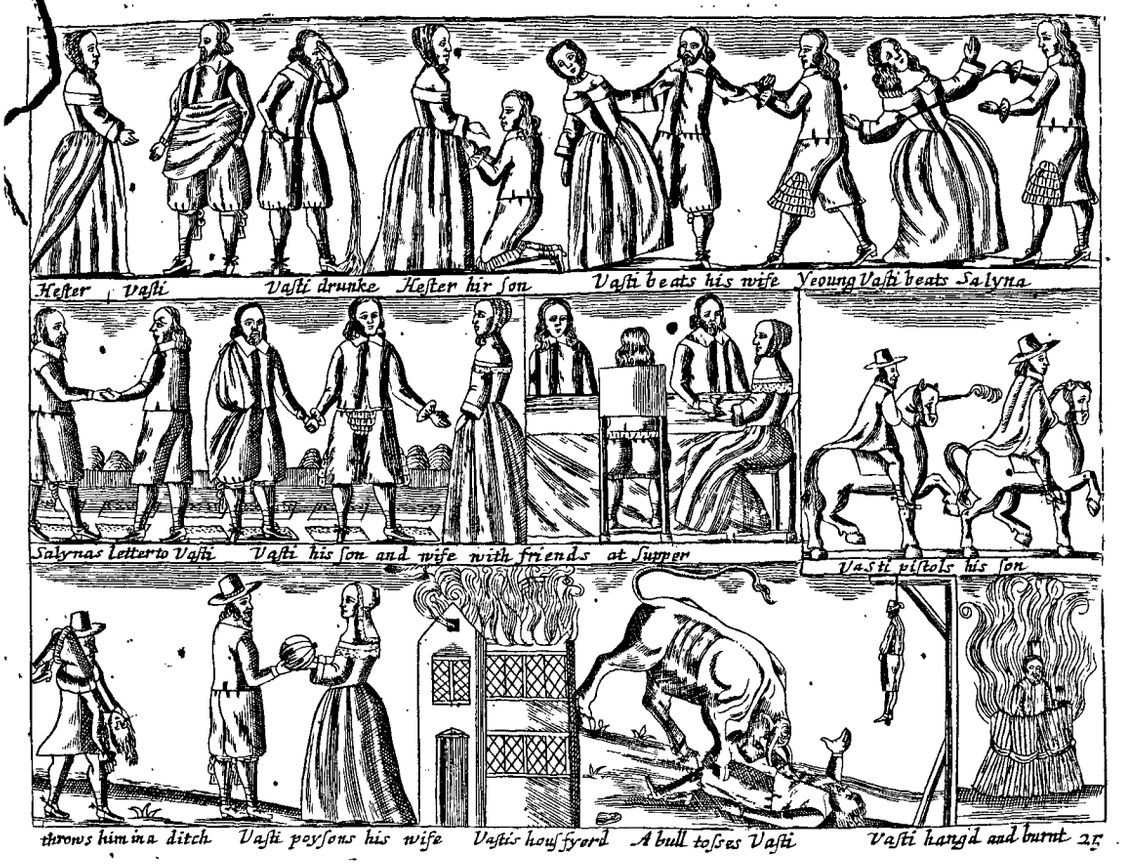
All *Vannes* wonder and talk of *Quatbriſſons* baſe ingratitude and cruelty, towards this ſilly and harmleſs young Countrey Maiden *Marieta*, yea this foul and lamentable murther, adminiſtreth likewiſe talk in all the adjoyning Towns and Pariſhes; So this execrable Miller *Pierot* is by the Seneſhall condemned to be broken alive on the Wheel, but yet (in regard of the neceſſity of his confrontation) they defer his execution till *Quatbriſſon* be apprehended in *Rennes*, where the Seneſhall, and Kings Atturney Generall of *Vannes*, do by poſt ſend away his accuſation to that famous Court of Parliament; where whiles he is prauncing in the ſtreets of that City on his great Horſe, and ruffling in his Scarlits and Satqins, with three Lacquies (richly clad) at his heels, the height of this pomp and bravery makes his ſhame the more apparant, and his crimes the more foul and notorious; For then when he thought himſelf to be fartheſt from danger, loe the Juſtice and Providence of God brings him neareſt to it; for he is now here by a band of Huyſiers (or Purſevants) taken off from his horſe, apprehended and impriſoned by the command of the Lievtenant Criminiall of that great Court, who yet vainly repoſing on the fidelity and ſecreſie of *Pierot* his Fathers Miller, he ſeems to be no way diſmaid or daunted thereat; But when he hears his accuſation and inditement read, that *Marieta's* murthered body was found in the Pond, that *Pierot* the Miller was apprehended and impriſoned for the ſame, and that he had confeſſed him to be the Author, and himſelf the Actor of this her cruell murther, then I ſay he is ſo appalled and daunted, and ſo far from any hope of life, as he utterly deſpaires thereof, and palpably ſees the Image of death before his eyes: When (with a few tears, and many ſighes) he here to his Judges confeſſeth himſelf to be the author of this foul fact, and ſo begs pardon thereof of God; for from theſe his grave and incorruptible Magiſtrates he is aſſured and confident to find none; Whereupon although four of the Counſel and one of the Preſidents, were reſolved in regard of this his inhumane and baſe crime to have him hanged, yet the reſt of that wiſe and honourable Senate, knowing him to be the Son and Heir to a very ancient Gentleman, nobly deſcended, they ore-ſway and prevaile with the others; and ſo they adjudge him the very next day to have his head cut off. although this his ſorrowfull aged Father *Mounſieur de Caerſtainge*, offered the one half of his Lands to ſave his life, & likewiſe was a moſt importunat Suppliant to the Duke of *Tremoville* (who then and there preceded at the Eſtates for the Nobility) to intercede with that Parliament for his reprivall, and with the King for his pardon, but in vain; For that noble Duke (conſidering the baſeneſs and enormity of this his inhumane fact) was too wiſe to attempt the one; and too Honourable and generous to ſeek the other. So the very next morning *Quatbriſſon* (apparrelled in a Sute of black Sattin, trimmed with Gold Lace) is brought to the Scaffold (at the common place of execution, which is in the midſt of the City) where a very great concourſe of people of all ſorts, reſort and flock to ſee him take his laſt farewell of this world, of whom the greateſt part and number, lamented and pitied, that ſo proper and noble a Gentleman, ſhould firſt deſerve, and then receive ſo untimely a death: When after the Prieſts and Friers have here prepared and directed his ſoul, he aſcending the Scaffold, with ſomewhat a low voice, and dejected and ſorrowfull countenance, he delivered this ſhort ſpeech:

That in regard he knows, that (now when he is to take his laſt leave of this life) to charge his conſcience with the concealing of any capitall crime, it the direct and true way to ſend his ſoul to hell inſtead of Heaven, he will now therefore reveale, that he is yet more execrable and bloody, then his Judges think or know, or his ſpectatours imagine, for that he not only hired *Pierot* his Fathers Miller to murther *Marieta*, but alſo the Apothecary *Moncallier* to poyſon his own Brother *Valſontain*; of both which foule and bloudy crimes of his, he now freely confeſſeth himſelf guilty, and now from his heart and ſoul ſorrowfully lamenteth and repenteth them; that his filthy luſt and inordinate affection to women was the firſt cauſe, and his neglect of prayer to God the ſecond, which hath juſtly brought him to his ſhamefull end and confuſion; and therefore he beſeecheth all, who are preſent to be ſeriouſly forewarned of the like by his wofull example, and that (in Chriſtian charity) they will now joyn their devout prayers with his to God for his ſoul. When on the Scaffold praying a little whiles ſilently to himſelf kneeling, and then putting off his Dublet, he commits himſelf to the Executioner; who at one blow ſevered his head from his ſhouldiers. But this puniſhment and death of *Quatbriſſon* ſufficeth not now to give full content and ſatisfaction to his Judges, who (by his own confeſſion) conſidering his inhumane and deplorable poyſoning of his own Brother *Valſontaine*, they as ſoon as he is dead, and before he be cold, adjudge his body to be taken down, and there burnt to aſhes at the foot of the Gibbet, which accordingly is performed.

And here our thoughts and curioſity muſt now return Poaſt from *Rennes* to *Vannes*, and from wretched *Quatbriſſon* to the baſe and bloody Miller *Pierot*, whom God and his Judges have now ordained ſhall likewiſe ſmart for this his lamentable murther on poor and harme-

leſs *Marieta*. He is brought to the Gallows in his old dusty mealy Suit of Canvas, where a Prieſt preparing him to dye, he(either out of impiety, or ignorance, or both) delivereth this idle ſpeech to the people, That becauſe *Marieta* was young and fair he is now hartily ſorry that he had not married her, and that if he had been as wiſe as covetous, the two hundred Crowns, or the Leaſe of his Mill, which his young Maſter *Monſieur Quatbriſſon* proffered him, might have made him wink at her diſhoneſty, and that although ſhe were not a true Maid to her ſelf, yet that ſhe might have proved a true and honeſt wife to him, with many other frivolous words and lewd ſpeeches tending that way; which I purpoſely omit, and reſolve to paſs over in ſilence, as holding them unworthy either of my relation; or the Readers knowledge when not having the grace once to name God, to ſpeak of his ſoul, to deſire Heaven, or to ſeem to be any way repentant and ſorrowfull for this his bloudy offence, he is ſtripped naked, having only his ſhirt faſtned about his waſt, and with an Iron Bar hath his legs, thighs, armes, and breſt, broken alive, and there his miſerable body is left naked and bloudy on the Wheel, for the ſpace of two dayes, thereby to terrifie and deterre the beholders from attempting the like wretched crime. And the Judges of *Vannes* being certified from the Court of Parliament at *Rennes*, that *Quatbriſſon* at his death charged the Apothecary *Moncallier* to have(at his hiring and inſtigation) poyſoned his Brother *Valjontaine*, they hold the Church to be too holy a place for the body and buriall of ſo prophane and bloody a Villain: When after well near a whole years time that he was buried in Saint *Franeis* Church in that Town, they cauſe his Coffin to be taken up, and both his body and it to be burnt by the Common Hang-man, and his aſhes to be thrown into the aire; Which to the Joy of all the Spectators is accordingly performed:

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXV.

Vaſti *firſt murthereth his Son* George, *and next poyſoneth his own wife* Heſter, *and being afterwards almoſt killed by a mad Bull in the fields, he revealeth theſe his two murthers, for the which he is firſt hanged, and then burnt.*

TO religious hearts, there can nothing be ſo diſtaſtfull as Sin, nor any Sin ſo odious and execrable as Murther: for it being contrary to Nature and Grace, the very thought, much more the act thereof, ſtrikes horrour to their hearts and conſciences. Wherefore, if this foule and bloudy Sin be ſo diſpleaſing to godly men, how infinitly more deteſtable is it then to God himſelf, who made all living creatures to ſerve Man, and only created Man purpoſely to ſerve himſelf? But as Choller and Malice proceed from the paſſions of men, ſo doth Murther from the Devill; for elſe we ſhould not ſo often and frequently ſee it perpetrated in moſt Countryes and Cities of the World as we do: A mournfull Example whereof I here produce to your view and ſerious conſideration.

The place of this Hiſtory, is *Fribourg* (an antient City of *Switzerland*) which gives name to one of the Diviſions (or Cantons) of that famous and warlike Country: Wherein (of freſh memory) dwelt a rich burger named *Peter Vaſty*, who had to his wife a modeſt, diſcreet, and vertuous woman named *Heſter*, by whom he had one only child, a Son called *George Vaſti*,

whom God ſent them the latter end of the firſt year of their marriage ; and for the tearm of ſome ten years following, this married couple lived in moſt kind and loving ſort each with other , yea their hearts and inclinations ſo ſympathized in mutuall and interchangeable affection, as they held and reputed none of their Neigbours ſo rich in content as themſelves ; for ſhee was carefull of her Family , and he very diligent and induſtrious to maintain it ; both of them being chaſte and continent in themſelves, very religious towards God, and exceeding charitable , affable , and courteous to all their Neighbours and Acquaintance , only they are ſo temperate in their drinking , as he would not, and ſhe could not be tainted with that beaſtly vice of drunkenneſs, whereunto that Country, and the greateſt part of that people , are but too exceſſively addicted and ſubject : So that had *Vaſti* ſtill imbraced and followed thoſe Vertues in the courſe and conduction of his life, he had not then defiled this Hiſtory with the profuſion of ſo many ſins , nor be ſprinckled it with the effuſion of ſo much innocent bloud, nor conſequently have adminiſtred ſo much ſorrow to the Reader, in peruſing and knowing it: but as contrary Cauſes produce contrary Effects , ſo he (by this time) polluting himſelf with filthy and pernicious Company, it is no marvell if he leave his temperancie to follow drunkenneſſe, his chaſtity to commit fornication and adultery, yea, it is no marvell I ſay, if theſe foul ſins (as Bawds to rage and revenge) exact ſuch power in his heart , and predominacie in his ſoul, as in the end to draw him to murther : for good men cannot receive a greater plague, nor the Devill afford or give them a worſe peſtilence, then bad company. It is the fatall Shelves , and diſmall rocks , whereon a world of people have , and do daily ſuffer ſhipwrack ; yea, it is the grief of a Kingdom and Countrey, the bane of our Age, and the corruption and poyſon of our Times : for it turnes thoſe who profeſs and purſue it, out of their Eſtates and homes , which they are then inforced either to ſell, or rather to give away to uſurers and Cormorants; and conſequently which makes themſelves , and their poor Wives and Children ready to ſtarve and dye in our ſtreets. So this is now the cauſe of our *Vaſti* , and therefore it will be his happineſſe, if it prove not his miſery hereafter : for after twelve years time of a moſt peaceable cohabitation, and Godly converſation between him and his vertuous wife *Heſter*, it is a thouſand griefs and pitties that ſhe muſt now be inforced to ſee ſo brutiſh and beaſtly a Metamorphoſis in her Husband : for he is no more the man which he was , nor the Husband which ſhe formerly found him to be. He loves neither his houſe nor his wife, but ſtayes abroad every day with his whores , and then at night returns home to her ſtark drunk, in lamentable ſort reviles and beats her, whereas heretofore he would rather have loſt his life than have ſtrucken her , and whereas heretofore he affected and loved her ſo dearly , as he thought he could not be kind enough to her , now (in the extravagancie of theſe his deboſh ed humours) he hates her ſo deadly as he deems and ſuppoſeth he cannot be ſufficiently cruell to her, although her affection be ſtill ſo fervent to him, and her care ſo vigilant and reſpectfull of him, as ſhe gives him nothing but either ſweet words, tears, ſighs, ſilence, or prayers; yea, ſhe proves her ſelf ſo good a woman to ſo bad a man, and ſo courteous and vertuous a wife to ſo unkind and vitious a Husband, as to the eyes and judgements of all their Kinsfolks and Neighbours , they know it is now her praiſe and glory, and fear it will hereafter prove his ſhame and miſery. She leaves no means unaſſayed , or invention unſought and unattempted, to divert and turn this foul inundation of his vice into the ſweet ſtreams of Vertue, and the pure rivers of Godlineſſe: But Alas good woman, her care proves vain, and her affection and zeal impoſſible hereinſ, although her pale cheeks, mournfull eyes, briniſh tears, far fetcht ſighs, religious prayers, and ſweet perſwaſions, do ſtill ſecond and accompany her indeavours in this her deſired hope of his reformation; for ſhe inforced to know that he keeps a young Strumpet named *Salyna*, at the Town of *Cleraux*, ſome ſix Leagues from *Fribourg* , whether moſt mornings he goes to her, and to make himſelf the more treacherous a diſſembler to his wife; and the more execrable a traytor to his ſoul, he fortifieth and coloureth out this his accuſtomed journey to his Strumpet with this falſe Apologie, that he goes to *Cleraux* to hear the Sermons of Mr. *Abraham Tiſſlin* , a very famous and religious Preacher there, when God and his ulcerated ſoul and conſcience know the contrary, and that this pretended excuſe of his is but only a falſe cloak to overvaile his true Adultery, and prophane Impiety : for he needed not to have formerly added whoredome to his drunkenneſſe, and now ingratitude, cruelty and impiety to his Whoredome, in regard the leaſt of theſe enormous crimes and ſinnes aſſuredly have the power , and will infallibly find the means to make him futurely as miſerable, as now he fooliſhly thinks himſelf happy; for theſe his journeys to *Cleraux* are only the Pilgrimage of his wanton Luſt. *Salyna* is the Saint of his voluptuous devotion, her houſe the Temple of his obſcene wiſhes, and Adultery the oblation and ſacrifice of his laſcivious deſires.

We can difficultly make our ſelves guilty of a fouler ſin on earth, than to ſeem ſanctified in our

our devotions towards God, when we are prophane, or to indeavour to appear ſound without, when we are rotten within in our faith and Religion; for as man is the beſt and nobleſt of all Gods creatures, ſo an hypocrite towards God in the worſt of men, yea or rather a devill and no man; for our hearts and actions, and our moſt retyred thoughts, and ſecret darling ſins, are conſpicuous and tranſparant to Gods eyes, as his decrees and reſolutions are inviſible to ours, with he ſees all things, and we ſee nothing when we do not ſee him. A miſerable hight of impiety, in making of our ſelves fooliſhly ſinners, and wilfully Hypocrites, and yet it is a more fatall and fearfull degree thereof, when we ſo delight in ſin and glory in hypocriſie, as to make Apologies for the ſame.

But *Vaſti* not thinking either of Religion or God, frolicks it out with *Salyna* his ſtrumpet in *Cleraux*, whiles his own vertuous wife *Heſter* weeps at home at *Fribourg*, and when he returns thence, he is ſtill ſo hard hearted and cruell to her, as he continually beats her. Now by this time *George* their Son is ſixteen years of age, of a mans courage and ſtature, and of a very pregnant wit; ſo that as young as he is, he hath been long enough a ſorrowfull eye-witneſs of his Fathers cruelty, in beating of his Mother; He hath formerly ſeen the lamentable affects, and now he falls on his knees to her, and (with tears and prayers) beſeecheth her to acquaint him with the true cauſe thereof, and from whence it proceeds; when his Mother (adding more confidence to his wiſdom than to his youth) from point to point fully relates it to him, accordingly as we have formerly underſtood; *George* burſt forth into ſorrowfull paſſions at her repetition, and his knowledge hereof, as not able to refrain from ſighing to ſee her ſigh, nor from weeping to ſee her weep; He as much grieves to be the Son of ſo vicious a Father, as he rejoyceth and glorieth to be that of ſo vertuous a Mother, ſo he makes her ſorrows his, and here weds himſelf to her quarrell (with promiſe and Oath) either to right it with his Father, or to revenge it on *Salyna*, whom he knows to be the originall cauſe of all theſe ſtormes and tempeſts, of all theſe afflictions and miſeries which befall his Mother, and in he himſelf: He will no longer be a child, becauſe God and nature hath now made him a man, ſo the very next time he ſees his Father beat his Mother he ſteps to her aſſiſtance, and defends her from the tyranny of his blows, and then advanceth ſo farr, as he performs it with an unwilling willing reſiſtance of him, the which his Faaher takes extremely ill and cholerickly from him, gives him ſharp words, and menaceth him with bitter blows. *George* his Son, firſt returns him a brief rehearſall of the wrongs and indignities he ſtill offereth to his Mother, when proteſting of his obedience to him, he yet tells him, that he is willing to entertaine his words but no longer capable to digeſt and receive his blows, adding withall (as a paſſionate Corollary) that ere long he will viſit his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*, and make her feel a part of her baſe carriage, and ill deſervings, both towards his Mother and himſelf: *Vaſti* is much aſtoniſhed at this audacity and boldneſs of his Son, but far more to hear him name and threaten *Salyna*, the very thought of which his ſpeeches grates him to his heart, and grieves him to his ſoul, ſo hee puts water in his wine, holds it for that time a vertue, to be no longer ſtormy but calme, and then (cholleerickly threatning him with his finger) he departs to his Chamber, leaving his wife and his Son conſulting in the Parlour, how (with moſt aſſurance, & leaſt ſcandal) they may provide for their affairs. The next morning, *Vaſti* his Father keeps his bed, & gives order, that neither his Wife or Son have admittance to him, the which diſcourteſie of his, gives his Son a freſh and ſtrong motive, to revive his laſt nights diſcontent againſt his Father, and his choller againſt *Salyna*, when bidding his Mother the good morrow, and craving her bleſſing, he (purpoſely) frames an excuſe to leave her till ſhe be ready, and ſo very privatly takes horſe, and that morning acts a buſineſs, every way worthy of himſelf, and indeed far more worthy of laughter, then of our pitty. For it is not ſo much his malice to *Salyna*, as his affection to his Mother *Heſter*, which carries him and his reſolution to *Cleraux*; where entring *Salyna's* houſe, he (with fire in his looks and thunder in his ſpeeches) calls her whore and ſtrumpet, chargeth her for abuſing his Father, and in him his Mother and himſelf. His choller cannot retain her patience, to hear her falſe anſwers and apologies to the contrary, but diſdaining as much to uſe his ſword on a woman, as to foul it on a Strumpet, he takes his mans ſhort cudgell, and gives her at leaſt a dozen blows on her back, armes and ſhoulders therewith, ſeriouſly vowing and ſwearing to her; That if ſhe forſake not his Fathers company, and uſe the means that henceforth he do utterly abandon hers, he will ſhortly give her ſo bitter a payment and requitall, as he will hardly leave her either the will or power to thank him for his courteſie, and ſo remounts his horſe, and preſently gallops home to his Mother, whom he acquaints therewith, but yet conceals it from his Father, whereat ſhe ſeems not to be a little joyfull, and yet heartily prayeth to God, that this breed no bad blood in her husband, or prove either an incitation to his choller againſt her ſelf, or a propenſion of revenge againſt their Son.

But this joy of *Heſter* and her Son *George*, proves the ſighs and tears of *Salyna*, who not accuſtomed to receive ſuch ſharp payment, and uſage from any mans hands whoſoever, it makes her

her extream chollerick and vindictive, ſo that her ſtomack is ſo great, and her heart ſo highly and imperiouſly lodged, that ſhe will not ſuffer this cruell affront offered her by *George Vaſti*, to go unrequited; but yet ſhe will be as adviſed and ſecret in her revenge towards him, as hee was raſh and publick in his towards her. To which end and purpoſe, ſeeing that *Vaſti* his Father came not to her that day (whereby ſhe judged he was wholly ignorant what had befallen her from his Son) ſhe that night writes him a ſhort-Letter, and the next morning ſends it home to *Fribourg* to him, by a confident meſſenger of hers, who arriving there and finding him penſively walking in his Garden, hee reſpectfully delivered it to him, who breaking up the Seale thereof, found it ſpake thus.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BY all the inviolabl loue and tender affection which is betwixt us, I pray and conjure you to leave Fribourg, *and come over to me with haſt and expedition to* Cleraux, *becauſe I have a great and important ſecret to reveal you, which equally concerns us, and which I dare not to commit to pen and paper; for that the relatiou and knowledge thereof needs no other witneſſes but our ſelves. If you any way neglect this my adviſe, or deny, or deferr this my requeſt, the grief will be mine now, but the prejudice and repentance yours hereafter. I write you theſe few lines with infinite affliction and ſorrow, which nothing can deface but your ſight, nor remedy but your preſence, and when you come to me, prepare your heart and reſolution, to receive it from me, with farr more tears then kiſſes.*

SALYNA.

This Letter of hers doth ſo nettle *Vaſti* with apprehenſion and fear, that his Son *George* hath offered her ſome violence and out-rage, as he is almoſt as ſoon in *Cleraux* as he is out of *Fribourg*, where his Miſtreſs *Salyna* very paſſionatly and chollerickly informes him of his Sons cruelty towards her, and (to add the more efficacie to her ſpeeches, the more power to her complaints, and the more Oile to the fire of his anger and revenge) ſhe forgets not to paint out to him (in all their colours) the number of his Sons blows, and the nature and quality of his threats given her, when watering her words with her tears, ſhe ſwears, that if he ſpeedily do not right and revenge theſe her wrongs upon his ſaid Son, ſhe will never kiſs, or ſee him more. *Vaſti* takes theſe ſpeeches from *Salynas* tongue, and placeth them in his own heart; yea he hereat is ſo chollerickly intended toward his Son, and ſo ſottiſhly affected to her, as conſulting with rage, but not with reaſon, and with Satan, not with God, hee (to exhale her tears, and ſo to give conſolation to her ſorrows) tels her; That he loves her ſo tenderly and conſtantly, as he will not fail to kill his Son for this uncivill and inhumane fact of his towards her. *Salyna* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this his unnaturall reſolution to his Son, the which (as vicious as ſhe is) ſhe abhors and condemns in him as ſoon as underſtands. So ſhe tells him plainly, that albeit ſhe have given him her heart and body, yet that ſhe is not ſo exemps of grace, nor ſo wretchedly inſtructed in Piety, as to take away her ſoul from God, and therefore that although ſhe be guilty of Adultery, yet ſhe will never be of Murther; ſo in religious termes (worthy of an honeſter woman then her ſelf) ſhe powerfully ſeeks to diſſwade him from this bloody and unnaturall attempt, as well to prevent their future wrongs and fears, as to ſecure their dangers and reputations, and ſo prayes him to ſeek out ſome other remedy and requitall towards his Son, the which he promiſeth her, and ſeals it with ſome Oaths and many kiſſes; ſtayes and dines with her, and immediatly takes horſe and rides homewards. His Son *George* finding his Father ridden forth, and being aſcertained that he was gone to *Cleraux*, to his Strumpet *Salyna*, where ſhe ſhould acquaint him at full with his beating of her, he fearing his choller, holds it more diſcretion then diſobedience in him, to take his ſword with him for his defence: when chooſing a good horſe out of the Stable, he deems it more ſecure and leſſe dangerous to meet his Father halfeway, betwixt *Cleraux* and *Fribourg*, and there in the open Field to expect and attend what he had to ſay to him. *Vaſti* ſeeing his Son *George* a far off come riding towards him, with his Sword by his ſide, he much marvelleth thereat, when well knowing his courage and vallour, and that (as young as he was) he had lately at *Shafouſe* acquitted himſelf of a duell to his honour and reputation, hee therefore reſolves to make it a tongue and not a ſword quarrell with him, and ſo they meet: *George* doing his duty to his Father with his Hat off, and his Father ſpeaking not angerly but mildly to him: Their meddow conference which they then and there had betwixt them was thus.

Fa. What reaſon hadſt thou ſo cruelly to beat poor *Salyna*?

So. *A thouſand times more then you have to beat my Mother* Heſter.

Fa. Tell me why.

So. *The reaſon is juſt and pertinent, becauſe that is your laſcivious whore, and this your chaſt and vertuous wife.*

Fa. What haſt thou gotten by this thy raſh choller in beating her?

So. *Not by farre ſo much as you have loſt by your ſottiſh luſt in kiſſing her.*

Fa. It is thy Mothers jealouſie which hath ſown and ſcattered theſe untruths in thy beliefe.

So. *I pray excuſe me, for they are palpable and apparant truths, and ſuch as it is wholly impoſſible either for your hypocriſie or police to root thence.*

Fa. Since when becameſt thou ſo ſawcie and peremptory?

So. *From that very time I firſt underſtood you were become ſo vicious.*

Fa. I have a mad Son in thee.

So. *It were a great happineſs both for my Mother and my ſelf, if you proved a tamer Husband to her and an honeſter Father to me.*

Fa. If thou follow thoſe courſes, to love thy Mother better than my ſelf, I vow I will wholly diſinherit thee.

So. *If you follow theſe courſes, to love Strumpets better than my Mother, I ſwear you will ſhortly conſume all your eſtate, and diſinherit your ſelf firſt.*

Fa. This word Strumpet is very rife in thy mouth.

So. *I wiſh to God that the thing were not ſo frequent in your heart.*

Fa. Wilt thou be friends with *Salyna*, and reconcile thy ſelf to her?

So. *Yes, when I ſee you become an enemy to her, and a friend to my* Mother, *and your ſelf, but not before.*

Fa. Why, Charity is the true mark of a Chriſtian.

So. *But I aſſure you, ſo is not Adultery and Cruelty.*

Fa. Shall I make peace betwixt thee and *Salyna*?

So. *No, but I would make it the joy of my heart, and the glory of my life, if I might be ſo happy to knit and confirm a good peace betwixt your ſelf and my Mother.*

Fa. Wilt thou attempt it, if I requeſt thee?

So. *I will, if you pleaſe to command me.*

Fa. I pray thee *George* do.

So. *My beſt endeavours ſhall herein wait on your deſires, and dutifully follow your commands.*

Fa. But be carefull to make my reconciliation with thy Mother eternall.

So. *It can never ſubſiſt, nor proſper, if you heuceforth reſolve to make it temporary, becauſe affection and amity which once receives end, had never beginning.*

Fa. Here I vow conſtantly a reformation of my life from all other women, and a perpetuall renovation of my affection to my Wife thy Mother.

So. *God and his Angels bleſs this your converſion, and confirm this reſolution in you..*

Fa. And God bleſſe thee my Son, for wiſhing and deſiring it.

So. *I thank you Sir, but I humbly pray you likewiſe to forgive and forget this my boldneſs to you in my Mothers behalf.*

Fa. George, here in preſence of God I cheerfully and freely do it from my heart.

So. *Amen, Amen, Sir.*

This meddow conference thus ended between them, they ride home towards *Fribourg*, and by the way *Vaſti* willeth and prayeth his Son, to finiſh this peace between him and his Mother that very night, and to diſpoſe her ſo effectually thereunto, as that they may make a merry ſupper of it, and all former differences between them, to be then and there ended, and for ever trampled under foot, the which *George* his Son to the beſt of his poſſible power cheerfully and joyfully promiſeth him; So home they come; *Vaſti* walks in his Garden, and *George* finds out his Mother in her own Chamber, being newly riſen from her prayers, wherein ſhe was ſo zealous and religious as ſhe ſpent the greateſt part of her time. Here *George* informs his Mother *Heſter* at full, what conference had now paſt in the open fields betwixt him and his Father: And (in a word) hee here acts his part and duty ſo well and diſcreetly, as he leaves no art nor perſwaſions unattempted to draw her to this attonement with his Father. When ſhe at firſt conſidering the nature and quality of her Husbands unkind and cruell uſage to her, ſhe found an oppoſition hereof in her mind, and a reſiſtance in her will, and a reluctancy in her nature and judgement; But at laſt giving now her former diſcontent to charity, her paſſions to peace, her ſorrows to ſilence, her reſolutions to Religion, her anger to affection, her malice to oblivion, and her grief unto God, ſhe (after a brief conſultation, and a ſhort expoſtulation hereof between them) with a cheerfull countenance thanks her Son for his care of her, and his affection to her herein; and ſo informs him, That ſhee (having never juſtly offended her Husband in thought word or deed) is as willing of peace and reconciliation with him, as he can poſſibly deſire or wiſh, and here to teſtifie it to her Son as well in action as words, ſhe would then have gone down with him to her Husband, there privatly to have concluded this Chriſtian buſineſs betwixt

twixt them, had her Son not diverted her from it; For being exceeding carefull to preſerve his Mothers right and reputation, he prayes her to ſtay, alleadging that he would preſently fetch and conduct his Father to her Chamber to her, as holding it more requiſit and juſt, that the Delinquent, ſhould firſt ſeeand ſeek the party wronged, before the party ſeek the Delinquent whereat ſhe cannot refrain from ſmiling, and then bids him go: So *George* deſcends to the Garden; and acqnaints his Father with his Mothers free diſpoſition, and cheerfull reſolution to a perpetuall peace with him, whereat he ſeems infinitly glad and joyfull, and ſo aſcendher Chamber, and having ſaluted her, tels her, that he is very ſorrowfull and repentant for his former ill carriage and unkindneſs towards her, whereof he prayes her pardon, and conſtantly vows reformation; ſo this his vertuous and kind wife *Heſter* freely forgets and forgives *Vaſti* her Husband; and then he gives her many kiſſes in requitall, and bids his Son *George* to provide good cheer for Supper; and the better to ſeal and ſolemnize this their reconciliation and atonement, he bids him to invite ſome of their Kinsfolks and Neighbours to be preſent thereat, who were formerly acquainted with their debates and differences; where no good cheer and choyce wine is wanting; So they are wonderfull frolick, pleaſant, and merry, all rejoyce at this good news, and highly applaud their Son *George*, for his diſcreet carriage and care in the managing of this buſineſs. Thus all things ſeem to be fully reconciled, and here *Vaſti* drinks many times to his wife *Heſter*, and ſhe again to her Husband with much affection and joy: When Supper being ended, their gueſts departed, and their Son *George* having received both of their bleſſings, they betake themſelves to their Chamber and bed.

Now (in all humane ſenſe and reaſon) who would once conceive or think, that after this Meadow conference of *Vaſti* to his Son *George*, but that this his now Table reconciliation with his wife *Heſter* were true, and pronounced with much integrity from himſelf, with deep affection to her, and infinite zeal and devotion to God; but Alas nothing leſs, for here I am inforced to relate, that *Vaſti* the ſame night had not lain in Bed by his wife five or ſix houres, but ſhe (good woman) ſleeping in her innocency, he (as a devill incarnate) was waking in his malice and revenge, and laughing in his ſleeve to ſee how cunningly and ſubtilly he hath lulled aſleep the courage of his Son, with a Meadow conference, and the jealouſie of his Wife with a Supper, and a few ſweet words and kiſſes: When here againe the Devill blowing the coles to his luſt, and marſhalling up his former obſcene deſires and reſolutions, only his body is in bed with his wife *Heſter*, here in *Fribourg*, but his affection and heart is ſtill in the boſome of his Strumpet *Salyna* in *Cleraux*; yea the Devill I ſay, is now both ſo buſie and ſo ſtrong with him, that (as a helliſh counſellour, and prodigious pen-man) hee writes down this definitive ſentence in his thoughts, and fatall reſolution iu his heart: That *Salyna* he will love, and his wife *Heſter* he cannot, and that ſhortly he will give ſo ſharp a revenge to his Son *George*, for his diſobedience towards him, and for beating of his *Salyna*, as ſhe ſhall have no further cauſe to feare his cruelty, nor himſelf his courage, and becauſe he prefers her love to his own life (as being dangerouſly intangled and captivated in the ſnares of her youth and beauty) he likewiſe reſolves to write and ſend her a Letter the very next morning.

Now judge Chriſtian Reader, is not this like to prove a ſweet reformation and reconciliation of *Vaſti* to his wife and Son, ſith theſe are the ſparks which diffuſe and flie out from the fire of his luſt, and the fatall lines which iſſue forth from the Centre of his bloudy heart, and ſinfull ſoul, for in the morning before his wife is out of her bed, he is ſtirring and writes this Letter to *Salyna*, which hee ſends her by a truſty meſſenger.

VASTI to SALYNA.

I Am plotting of a buſineſs, which will infinitly import both our contents; ſo if thou wilt reſolve to brook my abſence, with as much patience, as I do thine with ſorrow, I ſhall finiſh it the ſooner, and conſequently the ſooner ſee thee. I have met with an Accident, which I thought was wholly impoſſible for me to meet with; and though at firſt it brought me fear and affliction, yet at length I was inforced to interpoſe diſcretion, inſtead of courage, thereby to draw ſecurity out of policie, which I could not hope for out of reſiſtance; for I muſt inform thee of this truth, that if my Zeal and affection to thee had not been of greater power and conſideration then that of mine own life, I ſhould then with more facility and willingneſs rather have hazarded it for thy ſake, then have reſerved it for mine own. But the miſts of thoſe doubts are now diſſipated, and the Clowds of theſe fears blown away; or if not, I will ſhortly take that order, that thou ſhalt have no cauſe to fear the one, or I to doubt the other. When I ſhall be ſo happy to ſee thee, I know not, but if fortune prove propitious to my deſires and wiſhes, my return ſhall be acted with as much celerity, as it is eagerly longed for of me with affection and paſſion.

VASTI.

Salyna

Salyna receives this Letter of *Vaſti* with equall fear and joy; for as ſhe was glad to heare of hi[s] and his news, ſo ſhe was ſorrowfull, as fearing that for her ſake he ſhould imbark himſel[f] in ſome bloudy buſineſs, which might prove ruinous to them both: And although her ap[p]rehenſion do far exceed her knowledge herein, yet her ſuſpicion will give her no truce, neither can her jealouſie adminiſter any peace either to her heart or mind, before ſhe be reſolved by *Vaſti* of the doubtfull and different truth hereof, She is ſo prophane and laſcivious, as ſhe can content her ſelf to make him guilty of Fornication; but yet Religion hath left ſome ſparks and impreſſions of Piety in her, that ſhe would ſtill have him innocent of Revenge and Murther: to which effect, by his own meſſenger ſhe returnes him this anſwer.

SALYNA to VASTI.

BEcauſe you deem mee unworthy to know your Deſignes, therefore I have aſſumed the boldneſs to fear them, in which regard and conſideration find it not ſtrange that I now intreat you to ingrave in your heart, and imprint in your memory, that malice is moſt commonly ſquint ey'd, and Revenge ſtill blind: therefore if you will not ruine our affections and fortunes, take heed that you imbrue not your heart and hand in innocent blood; for Murther is a crying and a Scarlet ſin, which God may forgive and make white by his Mercie, but will not by his Juſtice; whereof this my Letter of advice to yee ſhall be a witneſs betwixt God, your ſelf, and me: and therefore, as you love mee, hazard not your life for my ſake, but preſerve it for your own. As it is in your will to make your ſtay from mee as long or ſhort as you pleaſe, ſo it ſhall be in my pleaſure to Judge thereof, and thereby likewiſe of your affection to me. I wiſh I could be more yours then I am, and your ſelf as often in my ſight and company, as I deſire God proſper you in your ſtay, and me in your abſence.

SALYNA.

Vaſti having thus ſettled his affection and affaires with *Salyna*, he ſees with grief that it is now almoſt impoſſible for him to ſee her in *Cleraux*, becauſe of the vigilant and watchfull eye of his Son *George*, over himſelf and his actions here in *Fribourg*; wherefore notwithſtanding her wholeſome and religious advice to him to beware of bloud, yet his luſtfull affection to her doth ſo outbrave and conquer his naturall love to him, that to ſatisfie his inordinat concupiſcence, and to give content to his obſcene and beaſtly deſires, he vows he will ſhortly ſend him to Heaven in a bloudy Coffin. Now the ſooner and better for him to compaſs and finiſh this his deplorable ſtratagem, and unnaturall reſolution againſt his Son, his counſellour the Devill adviſeth him that he muſt for a ſhort time make wonderfull fair weather with him, and gild over all his ſpeeches and actions to his wife *Heſter*, with much reſpect and courteſie; the which *Vaſti* doth ſpeedily put in practice: So for a moneth or ſix weeks time, he ſees not *Salyna*, but all things (to the eye of the World) go in great peace, affection, and tranquility betwixt Father, Mother, and Son. But this falſe Sunſhine will be too ſoon o'retaken with a diſmall ſtorm and tempeſt: for what religious or Chriſtian ſhew ſoever *Vaſti* externally makes unto them, yet although he have God in his tongue, he nevertheleſſe internally carries the Devill about him in his heart; ſo again and again he definitively vowes and ſwears to himſelf, that his Son *George* ſhall not live but die. Thus being reſolute in his bloody purpoſe, hee likewiſe reſolves to add policy to his malice againſt him, as thinking and hoping thereby, with more facility to draw him to the lure and ſnare which (in his diabolicall invention) he hath ordained for his deſtruction, he fils his head with the fumes and honour of military actions, inflames his courage with the generoſity and dignity of a Souldier, whereunto as alſo to travell into our Countries, he knew that this his Son of himſelf was already ambitiouſly inclined and affected. At other times he repreſenteth to him, to how many dammages and dangers idleneſs is expoſed and ſubject, and what a noble part and ornament it is in young men to learn Vertues abroad, thereby to be the more capable to know how to practiſe them at home, and with what renown and glory their Anceſtours have heretofore beaten and ruined the Dukes of *Burgundie*, their profeſſed enemies, and now made themſelves and their Countrey famous to the greateſt Princes and Potentates of *Europ*, eſpecially to the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, who theſe many years, and now likewiſe at preſent (qd. he) do equally court our affections and ſervice, though not with the ſame or like integrity. And theſe, and ſuch treacherous Lectures, doth *Vaſti* ſtill read unto his Son *George*, as often as he cals him into his company and preſence untill at laſt the fame and name of a Souldier, and the honour of travell, have ſo ſurpriſed his youthfull affection, and ſeiz'd on his ambitious reſolutions, that at laſt he beſeecheth his Father to ſend him abroad in ſome martiall ſervice, or generous imployment. But the Father being as cunning as his Son is raſh and inconſiderate, ſuffereth himſelf of purpoſe to be earneſtly

and

and frequently importuned by him to that effect; the which he doth: When at laſt his Father promiſeth to ſend him to *Rome*, to his Uncle *Andrew Vaſti*, who (he ſaith) is a chief Captain of one of the Companies of this preſent Pope *Urban* VIII. his Guard; who was an old man very rich, and without wife, childe, or kinſman with him. *George* thanks his Father for his courteſie and honour, and importuneth him again and again to haſten this his departure and journey to *Rome* to his Uncle, the which he then firmly promiſeth him: but yet the greateſt difficulty hereof is, how he may obtain his Wifes conſent to this journey of her Son; who at firſt oppoſeth it very ſtrongly and paſſionately, as knowing her Son to be her only childe, her right arm, a great part of her ſelf, the delight and joy of her life, and the prop and ſtay of her age. But the Father leaves his Son to draw and obtain his Mothers conſent, as politickly knowing and foreſeeing, that the leſs himſelf, and the more his Son importun'd her, the ſooner ſhe would grant it; the which indeed fell out as he expected. Only whereas the Son requeſted to ſtay four years abroad, his Father gave him but three, and his Mother would grant him but two, whereunto at laſt both Father and Son were enforced to condeſcend; and now this cruel-hearted Father provides his courteous natured Son *George* a new Suit of apparel, a Horſe, and Money; and reſolves to accompany and bring him at far as *Turin* in his journey; which courteſie of his, his Wife and Son take moſt lovingly and thankfully. The morn of *George* his departure comes, and becauſe his Mother the precedent night dreamt that her Son ſhould die in this journey, ſhe was now exceeding ſorrowfull to let him go and depart from her; but being again fortified and rectified by the advice of her Husband, and likewiſe vanquiſhed by the importunate requeſts and prayers of her Son, ſhe bedews his cheeks with her tears, gives him much good counſel, ſome gold, and her bleſſing; and ſo they take leave each of other, God putting apprehenſion into her heart, and the Devil aſſurance into her Husbands reſolutions that ſhe ſhould never ſee her Son again: And indeed I write with grief, that we ſhall progreſs very little farther in this Hiſtory, before we ſee her dream verified, and her apprehenſion confirmed. The manner thus.

For *Vaſti* (being privately as reſolute in his malice and revenge to his Son, as this his Son is innocent in not deſerving it of his Father) is ſo far from bringing him to *Turin*, as he will not bring him as far as *Geneva*, but a mile before he comes to *Loſanna* (where he tells his Son he would lye that night) the night approaching, and in a long narrow Lane, where he ſaw that no earthly eye could ſee him (being wholly deprived of the grace and fear of God, and abſolutely abandoned to Satan and Hell) as his ſon rides cloſe before him, he ſhoots him thorow the back with his Piſtoll, charged with a brace of bullets, who immediatly falling dead to the ground, he there deſcends his horſe, and (without any remorſe or pitty, as no father, but rather as a Devil incarnate) cuts off his noſe, moſt lamntably ſcars and mangles his face, that he might not be known, and ſo takes him on his ſhoulders, and there throws him into a deep ditch or precipice, as alſo the ſaddle and bridle of his horſe, and turning the horſe to ſeek his fortune in the wide fields, he (to provide for his ſafety) rides ſwiftly to *Morges*, and there very ſecretly huſheth himſelf up, pretending to be ſick, and eight days being expired (which was the prefixed time and day, he gave his wife for his return) he by a contrary Road way of *Rolle* and *Saint Claude*, arrives home to *Fribourg* to her, brings her word of the health of her ſon, and of the remembrance of his duty to her, and that he left him well in *Turin*, expecting the benefit of good company to travel up to *Rome*; whereat, harmleſs loving Mother, ſhe weeps for joy, and yet rejoyceth in weeping.

And now for ſome ten days after his return from acting this woſull and deplorable Tragedy on his ſon, he keeps a good correſpondency and decorum with his Wife *Heſter*; but at the end thereof (ſolely forgetting his heart and ſoul, his God and his conſcience, his promiſes and oaths, and his attonement and reconciliation (he again falls into the dangerous relapſe of his former old Vice; Whoredom and Drunkenneſs; and yet counſelled by a better Angel then his own, he forbears to beat her, as well ſeeing, and now knowing, that thereby nothing redounded to him, but ſcandal and ſcorn from all his neighbors, friends, and kinſfolks. But now his luſt is again ſo great, and his deſires ſo fervently laſcivious towards *Salyna*, that in ſtaying leſs than eight weeks, he thinks he hath ſtayed more than ſeven years from her; when pretending another journey to his Wife, he rides over to *Cleraux* to her. *Salyna* gives him many kiſſes for his welcom, and a many more for relating to her, that he hath ſent away his ſon *George* to *Rome*, & to reſide and live there; for ſhe being his Fathers ſtrumpet, her guilty and ſinful conſcience made her ſtand in extream fear of him; but yet amidſt her kiſſes & pleaſures with him, (remembring the tenour and contents of his laſt Letter to her, and her anſwer thereof to him) her thoughts are ſomething touched with doubt, and her mind aſſaulted & perplexed with fear, that the Father had played no fair play with his Son, but that in regard of his inveterate malice to him for beating her, he might have ſent him to heaven, and not to *Rome*.

To

which purpoſe, ſhe feels and ſounds him every way, but he is as conſtant to deny it, as ſhe ious to enquire after it. So ſhee believing that he had aſſumed no bloudy thoughts againſt on, ſhe is not yet ſo devoyd of grace, or exempt of goodneſs, but ſhe gives him this re- us caveat for a Memento, which ſhe delivers to him accentively and paſſionatly, That if e knew he had made away his Son by any untimely end, or unnaturall accident, or that he were any way acceſſary to any prodigious diſaſter which had befaln him, ſhe vowd to God, and ſwore to him, that ſhe would ſpit in his face, diſdain his company, and reject his affecti- on and himſelf for ever; for that ſhe was moſt aſſured and confident that God (in his due time) would pour down vengeance and confuſion on thoſe whom the Devill had ſeduced and drawn to imbrue their hearts and hands in innocent bloud. But *Vaſti* is paſt grace, and therefore ſlightly paſſeth over theſe vertuous ſpeeches of his vitious *Salyna*, with a denyall and a kiſs; and then they fall to their mirth and familiarity, and he ſtayes there all that day, and lies with her the whole night following; but ſtill *Salyna* (reſembling her ſelf and her profeſſion) is very ſingrative of his Gold, and he as ſottiſhly prodigall in giving it to her, as ſhe is co- vetons to crave and deſire it of him: ſo (after he had glutted himſelf with his beaſtly pleaſures of *Salyna*) he the next day rides home to his wife, who knowing where, and with whom he had been, and conſidering it to be the firſt time of his new errour, and his firſt relapſe into his old one, ſince their reconciliation, ſhe ſayes nothing to him to diſcontent him; but yet thinks and fears the more. When retiring her ſelf into her Garden (after many bitter ſighs and tears for theſe her immerited croſſes and calamities) ſhe there grieves and repents herſelf for per- mitting her Son *George* to go to *Rome*, and a thouſand thouſand times wiſheth his return to aſſiſt and comfort her: but her tears herein prove as vain, as her wiſhes are impoſſible to be ef- fected, although at preſent very needfull and neceſſary for her.

For now *Vaſti* her Husband (to make her ſorrows the more infinite, her hopes the more deſ- perate, and her afflictions the more remidieleſs) falls again to his old practice of beating her, notwithſtanding all his late Oaths and new promiſes to the contrary; but he the more eſpecial- ly playes the Tyrant with her in this kind, when he comes home to her from his cups and whores, for ſhe knows with grief, that he retains and entertains more than *Salyna*, only ſhe is too ſure that *Salyna* hath his purſe, his company, his affection, and his heart at her com- mand, far more than her ſelf; ſhe ſends her ſighs to Heaven, and her prayers to God, that (out of the profundity of his mercy and goodneſs he would be pleaſed; either to amend her Huſ- band or to end her ſelf; for griefs, ſorrows, and afflictions are ſo heaped on her, and (like the waves of the Sea) fall ſo faſt one upon the neck of the other to her, that ſhe is weary of her life, and of her ſelf. When on a time after he had cruelly beaten her, torn off her head attire, given her a black eye and ſwoln face, and diſheveld and diſparpled her haire about her ears and ſhoulders (making God her Protector, and Chamber her Sanctuary, exempting her ſervants who came to aſſiſt and comfort her, and faſt bolting her door) ſhe to her ſelf very penſively and mournfully breaths forth theſe ſpeeches.

O poor *Heſtor*, what ſenſible grief is it to my heart, to think, and matchleſs torments to thy mind, to ſee and remember, that whiles thou art true to thy Husband *Vaſti*, he proves both ingratefull and falſe to thee, and that he continually makes it his delight and glory to hate thee who art his deár wife, purpoſely to beſtow his time and his affection, yea to caſt away his eſtate and himſelf, on his lewd young ſtrumpet *Salyna*. O were he more happy and leſs guilty in that laſcivious and beaſtly crime, I ſhould then be leſs miſerable, and more patient and joy- full in the remembrance thereof. O how wretched is his eſtate and condition! and therefore how miſerable is thine, in that he wilfully forſakes God and his Church to follow adultery and drunkenneſs, and abandoneth all piety and prayer, to Shipwrack himſelf, and (which is worſe) his ſoul, upon all carnall pleaſures and voluptuous ſenſualities; The which grieving to ſee, and almoſt drowning my ſelf night and day in my tears to underſtand; I have none but God to aſſiſt me in theſe my bitter afflictions and miſeries, and under God, none, but my hop:full Son *George*, left to comfort me in theſe my unparalleld calamities and diſconſolati- ons. Therefore, O God, if ever thou heardeſt the prayers, or beheldeſt the tears of a poor miſerable diſtreſſed woman, becauſe I can neither now ſee, nor futurely hope for any refor- mation in the life & actions of my debauched and vicious Husband, be (beſeech thee) ſo indul- gent and gracious to me, thy moſt unworthy Hand-maid, that either ſhortly thou return me my ſaid Son from *Rome*, or ſpeedily take me to thy ſelf in Heaven; But yet O my bleſſed Sa- viour and Redeemer, not my, but thy will be done in all things.

She having thus (privatly to her ſelf) vented her ſorrows, but not as yet found the means, either how to remedy or appeaſe them, becauſe her Husband is no Changeling, but is ſtill re- ſolute in this ingrateſull unkindneſs and cruelty towards her, ſhee is now reſolved (though with infinite grief and reluctation) to acquaint the Preacher of the Pariſh and ſome

two of her Husbands deereſt and neereſt Kinsfolks to ſpeak with him again, and to acquaint them with his pernitious relapſe into all his old vices of Drunkenneſſe, Whordome, and fighting, and to deſire them to uſe all their poſſible power to divert him from it, wherein reſolution hath this juſt excuſe, that if they cannot work it, none but God can; But their care, affection and zeal cannot prevail with him; For he with the filthy Dog returns to his vomit, and with the brutiſh Swine againe to wallow in the durt, and weltr in the mire of his former vices and voluptuouſneſs. For now her Husband *Vaſti* is oftner at *Cleraux* with his *Salyna*, then at home at *Fribourg* with his wife, who (as formerly we have underſtood) ſtill makes him pay dear for his pleaſures, and as a ſubtle rooking ſtrumper, emptieth his Purſe of his Gold, as faſt as he fooliſhly filleth it, he being not contented to waſt his body, to Ship wrack his reputation, to caſt away his time, but alſo to caſt away his eſtate, and himſelfe on her; the which his vertuous wife cannot but obſerve with ſorrow, and remember with griefe and vexation, but ſhe ſees it impoſſible for her how to redreſs it: For ſhe is not capable to diſſemble her diſcontent to him ſo privatly, as he publikly makes known his cruelty to her, wherefore her thoughts ſuggeſt her, and her judgment prompts her, to prove another experiment and tryall on him. To which end ſhe tels him, that if he will not henceforth abandon beating of her, forſake his old vices, and become a new man, and a reformed Husband, that then all delayes ſet a part, ſhe will ſpeedily (by ſome one of her neareſt Kinsfolks) ſend Poaſt to *Rome* to his Brother Captain *Andrew Vaſti*, that her Son *George* return hom to her to *Fribourg*, the which ſhe is more then confident, upon the receipt of her firſt Letter, he will ſpeedily and joyfully performe.

Her Husband *Vaſti* is extremly galled with this ſpeech, and netled with this reſolution of his wife *Heſter*, becauſe (wretched villain as he is) he (but too well) knows he hath already ſent his Son to Heaven in a bloudy winding-ſheet, and therefore both fears and knows, that by this his wifes ſending Poaſt to *Rome*, his deplorable and damned fact will infallibly burſt forth and come to light, the which therefore to prevent, he (as bad and cruell hearted as the Devill himſelf) is execrably reſolved to heap *Oſſa* upon *Pelion*, to add bloud to bloud, and murther to murther; and ſo now ſo poyſon the Mother his wife, as he had lately piſtolled his and her only Son to death. O *Heſter*, it had been a ſingvlar happineſs for thee, that thou haſt not thus threatned thy Husband *Vaſti*, to ſend to *Rome* for thy Son *George*, but that thou hadſt either been dumb when thou ſpeakeſt it, or he deaf when he heard it; for hereby thinking to preſerve thou haſt extreamly indangered thy ſelf, and hoping to make thy Son thy refuge and champion, I fear with grief, and grieve with fear, that thou haſt made thy ſelf the ruine of thy ſelfe.

For *Vaſti* is ſo ſtrong with the Devill, and ſo weak with God, in this his bloody deſign, to murther his wife *Heſter*, as neither grace or Nature, Religion or God, the fear of his bodies tortures in this life, or of his ſoules torments in that to come are able to divert him from it, he having no other reaſon for this his damnable rage, nor no other cauſe for this his infernall and helliſh cruelty, but this triviall and yet pittifull poor one, that his wife *Heſter* is an eyeſore to him, becauſe his *Salyna* is ſo to her. A wretched excuſe, and execrable Apology, and no leſs execrable and wretched is he that makes it. So he (turning his back to God; and his face and heart to the Devill) provids himſelf of ſtrong poyſon, and cunningly infuſing it into a muſk Mellon, which he knew ſhe loved well, and reſolved to eat that day at dinner, ſhe greedily eating a great part af it, before night dies thereof. When very ſubtlely he gives out to his ſervants and Neighbours, that ſhe dyed of a Surfet, in then and there eating too much of the muſk Mellon; and ſo all of them confidently beleeve and report.

Thus we have ſeen with ſorrow, and underſtood with grief, that this execrable wretch *Vaſti* hath played the part of a Devill, in poyſoning his vertuous and harmleſs wife *Heſter*, and now we ſhall likewiſe ſee him play the part of an Hypocrite to conceal it, as if it lay in his power to blind-fold the eyes of God, as wel, or as eaſily, as to hood-wink thoſe of men from the ſight and knowledge thereof. He ſeems wonderfull ſorrowfull for his wifes death, dights himſelf and his ſervants all in black, provides a great dinner, and performes her Funerall with extraordidary ſolemnity. But notwithſtanding God looks on him with his eye of Juſtice, for both theſe his cruell and inhumane barbarous murthers of his Son and wife, and therefore now (in his providence) reſolves to puniſh him ſharply and ſeverely for the ſame; As mark the ſequell, and it will inſtantly inform us how.

Our debauched and bloudy *Vaſti*, immediatly upon his wifes death and buriall, doth without intermiſſion haunt the houſe and company of his laſcivious ſtrumpet *Salyna* at *Cleraux*, as if the injoying of her ſight, preſence, and ſelf, were his chiefeſt delight, and moſt ſoveraigne earthly felicity. He ſpends a great part of his eſtate on her, and to ſatifie her covetous and his luſtfull deſires, he is at laſt enforced to morgage and ſell away all his Lands, For as long as he had

had mony, ſhe was his, but when that failed him, then ſhe (as a right ſtrumpet, acted a true part of her ſelf) failed in her accuſtomed kindneſſe and familiarity towards him, and caſts him off.

The judgements of God, and the decrees of Heaven, are as ſecret as ſacred, and as miraculous as juſt, which we ſhall ſee will now by degrees be apparently made good and verified in this monſter of men, and Devill of Fathers and Husbands, *Vaſti*. For his manſion houſe, and all his utenſills and moveables in *Fribourge*, are conſumed with a ſudden fire, proceeding from a flaſh of lightning from Heaven; as alſo all his granges of corn, and ſtacks of Hay, and yet thoſe of all his Neighbours round about him are untouched and ſafe. His corn alſo which grows in the Field brings forth little or no increaſe, his Vines wither and die away, all his horſes are ſtoln from him, and moſt of his Cattell, Sheep and Goats, die of a new and ſtrange diſeaſe; For being (as it were mad) they wilfully and outragiouſly run themſelves to death one againſt the other; he is amazed at all theſe his (unexpected) wonderfull loſſes and croſſes, and yet this vile miſcreant and inhumane murtherer, hath his conſcience ſtill ſo ſeared up; and his heart and ſoul ſo ſtupified and obdurated by the Devill, that he hath neither the will, power, or grace to look up to Heaven or God, and ſo to ſee and acknowledge, from whom and for what all theſe afflictions and calamities befall him: He grows into great poverty, and again to raiſe him and his fortunes, he now knows no other art or means left him than to marry his ſtrumpet *Salyna*, to whom he hath given great ſtore of Gold, and on whom (as we have formerly heard) he hath ſpent the greateſt part of his Lands and Eſtate. He ſeeks her in marriage, but (hearing of his great loſſes, and ſeeing of his extreme poverty) ſhe will not derogat from her ſelf, but very ingratefully denies and diſdains him, and will not henceforth permit, him to enter into her houſe, muchleſſe to ſee or ſpeak with him: he is wonderfull bitten and galled with this her unkind repulſe, and then is driven to ſuch extreme wants and neceſſity, as he is enforced to ſell and pawn away, all thoſe ſmall trifls and things which are left him, thereby to give himſelf a very poor maintenance. So (as a wretched Vagabond whom God had juſtly abandoned for the enormity of his delicts and crimes) he now roams and ſtrangleth up and down the ſtreets of *Fribourg*, and the Country Pariſhes and houſes thereabouts, without meat, mony or friends, and which infinitly worſe then all, without God. But all theſe his calamities and diſaſters, are but the Harbingers and Fore-runners of greater miſeries and puniſhments, which are now ſuddenly and condignly prepared to ſurprize and befall him; whereof the Chriſtian Reader is religiouſly prayed to take deep notice, and full obſervation; becauſe the glory of God, and the Triumphs of his Revenge, in theſe his Judgements, do moſt divinely appear, and ſhine forth to the whole world therein.

Vaſti on a time returning from *Cleraux* towards *Fribourg* (where he had been to beg ſome mony or meat of *Salyna*, either whereof ſhe was ſo hard hearted to deny him) the Providence and pleaſure of God ſo ordained it, That in the very ſame Meadow and place, and neer the ſame time and hour, which formerly he, and his Son *George* had their conference there (being very faint and weary) he lay himſelf down to ſleep there at the foot of a wilde Cheſ-nut-tree; yea, he there ſlept ſo ſoundly, the Sun being very hot, that he could not hear the great noyſe, and out-cry which many people there a far off made in the Meadow, for the taking of a furious mad Bull; This Bull I ſay, no doubt but being ſent from God, ran directly to our ſleeping and ſnoring *Vaſti* toſt him twice up in the ayre on his horns, tore his Noſe, and ſo wonderfully mangled his face, that all who came to his aſſiſtance held him dead; but at laſt they knowing him to be *Vaſti* of *Fribourg*, and finding him faintly to pant and breath for life againſt death they take off his clothes and apparell, and then apparantly diſcover and ſee, that this mad Bul with his horns hath made two little holes in his belly, whereof at one of them a ſmall piece of his Gut hangs out, they carry him to the next Cottage, and laying him down ſpeechleſs, they and himſelf believe, he cannot live half an hour to an end, and as yet he ſtill remains ſpeechleſs; but at laſt breathing a little more, and well remembring himſelf, and ſeeing this his diſaſterous accident, it pleaſed the Lord (in the infiniteneſſe of his goodneſs) to open the eyes of his faith, to mollifie the flintineſs of his heart, to reform the deformity of his conſcience, and to purge and cleanſe the pollution of his ſoul, for now he layes hold of Chriſt Jeſus and his promiſes; forſakes the Devill and his treacheries, and God now ſo ordaineth and diſpoſeth of him, that for want of other witneſſes (ſeeing himſelf on the brink and in the Jaws of death) he now becommeth a witneſs againſt himſelf, and confeſſeth before all the whole company; That he it was neer *Loſanna*, who murthred his own Son *George* with a Piſtoll, and who ſince poyſoned his own wife *Heſter* with a Musk Mellon, for which two foul and inhumane facts of his, he ſaid, he from his heart and ſoul begged pardon and remiſſion of God.

Here upon this confeſſion, ſome of the company rid away to *Fribourg*, and acquaint the

Criminall Officers of Juſtice thereof; who ſpeedily ſend two Chirurgions to dreſs his wounds, and four Sergeants to bring *Vaſti* thither alive, if poſſibly they can. They ſearch his wounds, and although they find them mortall, yet they believe he may live three or four dayes longer. So they bring him to *Frybourg* in a Cart, and there he likewiſe confeſſeth to the Magiſtrates his two aforeſaid bloudy and cruell Murthers, drawn thereunto as he ſaith, by the treacherous allurements and temptations of the Devill: So the ſame day, they for ſatisfaction of theſe his unnaturall crimes do condemn him to be hanged, and then his body to be burnt to Aſhes; which is accordingly executed in *Fribourg*, in the preſence of a great concourſe of people, who came to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world, but they thinking and expecting that hee would have made ſome religious ſpeech at his death, hee therein deceived their hopes and deſires: for he only prayed to himſelf privatly, and then repeating the Lords Prayer, and the Creed, and recommending his ſoul to God, and his body to Chriſtian buriall, without once mentioning or naming his Son *George*, his wife *Heſter*, or his ſtrumpet *Salyna*, he (lifting up his eyes to Heaven) was turned over; and although (being a tall and corpulent man) he there brake the Rope and fell, yet he was found ſtark dead on the ground.

And thus was the wretched life, and deſerved death of this bloudy Monſter of Nature *Vaſti*. May we therefore read this his Hiſtory to Gods glory, and to our own reformation.

The end of the fifth Book.

FINIS.

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF

GODS REVENGE

AGAINST

THE CRYING AND

Execrable Sin of Murther;

EXPRESSED

In thirty ſeverall Tragicall Hiſtories, (digeſted into Six Books) which contain great variety of mournfull and memorable Accidents, Hiſtoricall, Morall, and Divine.

Book VI.

Written by *JOHN REYNOLDS.*

LONDON:

Printed by *Sarah Griffin* for *William Lee*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Fleet ſtreet*, at the ſign of the *Turks Head* neer the *Mitre*-Tavern. 1656.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *IAMES STANLEY*,

Knight of the *Bath*, Lord *Strange*, Son and Heir apparant to *William* Earl of *Derby*, one of the moſt ancient Knights of the Illuſtrious Order of the *GARTER*.

MY LORD,

THE *firſt time that I had the honour to ſee and know your Lordſhip was in* France, *when you then began your Travels, accompanied with your* Noble *and* Generous *younger Brother* Sir Robert Stanley, (*likewiſe Knight of the* Bath) *who now lives with God: And (if my fancy deceive not my Iudgement) it is equally worthy both of my thoughts, and of your Lordſhips memory, to ſee how propitious God hath ſince proved to your content, and remaines to your felicity, in ſo highly recompenſing this your loſs of a* Noble Brother, *with the rich gift of a* Vertuous Wife, *your Right Illuſtrious* Lady, *who is deſcended from no meaner houſe than the famous Dukes of* Tremoville *by her Father, and the Victorious* Princes *of* Orenge *by her Mother, and who being tranſplanted from* France, *and (in the Sacred Bonds of Marriage) here matched and incorporated to your Lordſhip, hath (by the* Mercy *and* Providence *of God) in a few years brought*

you

you many ſweet Olive Plants *and* Branches *to perpetuate your ancient* Name, *and moſt Honourable* Family *of the* Stanleys.

And what are all theſe benefits of Nature, *and bleſſings of* Grace, *which God hath ſo opportunely ſent, and graciouſly given you, in and by them, but ſuch, and ſo ſublime and tranſcendent, that they are ſtrong proofs of his* Mercy *and* Goodneſs *towards you, and I doubt not but (in a pious reſolution) your* Lordſhip *reciprocally makes them the cauſe of your eternall gratitude and thankfulneſs to his ſacred* Majeſty *for the ſame.*

And indeed who can poſſibly have, or conceive a different thought, that obſerves how your Lordſhip *conducts all your actions by* Reaſon, *and not by* Paſſion: *That as you eſteem* Vertue, *to be the chiefeſt earthly* Honour, *ſo you likewiſe value* Piety *and* Godlineſs *to be the beſt and moſt Soveraign* Vertues. *That you are confident, that in* Hearts *and* Soules *which are well and fairly endowed,* Honour *and* Honeſty *ſhould ſtill bee Twins, or inſeparable Companions and Individuals, becauſe the former without the latter, is but as fire of ſtraw to the Sun-ſhine; and to ſhut up this point, that your Honour gives the chiefeſt functions and faculties of your* Soule *to* God, *and the ſecond to the proſperity and ſervice of your* Prince *and* Countrey, *that being the true mark of a Religious Chriſtian, and this of an excellent Subject, and Honourable* Patriot.

And this my good Lord) *was the Originall cauſe, and theſe are the prevailing Motives and Reaſons, why I trench ſo farr upon your Lordſhips* Greatneſs *and* Goodneſs, *in proffering up this my Sixth and laſt Book of* Gods Revenge againſt Murther, *to your Noble* Protection *and* Patronage; *not that your Lordſhip is the laſt in my* Affection *and* Zeal, *much leſſe in my* Reſpects *and* Obſervance: *But that I could give no ſatisfaction to my ſelf, before I had prefixed your* Illuſtrious Name, *to this my unpolliſhed Work, and before I had given a publike teſtimony to the whole world in generall, and more eſpecially to our little world* England *in particular, what place and power your Honourable* Birth *and* Vertues *have deſervedly taken up in my heart, and worthily purchaſed in my moſt reſerved and intire affection.*

The Hiſtories *which this Book relates, are memorable and mournfull, and to give your Honour my opinion of them, they are as lamentable for the bloudy facts, as memorable for the ſharp, yet juſt puniſhments inflicted for the ſame; wherein Gods ſacred* Juſtice *and* Revenge (*with equall* Truth *and* Glory) *triumphed ore their wretched Perpetrators. I have caſt them in a low Region of language, and therefore if they come ſhort of your Lordſhips accurate Judgement, my* Preſumption *in this.*

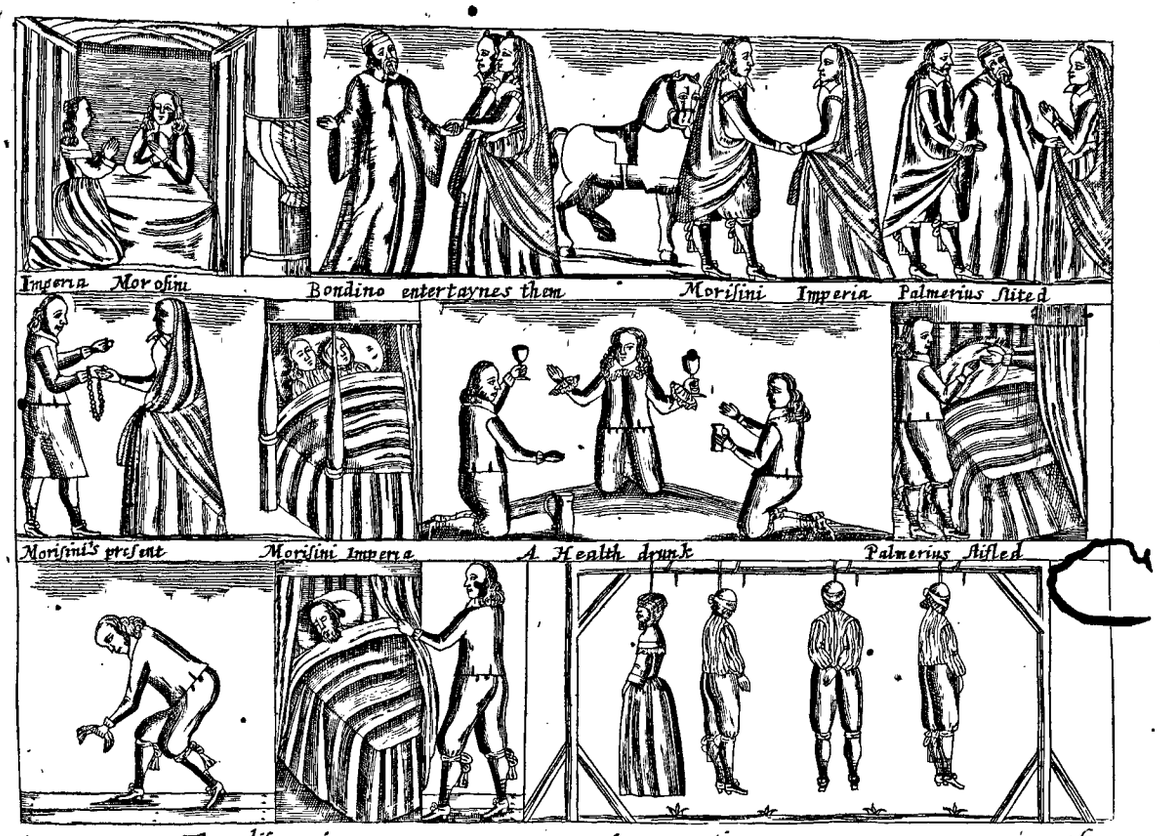
my Dedication *to you, hath no other hope of excuſe or pardon, then to flie to your* Lordſhips *innate* Goodneſs, *and to appeal to your known and approved* Generoſity *and* Candor, *as making it your Honourable* Ambition *to cheriſh* Vertue *in all men, and to defend it againſt unjuſt ſcandall, and malitious detraction.*

Proceed *my Lord, as you have fairly and fortunatly began, in the happy exerciſe and progreſs of* Piety, Vertue *and* Honour; *and as the hopes are now ours, ſo may the happy fruits and effects thereof, infallibly ſtill prove your Lordſhips hereafter, untill it have perfected and compleated you to be a moſt* Illuſtrious Pattern *of* Goodneſs *in this world, and a glorious Saint in that to come, the which none ſhall pray to God for with more true* Zeal, *nor deſire with more unfaigned* Affection, *then*

Your Honours humbleſt

devoted Servant.

JOHN REYNOLDS.



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVI.

Imperia *for the love ſhe bears to young* Moroſini, *ſeduceth and cauſeth him (with his two conſorts,* Aſtonicus *and* Donato) *to ſtifle to death her old Husband* Palmerius *in his bed;* Moroſini *misfortunatly letting fall his Gloves in* Palmerius *his Chamber that night which he did it; They are found by* Richardo *the Nephew of* Palmerius, *who knows them to be* Moroſinies, *and doth thereupon accuſe him and his Aunt* Imperia, *for the murther of his Unkle, ſo they together with their acceſſaries* Aſtonicus *and* Donato, *are all four of them apprehended and hanged for the ſame.*

THoſe Intemperate and laſcivious affections which ſavour more of Earth than Heaven, are ſtill attended on with ſhame and repentance, and many times followed by miſerie and confuſion: For God being our Maker by Creation, and our Saviour by Redemption, conſequently ſhould be of our loves and affections, and the true and ſole object, in whom only they ſhould begin and terminate: For Nature muſt be a Handmaid, not a Miſtreſs to Grace, becauſe God (in his Divine decree and creation of man) hath made our bodies mortall, but our ſoules immortall. And the like Antitheſis which there is between Luſt and Charity, the ſame there is between ſinfull adultery and ſanctified marriage. But where our youthfull affections begin in Whordome, and end in Murther, what can be there expected for an iſſue, but ruine and deſolation. Crimes no leſſe than theſe doth this enſuing Hiſtory report and relate: A Hiſtory I confeſſe, ſo deplorable for the perſons, their facts and puniſhment, that I had little pleaſure to pen it, and leſſe joy to publiſh it; but that the truth and manner thereof gave a contrary Law to my reſolutions in giving it a place among the reſt of my Hiſtories; That the ſight and knowledge of others harmes, may the more carefully and conſcionably teach us to avoid and prevent our own.

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The free Eſtates and Common-weales of *Italy*, more eſpecially the famous Seigniory of *Venice* (which for wealth and power gives place to no other of Chriſtendom) holds it no degree of diſparagement, but rather an happy and honourable vertue in their Nobles and Gentlemen, to exerciſe the facultie and profeſſion of Merchants, the which they Generally perform in Turkie, and all other parts of the levant Seas, with as much profit as glory, to the admiration of the whole World, and the envy of their private and publike enemies: of which number of Venetian Gentlemen, Seignior *Angelo Moroſini* is one, a young man, of ſome twenty and four years of age, deſcended of a Noble name and family, and (if reports be true) from whence ours here in *England* derives their Originall: He is tall and ſlender of ſtature, of a lovely ſanguine complexion, a bright Cheſtnut-coloured hair, but as yet adorned with a ſmall apparition of a beard: He is active of body, of a ſweet carriage, and nimble wit, and a moſt pleaſing and gracefull ſpeech; and he is not ſo young, but he hath already made two ſeverall voyages to *Conſtantinople* and *Alexandria* in both which he reſided ſome five or ſix years and through his wiſdom and induſtry won ſome wealth, but more reputation and fame, in ſo much as his deportments and hopes, to the eye and judgment of the world, promiſeth him a fortune equal, if not exceeding his bloud and extraction. Holding it therefore rather a ſhame than a glory as yet to marry, or which is a thouſand times worſe, to paſs his time vainly and laſciviouſly at home among the Ladies and courtiſans of *Venice*, upon whom (by the way of a premonition and precaution) he ſaw ſo many deboſhed young Gallants to caſt away their Eſtates and themſelves, he aſſumes his former ambition to travell, and ſo undertakes a third voyage to *Conſtantinople*: He embarks himſelf upon a good ſhip named the little Saint *Mark* of *Venice*, and in company of *Seignior Aſtonicus*, and *Seignior Philippo Donato*, likewiſe two young Gentlemen, Merchants of *Venice*, of his dear and intimate acquaintance (with a pleaſant gale and merry wind, they ſet ſail from *Malaneca*, the Port of that City; and ſo direct and ſhape away their courſe for the Iſlands of *Corfu* and *Zant*, where they are to ſtop, and take in ſome Commodities, and from thence thorow the *Archipelagus*, by *Candy* and *Cyprus*, to the Port of the Great *Seignior*. But as men propoſe, and God diſpoſeth of all terreſtriall actions and accidents; ſo they are overtaken by a ſtorm, and with contrary winds put into the Harbour and City of *Ancona*, a rich, populous and ſtrong City which belongs to the Pope, and which is the Capitall of that Province of the *Marca Anconitona*, from whence it aſſumes and takes its denomination, and wherein there are well near three thouſand Jews ſtill reſident, who pay a great yearly Revenue to his Holineſs. The wind being as yet contrary for our three Venetian Gallants, and they knowing that our Lady of *Loretto* (the greateſt and moſt famous Pilgrimage of the Chriſtian world) was but fifteen ſmall miles off in the Country, whereas yet they had never either of them been, they in meer devotion ride thither, their ſhip now being faſt anchored and mored in the Peer of *Ancona*, which ſtands on the Chriſtian ſide, upon the *Adriatique* Sea, Vulgarly tearmed the gulfe of *Venice*.

And here it is neither my purpoſe or deſire to write much, either of the (pretended) piety of this holy Chappell of *Loretto*, which the Romaniſts ſay was the very Chamber wherein the Virgin *Mary* brought up her Son, our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; or of her Picture which they likewiſe alleadge was drawn by the hand and pencill of the Apoſtle Saint *Luke*, and both the one and the other, as they affirm miraculouſly brought over the Seas from *Paleſtine* by Angells, and firſt placed by them on the hils of *Recagnati* (three little miles thence) and long ſince by the ſaid Angels tranſlated and placed here in this ſmall Town of *Loretto*. But as for my ſelf, this legend is too weak to paſs current with my faith, muchleſs to eſteem it as an Article of my Creed. Only this I will confeſs and ſay. That as it was devotion, not Curioſity which carried our *Moroſini Aſtonicus* and *Donato* thither: ſo it was my curioſity, not my Devotion which made me to take the ſight thereof in my Travells. Where in the rich and ſumptuous Quire of a ſtately Cathedrall Church, I ſaw this little old Brick Chamber (now termed the Holy Chappell) very richly adorned with great variety of maſſie Gold and Silver Lamps, and this Picture of the bleſſed Virgin in a ſhrine of Silver, moſt richly decked with Chains and Robes, imbroidered with Gold and Silver, and ſet with pretious Stones of ineſtimable value, which (to expreſs the truth in one word) bred much admiration in my thoughts, but no veneration at all in my heart. So I leave *Loretto*, and return again to our Hiſtory, which was the only Relique that I brought thence.

The two firſt days, our three *Venetian* Gallants viſit this holy Chappel with much ſolemnity and devotion, where not to Jeſus the Son, but to *Mary* the Mother they offer up their prayers, and pay their vows of thankfulneſs for their deliverance from the late ſtorm which put them and their ſhip in ſafety at *Ancona*. But the third day there betides an unexpected accident

to

to *Moroſini*, which will adminiſter matter and fuel to this Hiſtory. He leaves his two Friends and Companions in Bed, and ſteales away to the holy Chappell, whe e being on his Knees at his devotion, he neare to him, ſees a ſweet young Gentlewoman likewiſe on her Knees at her devotion and oriſons very rich in Apparell, but incomparably faire and beautifull. Hee curiouſly markes her Roſeat Lilly Cheeke, her piercing Eye, the Amber treſſes of her Haire, her Aleblaſter Neck and Paps, and her ſtreight and ſlender Waſt, all which made her to be the Pride and Glory of Nature; At whoſe Sight and Contemplation, his mind is ſo ſudenly inflamed with affection to her, that he who heretofore could not poſſibly be drawn to love any Gentlewoman, or Mayden, now deſpight of himſelfe (and of his contrary inclination and reſolution) he at firſt ſight is inforced to love her, and only her. For the more he ſees her, the more he affects her; which ingendereth ſuch ſtrange motions and ſudaine paſſions in his heart, that the ſweetneſſe of this ſweet Object, inforced his eyes inceſſantly to gaze on her both with affection and admiration. Our *Moroſini* would faine have boorded and ſalluted her there, but that he would not make Heaven ſo much ſtoope to Earth, nor prophane the holineſſe of his affection and of this place with ſuch impiety. But at laſt ſeeing her to riſe from her prayers and ſo to depart the Chappell, he could not, he would not ſo leave her, nor forſake the benefit of this ſweet opportunity to make himſelf known to her; When withdrawing his devotion from the old Lady of *Loretto* to give it to this his young Lady (and pretended Miſtriſſe) in *Loretto*, he trippes away after her, into the body of the Church, where ſeeing her only attended, by a well clad Boy and her young waiting Gentlewoman, (after ſallutes on both ſides performed) he there proffereth her his ſervice in theſe generall tearmes.

Moroſ. I know not ſweet young Lady, whether I may tearm my ſelf happy or unfortunate, in being this Morning honoured with the ſight of ſo beautifull a Nymph, and Virgin as youre ſelf, becauſe in thinking to gaine my ſoul, I fear I have loſt my heart in the amorous extaſies of that delicious Object and Contemplation; therefore I beſeech you think it not ſtrange, that having received my wound from your beauty, I fly to your Courteſie for my cure and remedy thereof; and that ſeeing you ſo weakly guarded, I preſume to requeſt the favour of you, that you will pleaſe to accept of my Company to reconduct you to your home.

This young Lady, ſeeing her ſelf ſo much gazed on by this unknown Gentleman in the holy Chappell, and now ſo courteouſly ſaluted by him in the Church, ſhe could not refraine from dying her Lilly Cheeckes with a Vermillian bluſh, when having too much beauty to be too unkind, and yet to much Coyneſſe and Modeſty at firſt to prove too courteous to him, ſhe (brooking her name well) returnes him this anſwer.

Imp. Sir you being ſo happy to have given up your Soul this Morning in your devotion to the bleſſed Lady of this place, I do not a little wonder, that you ſo ſoon prophane it, by endeavouring to make me believe, that you have loſt your heart in the Contemplation of ſo poor, and ſo unworthy a beauty as mine; For herein as you prophane your zeale to her, ſo your affection to me, ſith that ſhould be more ſacred, and this not ſo much feigned or hypocriticall. But ſuch wounds ſtill carry their cures with them, and therefore as my beauty was not capable to occaſion the one, ſo ſhall not my courteſie be guilty in granting the other: if my weake guard be not ſtrong enough to conduct me to my home, my *Innocency* and *Chaſtity* are, as alſo to defend me from the ſnares and lures of thoſe Gentlemen, whoſe beſt vertue conſiſts more in their tongues then in their ſoules, & more their complements then their actions; Of wich number fearing and taking you to be one, and my Fathers houſe being ſo nigh, I ſhall not want your company, becauſe as I deſerve ſo I deſire it not, and therefore I wil leave you, and yet not without leaving my thankes with you, for this your proffered favour and uexpected courteſie.

Although *Moroſini* could not refraine from ſmiling at this her ſharp and witty anſwer, yet he ſeeing his complements retorted, and his courteſie returned with a refuſall, he could not yet refraine from biting his lip thereat. But again conſidering her to be exceeding faire and vertuous, and hoping withall that her Father might likewiſe prove rich, he would not diſgrace his breeding nor make himſelf a Novice in Love to be put off with this her firſt repulſe, but again ſounds her in theſe tearmes.

Moroſ. My devotion to the Mother of our Saviour doth not prophane, but I hope bleſſe and ſanctifie my affection to you, and therefore if it be not the cuſtome of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto* to uſe ſtrangers with this diſcourteſie, I cannot beleve that you would purpoſeſly thus exerciſe your wit in my patience, by inflicting on me this your unjuſt refuſall. As for your feigned ſhewes of Hypocriſie: I am as innocent of them as you ſuſpect and tearme me guilty, and have no more ſnares or lures in proffering you my affection and ſervice, than

that which your pure Beauty and chaſt Vertues give me. Neither am I of the number of thoſe Gentlemen, whom you pleaſe to traduce and diſparage becauſe their Hearts and Tongues agree not, or for that their actions prove not their Speeches and Complements reall; becauſe I as much diſdain as you condemn them; Therefore if you cannot give me the courteſie, I pray at leaſt lend me the favour, that I may wait on you to your Fathers houſe; whom I ſhall ever be ready to ſerve with a much humility for your ſake, as to cheriſh and obey your ſelf with affection for mine own.

This Anſwer of *MOROSINI* makes this young Gentlewoman (whoſe name he and we ſhall anon know) as ſweetly calm, as right now ſhe was unkinly paſſionate ſo that looking ſtedfaſtly on him, and compoſing her Countenance rather to Smiles than frowns, ſhe rejoyns him thus.

IMPERIA. It is the cuſtome of the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, to uſe Strangers rather with too much Reſpect than too little Favour, eſpecially thoſe Gentlemen who favour more of Honour than Vanity. If therefore I have any way wronged mine own Judgment, in ſuſpecting or not acknowledging your merits, I know I am yet as worthy of your excuſe as of your Reprehenſion. And becauſe I underſtand by you, that you are a Stranger to this place though not to this Country, as alſo that you ſeeme to be ſo importunately deſirous and willing to conduct me to my Fathers houſe; I will therefore give a contrary Law to my own Will, and now make Civility diſpence with my Diſcretion by accepting of this your kind profer and you ſhall not accompany me thither to him, with ſo much Reſpect and Zeal, as I will you with obſervance and thanks.

Which kind ſpeech ſhe had no ſooner delivered and *MOROSINI* received, but he againe cloſed with her thus.

MOROSINI. Sweet Lady, this courteſie of yours ſeconding your Beauty, ſhall eternally oblige me to your ſervice; and in requitall thereof, I will ever eſteem it my beſt happineſs to receive your Fathers commands, and my chiefeſt felicity and glory to execute yours. When reciprocally exchanging ſalutes, he takes her by the Hand and Arm, and very gracefully conducts her to her Fathers houſe, not far off from this ſumptuous Church, and by the way thither (among other Speeches and Complements he gathers from her that her Fathers name is, *Signior Hierome Bondino*, and hers *Donna Imperia*, his only Daughter. Wherein he for the former fame of his Wealth and the preſent ſight of her Beauty doth both delight and glory, as dreaming of a future felicity which he ſhall enjoy in her ſight and company; whereof for the time preſent he hath far more reaſon to flatter than to aſſure himſelf.

Now we muſt here underſtand that this *Signior Bondino* her Father, is a Gentleman of an Antient Houſe and noble deſcent; and of a very great Eſtate both in Lands and Meanes, and withall he was exceeding covetous, as glorying more in his Wealth than in his generoſity, and more in his Fair and Beautifull Daughter *Imperia*, then in any other of his Children. Here *Moroſini* brings *Imperia* home, and ſhe preſents him and his courteſie to her Father, who receives him reſpectfully and kindly thankes him for this his obſervance and Honour to his Daughter: who led by the luſtre of her Eyes, and the delicacy of her Beauty, was ſo extreamly inflam'd with affection towards her, as at that very inſtant he proclaimed himſelf her ſervant, and ſhe Lady Regent of his heart and deſires, and then it was that he firſt acquainted her with his Name & Quality, with his intended voyage to *Conſtantinople*, but chiefly with his conſtant deſire and reſolution to ſeek her in Marriage both of her ſelf and her Father. Wherefore to contract this Hiſtory into a narrow Volumne, I will paſſe over his often courtings and viſits of her, as alſo thoſe ſweet ſpeeches, and amourous diſcourſes and conferrences which paſt between them during the ſpace of three weekes; wherein the wind proving contrary to his voyage, proved therefore propitious to this his ſuit and affection. In which time he proved himſelf ſo expert a Scholler (or rather a Maſter) in the Art of Love, that he exchanged hearts with her, obtained her affection and conſent to be his Wife upon his firſt return from *Conſtantinople*, but yet it was wholly impoſſible either for him or her to draw her Fathers conſent hereunto, although many times he ſought it of him with prayers, and ſhe with teares. For he making Wealth to be the very Image and Idoll of his devotion, and gathering that *Moroſini's* birth far exceeded his State and Meanes, as alſo that in his opinion, his Eſtate was yet far greater than his capacity or judgement, he would never harken to him, much leſs give anyway that he ſhould be his Son in Law: but with much obſtinacy and reſolution, vowed that he would firſt rather ſee his Daughter married to her grave than to him, the which froward and harſh reſolution of his, makes our two Lovers exceedingly to grieve & lament thereat. But how to remedy it they know not. *Moroſ.* now acquaints his two conſorts *Alfonicus* & *Donato* with his affection to *Im.* &

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brings them the next morning to ſee her; who highly commend his choice; and extol her beauty and vertues to the skies; They in *Moroſini*'s behalf deal effectually with *Bondino* to draw his conſent to this match, mount his praiſes and merits as high as Heaven, and in a word, they leave no friendly office, or reaſons unattempted to perſwade and induce him hereunto, but they ſpeak either to the winde, or to a deaf man; for his will is his law, and therefore they finde it a work, not only of extream difficulty, but of meer impoſſibility to effect it; for neither they nor *Moroſini*, can ſo much pray and exhort *Bondino* to this Match, as he with ſharp words and bitter threats ſeeks to divert his Daughter from it; which pierceth and galleth theſe two Lovers to their very ſouls. For by this time their affections and hearts are ſo ſtrongly and firmly united, that *Imperia* loves *Moroſini* a thouſand times dearer than her own life, and he her no leſs. So when they think of their ſeparation and departure each from other, the very conceit and thought thereof draws even drops of blood from their hearts and an Ocean of tears from their eyes. But becauſe they are more amorous then ſuperſtitious in their devotion and affection each to other, and that (in their thoughts and deſires) they ſacrifice more to the Altars of *Venus* then to that of the Virgin *Mary*; Therefore fortune more envying then pittying them, and therefore reſolving to ſeparate their bodies as farre aſunder, as their hearts are nearly linked and combined together; the wind comes fair, and the Maſter of their Ship ſends ſpeedily from *Ancona* to them to *Loretto* to come away, for that he is reſolute to omit no time, but with all expeditiou to weigh Anchor, and ſet ſail for *Corfu*.

Moroſini receives this news with infinite ſorrow, and *Imperia* with extream grief and amazement, ſo as if grace had not prevailed with nature, and her obedience to her Father vanquiſhed and given a law to her affection towards *Moroſini* ſhe could then and there have found in her heart to have left *Italy*, and accompanied him in his voyage to *Turky* and *Conſtantinople*, ſo ſweet was his ſight and preſence, aud ſo bitter was the very thought of his abſence to her heart and minde; Here *Moroſini* comes again with his hat in his hand, and *Imperia* on her knees with tears to her father, that he will grant they may contract themſelves each to other before his departure, but he is deaf to his requeſts, and inexorable to her tears and prayers. For he vows he cannot, and ſwears he will not conſent thereunto; And therefore here the Reader muſt conceive, for it is impoſſible for me to expreſs the thouſand part of the ſighs which he, and the tears which ſhe expends, at this their ſorrowfull departure, inſomuch as I cannot truly define whether he then gave her more kiſſes, or ſhe him tears. So here ſhe vows to remain unmarried till his return, and he both promiſeth and ſwears, that he will return within one year to her and marry her, the which the more authentically to ſeal and confirm, he gives her a rich Emerauld Ring from his finger, and ſhe him a fair Carkanet of Orient pearls from her neck, with which the great drops of her tears trickling down her vermillion cheeks ſeemed to have ſome perfect ſympathy and reſemblance; Of which interchangeable and mutual contract *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* are joyfull witneſſes, who ſeek to add comfort and conſolation to theſe her unſpeakable ſorrows, and unparalleld afflictions, for this their ſeparation; whiles *Imperia* in the mean time at the very thought and conſideration hereof, (ſhe gazing on her *Moroſini*) ſeems to burſt her heart with ſighing, and to drown the Roſes and Lillies of her beauty with the ſhours and rivolets of her tears. So *Moroſini* being again and again called away by *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, he then takes leave of *Bondino*, and then of his dear and ſweet Daughter *Imperia*, in whoſe heart and breſt he imparadiſeth all his moſt Religious prayers, and treaſureth up all his amorous deſires and wiſhes, and from thence (with his two faithfull friends and companions takes horſe for *Ancona*, where aſſoon as they come, their long boat is aſhore and takes them in, when the wind continuing ſtill exceeding fair, they are preſently for *Corfu* and *Conſtantinople*, where we will leave them floating upon the Seas, expoſed to the favour and mercy of the winds, and according to the order of our Hiſtory come we again to ſpeak of *Bondino* and of his ſweet and fair daughter *Imperia*, to ſee what matter they will adminiſter us, and what Actions and Accidents they will produce.

Whiles our fair *Imperia* day and night weeps and ſighs for the abſence of her deareſt and ſecond ſelf *Moroſini*, and with her eyes and hands erected to Heaven continually prays for his proſperity and return, her old Father *Bondino* aſſumes a direct contrary courſe and reſolution; for within two or three moneths of *Moroſini*'s departure, he makes it his greateſt care and ambition to provide another husband for his Daughter. He is not ignorant of her tears and penſiveneſs for his abſetce, and knows full well, that her ſolitary walks and pale thin cheeks, look ſtill conſtantly to him, and never from him. But he is reſolute that his old covetouſneſs ſhall prevent and deceive this her young affection, and that to work on the advantage of *Moroſini*'s abſence, his beſt and ſhorteſt courſe is to heave him out of her heart and minde,

and contrariwiſe to propound and place another husband in his ſtead. To which end his ſaid daughters beauty and his own wealth having already procured her two or three Suitors, who earneſtly ſeek her in marriage, he likes none of them ſo well as old Seignior *Palmerius* a rich Merchant of *Ancona*, aged of at leaſt ſixty years; whereas his fair Daughter *Imperia* was not above twenty four, who was of ſo deformed and decrepit a perſonage and conſtitution, that he ſeemed but as a withred *January* to this freſh Lady *May*, and his age but a frozen winter to the fragrant flouriſhing Summer of her youth and beauty. But this old dotard *Palmerius* (who is every way fitter for his own grave than for *Imperia*'s bed) is ſo taken with the daintineſs of her perſonage, as he hopes that her youth and her fathers age will ſtoop and ſtrike ſail to his wealth; and therefore he tricks and prides himſelf up both in his apparel and beard, as if Love had taken away much of his age, now purpoſely to add it to his vanity and indiſcretion, ſo he comes to *Bondino*'s houſe at *Loretto*, and ſeeks this his fair daughter in Marriage, where the conſideration of his great eſtate and wealth act ſuch wonders with her fathers heart and reſolution, that her father and he have already ſwapt a bargain that he, and none but he ſhall marry his daughter, before as yet he have the happineſs to ſee her. But at laſt her Father brings her to him, chargeth her with his commands to diſpoſe her ſelf to affect and marry him, and ſpeaks to her not only in the language of a father, but of a king; for ſuch is his pleaſure. Theſe ſpeeches of her father, and the ſight of her old lover yet new Suitor *Palmerius*, doth much amaze and terrifie his young daughter *Imperia*: ſo ſhe receives and hears thoſe with infinite affliction and ſorrow, and him with much contempt and diſdain; for ſhe rejects his ſuit and himſelf, and boldly tells both her father and him, that *Moroſini* is too deeply lodged in her heart; for any other of the world to have entrance or admittance, and therefore (with ſighs and tears) caſts her ſelf at her Fathers feet, and prays him that he will not force her to marry Seignior *Palmerius* whom ſhe affirms ſhe cannot poſſibly affect much leſs obey. But her father is reſolute to have it ſo, and therefore (paſſing over all other reſpects and conſiderations) he adds threats, to his commands, and vehemently chargeth her again and again to conſent thereto. But her abſent *Moroſini* is ſtill ſo preſent in her heart and mind, and ſo freſh and pleaſing to her eye and memory that ſhe cannot, ſhe will not forget him. So that for this time her father can no more enforce her to ſpeak with *Palmerius*, or draw her to ſee him, and thus ſhe puts him off for his firſt coming to *Loretto* to her. *Imperia* being now infinitely glad to have thus given her father the foil, and old *Palmerius* the repulſe, ſhe raiſeth a thouſand new Trophees of joy, and victories of delight in her heart for the ſame, as if that outragious ſtorm and tempeſt (ſo contrary and diſpleaſing to her heart) had received end almoſt aſſoon as beginning. Thus now ruminating on nothing leſs then on *Palmerius*, nor on nothing more than on her ſweet and dear *Moroſini*, (to whom in his abſence ſhe ſacrificeth all the flames of her heart, and all the vows, deſires and wiſhes of her ſoul) ſhe paſſeth away her time in perpetual praying for his return, for the which ſhe leaves not the Lady, no nor any other Saint of *Loretto* unadored, or unprayed to. But contrary to her hopes and deſires herein, this her old Suitor *Palmerius*, (having wholly loſt the ſolidity of his judgment in the excellency of her beauty) he ſtill keeps good correſpondence, and curious intelligence with her father, and continually his heart runs as much on her youth, as her fathers covetouſneſs doth on his wealth and gold; ſo within two moneths he returns again to *Loretto*, where he is received with as much joy of *Bondino*, as with extream diſcontent & ſorrow of his daughter *Imperia*, who now poor ſoul can receive no peace nor truce from either of them, but they inceſſantly haunt her as her ghoſts, and fail not day and night to importune her for the conſummation of this contract and marriage, but her heart is ſo cloſe united and wedded to *Moroſini* that it is as yet impoſſible for either, or both of them to divorce or withdraw her from him. *Palmerius* thinks to gain her by rich gifts and preſents, but ſhe refuſeth them all for the ſake of the giver, and her father now tempts her with ſweet ſpeeches and perſwaſions, and then again, terrifies her with bitter commands and threats, hoping thereby in the end to make her flexible to his deſires and wiſhes: But his daughter *Imperia* notwithſtanding all this (with a conſtancy worthy of her beauty, and every way equal to her ſelf) reſolves to fruſtrate the hopes of the firſt, to annihilate and make vain the expectation of the ſecond, and ſo to deceive the deſires and wiſhes of them both, and to keep her heart wholly for *Moroſini*, as ſhe hath formerly promiſed and obliged her ſelf to do.

But although *Palmerius* were heretofore the firſt time ſo eaſily beaten off with *Imperia*'s refuſal, he will not be ſo the ſecond, and therefore his heart and minde telling him that the ſweetneſs of her youth, and the delicacy of her beauty deſerve a ſtronger, and longer ſiege of his affection. He (by the free adviſe and conſent of her father) reſolves to ſtay and burn all that Summer in *Loretto*, hoping that time would change her reſolutions and make that feaſable in his daughters affection, which now in a manner ſeemed to be impoſſible. Thus if

Palmerius

Palmerius uſe his beſt endeavors to bear and conquer *Imperia* one way, no leſs doth her Father another way, for the firſt gives her a world of ſugred words and promiſes, and the ſecond of ſharp and bitter threats to effect it; Poor *Imperia* ſeeing her ſelf thus ſtreightly and narrowly begirt on both ſides, ſhe hath again recourſe to her ſighs and tears, the only weapons left her in the abſence of her *Moroſini* to defend her affection and conſtancy againſt the luſt of *Palmerius*, and the power and tyranny of her father *Bondino*. A thouſand times a day ſhe wiſheth that *Conſtantinople* were *Loretto*, or *Loretto Conſtantinople*, and as often prays that either ſhe were in *Moroſini*'s arms, or he here in hers. But *Palmerius* being as obſtinate as her Father was reſolute and furious in this ſuit and motion towards her, ſhe ſhuts her ſelf up in her chamber, where ſeeming to drown her ſelf in a matter of this weight and importance, and what invention ſhe ſhould finde out and practiſe, to abandon *Palmerius* and to call home her *Moroſini* to marry her, then which under Heaven ſhe deſired nothing more, or to write truer, nothing elſe. So at laſt ſhe reſolves to ſend one purpoſely to *Conſtantinople* to haſten his return (which now wanted but a little of his prefixed time of a year) when making choice of a dear friend of his of *Ancona* named Seignior *Mercario*, and furniſhing him with gold for ſo long a journey as to ſail from *Brundiſium*, to *Raguſa*, and ſo from thence by Poſt to *Conſtantinople*, ſhe takes pen and paper, and thereon (as much with tears as ink) traceth her *Moroſini* theſe lines wherewith ſhe diſpatcheth him away.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Should betray my affection to thee, and conſequently make my ſelf unworthy of thine, if by this my — *my Letter (which I purpoſely ſend thee by thy friend Seignior* Mercario*) I did not now acquaint thee, with how much impatiency and ſorrow my ſelf, and with how much joy my Father brooks thy long abſence. Thou knoweſt in what a ſweet, and ſtrict ſympathy of Love, our hearts are united. So as meaſuring* Moroſini *by* Imperia, *I am confident that all thoſe Seas between* Ancona *and* Conſtantinople *are not capable to waſh away the remembrance thereof, either from thy heart or my ſoul. And yet holding it a part both of my duty and of my ſelf, I am enforced to command my pen to relate thee, that my Father* Bondino *begins to exerciſe a point not only of his will, but of his power, yea I may juſtly ſay of his tyranny over me, to perſwade me to leave my young* Moroſini *to make me marry his old* Palmerius. *In which regard and conſideration, if my poor beauty or merit have left any impreſſion in thy breſt or memory, I now moſt heartily pray thee to leave* Turky *for* Italy, *and* Conſtantinople *for* Loretto, *and to make me as happy in enjoying thy ſight and preſence, as I am miſerable without it. And when our God, and my good fortune, ſhall permit this my innocent and ſorrowfull Letter to fall into thy hands, think, yea judge with thy ſelf, what an ingratitude, yea what a crime it will be for thee not to bring me thy ſelf, but to ſend me any excuſe whatſoever to the contrary. Farewell my other ſelf, my ſweet ſelf, and may God and his Angels ever prove propitious to thy Deſires and my Wiſhes.*

IMPERIA.

Mercario (in three weeks time) arrives at *Conſtantinople*, and finds out his friend *Moroſini*, to whom he delivereth his Miſtris *Imperia*'s Letter; the which he firſt kiſſing, preſently peruſeth it, and very paſſionatly both rejoyceth and grieves thereat: So *Moroſini* very kindly feaſts his friend *Mercario* there ſome eight days, and then returneth him home with an anſwer, which in leſs than a moneths time he delivereth into *Imperia*'s own hands in *Loretto*, who is extreamly glad thereof, and then beautifying her ſnow white cheeks, with ſome crimſon bluſhes, ſhe hies her to her cloſet and breaking up haſtily the ſeals thereof, finds it traced and charged with this meſſage.

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THy health and conſtancy makes me as joyful in the receit of thy Letter, *as thy Father* Bondino *his diſreſpect to me, and love to* Palmerius *makes me ſorrowfull, for ſo dear and tender is the true affection of my* Imperia *to her* Moroſini, *and the ſimpathy of our hearts ſo ſweetly and ſacredly united, that for my part not only thoſe ſmall Rivers of the* Mediterraneum *&* Adriatique *Sea between* Conſtantinople *and* Ancona, *but that of the vaſt Ocean is incapable to waſh off the leaſt ſenſe or memory thereof. But as in the actions and accidents of humane life, reputation and profit, deſerves ſometimes to be intermixed with pleaſure, becauſe the ſweetneſs thereof is ſtill made ſweeter by its ſubſtance and permanency. So by the Seigniory of* Venice, *and by* Landy *their Embaſſador reſident here in* Conſtantinople, (*contrary to my expectation or merits*) *I am now made Conſul of* Aleppo. *I cannot there-*

therefore ſo ſoon leave Turky *for* Italy, *which I infinitely deſire, nor in that conſideration ſo ſoon imbrace and kiſs my fair and dear* Imperia, *which above all the Crowns and Scepters of the world I chiefly love and long for; but what this year cannot perform the next ſhall, and then (all delays and excuſes ſet apart) I will bring thee thy* Moroſini *with as much true joy, as he tranſported himſelf from thee with bitter tears and unfained ſorrows, in the mean time my hopes and heart tell me, that thy affection to me ſhall ſurmount thy Fathers tyrannie to thy ſelf, and that thy beauty and merits are ſo incomparably reſplendent, that though* Palmerius *be the foyle, yet* Moroſini *ſhall live and die the Diamond of thy love and the Love of thy Heart, as God is of thy Soul. O then my dear and ſweet* Imperia, *repute it no ingratitude, much leſs a crime in me to ſend thee this Letter of excuſe inſtead of bringing thee my ſelf, for I ſpeak it in preſence of God and his Angels, that as thou art my other half ſo I am wholly thine, and that thou canſt not be the thouſand part ſo ſorrowfull as I am miſerable in this our ſhort yet too long ſequeſtration: Farewell, Farewell the only Saint of my heart, and Goddeſs of my affections, and aſſure thy ſelf that no mortal man whatſoever is or can be ſo much thy faithfull Servant and Slave, as*

MOROSINI.

Our *Imperia* kiſſeth this Letter a thouſand times for her *Moroſini*'s ſake who wrote and ſent it her, and again as often weeps to ſee, that he loved Honour and Profit better than her ſelf, and Turky better than Italy, ſo whereas ſhe formerly hoped, now ſhe begins to deſpair of his ſpeedy return, and eſteems her ſelf as miſerable without him, as ſhe thought to have been happy with him. She reads over his Letter again and again, and then weeps as faſt as ſhe reads, at the very peruſal and conſideration thereof; ſhe would fain draw comfort from any part or branch of it, but then his intended ſtay affords her nothing but diſconſolation and ſorrow inſtead thereof. She blames her own misfortune, as much as his unkindneſs, and then again imputes this impatiency of hers, more to her fathers cruelty, than to *Moroſini*'s diſcourteſie; ſhe loves him as much as ſhe hates *Palmerius*, and hates her ſelf becauſe *Moroſini* will not love her more, and *Palmerius* leſs. But *Moroſini* is ſo firmly ſeated and enthronized in her heart, that ſhe is conſtantly reſolved to ſtay his return, and rather to die his Victim and Martyr, than to live *Palmerius* his wife. And here her affection acts a great part in paſſion, as this paſſion doth in Love, ſhe cannot refrain from enquiring of *Mercario* how *Moroſini* lives, and how he looks, who performs the part of a friend, to his friend, and tells her that he lives in great pomp and reputation, and is the propereſt and braveſt young Gallant either of *Venice* or *Italy* which he ſaw in *Conſtantinople*, at the report whereof, ſhe could not refrain from bluſhing and ſmiling, as if her delight and joy thereof were ſuch, as ſhe could not receive or hear it, without theſe publike expreſſions and teſtimonies of her private zeal and interior affection to him; But all this notwithſtanding, whereſoever ſhe goes or turns her ſelf, her Father as her ſhadow, and *Palmerius* as her ſpirit, are never from her, but ſtill follow her in all times and places without intermiſſion. It is a wonder to ſee and conſider their obſtinacy to make it a match, and her reſolution and refuſal againſt it, as if they were wholly compoſed and made of commands, and ſhe of denials. In which interchangeable comportment, and different carriage of theirs. We muſt allow ſix moneths time more paſt and ſlidden away, where, in deſpight of *Palmerius* his importunities and her fathers power, ſhe ſtill remains inflexible to them, conſtant to her *Moroſini*, and true to her promiſe. But at laſt this old luſtfull Lover *Palmerius* (who was fitter to kiſſe an image in the Church, then ſo ſweet and fair a young Lady as *Imperia* in her bed) ſeeing that he had conſumed and ſpent ſo long time in vain by courting her, and that ſhe ſleighted him and his ſuit as much, if not more now, than when he firſt meant and intended it to her, he bethinks himſelf of a new policy and propoſition to gain her, which love cannot ſo much excuſe, as diſcretion juſtly condemn in him: He goes to her Father *Bondino*, and proffers him that if his daughter will become his wife, that he will infeoffee, and endow her with the one half of his Lands, and give all the reſt of his eſtate and wealth into his hands and cuſtody, for him to purchaſe her more. Which great and unexpected proffer of his doth ſolely and fully weigh down her covetous father to *Palmerius* his will and deſire, as he conſtantly tells him; that in lieu of this his great affection and bounty to his daughter: he will ſpeedily uſe all his power and authority with her fully to diſpoſe her to affect and content him; To which end *Bondino* goes to his daughter *Imperia*, acquaints her with this great gift, and voluntary proffer of *Palmerius* to her if ſhe will marry him; he lays before her how infinitely it will import his content, and her own good and reputation, and that few Gentlewomen of *Loretto*, or Ladies of the whole *Marca* of *Anconitana*, do enjoy ſuch rich Fortunes, that his wiſdom and wealth is far to be preferred to the

vanity

vanity and prodigality of *Moroſini*, and that the firſt will aſſuredly bring her much content and proſperity, but the ſecond nothing elſe but poverty, ruine, and miſery, and therefore he moſt importunately conjures and commands her to cut and caſt off all delays and ſo forthwith to diſpoſe her ſelf to love and marry *Palmerius*, or elſe he vows for ever to renounce her for his Daughter, and no more to acknowledge himſelf for her Father. A cruelty which (in my opinion and judgement) ought to be admired with pity, and pitied with admiration, and not to ſerve for a precedent and example to other Parents, becauſe this of *Bondino*'s was grounded on far more paſſion than reaſon, and covetouſneſs than vertue; and which Nature hath all the reaſons of the world, rather to tearm tyrannie than providence or fatherly affection in him.

Our *Imperia* is, as it were, ſtruck dead with grief and ſorrow, at the thunderbolt of theſe her Fathers cruel ſpeeches towards her, ſo that ſhe cannot ſpeak, nor yet weep, for ſighing and ſobbing; but at laſt encouraged by her own vertue, as much as ſhe was daunted and diſmayed by her fathers ſeverity and cruelty towards her, ſhe (caſting her ſelf at his feet) with a trembling heart and faultering voice, returns her heart and minde to him in theſe terms.

Honoured Sir, although my afflictions and ſorrows are ſuch, and ſo infinite, that I am far more capable to weep and ſigh, than to breathe or ſpeak them forth to you, yet I hold it my duty, not my diſobedience, to acquaint you, that becauſe Marriages are firſt made in Heaven, before contracted or conſummated in Earth; therefore being ſo happy firſt to love *Moroſini*, before I was ſo unfortunate as to ſee Seignior *Palmerius*, I hope it is the pleaſure of God, that he hath ordained the firſt to be my Husband, and conſequently my ſelf never to be Wife to the ſecond: I am proud in nothing but in my humility and obedience, and therein I hope I ſhall ſtill both triumph and glory, and yet I far more under-value *Palmerius* wealth than you do *Moroſini*'s vertues. If then you will not for my ſake, I humbly beſeech you for my Mothers ſake, or which is more, for Gods ſake, to make me Wife to *Moroſini*, and not to *Palmerius*, becauſe my heart and minde tells me, that I ſhall be as happy in the company of the one, as miſerable in that of the other. In granting me which juſt deſired favour and courteſie, my ſoul ſhall become pledge and caution for my heart, and my heart for my tongue, that you ſhall have no true cauſe either to renounce me for your Daughter, or to deny your ſelf for my Father. And to conclude this my ſorrowfull and humble ſpeech, it is impoſſible for you to wrong me, but you muſt and will extreamly wrong your ſelf, by attempting and reſolving to enforce me to the contrary. But if yet you will not be ſenſible hereof, then I invoke God to be a juſt Witneſs, and Judge between us, of your cruelty towards me, and of my candid innocency towards you, and my betrothed Spouſe *Moroſini*.

Imperia had no ſooner (with ſighs and tears) delivered this her ſpeech to her Father on her knees, but (as if he had lightning in his eyes, and thunder in his tongue) he ſuddenly tuſheth forth her company; when more to diſpleaſe her than to pleaſe himſelf, he looking back on her, gives her this ſharp anſwer, and cruel farewell. Minion (quoth he) I will very ſhortly cool thy courage and thy tongue, and make thee know with repentance, what it is to diſobey thy Father, in making ſo much eſteem of *Moroſini*, and ſo little of Seignior *Palmerius*, contrary to my advice and requeſt to thee; for I ſay, conſider well with thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt then do well ſpeedily to forſake this errour and obſtinacy of thine, except thou reſolve to die as miſerable, as I deſire thou ſhalt live happy: Once more Girl, conſider and remember what I have now ſaid to thee, and beware leſt *Moroſini* prove thy ſhame, as much as *Palmerius* will thy glory. *Imperia* weeps becauſe ſhe can weep no more at theſe heart-killing ſpeeches of her Father to her, againſt her abſent *Moroſini*: So being not well, ſhe betakes her ſelf to her bed, and there again conſults with God and her ſelf, what ſhe ſhall do in this perturbation of minde and affliction of heart, and then and there (with waking eyes) reads a whole nights Lecture to her ſelf of her obedience to her Father, and her affection and conſtancy to the other half of her ſelf *Moroſini*; when in the morning being prompted by her thoughts and deſires, that ſhe ſhall receive more delights and joys from the laſt, than diſcontents from the firſt, ſhe at her up-riſing reſolves again to write away for her *Moroſini*, as hoping that his preſence would eaſily diſpel and ſcatter all theſe her clouds and tempeſts, when diſpatching a private meſſenger to *Ancona* for *Mercario*, ſhe again earneſtly prays him to undertake a ſecond voyage for her, either to *Aleppo* or *Conſtantinople*, to her *Moroſini*; the which he then promiſeth: ſo that night again peruſing over his Letter, ſhe then from point to point punctually makes anſwer to it, and the next morning very ſecretly gives it to *Mercario* in her Chamber, and therewith takes off a rich Bracelet of Sparks of Diamonds from her right arm, and prays him to deliver it to him as a token of her true affection and conſtancy,

cy, the which ſhe affirms to him ſhall ever live and die with her. *Mercario* having received his commiſſion from *Imperia*, as alſo more Gold for the diſcharge and defraying of his journey, he hires a ſmall Brigantine to tranſport him to *Corfu*, and from thence embarques himſelf on a ſhip of *Marſeilles*, which accidently ſtopped there, and ſo ſailed firſt to *Aleppo*; where being arrived in leſs than three weeks, and finding his dear friend *Moroſini* to be Conſull there for the Seigniory of *Venice*, he ſecretly delivereth this Bracelet and Letter of *Imperia* to him in his ſtudy, where he was then haſtily writing a diſpatch for *Conſtantinople*: But the arrival of *Mercario*, who he knew came from his deareſt friend and Miſtreſs *Imperia*, (for meer joy) made him preſently to caſt away his Hat and Pen, and ſo to kiſs and receive this her Letter and Token from him, whereof with much haſte and more affection breaking up the ſeals, he therein found couched theſe enſuing Lines.

IMPERIA to MOROSINI.

I Had little thought (becauſe leſs deſerved) that either profit or preferment had been dearer to thee than Imperia, *or that the Seigniory of* Venice, *or their Ambaſſador* Landy, *had had more power to ſtay thee in* Aleppo, *than ſhe to have requeſted or conjured thy return to* Loretto; *for if my poor beauty, or rich affection to thee, be of ſo low and baſe an eſteem, as thou preferreſt thy wealth and reputation to it, then I am as miſerable as I thought my ſelf happy in my choiſe, and the ſweetneſs of my deſires and wiſhes conſequently have end, as ſoon as they received a beginning. And ſee what a palpable incongruity, yea, what an apparant contradiction there is between thy heart and thy pen, ſith fainedly endeavouring to make me believe thou loveſt my kiſſes and embraces above all the Crowns and Scepters in the world, I yet am truly enforced to ſee that thou loveſt* Turky *far better than* Italy, *and art well contented that* Palmerius *ſhould love me better than thy ſelf, for elſe thou wouldſt never permit, that my fathers tyranny to me ſhould (in thy abſence) give a law to my affection to him, or conſent that* Palmerius *ſhould be the Diamond, and thy ſelf prove only the foil of my heart and love: And if this ingratitude of thine be not a crime, I know not what a crime is, nor how nor in what terms to define or determine thereof. Judge therefore with thy ſelf (at leaſt if thou art not as wholly exempt of judgement as of love) what a poor half, yea, what a ſmall part I am of thee, when by thy voluntary abſence thou wilt wholly reſign me up to another, and that* Palmerius *muſt be my Huſband, when my heart and ſoul; yea, when God and his Angels well know, I deſire nothing under Heaven ſo much, as to live and die thy Wife; or elſe thou wouldſt not have been ſo unkind, to confine thy will or to bound thy obſtinacy to no leſſe than a whole years ſequeſtration and abſence from me, which if thy heart were equal, or but the leaſt ſhadow of mine, thou wouldeſt deem to contain as many moneths as hours, and as many ages as moneths. But God forbid this diſcourteſie of thine ſhould prove ſo great a cruelty to me, or before I know what belongs to fortunacy, I ſhould be conſtrained to feel and ſuffer ſo much infelicity. Come away therefore, my dear* Moroſini, *and my ſighs, tears, and prayers ſhall implore the Winds and Seas to prove propitious to thy ſpeedy return; and blame not me, but thy ſelf, if thy abſence and my fathers obſtinacy bereave me of my ſweet* Moroſini, *and thee of thy Dear.*

IMPERIA.

Moroſini could not refrain from bluſhing at the reading of this his Miſtreſs *Imperia*'s Letter, as aſhamed to ſee what an exceeding advantage her courteſie had got of his unkindneſs. He oftentimes kiſſeth this her Letter and Bracelet, as the two ſweet pledges of her ſweeteſt love and affection to him, the which he vows to requite, and ſhortly to make his return, redeem and ranſom the ingratitude of his long ſtay from her. He ſhews this Letter of hers to his two old Comrades, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, for their friendſhip and familiarity is ſtill ſo great, as they cannot (they will not forſake each other) who infinitely tax his unkindneſs, and condemn his inconſtancy, in ſequeſtring himſelf ſo long from ſo ſweet and fair a Miſtreſs as *Imperia*. Now for the ſpace of ſome ten days *Moroſini* feaſteth his friend *Mercario* in *Aleppo*, wherein he forgets not continually to ſolemnize his *Imperia*'s health in the beſt and richeſt Greek wines; at the end whereof (very bountifully rewarding his love and pains, for ſo often croſſing thoſe dangerous Seas in his behalf) he chargeth him with his Letter in anſwer of his, and in requital of her bracelet of ſparks of Diamonds, he returns and ſends her a fair chain of Gold, and a rich Diamond Ring faſtned to the end thereof, with a pair of Turkiſh ſilver embroydered bracelets, and ſo commits him to the mercy of the Winds and Seas; who in ſix weeks after arrives ſafely to *Ancona*, and the next morning poſts away to *Loretto*, where repairing ſecretly to *Bondino*'s houſe, he finds out his daughter *Imperia* alone, ſolitarily walking at the farther end of the Garden among ranks of Sycamour and Olive trees: Who no ſooner eſpies *Mercario*, but all her blood flaſhing into her face for joy, ſhe ſpeedily trips away towards him, who (after ſalutes) bidding him a thouſand times welcom home, and he giving her *Moroſini*'s Letter & Token, ſhe claps the laſt in her pocket, and haſtily kiſſing and breaking up the ſeals of the firſt, ſteps aſide a pace or two, and therein finds and reads theſe lines.

MORO-

MOROSINI to IMPERIA.

THy ſweet beauty, and rich affection and conſtancy ſhall not only command my reſolution but my ſelf, and it is impoſſible either for my profit or reputation to give but to receive a Law thereof; for thy requeſts being to me commands, and conſequently thy felicity and miſery equally mine, I will therefore ſhorten and haſten the time of my ſtay, and ſo convert a whole yeer into a few moneths: For if Imperia *be* Palmerius *his Wife,* Moroſini *can then never be either himſelf or his own friend, and to write thee the life of my heart, as thou haſt now the heart of thy ſoul, It is not the ambition of a Conſulary dignity, nor all the treaſure of* Turky, *or the* Indies, *which ſhall keep me from enjoying of my fair and ſweet* Imperia, *in whoſe divine cheeks and eyes my heart hath imparadized all my moſt ſoveraign earthly felicity: So that I not only deny but deſie that* Palmerius, *or any other of the world, is capable to love her the thouſand part, or ſo tenderly or dearly as my ſelf; to whoſe ſake and ſervice I will ſtill be found ready to lay down my beſt blood, and to proſtitute and ſacrifice my deereſt life. O then, my fair and ſweet* Imperia, *live therefore my dear Wife, and* Moroſini *will aſſuredly die thy loving and conſtant Husband, and thou ſhalt briefly ſee that I will hate ingratitude as much as thy inconſiderate Father loves and intends cruelty towards thee, and make thee as joyfull in my preſence, as thou writeſt me thou art afflicted and ſorrowful in my abſence. I come my ſweet* Imperia, *and if I want Winds or Seas to bring me to thy bleſſed preſence, my ſighs ſhall increaſe the one, and my tears ſupply and augment the other to effect it. Prepare therefore thy heart and eyes to ſee and ſalute me, as I do mine arms and lips to embrace and kiſs thee, and I both hope and reſt confident, that my prayers and conſtancy ſeconded by thine, will make thy Fathers obſtinacy vain, and prove* Palmerius *his attempts and hopes ridiculous, in thinking to have thee to his Wife, who art already mine by choiſe and promiſe.*

MOROSINI.

This Letter of *Moroſini* affords no ſmall muſick to the heart, or melody to the minde of our *Imperia*, for ſhe ſweetly and carefully treaſureth it up in her breſt and memory, and now in hope of his ſhort return, ſhe leaves no Church nor Chappel in or about *Loretto* unfrequented to pray for it; yea, ſhe is ſo religious and vertuous, as ſhe gives her ſelf wholly to prayer, the ſooner to obtain it: whiles (in the mean time) her cruel Father *Bondino* (contrary to her expectation and deſires) cuts her out new work, in reſuming his old reſolution to marry her to her old Lover *Palmerius* who ſtill loves her ſo tenderly that for her ſake, he will not forſake *Loretto* to live in *Ancona*, ſo that here the Reader is prayed to underſtand and know, that *Bondino* finally, (and once for all) to caſt his daughter *Imperia* and her affection from *Moroſini* to *Palmerius*; ſeeing that all other means will not prevail, he infinitely debars her of her liberty, takes away from her, her chiefeſt apparel and jewels (the delight and glory of young Ladies and Gentlewomen) as alſo her beſt viands and diet, and in a word intreateth her ſo rigorouſly, as (upon the matter) he makes her more his priſoner then his daughter. *Imperia* who was never heretofore acquainted with ſuch ſharp ſeverity and courſe entertainment bites her lip and hangs her head hereat. But the more ſhe prays her Father to reſerve her for *Moroſini*, the more tyrannouſly he commands her ſpeedily to marry *Palmerius*, ſo that all her ſighs and tears to the contrary do rather exaſperate then appeaſe his indignation againſt her, and now ſhe finds the long ſtay of *Moroſini* from her, not only to exceed her firſt expectation, but alſo his laſt promiſes to her in his Letter, and is inforced to ſee, that her Father is as cruel as *Palmerius* is obſtinate and reſolute in his ſuit to her. She hath nothing to comfort her but the memory and letters of *Moroſini*, and yet nothing doth ſo much confound her hopes and patience, as her Fathers cruelty in croſſing this her affection. But at laſt deſpairing of *Moroſini*'s return, and vanquiſhed by her Fathers tyrannie, ſhe (with an unwilling willingneſs) is inforced to ſuffer her ſelf to be overcome by him, as alſo to permit the walls of her affection, and the bulwarks and fortifications of her conſtancy to be battered and razed down, by the inceſſant ſollicitations, gifts, and prayers of *Palmerius*; So that forgetting her promiſe, and her ſelf, and putting a rape on her former reſolution, ſhe is at laſt contracted and married to him, or rather to the calamities and miſeries which we ſhall ſhortly ſee will enſue thereof.

Here now then this old dotard *Palmerius* is married to fair *Imperia*, who eſteems himſelf as happy as ſhe finds her ſelf unfortunate in this match. His Age is too old for her Youth, and her Youth far too young for his Age; Diſparity of years ſeldom (or never) breeds any true content or felicity in Marriage. He cannot ſufficiently eſtimate, much leſs deſerve or requite the dainties of her youth, ſo that truth muſt here needs implore this diſpenſation for me of modeſty, to affirm that his chiefeſt power was deſire; and his beſt performance but luſt towards her; for whiles every night, as ſoon as he comes to bed to her, he falls to his

ſleep;

ſleep; ſo poor young Gentlewoman ſhe turns to her repentance, wiſhing (from her very heart & ſoul) that her Husbands bed were her grave, and that her Nuptials had been her Funeral. A thouſand *times* every day and night ſhe accuſeth her Fathers cruelty and (with bitter ſighs and teare) as often condemneth her own levity and inconſtancy for conſenting thereunto. She can neither honour or love her husband, or rather not love him, becauſe ſhe ſo tenderly loves the perſon, and honoureth the memory of *Moroſini*. Thus whiles *Palmerius* retaineth and enjoyeth our *Imperia* in his bed, no leſs doth ſhe her *Moroſini* in her heart, ſo that the firſt hath only her body, but the ſecond wholly her minde and affection, the ſorrowfull conſideration and remembrance whereof, doth ſo torment her heart and perplex her mind; that ſhe proteſteth publickly to her ſelf, and privately to all the world, that there is no calamity equall to hers, nor no miſery comparable to that of a diſcontented bed. Thus being as much a maid as a wife, and yet more a Nun than a maid, ſhe makes ſpiritual Books her exerciſe, ſolitarineſs her paſtime, her chamber her chappel, and her Cloſet her Oratory to pray to God to forgive her Fathers cruelty, and her Husbands indiſcretion towards her, as alſo her own inconſtancy and treachery towards *Moroſini*, which foul ingratitude and crime of hers ſhe cannot remember but with extream grief, nor once think of, but with infinite ſhame, ſorrow, and repentance. Although this her old husband *Palmerius*, be ſo amorous and kind to her, and ſo tender of this his fair young wife, that he leaves no coſt unbeſtowed on her, aſwell in rich apparel, as Chains and Jewels, wherein the Ladies and Gentlewomen of *Italy* chiefly pride themſelves. But this was not the content and felicity which our *Imperia* deſired becauſe deſerved; becauſe her freſh youth, and her Husbands feeble and frozen Age, caſt her heart on other oppoſite conceits, and her mind on other different contemplations.

Whiles thus *Bondino* and *Palmerius* as much rejoyce as *Imperia* mourns and grieves at this her unequal and diſcontented Match, and *Moroſini* confidently relying on the firme affection and conſtancy of his *Imperia* made his ſtay in *Aleppo*, ſome ten moneths longer than his promiſe to her. He at laſt led by the ſtar of her beauty and his own affection to her, leaves *Turky*, and (in company of his conſtant old Friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) ſets ſail for *Italy*, and purpoſely puts in with their ſhip into *Ancona*, where they and he are no ſooner arrived, but *Mercario* finding him out, entertains him with the welcom of this ſorrowful news, that his Miſtris *Imperia* is now in this City of *Ancona*, and Married to old *Seignior* *Palmerius*, whereat *Moroſini* infinitely grieves and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* much wonder. He is ſtricken at the heart at this ſorrowfull news, and (too too ſoon for him) believes it with as much affliction as admiration. By this time likewiſe is *Imperia* advertized of his and their arrival, whereat ſhe ſeems to drown her ſelf in a whole deluge of tears; yet not for ſorrow, but for joy of his arrival. He imploys *Mercario* to her to grant him a private viſit, the which moſt joyfully the next night ſhe doth in her own houſe, her old Husband being in bed, and ſnoring faſt aſleep. At *Moroſini*'s firſt ſight and entrance into her chamber (where ſhe all alone privately ſtays for him) ſhe throws her ſelf on her knees at his feet, and with ſighs, tears, and bluſhes begs his pardon for her unconſtancy in marrying *Palmerius*, the which ſhe no way attributes to his long ſtay, but rather to her Fathers cruelty and her own misfortune. *Moroſini* is as joyfull of her ſight as ſorrowfull of this her error, and ſo will not permit her to kneel, becauſe he ſees and knows, and alſo aſſureth her, that ſhe is ſtill the Goddeſs of his heart and affection. He takes her up in his arms, and there embraceth and freely pardons her, and ſo they reciprocally ſpeak each to other in the ſweet Language of love, I mean of kiſſes, ſighs, and tears, with the laſt whereof, they again and again, bedew and waſh each others cheeks, as if love had made them far more capable to ſigh then ſpeak, and to weep than ſigh: Here their old affections revive, and flame forth a new with more violence and impetuoſity. She hath no power to deny him any thing, no not her ſelf. For as he ſwears to live her ſervant, ſo ſhe conſtantly vows to live and die his handmaid, and that his will ſhall ever be her Law, and his requeſts in all things her commands. Here his heart beats for love, and her breſt pants for joy. For as he promiſeth her, that ſhe ſhall be his ſole and only love; ſo ſhe willingly) forgets her ſelf ſo far, as ſolemnly to proteſt to him, that he ſhall be more her husband than *Palmerius*, when with many embraces and kiſſes, they for that night part.

The next morning *Moroſini* and his two Conſorts *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* (by the feigned way of a rejoycing complement) do viſit his young Miſtris *Imperia*, and her old Husband *Palmerius*, who (more out of his own goodneſs then their deſerts) bids them all moſt kindly and courteouſly welcom. They congratulate with him for this his happy match with *Imperia*, for which, old *Palmerius* reſpectively thanks them, but he knows not what dengerous ſnakes lurk under the green leaves of this their pretended fair courteſie. As for his Wife *Imperia*, ſhe

ne is ſo reſerved in her comportment, and ſo coy in her carriage towards them, that (according to the cuſtome of *Italy*) her Husband can hardly perſwade or cauſe her to ſee and ſallute hem, the which at laſt ſhe faintly and fainedly performs, rather with an eye of diſdain than of reſpect. They all ſee the young Wife with love and pitty, but look on her old Husband with contempt and envy; yet *Moroſini* then and there in ſtealth ſees *Imperia's* heart in her eyes, when n counterchange, ſhe knowes his heart by his enamoured lookes and countenance: So *Palnerius* (being as innocent as aged) having diſcouſed with them about their voyage, and about *Turkie* and *Conſtantinople*, and courteouſly prayed them to be no ſtrangers to him and his houſe, whiles the contrary winds kept them here in *Ancona*, which they readily and thankfully promiſe him, they for this time take leave each of other, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* highly applauding the beauty of *Imperia*, and *Moroſini* infinitely condemning and contemning the ſimplicity and age of her old Husband *Palmerius*.

But this is not all, for that very after-noon *Moroſini* (out of the intemperate heat and paſſion of his love) by a confident Meſſenger ſends to pray *Imperia* to meet him at three of the clock in her Garden, which was a pretty way diſtant from her houſe, the which ſhe joyfully grants him, and here it is where they meet, and where I am enforced to ſay, that in the Pavillion or Banqueting-houſe of this Garden, theſe our two youthfull lovers (after a thouſand ſweet kiſſes and embraces) firſt received each of other thoſe amourous delights and pleaſures, which modeſty will not, and chaſtity and honeſty cannot permit me to mention, as alſo for that theſe pils of ſugar are moſt commonly candid in bitter wormwood and gall, and but too frequently prove hogey to the palate, but poyſon to the heart and ſoul.

And here in this her Garden (I ſay again) was the very firſt time and place where our fair *Imperia*, who was ſo famous in *Loretto* and *Ancona* for her Piety and Chaſtity, forgetting the firſt, made ſhipwrack of the laſt, & where of a Gentlewoman of honour, ſhe loſt her honor by committing this her beaſtly ſin of ſenſuality & Adultery. When the winds, which were contary to *Moroſinies* voyage proved ſo favourable and propitious to his luſtfull deſires, that he thinks of nothing leſſe than of his return to *Venice*, nor of any thing ſo much as of his ſtay here in *Ancona*, with his fair and ſweet love *Imperia*; who likewiſe finds leſſe content and pleaſure in the compauy of her husband *Palmerius* than ſhe hoped for, and now far more in her dear friend *Moroſini* than ſhe either dreamt or expected: In which triviall regard, and ſinfull conſideration ſhe (in a manner) abandons the firſt, and gives her ſelf wholly over to the will and pleaſure of the ſecond, and ſo turning the cuſtome of theſe their laſcivious daliances into a habit, and that into a ſecond nature, both in her Garden, and her own houſe, ſhe very often (both by day and night) commits this bitter-ſweet ſin of Adultery with *Moroſini*, whereof a ſubtile young Nephew of *Palmerius*, of ſome eighteen years old, who was his Siſters Son, and tearmed *Richardo*, takes exact and curious notice, and once among the reſt he peepes in at the key-hole of his Aunts Chamber door, and there ſees her and Seignior *Moroſini* on the bed together, and in no leſſe familiarity then was requeſite or could be expected betwixt his Unkle her Husband *Palmerius* and her ſelf; whereupon ſecretly envying and hating her, becauſe he was afraid ſhe ſhould beare away all, or at leaſt the greateſt part of his ſaid Unkles Eſtate and Wealth from him (who for want of Children, hoped that he therefore ſhould be his adopted Heire) he therefore maliciouſly beares the remembrance of this object and accident in his mind, with an intent that when occaſion ſhould hereafter preſent the report and knowledge thereof to his ſaid Unkle, he might juſtly cauſe him wholly to heave and raze her out of his good opinion and affection.

As for *Moroſini* and *Imperia* they (notwithſtanding all this) do ſtill ſtrongly endeavour to blear the eyes of her Husband *Palmerius*, who (thinking his Wife to be as chaſt as fair, and rather a *Diana* than a *Lais*) out of his good nature doth ſometimes in his houſe feaſt *Moroſini* and his two Conſorts *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*: But they will prove pernicious and fatall gueſts to him, for ere long we ſhall ſee them requite this hoſpitality and courteſie of his with a prodigious and treacherous ingratitude. In which mean time all *Ancona* reſounds of the great expence and profuſe prodigality of *Moroſini*, and his two Aſſociats, for they here Revell it out in the beſt Tavernes and Companies of the City, and not only exceed others, but alſo themſelves, in the richneſs and bravery of their Apparell, but moſt eſpecially, *Moroſini*, whoſe Apparell is every way fitter for an Italian Nobleman, than a Venetian Merchant. Our Luſtfull and Laſcivious *Imperia* is never well contented or pleaſed but in his preſence, and her Husbands abſence; and here to relate the truth of her heart, *Moroſini* is more her Husband than *Palmerius*; or rather *Palmerius* is but the ſhadow, and *Moroſini* the eſſentiall ſubſtance of her Husband, and therefore (I deſire the Reader to know

know and remember) that in that regard and conſideration I have purpoſely entitled this Hiſtory not to be of *Palmerius* and *Imperia*, but of *Moroſini* and *Imperia*.

Moroſini, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* (in their Lodging and Chambers) have many times many private ſpeeches and conferences, what pitty is it that ſo ſweet and faire a young Gentlewoman as *Imperia*, ſhould (by the conſtraint of her unkind and cruell Father) thus be clogged and chained in Marriage to ſo old a Dotard as *Palmerius*, (for a more favourable Epithiete their Vanity and Folly could not afford to give him) and *Moroſini* (in the dumb eloquence and Logick of *Imperia's* ſighes and teares) apparantly beleeves that (in her Heart and Soul) ſhe infinitly deſireth and wiſheth that *Palmerius* were in Heaven, and himſelf now her Husband here on earth in his place: He reads as much in her lookes and Countenance, and is therefore confident that her heart and ambition aſpire to no ſweeter earthly felicity. He hath not loſt his Wit in his Affection, nor wholly drowned his Jugement, either in the freſh Roſes and Lillies of her Beauty, or in the reſplendant luſtre of thoſe ſparkling Diamonds and Starres, her Eyes. He knowes that his Eſtate is farr inferiour to his Birth and extraction, and yet that his prodigalities and expences (both in *Turkey* and *Italy*) are far ſuperiour and above his Eſtate: He would faine (therefore) find out the meanes to bear up his port, and conſequently to peeſerve his Reputation with the whole world, the which he eſteemes equall to his life, if not above it. He knowes that *Imperia* is already more his Wife than her Husbands, and is very confident that he can make her apt for any impreſſion, and capable of any deſign; which may advance his own fortunes, and confirm both their contents whereunto conjoyning the ſweeneſſe of her Beauty, and the excellency of her Feature, and the exceeding great Wealth of her old Husband, he adding all theſe conſiderations together, they here weigh him down to Hell and Satan, by terminating his thoughts & fixing his heart upon this Helliſh Reſolution, to ſeud him ſpeedily to Heaven in a bloody winding ſheet; and no other charitable thought, or Chriſtian conſideration can divert him from this inhumane and bloody project, neither can he poſſibly reap any truce of his thoughts, or peace of his Heart, before he have attempted and finiſhed it.

To which end, the very next Night that he lay and wantontzed in Bed with his *Imperia*, (for God knowes her old Husband lay but ſeldome with her) and finding her extraordinarily to ſigh, he layes hold of this advantage, and opertunity, and very earneſtly demands of her what ayles her, whereat her tongue then fled to her heart, becauſe her heart was then flying from God to the Devill, ſo ſhe continues her ſighing, but is ſtill mute and returns him no anſwer. Till at laſt *Moroſini* ſuſpecting that in her which his hopes deſired, and his deſires hoped for, then I ſay what his demands could not obtain of her, his kiſſes do, when ſwearing him to ſecreſie, ſhe (after many far fetcht ſighes) tells him; that ſhe loves him ſo dearly and tenderly, as for his ſake ſhe either wiſheth her ſelfe in her Grave, or her Husband *Palmerius* in Heaven; which is the ſweet Muſick and melody that *Moroſini* expects, and which to his unexpreſſabl joy he now receives from her, when paying her the principall and intereſt of this her deareſt Love and affection towards him, with many kiſſes; he paſſionaly intreats her, that ſhe will imploy him to finiſh this pleaſing Tragedy, but ſhe is again mute hereat, and therefore he again more earneſtly intreates her to confer this favour on him; Who then taking Counſell of her Luſt, and of Hell, ſhe grants his firſt Requeſt herein with ſilence, but his ſecond with a free and Cheerfull Conſent. When (as two Wretched and Bloody Miſcreants) they reciprocally ſweare ſecreſie herein each to other, as alſo that they will ſpeedily diſpatch him, and ſo in a very ſhort time after Marry each other, and no longer live in *ANCONA* but in *VENICE*. But what a fatall, what a Helliſh contract was this? which they equally confirm as well with Oaths as Kiſſes, and how at one time do I pitty both their Youth and Folly and hate their obſcene affections each to other; and their foul crimes unto God herein! They cannot content themſelves with Luſt but with Blood, for they are ſo reſolutly inhumane and impious, as they will needs adde Murther to Adultery, as if one of thoſe two foule ſinnes were not enough ſufficient to make both of them wrethed in this Life, if not wiſerable in that to come; But the Devill is ſo ſtrong with them as they vow to advance, and diſdaine to retire in the perpetration of this deplorable buſineſſe; So from the matter they proceed to the manner hereof. *Moroſini* propoſeth Poyſon, but *Imperia* rejects this his opinion, as being dangerous both in the procuring and adminiſtring. When ſhe propoundeth to have him ſtifled by nigh in his Bed, to the which after two or three pauſes and conſiderations, he will and freely conſenteth. So hereon they both do finally agree and reſolve. But becauſe *Moroſini* knowes his *Imperia* to be a wiſe and weak Woman, and therefore fitter for counſell than execution, and him ſelf alone paradventure not ſtrong enough (with ſafety) to perform it without ſome other mens aſſiſtance, he therefore tells her that he will likewiſe engage his

his faithfull friends and companions *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* herein. But *Imperia* is extreamly againſt it, as grounding her apprehenſion and fear upon this Maxime. That as one is more capable and proper to keep counſell then two, ſo conſequently are two than four But when (in anſwer hereof) he vows and ſwears to her that they are no leſs his faithfull friends and ſervants than he hers; then (with much alacrity and joy) ſhe yeelds thereunto, ſo they confirming this their agreement with many Oaths, and ſealing it with a world of kiſſes, he leaves this his fair ſweet-heart in bed, and at break of day departs from her, and ſo hies him home to his own Lodging to his two companions *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, who (the premiſes conſidered) do perfectly know, at what midnight Maſs he hath been, what ſhrine he hath viſited, and what Saint adored and prayed to.

Some three hours after they all call for their breakfaſts, the which as ſoon as they have taken and ended, (for ſtill as yet the wind is contrary for them to ſet ſail for *Venice*) *Moroſini* prayes them forthwith to walk with him up to the *Domo* (or Cathedrall Church) of that City, which ſtands over it on a high rocky hill, and there proudly looks up towards the Mountains of *Loretto*, and *Recagnati*, and down to the azur'd plains and valleys of the Adriatique Sea (whereon *Boreas* rings his Northern peals, and *Neptune* danceth his Southerne Lavolta's.) So here in this famous Church, (which was built for offering up religious prayers to God, and not for making up bloody conferences and contracts to, and with the Devill) *Moroſini* firſt acquaints them with this buſineſs, and with his, and his *Imperiaes* moſt earneſt prayers, and affectionate requeſts for their aſſiſtance therein; Sith the life of her old doating Husband was no leſs their affliction and miſery, than this his death would infallibly prove their proſperity, triumph and glory, becauſe ſhe was formerly contracted to himſelf, long before he married her: which ſhe was enforced and conſtrained to do through the cruelty and tyrannie of her Father. Now as their needs not many good words and perſwaſions to baſe hearts, and polluted and prophane ſouls, who of themſelves are already diſpoſed to wickedneſs and prepared to ſinfull actions: So (becauſe of *Moroſini*'s old friendſhip and familiarity, of *Imperias* beauty, and her old Husband *Palmerius* his exceeding great wealth and riches) theſe two graceleſs wretches *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* do cheerfully promiſe *Moroſini*, the very utmoſt of their poſſible powers for the accompliſhment hereof, whereon they all three doe there ſolemnly and interchangeably give their hands and oaths, as alſo for eternall ſecreſie. Which done they return to their Lodgings and at dinner (when they had purpoſely ſent away their Servants, as alſo thoſe of the houſe) they in very great glaſſes of *Albania* wine, do on their knees drink healths to the proſperity of this their intended great buſineſs: The which after dinner *Moroſini* (with much joy) fully relates to his *Imperia*, and ſhe (for her part) underſtands and receives it from him with no leſs delight and exhileration. When being (as ſtrongly ſeduced and provoked by their laſcivious deſires, as they were meerly propagated and engendred by the Devill who was the firſt and ſole Author thereof) impatient of all delayes they conclude to finiſh this buſineſs the ſecond night after, (which (as I have been credibly informed in *Ancona*) was the very Eve of the purification of the bleſſed *Mary* ſo famous and famouſed in *Loretto*) and hereon theſe our two luſtfull and lewd Lovers *Moroſini* and *Imperia* do give and take exact and curious directions each from other, both of the hour and the manner, thereby the better to diſpatch it, with leſſe danger and more aſſurance and facility; And they are ſo laſcivious in their wiſhes, ſo vain and prophane in their hopes, ſo cruell and inhomane in their deſires, and ſo feirce and bloody in their reſolutions, at they think every hour an age before they ſee it effected. All this while our innocent and harmeleſs old *Palmerius*, albeit he have the will, but not the power to pleaſe his young wife *Imperia* by night yet by day (yea and almoſt every day) he hath both the power and will to beſtow ſome rich gifts and preſents on her, and to rain down ſhowers of Gold into her lap, as *Jove* did to his fair *Danae*, and as one way he held it his felicity to gaze and contemplate on the excellency of her pure beauty, ſo again he made it his delight and glory to ſee her flant it out in rich and brave Apparrell, and alſo to provide her the moſt rareſt Viands and daintieſt dyet that Gold or Silver could procure. But poor *Palmerius* (all this coſt and courteſie of thine to thy wife notwithſtanding) I am enforced to write with equall pity to thee, and ſhame to her, little doſt thou conceive or think, what a dangerous Cockatrice or pernitious Viper thou harboureſt in harbouring her in thy Houſe, thy Bed, thy Boſome.

The diſmall night being now come, which theſe four execrable perſons have deſigned and deſtined for the finiſhing of this deplorable buſineſs. It is no ſooner twelve of the Clock by *Moroſinies* watch, but he with *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* (with their Rapiers and Piſtols without any light) iſſue forth their lodging, and preſently trip to *Palmerius* houſe, where (according to promiſe) they find the ſtreet door a little open and *Imperia* (as a fury of Hell) there ready to

receive them, when although it were a time and place far more fitter for them to tremble than kiſs; yet ſo fervent is the fire of *Moroſini* and *Imperias* laſcivious and furious affection; as they cannot yet refrain from giving each other one, or two at leaſt. When leaving *Donato* (with his Rapier drawn) cloſe within the door, to guard and make it good againſt all oppoſing and intervening accidents, *Moroſini* leads *Imperia* by her right arme, and *Aſtonicus* by the left, and ſo for the more ſecurity (purpoſely) leaving their ſhoes below with *Donato*, and drawing on wollen pumps, they all three aſcend the ſtairs when ſhe (with wonderfull ſilence) firſt conducts them to her own Chamber (which was ſome two diſtant from her (Husbands) where the windows being cloſe ſhut, and a ſmall wax candle burning on her Table, and her Prayer-book by it wherein (ſtill expecting the hour of midnight) ſhe ſilently reads whiles the Devill held the candle to her, ſhe there gives each of them a pillow to work this damnable fact, having ſilently given ſuch order, that her Husbands Nephew *Richardo*, and all the ſervants of the houſe, were gone to bed above three hours before: Thus this treacherous ſhe-devill *Imperia* (for I can no more tearm her a woman, much leſs a wife, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian) is the fatall guid to bloody *Moroſini* and *Aſtonicus*, who brings them firſt to the door of her old Husband *Palmerius* his Chamber, which ſhe had purpoſely left a little open, and then to his bed, who is deeply and ſoundly ſleeping in his innocency towards them, as they were but too too wide waking in their inveterat malice againſt him, ſhe keeping the door, and *Moroſini* ſtanding by one ſide of the bed, and *Aſtonicus* by the other, they there (in regard of his impotencie and weakneſs) do eaſily ſtifle him to death, not ſo much as ſuffering him either once to crie or ſcreech; and then then to make ſure work, they ſpeedily and violently thruſt a ſmall Orenge into his mooth, thereby the better to cover and colou out this their villanie to the world, in making all men beleeve, that it was *Palmerius* himſelf who had put that Orenge into his own mouth, thereby purpoſely to deſtroy himſelf; when leaving his breathleſs body in his bed, they ſecretly iſſue forth the Chamber, and ſhe draws faſt the door after her, and ſo deſcends with them down the ſtairs to the Street-door, where with much triumph, joy, and thanks between them all, *Moroſini* giving his *Imperia* many kiſſes, and ſhe deſiring them all three immediatly to repair to their Lodgings, and not to ſtir thence till they hear from her, which ſhe promiſeth *Moroſini* ſhall be as ſoon as conveniently and poſſibly ſhe can, they depart home: When ſhe firſt ſoftly bolting the Street-door, and then her own Chamber-door, ſhe preſently (with much ſecurity, and no repentance) betakes her ſelf to her bed, where (vilde wretch that ſhe is) ſhe no more wakes for grief at the life, but now ſleeps for joy at the death of her old doating Husband *Palmerius*. But we ſhall not go for, before we ſee God convert theſe her triumphs into teare, and this her falſe joy into true miſerie and confuſion for the ſame.

The manner thus.

Whiles *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* do in their Lodging, for joy of this their bloudie fact, carowſe the remainder of the night, and the next morning keep their beds till nine of the clock, without once thinking of God or Heaven or of fearing either Hell or Satan; *Imperia* putting an Angels face on her devilliſh heart, goes (according to her accuſtomed manner) about ſix of the clock in the morning away with her waiting-maid, and her Prayer-book and Beads in hand, to hear Maſs at Saint *Francis* (which is the Gray-Fryers) Church near to the Jews Street, with an intent to ſtay there in her Oraiſons till paſt eight. But let the reader judge, with what a prophane zeal and prodigious and impious devotion ſhe doth it; as alſo farther know, that God who is the great Judge of Heaven and Earth (in his ſacred Juſtice) is now reſolved to bring this lamentable murthering of *Palmerius* to detection and light, and to proclaime and publiſh it to the ſight and knowledge of the world by a way no leſs ſtrange than remarkable.

Within leſs than half an hour that *Imperia* went away to Maſs to Saint *Francis* Church, an Inn-keeper of *Loretto*, who dwelt there at the ſign of the Crown, named *Antonio Herbas*, arrives there in *Ancona* to *Palmerius* houſe, with a Letter for him from his Father *Bondino*; who ſpeaking with his Nephew *Richardo*, he delivereth and ſendeth up the Letter to his Unckle, who then opening the latch of his Chamber door, he no ſooner entereth, but with his foot he ſtumbles at a pair of rich Gloves, which taking up, and knowing them to belong to *Seignior Moroſini*, becauſe ſome two or three dayes together he had ſeen him wear them, he with a ſmile claps them into his pocket, and ſo giving his Unckle the good morrow, he advanceth up to his bed, to deliver him this Letter: When with drawing the Curtains, hee (contrary to his expectation) finds him dead, and well-near cold in his bed, with a whole ſmall Orenge in his mouth; whereat hee makes ſo lamentable and ſorrowfull an out-crie that the noiſe thereof brings up two ſervants of the houſe, to enquire and know what the cauſe thereof might be.

Who

Who being likewiſe ſad ſpectators of this their Maſters ſudain and unfortunate death, they conceive and beleeve, that he had voluntarily ſtopped his own breath, and deſtroyed himſelf by putting this Orenge in his mouth, and that his face being black and ſwollen, was only his own ſtrugling for life againſt death; which opinion of theirs, in common ſenſe and reaſon was probable enough, if God had not here reſolved to diſpróve it, in verifying and making apparant the contrary. For *Richardo* (who was of a pregnant wit, and of a ſharp and quick apprehenſion) conſidering that theſe were *Moroſini*'s Gloves which he found there in his Unckles Chamber; and his memorie now telling his heart, what leſcivious daliances and obſcene embraces and familiarity his eyes had lately ſeen and known betw een him and his Aunt *Imperia*, as alſo that God heretofore prompted and informed his ſoul, that they both had an equall ſhare and hand in this lamentable murther of his Unckle, and that it was far better for him juſtly to ruine her now, then ſhe unjuſtly to begger him hereafter: Hee therefore (with tears in his eyes) prayes the ſervants to ſtay a little while in the Chamber with his dead Unckle till his return; and then (with thoſe Gloves in his pocket, and this Letter in his hand) he ſpeeds away to the Podeſtate (or criminall Judge) of this City, named Seignior *Ludovicus Ceranno*, and in a paſſionate and ſorrowfull ſpeech makes him know as much as himſelf knows of this lamentable murther of his Unckle *Palmerius*, for the which he ſtrongly chargeth *Moroſini* and his ſaid Aunt *Imperia* to be the Author and Actor, and ſo craves Juſtice on them both for the ſame. This grave perſonage is very ſorrowfull at this lamentable accident, and likewiſe at this relation and accuſation of *Richardo*, as well for the manner thereof, as for the quality of the perſons who he hears and fears are intereſted herein, when walking a turn or two, deeply contemplating hereon in his Chamber, he ſits himſelf down in his Chair; and then (bidding *Richardo* approach nearer to him) he ſeriouſly demands of him theſe four Queſtions. Firſt, if he were aſſured that theſe were *Moroſini*'s Gloves; to which *Richardo* anſwered, he perfectly knew them to be his, for that he had ſeen him wear them three or four ſeverall times. Secondly, where *Moroſini* was lodged in that City; whereat he replyed, that he and his two aſſociats, *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, lay at the ſign of the Ship upon the Key. Thirdly, where he thought his Aunt *Imperia* now was; whereat he tells him, ſhe is now in Saint *Francis* Church in her devotions. And fourthly, what Letter that was which he held faſt ſealed in his hand; when he alſo informed him, that this was the very ſame Letter which he formerly told him of, the which Seignior *Bondino* (the Father to his Aunt *Imperia*) ſent to his Unckle this morning from *Loretto*, by an Inn keeper of that Town, named *Antonio Herbas*, whom he ſaid he had brought along with him to affirm ſo much; the which being called up before the Podeſtate he upon his corporall Oath did ſo: when the Podeſtate taking that Letter from *Richardo*, and breaking up the Seals thereof, he finds it to ſpeak this language.

BONDINO to PALMERIUS.

IT was a ſenſible grief to me, when I firſt heard of Moroſini's *arrivall from* Turkie *to* Ancona; *but far the greater, when I ſince underſtand of his long and lingring ſtay there: and to write thee the truth of my heart, my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night, do ſtill prompt and aſſure me, that as it is likely he will attempt ſomething againſt the Chaſtity of thy Wife my Daughter, ſo it is not impoſſible for him likewiſe to plot ſomewhat againſt thine own life; for by nature and inclination I heare he is very malicious and revengefull. If he depart ſpeedily to* Venice, *then burn this Letter in* Ancona (*which I now ſend thee there by my neighbour* Antonio Herbas;) *but if he farther protract his ſtay there; then ſpeedily bring thy ſelf and thy Wife away to me here in* Loretto; *where my Houſe ſhall be a Sanctuary for her, and a Caſtle and Cittadel for thy ſelf: Slight not this my carefull and tender advice to thee, but rather reſolve with confidence, that as God gave it firſt to my heart, ſo from my heart I moſt affectionatly now ſend it to thee.*

BONDINO.

The Podeſtate being aſcertained of all theſe Evidences, from the confeſſion of *Richardo*, the Gloves of *Moroſini*, the Letter of *Bondino*, and the acknowledgement of *Herbas*, although hereupon he verily believes that *Palmerius* was ſtifled in his bed by his Wife *Imperia* and her lover *Moroſini*, yet (as a wiſe Judge and a prudent Magiſtrate) he will inform his knowledge of one important point more, for the better diſquiſition and vindication of the truth of this deplorable buſineſs: He will not ſend any ſubordinate Officer, but a privat friend of his, to the Hoaſt of the Ship upon the Key, where *Moroſini* lodged, whoſe name he now knows to be *Stephano Fundi*, and that (in favour of a Cup of Wine) he ſhould courteouſly allure him home to his houſe and preſence, the which that friend of his performs; where the Podeſtate then told him, that he hath been informed by divers, that he is an honeſt man, and therefore in friendly ſort he prayes him to anſwer him the truth of three demands which he ſhall make unto him. Firſt, if *Moroſini* and his friends *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* lay in his houſe all the laſt night, or if not, when they went abroad, and at what hour returned. When *Fundi* (performing his dutie and reverence to the Podeſtate) tells him, that they all three went forth of his houſe together the laſt night with their Rapiers, without any lights, a little after twelve of the clock, and returned home again a little before two, as near as he could gueſs. Secondly, the Podeſtate ſhews him the Gloves, and askes of him, if he thought theſe were *Moroſini's*; to the which he anſwered, he did aſſure himſelf they were, for that he had many times ſeen him wear them. Thirdly, he enquires of him, if he knew where *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato* now were; whereunto he made anſwer, that after they came home to his houſe the laſt night, they merrily carrowſed and drank in their Chamber till ſix of the clock in the morning; that they then went to their beds, and there as yet they all lay ſoundly ſleeping. The Podeſtate having thus happily cleared all theſe rubs, he makes no doubt they were the murtherers of *Palmerius*, and therefore reſolves ſpeedily to lay ſure hold of them all. But he is ſo ſolid and wiſe in his adminiſtration of Juſtice, as he will add ſubtiltie to his power, and diſcretion to his authority. Firſt therefore in friendly manner he confines *Fundi* to a Chamber here in his own houſe, to prevent that he ſhould not return home to tell tales to *Moroſini* and his aſſociates. Then he preſently ſends away two of his own Sons, who were gallant young Gentlemen, named *Seignior Alexandro* and *Thomaſo Ceranno* (who were ignorant of all this matter) with his Coach to Saint *Francis* Church, and when they there ſee the fair Gentlewoman *Imperia* to iſſue forth, then in courteous manner not to fail to bring her away in Coach with them to his houſe, under pretext and colour, that the Lady *Honoria* their Mother doth deſire to ſee and ſpeak with her, and that ſhe will pleaſe to paſs one hour with her in her Garden, with whom and where ſhe (by the way of viſits) had formerly ſometimes been. Theſe two young Gentlemen (in obedience to their Fathers commands) drive away to that Church, and preſently eſpie *Imperia* on her knees; who now riſeth and goes forth; they follow her, and in the ſtreet, with their Hats in their hands, do preſent their Lady Mothers requeſt and errand to her, as we have formerly heard. *Imperia* knowing them to be the Podeſtates two Sons, ſhe at firſt is ſo infinitely perplexed, grieved, and amazed hereat, yea, ſhe is hereupon vexed and tormented in ſo ſtrange a manner, that with much perturbation of mind, ſhe now (through her foul and guilty conſcience) looks pale for ſorrow, and preſently red again for ſhame; ſo that in the turning of a hand, and twinkling of an eye, ſhe exchangeth the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roſes, and thoſe Roſes as ſoon again into Lillies. But then (fearing her danger leaſt, when ſhe had all the reaſons of the world both to doubt and fear it moſt) conſidering that the Podeſtate and the Lady his Wife were her kind and honourable good friends, and had now ſent their Coach for her, as alſo obſerving the fair carriage and courteous language of theſe two her young Sons towards her, ſhe then (being blinded by the Devill) doth ſo wholly forget both her crime and her danger, her judgement and her ſelf that rejecting her fear, and compoſing her countenance to a modeſt chearfullneſs, ſhe willingly obeyes the Mothers commands, and accepts of the Sons courteſie, and ſo goes along home with them in their Coach, where being arrived. Theſe two young Gentlemen, do uſher and conduct her up to the Gallery, where not the Lady their Mother, but the Podeſtate their Father, (accompanied with two other grave Officers of juſtice attended her comming. Their very firſt ſight is ſufficiently capable to daunt her courage with fear, and to tranſpierce her heart and ſoule with ſorrow; When the Podeſtate calling her to him, hee with a ſterne Countenance gives her this thundring peale for her good morrow and breakfaſt. That hee is ſorry to ſee that ſo fair a Gentlewoman as her ſelf, ſhould harbour and enſhirine ſo foule a heart. That her good old Husband *Seignior Palmerius* is this morning found ſtifled to death in his Bed with an Orenge in his mouth, and that hee both thinks and aſſures himſelfe, it is done by her, and by her bloody Ruffian and Enamourato *Moroſini*,

for

for the which he ſaith he is conſtrained (in honour to Juſtice) to make her Priſoner to the Pope his Holineſs, his Soveraign Lord and Maſter, whereat this falſe hypocrite *Imperia* (with a world of ſighs and tears cries out and tels him, that ſhe left her old Husband *Palmerius* in perfect health in his bed this morning, that therefore ſhe hopeth and truſteth in God he is not murthered, or if he be, that it muſt needs be done by his wretched Nephew *Richardo*, who impatiently gaped and hoped for his great wealth and riches, or elſe by ſome Devill in his ſhape, of his ſeducing and hiring him thereunto. That *Moriſini* is not her Ruffian or Enamourato, but a brave Marchant by his profeſſion, and an honourable Gentleman of *Venice* by birth and extraction, and that ſhe dares pawn her life for his, that they are both of them as innocent of this foul crime as the Infants who were born but the laſt night, and that ſhe hath far more reaſon to weep for the death of her Husband, than any way to fear her own life, becauſe ſhe knows that God is the defender of Innocents, and the Protector of the righteous, with many other paſſionate and ſorrowfull ſpeeches conducting and looking that way; but theſe her ſpeeches and tears cannot prevaile with the Podeſtate, for both he and his two Colleagues do yet firmely beleeve that ſhe is guilty of this inhumane murther; So he impriſoneth her in a Chamber of his own houſe for that day, and intends at night to ſend her to the common Goale of that City. Now as ſhe is led along between two Ushers (or Serjeants) through a lower room, where all the Podeſtates Servants and ſome few others of the City were flocked thither to ſee her paſs by, ſhe infinitly more caring for her *Moroſini's* life, and fearing his death than her own, it is her chance to eſpie *Mercario* (whom we have formerly underſtood ſhe ſents with her Letters to him to *Conſtantinople* and *Aleppo*, and knowing that the Serjeants would then difficultly permit her to ſpeak with any of the company, ſhe amidſt her tears bethinks her ſelf of a pretty pollicie; for as ſhe paſt cloſe by *Mercario* ſhe purpoſely lets fall hee Gloves and wet Handkerchief for him to take up, the which he doth; and as he was ſtooping to effect it, ſhe ſecretly and ſwiftly rounds him in his ear thus. I pray go inſtantly upon the Kay to *Moroſini's* lodging, and tell him that I am a Priſoner in the Podeſtates houſe, for the buſineſſe he knows of, and therefore that he (and *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*) do ſpeedily provide for their ſafety, as alſo that if I had a thouſand lives I would willingly loſe and ſacrifice them all for to preſerve his, and that I will live and dye his moſt loving friend and faithfull handmaid, the which as ſoon as ſhe had uttered, ſhe is impriſoned in a dark Chamber; where ſhe hath none but her guilty conſcience, the bare walles, and the two Serjeants for her miſerable comforters; and yet here (thinking to breath and draw ſome hope among all her diſpair and ſorrows, ſhe prayes one of the Serjeants to report her humble ſervice to the Lady *Honoria* the Podeſtates Wife, and to pray her to oblige and honour her ſo much as to ſee and ſpeak a word with her. But ſhe having been informed by the Judge her Husband that he abſolutely held and beleeved her to be the murtherer of her own Husband *Seignior Palmerius*, ſhe was too honourable to grant *Imperia* this courteſie, and therefore (in deteſtation of her foul fact) highly diſdained to afford her this charity and conſolation, and ſo flatly denies either to ſee or ſpeak with her. And now do the Podeſtate, and his two Colleagues ſit and debate in Councell with themſelves, how and in what manner to ſurprize *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, for although they are not ſure, yet by their abſence the laſt night from their lodging with *Moroſini* they think that they two are acceſſaries with him herein; Firſt, they are of opinion to ſeize on their ſhip, which is at Anchor in the Road; termed the Realto of *Venice* (a name I think derived and taken from the Merchants Exchange of that City tearmed the Realto, or elſe from the Realto Bridge, which (for one Arch) is doubtleſs the rareſt, faireſt, and richeſt Bridge of the world) which ſhip was of ſome three hundred Tuns, and bore ſome twenty peeces of Ordnance, and then preſently after to ſeize on themſelves in their lodging. But upon more mature deliberation, they reſolve to abandon this their opinion, and ſo to ſeize on their perſons, but not to arreſt or make ſtay of their ſhip; and although their zeal to juſtice, and haſt for their apprehenſion be very great, yet *Mercario* out of his reſpects to *Imperia*, and affection to *Moroſini* trippe down through the by-ſtreets and neereſt way to the Key ſo ſwiftly, as he had already ſecretly related him and his two conſorts the ſorrowfull news which *Imperia* ſent them by him. Whereat with fear in their hearts and courages, and amazement in their looks and countenances, they all three leap from their beds to their Swords, diſcharge their Inne, pack up their Truncks and baggage, and reſolve with all poſſible ſpeed to flye to their ſhip, and then if not with, yet againſt thy winds to put into Sea, and for their ſafety to leave *Ancona*, and ſayl for *Venice*. But yet here *Moroſini's* heart is perplexed with a thouſand torments to underſtand of his *Imperia's* eminent and apparent danger, and with many Hels inſtead of one to ſee that he muſt now thus ſuddenly leave her dear ſight and company, which he every way eſteems no leſs than either his earthly felicity, or his Heaven upon Earth.

But here again violently called away by the importunate cryes of *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*, and yet far more by the conſideration of his own proper fear and danger; *Mercario* is no ſooner ſtollen away from them, but they all three with their ſwords drawn ruſh down the ſtayres with equall intents and reſolution to exchange their Inne for their ſhip, and thereby to metamorphoſe their danger into ſecurity; But they ſhall ſee that theſe weak and reeling hopes of theirs will now deceive them. For they find all doors of their Inn lockt within ſide, and ſurrounded and beleagured without, with many armed Serjeants, Souldiers, and Citizens for their apprehenſion: And although *Moroſini*, *Aſtonicus*, and *Donato*, were ſo inflamed with their youthfull blood and courage, as they were once generouſly reſolved to ſell their lives deerly, and with their Piſtolls and Swords to prefer an honourable to an infamous death, yet being far overmaſtred with numbers and therefore enforced to take a Law of the ſtronger; Whereunto they the ſooner hearken and conſent, in regard the Serjeants and Officers do politickly cry out to them, and pray them to yeeld, as affirming that to their knowledge their reſolution and fear doth far exceed the danger of their offences. They make a vertue of neceſſity, and unlocking the doors of their Inne and Chambers, do cheerfully yeeld up their perſons, Piſtols, and Swords to the Popes Officers of Juſtice, who as ſoon conveigh them all three to the common Priſon of that City, which was the ſame wherein our not ſo ſorrowfull as unfortunat *Imperia* was already entred, and where to her unexpreſſible grief, and *Moroſini's* unparallell'd affliction and diſconſolation, ſuch exact charge was given of the Podeſtate, and ſuch curious heed obſerved and taken of the Goaler, that he could not poſſibly be permitted either to ſee or ſpeak with her, or ſhe with him, the which indeed they conceived to be far more ſharp than their crime, and infinitely more bitter than the conſideration either of their fear or danger.

Now the news of theſe lamentable accidents being ſpeedily poſted from *Ancona* to *Loretto*, our *Imperias* cruell Father *Bondino* no ſooner is aſcertained thereof; But ſeeing his Son in law *Palmerius* murthered in his bed, and his Wife and his own only Daughter *Imperia* (with her Ruffian *Moroſini* and his two conſorts) to be impriſoned as the authors, and actors thereof, he for the love he bore to her life and the tender pitty and ſorrow he felt of the infamy of her approaching death, ſuddenly fals ſick, and dies; whereof his impriſoned Daughter *Imperia* underſtanding, ſhe (in regard of his former ſeverity towards her) is ſo much paſſionat, and ſo little compaſſionat, as ſhe rather rejoyceth than lamenteth at it; Only ſhe prayes God to forgive his ſoul of that cruelty of his in enforcing her to marry *Palmerius*, which ſhe knows to be the originall cauſe, and fatall cloud from whence have proceeded all theſe diſmall ſtorms of affliction, and tempeſts of untimely death, which ſhe fears muſt very ſhortly befall both her ſelf, and her ſecond ſelf *Moroſini*.

Whiles thus *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* grieve at their hard fortune and danger, and *Moroſini* and *Imperia* do reciprocally more lament and ſorrow for their ſeperation than for their impriſonment, and that the Podeſtate and other Officers of Juſtice of *Ancona* are reſolved firſt to inform the Pope, and then to expect his holineſs pleaſure for the arraignment and puniſhment of theſe four Priſoners, it pleaſed God exceedingly to viſit the Town of *Loretto*, and eſpecially the City of *Ancona* with the Plague, whereof many thouſands in a few moneths were ſwept away, ſo by ſpeciall commiſſion and order from *Rome*, they (in company of divers other Priſoners) are conveyed to the City of *Polegnio*, two ſmall dayes journey from *Ancona*, and there to be arraigned and tryed upon their lives and deaths; at which time as they paſt by the old, little City of *Tolentino* where I then (in my intended travels towards *Rome*) lay upon my recovery of a burning Feaver; When, I ſay, the nature of their crimes, and the quality of their perſons made my curioſity ſo ambitious, as to ſee and obſerve them in their ſeverall Chambers of the Inne where they that night lay, which was, at the ſign of the Popes Armes, as for *Aſtonicus* and *Donato* I found them to be rather ſad then merry; *Moroſini* to be far more merry than wiſe, and *Imperia* to be infinitly more fair than fortunate, and all of them to be leſſe ſorrowfull for their affliction and danger, than for the cauſe thereof.

Within three hours of their arrivall to *Foligno* they are all four convented before the two criminall Judges, who are purpoſely ſent from *Rome* thither, and are there, and then ſeverally charged with this foul murther of ſtifling to death the old *Seignior Palmerius* in his bed, which all and every one of them apart do ſtiffely deny: Notwithſtanding that *Fundi* the Hoaſt, and *Richardo* the Nephew, give in evidence of ſtrong preſumprion againſt them, and alſo notwithſtanding of *Moroſini's* Gloves and *Bondinos* Letter written to his Son in law *Palmerius* and delivered by *Herbas* as we have formerly underſtood. But theſe two grave and prudent Judges, yet ſtrongly ſuſpecting the contrary, they will not be deluded with the airy words, and ſugred ſpeeches and proteſtations of their pretended innocency, but conſult between themſelves what here to reſolve on for the Vindication of this truth; ſo at laſt they hold it expedient

and

and requiſite firſt to expoſe *Aſtonicus* to the torments of the Rack, the which (he being a ſtrong and robuſtuous man) he endureth, with a firme reſolution and conſtancy every way above himſelf, and almoſt beyond belief, and ſtill confeſſeth nothing but his innocency and ignorance of this deplorable fact, whereof the Judges reſting not yet ſatisfied, they within an hour after adjudge *Donato* to the tortures of the Scarpines, who being a little timbred man, of a pale complexion and weak conſtitution of body, his right foot no ſooner feels the unſufferable fury of the fire, and his tormentors then confidently promiſing him all deſired favour from his Judges if he will confeſs the truth, but after ſome ſorrowfull tears, and pitifull cries hee fully and amply doth, and in the ſame manner and form, as in all its circumſtances we have formerly underſtood. The which when the Judges hear of, they cannot refrain, firſt from admiring and wondring thereat, and then from lamenting that perſonages of their rank and quality ſhould be the authors and actors of ſo foul and lamentable a murther; eſpecially of this faire Gentlewoman *Imperia* to her own good old Husband *Palmerius*. Now by this time alſo are *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus* acquainted with this fatall confeſſion and accuſation of *Donato* againſt them for this murther, whereat they do infinitely lament and grieve, becauſe they are thereby perfectly aſſured that it hath infallibly made them all three liable, and obnoxious to death, as alſo for that their ſuppoſed firm friend *Donato* proved himſelf ſo falſe a man, and ſo true a coward to be the cauſe thereof, wherein they ſo much forget themſelves, as they do not once think; and they will not therefore remember, that the detection of this their foul murther proceeded immediatly from Heaven, and originally from the providence and juſtice of the Lord of Hoſts.

The very ſame afternoon, the Judges ſent for *Moroſini*, *Imperia*, and *Aſtonicus* to appear before them in their publick tribunall of Juſtice, where they firſt acquaint and charge them with *Donatos* confeſſion and accuſation againſt them for murthering of *Palmerius*, whereat they are ſo far from being any way diſmayed or danted, as they all do deny, and refell his accuſation, and ſo in high termes do ſtand upon their innocency, and juſtification: But when they ſee *Donato* brought into the Court in a Chair, (for his fiery torments of the Scarpines, had ſo cruelly ſcorched, and pittifully burnt away the fleſh of the ſole of his right foot, almoſt to the bone that he was wholly unable either to go or ſtand) and that they were to be confronted face to face with him, as alſo they being alſo hotly terrified and threatned by the Judges with the torments of the Rack and Scarpines, then God was ſo gracious to their hearts and ſo merciſull to their ſoules, that they looking mournfully each at other, ſhe weeping, and they ſighing, and all of them deſpairing of life, and too perfectly aſſured of death, they all confeſſe the whol truth of this foule fact of theirs, and ſo confirm as much as *Donato* had formerly affirmed of this their bloody crime of murthering *Palmerius* in his bed; when one of theſe two reverend and grave Judges immediatly thereupon do condemn them all four to be hanged the next morning at the common place of executian of that City; although *Donato* becauſe of his confeſſion hereof (in vaine) flattered himſelf that he ſhould receive a pardon for his life; So they are all ſent back to their Priſon from whence they came, where all the courteſie which the importunate requeſts of *Moroſini*, and the inceſſant ſighs and tears of *Imperia* can obtaine of their Judges is, that they grant them an hour of time to ſee, converſe, and ſpeak one with the other that night in priſon, in preſence of their Goalers, and ſome other perſons before they dye. When *Moroſini* being guided towards her Chamber, ſuch is the weakneſſe of his Religion towards God, and the fervency (or rather the exorbitancy) of his affection towards her, that as he paſſeth from Chamber to Chamber, he is ſo far from once thinking, much leſſe fearing of death, as he abſolutely believes he is going to a victory, and a triumph, here *Moroſini* with a world of ſighs throwes himſelf into his *Imperia's* neck and breſt; and here *Imperia* with a whole deluge of tears imbraceth and encloyſtereth her *Moroſini* in her armes, when after a thouſand kiſſes, they beg pardon one of another, for being the eſſentiall and actuall cauſe each of others death, and do enterchangeably both kiſſe and ſpeak, ſometimes privatly, and moſt times publickly before the ſpectators, that if thoſe reports be true which I firſt heard thereof in *Tolentino*, next in *Foligno*, and laſtly in *Rome*, I ſay to depaint and repreſent it at life in all its circumſtances, I ſhould then begin a ſecond Hiſtory, when I am now on the very point and period to end the firſt, neither in my conceit is it a task either proper for me to undertake or pertinent for my pen to perform, becauſe (to ſpeak freely and ingenuouſly) I hold the grant and permiſſion of this their amorous viſit and interview in priſon before they dye, to be every way more worthy of the pity than of the gravity or piety of their Judges.

If therfore I do not content and pleaſe the curioſity; I yet hope I ſhall endeavor my ſelf to ſatisfie the Judgement of my Chriſtian Reader, here briefly to ſignifie this their limited hour is no ſooner paſt, but the to ſharp affliction of *Moroſini*, the bitter anxiety of *Imperia*, they by

their Goalers are ſeparated and confined to their ſeverall Chambers, where (by the charity of their Judges) they find two Friers and two Nuns attending them to prepare their ſouls for Heaven, and in a leſſe vain, and a more ſerious and religious conference to entertain both their time, and themſelves, from an earthly to the ſpeculation and contemplation of a divine and heavenly love, as alſo from them to *Aſtonicus* and *Donato*. But before I proceed farther, we muſt underſtand, that the two Friers have not been with *Moreſini*, and the two Nuns with *Imperia* above an hour, but by the two Judges there is a chief ſubordinat Officer of theirs ſent to priſon to tell *Imperia*, that her Uncle *Seignior Alexandro Bondino*, a great Senator and famous Judge of *Rome*, hath obtained her pardon of this preſent Pope *Urban* the eighth. But ſhe is no ſo glad of this news, as ſhe is then curious to enquire if her *Moroſini* be likewiſe pardoned, ſo the Officer tels her no, and that hee abſolutely muſt ſuffer death, then ſhe weeps far faſter then ſhe rejoyceth, and affirms that ſhe will not live but dye. The Judges ſend for her, and perſwade her to live, but ſhe begs them as importunatly to give *Moroſini* his life, as they do her to accept and receive her own. They tell her they have not the power to grant her the firſt, and ſhe replyes, that ſhe then hath not the will to embrace and entertain the ſecond. They acquaint *Moriſini* herewith, who by their order and by their ſelves do ſtrongly perſwade her hereunto, but her firſt anſwer and reſolution is her laſt, that ſhe will accept of no life if he muſt dye, neither will he refuſe any death conditionally that ſhe may live to ſurvive him. The two Friers and two Nuns uſe their beſt art and oratory to perſwade her hereunto; but they meet with impoſſibility to make her affection to *Moroſini*, and her reſolution to her ſelf flexible hereunto. Her life is not half ſo pretious to her as is his, for if ſhe had many as ſhe hath but one, ſhe is both ready and reſolute to loſe and ſacrifice them all for his ſake, and would eſteem it her felicity that her death might redeem and ranſom his life. The Judges (out of their goodneſs and charity) afford a whole day to invite and perſwade her hereunto, but ſhe is ſtill deaf to their requeſts, and ſtill one and the ſame woman, deſirous to live with him, or conſtant and reſolute to dye for him. Therefore when nothing can prevail with her; becauſe dye he muſt, ſo dye ſhe will; to the which ſhe cheerfully prepares her ſelf, with an equall affection and reſolution, which I rather admire than commend in her.

So the next morning they are all four brought to the place of common execution to ſuffer death. Where *Donato* is firſt lifted up to the Ladder, who being fuller of pain than words ſaid little in effect, but that he wiſhed he had either dyed in *Conſtantinople* or *Aleppo*, or elſe ſunk in the Sea before he came to *Ancona*, and not to have here ended his dayes in miſery and infamy. The next who was ordered to follow him was *Aſtonicus*, who told the World boldly and plainly, that he cared leſſe for his death than for the cauſe thereof, and that he loved *Moroſini* ſo perfectly and dearly, that he rather rejoyced than grieved to dye for him, only he repented himſelf for aſſiſting to murther *Palmerius*, and from his heart and ſoul beſeeched God to forgive it him, and ſo he was turned over. Then *Moroſini* aſcends the Ladder clad in a hair colour Satin ſute, and a pair of Crimſon ſilk Stockings, with Garters and Roſes edged with ſilver lace; being ſo vain in his carriage, action, and ſpeeches, as before he once thought of God, he (with a world of ſighs) takes a ſolemn leave of his ſweet heart *Imperia*, and withall the powers of his heart and ſoul prayes her to accept of his life, and ſo to ſurvive him; He makes an exact and godly confeſſion of his ſins to God and the World, & yet nevertheleſs he is ſo vain in his affection toward *Imperia*, as he takes both to witneſs, that had he a thouſand lives he would cheerfully loſe them all to ſave and preſerve hers. As for *Imperia*, ſuch was her dear and tender affection to him, as ſhe would fain look on him, as long as he lives, and yet ſhe equally deſires and reſolves rather to dye than to ſee him dye, and becauſe ſhe hath not the power, therefore ſhe turns her face and eyes from him, and will not have the will to ſee him dye; when he having ſaid his prayers and ſo recommended his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, he is alſo turned over.

Now although our *Imperia* be here again and again ſolicited by the Judges, Friers, and Nuns, to accept of her life, yet ſhe ſeeing her other ſelf *Moroſini* dead, ſhe therefore diſdains to ſurvive him; ſhe hath ſo much love in her heart, as ſhe now hath little life, and leſs joy in her looks and countenance. She aſcends the Ladder in a plain black Taffeta Gown, a plain thick ſet Ruffe, a white Lawn Quaife, and a long black Cypreſs vail over her head with a white pair of Gloves, and her Prayer book in her hands. When being far more capable to weep than ſpeak, ſhe caſting a wonderfull ſad and ſorrowfull look on her dead lover *Moroſini*, after many volleys of far fetcht ſighs ſhe delivers this ſhort ſpeech to that great concourſe of people who from City and Countrey flocked thither to ſee her and them dye.

Good people: I had lived more happy, and not dyed ſo miſerable, if my Father *Bondino* had not ſo cruelly enforced me to marry *Palmerius* whom I could not love, and to leave *Moroſini*,

ſini, whom in heart and ſoul I ever affected a thouſand times dearer than mine own life, and may all Fathers who now ſee my death, or ſhall her after hear or read this my Hiſtory be more pitifull and leſſe cruell to their Daughters by his example. I do here now ſuffer many deaths in one to ſee that my dear *Moroſini* is dead for my ſake, for had he not loved me dearly and I him tenderly, he had never dyed for me, nor I for him, with ſuch cheerfulneſs and alacrity as now we do. And here to deal truly with God and the World, although I could never affect or fancy my old Husband *Palmerius*, yet now from my heart and ſoul I lament and repent that ever I was guilty of his innocent and untimely death, the which God forgive me, and I likewiſe requeſt you all to pray unto God to forgive it me. And not to conceal or diſſemble the truth of my heart, I grieve not to dye, but rather becauſe I have no more lives to loſe for my *Moroſini*'s affection and ſake. I have and do devoutly pray unto God for his ſoul, and ſo I heartily requeſt and conjure you all to do for mine. Thus I commend you all to happy and proſperous lives, my ſelf to a pious and patient death in earth, and a joyfull and a glorious reſurrection in Heaven, when ſigning her ſelf often with the ſign of the Croſs, ſhe puls her vail down over her face, and ſo praying that ſhe might be buried in one and the ſame Grave with *Moroſini*, ſhe bad the Executioner perform his Office, who immediatly turns her over.

And if reports be true. Never three young men, and one fair young Gentlewoman died more lamented and pitied than they. For *Moroſini* died with more reſolution than repentance, and *Imperia* with more repentance than reſolution, thus was their lives, and thus their deaths. May we extract wiſdom out of their folly, and charity out of their cruelty, ſo ſhall we live as happy as they dyed miſerably, and finiſh our dayes and lives in as much content and tranquillity as they ended theirs in ſhame, infamy, and confuſion.

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVII.

Father Juſtinian *a Prieſt, and* Adrian *an Inn-keeper poyſon* De Laurier, *who was lodged in his houſe, and then bury him in his Orchard; where a moneth after a Wolf digs him up, and devours a great part of his body; which Father* Juſtinian *and* Adrian *underſtanding, they flye upon the ſame, but are afterwards both of them apprehended and hanged for it.*

WHere our hearts are given to covetouſneſs, and cruelty, there is little ſign of grace, and therefore leſs hope of our proſperity either in this life, or the next; For thoſe are ſins which ſo eclipſe our judgments, and obſcure and darken our underſtandings, that we thereby run blindfolded, and headlong to all miſery and confuſion, and make our eſtates ſo deſperate that we ſhall not deſerve to be pitied of others, becauſe we would neither pity nor compaſſionat others, or which is worſe, our ſelves. A deplorable example whereof, this enſuing Hiſtory will preſent to our knowledge and conſideration, in the perſons of two execrable wretches which did wilfully caſt away themſelves, and their lives upon foul and enormous motives. May we religiouſly read it to the information of our Conſciences, the reformation of our lives.

A Rich Goldſmith of *Dijon* (the Capitall City of *Burgundy*) named Monſieur *De Lautier*, aged of ſome threeſcore years or upwards, having been at *Franckford Mart*, and there ſold many Jewels, Bracelets, and Chains of Pearl, for the which he had there received ſome 1700 Crowns; as he returned homewards with all that great ſum of money, converted into double Piſtolls

P iſtols, which he carried behind him in his Cloak bag and ſome remaining Jewels; and in a privat leather girdle next to his body. It chanced that he fell ſick on the way, whereof finding himſelf ill and weak, and therefore both unwilling and unable to travell, he got into a poor Countrey Tavern upon the high way, ſome five leagues off from the Town of *Salines*, where he took up his lodging for that night, and there three other Merchants who were in his company (whereof one was of *Auxone*, and the other two of *Troyes* in *Champagne*) very unkindly forſook him, and left him alone to himſelf; His ſickneſs that night increaſing (which gave him much pain and little reſt) he not liking his lodging, and fearing himſelf not ſafe there, the next morning takes horſe, and very ſoftly rides towards *Salyes*, where he arrived about ſome two of the clock after dinner and went into the very firſt Inne which he met, at the extreameſt end of the Town, at the ſign of *S. Denis*, whereof the Hoaſt of the houſe was named *Adrian*, and his Wife *Iſabella*, they were both of them about ſome forty years old, very ſhort of ſtature, and weak of conſtitution of Body, he of a cole black countenance, but ſhe fair and of a pale white colour, as for him he was of a diſſolute life and carriage, extreamly given to Wine and Women. He was of poor parentage and born to no means at all, but ſhe was well deſcended, and brought him at leaſt two thouſand Crowns to her portion in marriage, the which he had prodigally waſted, and debauchedly ſpent and ſquandrad away, in following of his vicious riots and obſcene pleaſures and prodigalities: As for her, ſhe was of a modeſt carriage and of a vertuous diſpoſition and inclination, ſo that by Antitheſis I may very well averr and affirme, that his baſe vices made her ſweet vertues the more apparant and conſpicuous, and her vertues his vices to all that knew them. She made chaſtity and piety to be the two ſweet ornaments, and Jumeall vertues of her life, yea to be the Elixar of her life, and the life of her ſoul. It was therefore an extream grief to her heart, and a matchleſs torment to her mind, to ſee the ſordid actions and humors of her Husband, as being every way more capable to pity than to remedy them. She grieved to ſee how becauſe he would not ſerve God, ſhe could not ſerve him, and therefore that he had vitiouſly ſpent ſo much, as now in a manner he had almoſt nothing more left to ſpend. The ſight and knowledge whereof drowns all the pleaſures of her life, inſomuch as ſhe could ſacrifice to nothing but to ſorrow and repentance, and that which grieved her moſt and worſt of all, was to ſee that hee diſdained her advice and counſell, and that he was ſo far from reformation, as his vices grew and increaſed with his years: and had now not only taken up a habit, but a ſecond nature in the perverſity of his lewd actions and affections. All the Lillies of her joyes and the Roſes of her content were turned into thorns of grief, and briers and thiſtles of her vexation, inſomuch as ſhe was far more able to ſigh than to ſpeak forth her Calamities and miſeries. He loved not his houſe, and which was worſe he hated her company, yea his eſtate was ſo miſerable, ſo deplorable, as he never converſed with God in prayer, and very ſeldom frequented his Church, the Service or Sacraments, and to ſhew himſelf the more prophane, hee hated all Prieſts and Preachers of Gods Holy word and Ordinances, and loved none ſo well as his riotous and roaring companions, the very bane of the heart, and the true poyſon and contagion of the ſoul.

And into this houſe, and to this vitious Hoaſt *Adrian*, is our ſick *De Laurier* entred, for the end of his ſickneſs, and the recovery of his health; and I write rather with tears than Ink, that it was impoſſible for him to have entred into a worſe; but ſuch was his fate, ſuch his misfortune. He likes the carriage of *Iſabella* his Hoſteſs, farr better than the countenance or condition of *Adrian* her Husband; but as his diſeaſe gives him no truce, ſo conſequently hee can give no peace to his patience. He grieves to be ſick in an unknown place, and among ſtrangers, but farr more to be ſo farr off from his own houſe, and from his only child and Son *Leonardo*, whom hee loves farr dearer than himſelf. It is another affliction to him; that his mony and ſome Jewels are here, and not at his home, and if his judgement fail him not, he ſuggeſteth to himſelf, that the ſight and knowledge thereof may engender him far more danger than ſecurity; but he conceals and diſſembles that, far better than he can his ſickneſs, for he puts his little Casket wherein it is, under his head and Bolſter. He cauſeth *Adrian* his Hoaſt to bring him a Phyſitian, named *La Motte*, who ſeeing his water and feeling his pulſe, tels him he is very dangerouſly ſick of a burning Feaver, the which to prevent, he lets him blood two ſeverall dayes following, and then gives him far more hope than deſpair of his health: But all this notwithſtanding, *De Laurier* finds himſelf very weak, and his ſickneſs rather much to increaſe, than any way to deminiſh. As for *Iſabella*, according to the laws of hoſpitality (which ought to be unviolable to all the world) ſhe tends him with much reſpect and diligence, and in a word, performes the part and duty, both of a good Hoſteſs, and of a good Woman: But for her Husband *Adrian*, his thoughts and reſolutions run another contrary courſe and and Careir; for he imagining *De Laurier* to be rich, doth therefore verily hope and pray that

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he may ſpeedily dye in his houſe, or elſe he hath already ſwapt a bargain with the Devill, to murther him, thereby to make up the breaches and ruines of his poor and tottering eſtate. He finds it a work not only of difficulty, but of impoſſibility, to know what rich ſtuff he hath in his Casket and Cloak-bag, becauſe he ſtill keeps it under his pillow; and yet gathering and wreſting from him, that he is a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, and that he came now from *Franckford* Mart, he therefore believes that he hath ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him. His poverty and his covetouſneſs gives the ſwitch to the Devill, and the Devill gives the Spur to him, to raiſe his uncharitable contemplation into bloody actions, and his thoughts and reſolutions as ſo many lines, run to terminate in this one only Centre, which is that of *De Lauriers* death. He ſets his wits and inventions on the Tenter hooks, to discover this imagined Indies, but he finds him to be as cautious and ſecret in concealing, as he himſelf is curious to bewray it. He purpoſely keeps all company from him, and will not ſo much as permit his Phyſitian or Apothecary to ſpeak a word with him, but he will ſtill be preſent to hear and underſtand it. He with oily words and ſilken ſpeeches, prayes into his deepeſt ſecrets, and purpoſely endevoureth to inſinuate and screw himſelf into his familiarity. But *De Laurier* doth rather fear than love him, and ſo eſteems the revealing of his Gold to be the accelerating of his danger, to the which end, with many colourable excuſes and evaſions, he puts him off the knowledge thereof. But he is ſo miſerable to ſee his miſeries approach, becauſe the violence and impetuoſity of his Feaver doth every way advance, no way retire; and now it is that his hopes of the recovery of his health do fade, not flouriſh, and rather quaile than proſper. He reſolves to be as religious as he is ſick, and therefore prayes his hoaſt *Adrian* to bring him a Prieſt to give him the Sacrament; *Adrian* performs his requeſt, but brings him a Prieſt named Father *Juſtinian*, of his own humour and complexion, and who loves Whoors and Wine, better than he doth either or God; ſo this unſpirituall Father gives him the extream Unction, and prepares him for his journey and tranſmigration from Earth to Heaven. His continuall vanities and prodigalites have likewiſe made him poor; ſo being equall with *Adrian* both in vice and poverty, he is likewiſe equall, and ſympathizeth with him in hope and deſire to repair his indigence, and to enrich himſelf by the ſuppoſed treaſure and death of *De Laurier*. But as this debauched Prieſt is malitious in this his policy, ſo he is alſo politick in this his malice: for imagining that *Adrian* levels and aimes with him at the ſame Butt and Mark; he dares, but yet will not acquaint him with his bloody purpoſe, to contract a helliſh league and confederation with him, for the violent diſpatch, and inhumane and untimely diſpeeding of him away from earth to Heaven. Whiles thus *De Lauriers* ſickneſs and weakneſs encreaſeth, and his Prieſt and *Adrians* covetouſneſs begins wholly to weigh down their ſoules and reſolutions to haſten his deplorable death; as the Prieſt is ready to break his mind to *Adrian*, how and in what manner they ſhould finiſh and compaſs this bloody buſineſs, *Adrian* contrarywiſe, yea, and directly contrary to the rules of Nature, and Lawes of Grace, breaks his mind hereof to his vertuous and Religious Wife *Iſabella*, whom he ſeeks to draw in as an actor in this mournfull, and as an agent in this cruell Tragedy. He is as graceleſs as impudent in this foul and fatall attempt of his; for he ſets upon her with the ſweeteſt ſpeech, and ſmootheſt perſwaſions, that either art could ſuggeſt, or the malice of the Devill invent or dictate to him, and therein ever and anon, leaves not to conveigh and diſtill in her minde, yea, and to imprint in her memory their forepaſt wealth, their preſent poverty and miſery, and the undoubted great riches of Gold and Jewels which *De Laurier* had with him, in that (as formerly we have obſerved) he very carefully day and night kept his Casket under his pillow, and in a helliſh eloquence repreſents unto her the facility of this fact; either by Poniard, or poyſon, adding withall, that the danger thereof would infallibly dye with him, with a thouſand other damnable alluring ſpeeches, conducing and looking that way, which I am far more inclinable to ſilence than expreſs: But wretched villain, and execrable miſcreant that he is, he ſpeaks not a word, no not a ſyllable of God, or his juſtice, of Heaven or Hell, or of the foulneſs of that fact, or the juſt revenge and puniſhment incident and due thereunto.

His vertuous wife *Iſabella* is amazed and aſtoniſhed at this bloody and inhumane propoſition of her Husband, and all trembling, with ſighs and tears, receives it from him with no leſs true affliction and ſorrow, than he delivered it her with cruelty and impiety. Her cheeks were as red for ſhame, as his were pale with envy thereat; when God infuſing as much goodneſs into her heart and tongue, as Satan had cruelty into his ſoul and reſolutions, ſhe fell on her knees to his feet, and with her eyes and hands erected towards Heaven, delivered him this vertuous and religious ſpeech; That it was with infinite grief and amazement that ſhe underſtood this his bloody poſition to her, which ſhe knew he could derive from none but Hell and Satan:

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She repreſents to him (with much grief and paſſion) that as puniſhment is ever the reward of ſin, ſo that of all ſins murther was the fouleſt, and the moſt pernicious and diaboliall. She tels him farther, that covetouſneſs is the root of all miſchif, that for her part ſhe is as thankfull to God, as he is diſpleaſed with himſelf for their poverty, and that ſhe would ever chooſe rather to live in want, than to dye in miſery and ſhame, and which is worſt of all, either to live or dye in the horrours and terrours of a guilty and ulcerated conſcience. That it is prophane and prodigious impiety to violate the laws of hoſpitality, but a fearfull, yea, horrible crime, to kil any one under our own roof, and who (in the right of humanity and Chriſtianity) comes to us for ſhelter and protection. When riſing again from her knees, ſhe takes him about the neck and (bedewing his cheeks with her tears) conjures and prayes him, by the remembrance of her youth and beauty, which had formerly been ſo deer and precious to him, by the memory of their ſixteen years ſweet cohabitation and converſation together in the holy Eſtate of Wedlock, yea for his own ſake, for his ſoul's ſake, and for Gods ſake, that he would defie this Devill, which thus with his two bitter ſweet pils of Covetouſneſs and Murther mocked and ſought to betray him: and that therefore (in the name and fear of God) he would henceforth reſume, and put on a conſtant and religious reſolution, no more to ſeduce her, or to ſuffer himſelf to be ſeduced by the Devill in imbruing their guilty hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt and harmleſs Goldſmith *De Laurier*, whom God hath now made their gueſt lodger; In doing whereof (quoth ſhe) the ſame our ſacred Lord and God (in his due time) will be graciouſly pleaſed to increaſe our eſtate and means, and to bleſs our poverty with plenty. But her Husband *Adrian* (as a moſt wretched villaine takes this godly refuſall and deniall of his Wife in ill part, and in requitall and conſideration thereof, henceforth looks on her with a ſquit eye, I mean with an eye rather of contempt and envie than of affection; but at board, and bed, yea day and night he haunts her as a ghoſt, and never leaves purſuing of her with his prophane and importunate ſolicitations to draw her conſent to the acting and perpetrating of this bloody buſineſs; but God ſo well aſſiſted her mind and thoughts, with the grace of his holy Spirit, and ſo divinely fortified her heart and ſoul with his ſacred fear; that her Husbands ſweet perſwaſions could not gaine, nor his threats or menaces obtaine any thing of her, but ſtill ſhe anſwered this murtherous requeſt of his, ſometimes with religious refuſals, and then again with paſſionat and peremptory denials, and therefore the more that ſhe ſees her Husband bent to maligne and hate *De Laurier*; the more devoted and reſolute ſhe is to reſpect and tend him, ſtill bearing a curious, a carefull, and a vigilant eye over him during all the time of his ſickneſs, to ſee that no diſaſter whatſoever might befall him in her houſe.

Adrian miſſing of this his purpoſe and deſire in his Wife, he is yet ſo haſty and violent in this his bloody malice towards *De Laurier*, that meaſuring of Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, by himſelf, and finding a conformity in their debauſhed vices and inclinations, he the ſooner hopes to find a ſympathy in their affections and reſolutions, and therefore although he be a Prieſt, yet knowing him to be extream poor, he therefore the more eaſily beleeves, that the hope of Gold and Silver will act wonders with him, and make him act wonders for the obtaining thereof.

Upon theſe hopes, and this confidence, he delayes no time, but on a Munday morning repayres to his houſe, and after their morning cups, telling him he hath a ſecret of great importance to reveal him, he takes him into a little Grove of Walnut trees, behind his houſe, and there (ſwearing him to ſecrecie) reveals him this his bloody buſineſs, where this vitious Prieſt *Iuſtinian*, in hope of *De Lauriers* wealth needed no great labour or induſtry to be drawn to make one in this deplorable Tragedy. For had not *Adrian* now opened it to him, ſuch was his inſatiable thirſt and deſire of Gold, though with blood, that the next day he was fully reſolved to do it to him, ſo he freely conſents to him herein, and ſwears to aſſiſt and ſecond him in murthering of *De Laurier*, and the tye and condition of this their helliſh bargain is that what Gold, Silver, or Jewels they ſhall find him to have, they will inſtantly after his death equally divide and ſhare between them; and hereunto like two bloody hel-hounds, they interchangeably give hands, and ſolemnly ſwear each to other. Now from the matter of this their bloody deſign and reſolution, they proceed to the manner and time thereof, but they then are prevented therein. For Father *Iuſtinians* little Boy which was accuſtomed to anſwer him at Maſſe comes thither haſtily and with his little wine pot on his finger tels him, that there were many perſons who ſtayed for him before the Altar on their knees and earneſtly enquired for him to ſay Maſſe, whereupon they both referr the concluſion hereof to the very next morning, and in the very ſame place and Grove, but at leaſt an hour ſooner; So away goes

Adrian home to his houſe, and away likewiſe trips Father *Juſtinian* with his Surpleſs under his Arme and his Breviary (or Matines Book) in his hand to the Church, where every one may imagin what a prophane ſacrifice, his bloody heart and hands offereth up to the Lord.

They this night thinking of nothing but of Gold and blood, in the morning they (impatient of all delayes) come at the aforeſaid time and place of their rendezvous where they preſently fall to their former conſultation of the manner and time of murthering *De Laurier*, firſt, they propoſe to ſtab him in his bed to death, but this they reject, becauſe the blood would appear in the ſheets, bed, and chamber; So they reſolve to poyſon him, and to this end *Adrian* buyes the poyſon, and Father *Juſtinian* will give and adminiſter it to him in a Wafer or *Agnus Dei*, the which he is ſometimes accuſtomed to give him in his ſickneſs: But here Father *Juſtinian* ſuggeſteth another doubt; and propoſeth another deſign, which is, that *Adrian* muſt likewiſe draw in his wife *Iſabella* to make one in this bloody conſpiracy and murther, or elſe he alledgeth that it can never be ſafe for them to attempt or effect it; *Adrian* anſwereth him that he hath heretofore with his beſt power and art ſought to ſeduce his Wife hereunto, but that he finds it wholly impoſſible to draw her to this conſent: But Father *Juſtinian* will yet make another triall and experiment on her himſelf; ſo he and her Husband *Adrian* ſet a freſh on her, to allure her to bring at leaſt her conſent, if not her hand to the murthering of *De Laurier*. But our ſweet and vertuous *Iſabela* is ſtill one and the ſame woman, for ſhe hears theſe bloody ſpeeches and perſwaſions of theirs with infinite diſcontent and deteſtation. Shee is too much a Chriſtian to be ſo much a Devill to conſent to the murther of this honeſt man; and therefore (with a world of tears and prayers) ſhe ſeeks to divert them from it, but eſpecially her Husband, becauſe (quoth ſhe) the iſſue thereof will infallibly prove ruinous to them both. They are both much grieved at this her reſolute repulſe and deniall, and yet to make a vertue of neceſſity, and to caſt the better gloſs and varniſh on their villany, they now falſly ſeem to be diſwaded from this murther, by the ſight of her tears and the conſideration of her requeſts and prayers; wherefore (with a prophane and helliſh diſſimulation) they tell her, that God by her religious ſpeeches and diſſwaſions hath now made them wholly to abandon that bloody attempt of theirs againſt *De Laurier*, as alſo the very thought thereof, and therefore they conjure her to keep and ſwear ſecrecy herein from all the World, the which ſhe willingly doth. But yet her fear prompts her heart, that this humane converſion, and religious reſolution of theirs is only falſe and feigned, as every way favouring more of diſſimulation than truth. In which regard ſhe fears with ſuſpition, and ſuſpects with doubt, that no leſſe than honeſt and innocent *De Lauriers* life, lyes now at the ſtake of their bloody malice and envie.

Here Father *Juſtinian*, and *Adrian* (to make ſmooth and clear work) do conclude and reſolve that *Iſabella* muſt be ſpeedily removed from *Salines* to ſome place in the Country without once ſeeing or ſpeaking with *De Laurier* when a favourable occaſion ſeconds their damnable intents and deſires herein; for now there is unexpectedly brought them word, that her own old Father who dwelt ſome four leagues off from *Salynes* is very ſick and not like to live; whereupon *Adrian* preſently diſpatcheth away his wife *Iſabella* to him, and with her their ſervant maid *Graceta*. But before her departure ſhe is deſirous to ſee *De Laurier*, and to take her leave of him; but her Husband will by no means permit her; ſo ſhe goes from her home, and from him into the Countrey, with a ſorrowfull and a trembling heart, as far more fearing *De Lauriers* unnaturall death, then doubting of her Fathers naturall cauſe. For her heart frames her ſo many apprehenſions, fears, and terrours; that her Husband and Father *Juſtinian* are fully reſolved to murther and make away *De Laurier*, as ſhe abſolutely and ſorrowfully beleeves, that he ſhall never ſee her more nor ſhe him. Poor *De Laurier* takes his Hoſteſs *Iſabellas* ſudden and unexpected departure from him very penſively and heavily, and far the more in that ſhe could not be permitted to ſee him before ſhe went. He holds it for a bad preſage, and fatall Omen to him, in regard ſhe was as diligent as her Huſband diſtruſtfull to him, for that her care and carriage towards him, pleaſed him as much as his harſh looks and ſoure countenance diſcontented him; and now it is that God firſt imprints in his heart and thoughts, a fearfull ſuſpition and a ſuſpicious fear, that his Hoaſt *Adrian*, and Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, have aſſuredly ſome dangerous and execrable plot, both againſt his Gold and his life. For hee now ſees himſelf reduced, to this miſery and deſpair, that he can be permitted to ſee no body, nor no body to ſee him, except only they two. He prayes them both, that his Phyſitian *La Motte* may come to him to confer with him about the ſtate of his ſickneſs, but they malitiouſly and wilfully deny it him, and tell him hee is gone into *France*; This refuſing anſwer of theirs doth now very much appale and daunt our ſick and diſcontented *De Laurier*, ſo that his feare encreaſeth with his ſickneſs, and his ſickneſs with his fear. Every day and night brings him more-

cauſe

cauſe of diſpair, than hope of conſolation, and almoſt every moment he wiſheth his Gold and himſelf in *Dijon* with his Son *Du Pont*, or he here in *Salynes* with him, to comfort him with his ſight and preſence. He ſtill conceals his Gold and Jewels from this Prieſt and his Hoaſt, with the greateſt art and care he can, and yet he thinks and fears that their jealouſie thereof is not only the foundation, but will alſo prove the acceleration of his danger, for he very often ſees them privatly whiſpering together, and ſtill he obſerves ſome bad ſign and fatall apparition in their looks and countenances, which infallibly tell him that all is not well. And although they yet give him ſome ſweet words and ſugred ſpeeches, yet he notwithſtanding the more beleeves that they are candid in wormwood and confected in Gall; and that they are no other but falſe and flattering Sun-ſhines, which portend ſome enſuing cruell ſtorms and diſmall tempeſts towards him. Once he was minded to write and ſend to *Dijon* for his Son, but then he as ſoon reſolves the contrary, as finding it to reliſh more of danger than diſcretion, as well for the matter which is Letter might contain, as alſo for the party who ſhould carry it thither to him. But leave we him a little to his weakneſs and ſickneſs, to his doubts, and fears, and to his ſorrows, calamities, and perplexities, and come we again to ſpeak of wretched *Adrian* his Hoaſt, and of prophane Father *Iuſtinian* the Prieſt, to ſee in what ſhapes they will come forth to act their bloody parts upon the ſtage of this Hiſtory.

They are both of them ſo inhumane and cruell in their reſolution to murther poor ſick *De Laurier*, that neither the conſideration of Heaven nor Hell is capable to reclaim or divert them from this their bloody attempt. As for his helliſh Hoaſt *Adrian*, he is ſo wilfull and haſty in his malice, as he tels Father *Juſtinian*, that they delay too long from murthering *De Laurier*, and that it is high time, yea more than time for them to diſpatch him. But for Father *Iuſtinian* who was no leſs malicious in his ſubtilty, but yet farre more ſubtile in his malice towards *De Laurier*; He, I ſay, maturely conſidering that it were both a folly and a madneſs for them to murther him before they firſt knew he were rich, and that he had ſome ſtore of Gold about him, he therefore in ſweet tearms and phraſes pathetically adviſeth him to write and ſend for his Son *Du Pont* to come over to viſit and comfort him; when likewiſe the better to guild over his ſpeeches with the more pleaſing and palpable ſhew of affection he proffereth to ride to *Dijon* himſelf to deliver it him with his own hands. Our poor ſick *De Laurier* taking this Prieſts kind advice to him in good part, thereupon firſt thanks him for this his courteſie, but then again deeming and fearing that it proceeded more from falſe treachery, than from any true or reall affection to him, he begins to grow cold therein, and ſo rather to reject, than imbrace and follow that reſolution; but at laſt weighing and conſidering his ſickneſs by his danger, and his Gold and Jewels by both, as alſo if he ſhould chance to dye or miſcarry there, that his Son were then conſequently ruined in the loſſe thereof; he thereupon changeth his reſolution, and preſently reſolves to write and ſend over to *Dijon* for his Son, and to that end requeſteth Father *Iuſtinian* to excuſe him, and ſo prayes his Hoaſt *Adrian* to undertake that journey and buſineſs, the which he willingly and cheerfully granteth. Now the reſt of that day, and the greateſt part of the next night *De Laurier* lyes ruminating and muſing in his bed what he ſhould write to his Son, and no leſſe doth Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* to think and know what he would write him; the next morning, ſix of the clock having ſtrucken, *De Laurier* takes his pen and paper, and with a weak and trembling hand writes his Letter to his Son: An hour after, *Adrian* comes into his Chamber booted and ſpurred to receive his commands, whom he bad to take and ride his own horſe, then gives him four double Piſtols to defray his journey, and ſo ſeals and gives him this enſuing Letter, and prayes him and his Son *Du Pont* to make all poſſible ſpeed back from *Dijon* to him.

DE LAURIER to DU PONT.

SOme ſeven weeks ſince, comming from Franckford *Mart, I fell ſick at* Salynes *where I ſtill lye very weak in body and much diſcontented in mind in the houſe of mine Hoaſt* Adrian *(the bearer hereof) whom I purpoſely ſend over to thee, to pray and command thee to come ride hither to me with all poſſible ſpeed: I have here with me in Gold and Jewels to the valew of one thouſand ſeven hundred Crowns, and (for ſome privat reaſons) I fear that neither it nor my life is ſafe here; Come away with an intent to find me dead or dying. Conceal this* Letter *from all the world. Love this Meſſenger, but truſt him not; God proſper my health, and ever bleſs thy proſperity.*

DE LAURIER.

As ſoon as *De Laurier* had delivered his Hoaſt *Adrian* this Letter, and he taken leave of him, Father *Iuſtinian* begs leave of *De Laurier* to ſee *Adrian* take horſe. But alas theſe two lewd Villains do deceive his honeſt hopes, to perform their own treacherous intents and purpoſes; for they flye to a low parler, and then lock and bolt the door to them; where (as if the Devill had thrown them on covetouſneſs, or covetouſneſs on the Devill) they haſtily break up the ſeals of *De Lauriers* Letter to his Son (which we have already ſeen and understood) wherein they glut and ſurfeit their hopes with joy of this new deſired treaſure and diſcovered Indies, and ſo they preſently ſacrifice it to the fire, and wretchedly reſolve to make that very ſame inſuing night to be the very laſt of *De Lauriers* time and the firſt of his eternity. To which end *Adrian* huſhesh himſelf up privatly in his houſe from the ſight of all the world, and eſpecially from *De Lauriers* knowledge, and ſo here he ends his pretended, but not his intended journey to *Diion*, before he began it: And he having procured exceeding ſtrong poyſon therewith that night to ſend De *Laurier* to Heaven whereof giving a little to his great old maſtive Dog in a peece of bread for a tryall, he therewith preſently fell dead to the ground; he likewiſe ſends away *Thomas* his Oſtler a dayes journey into the Countrey upon ſome feigned buſineſs, to the end he ſhould be no witneſs of this foul and cruell fact of theirs, and then all things being firſt by the Devill, and then by theſe his two execrable agents prepared in a readineſs; Father *Juſtinian* goes up to *De Lauriers* Chamber, and treacherouſly entertains him with the hope of his recovery of his health, the haſt of *Adrians* journey, and conſequently with the ſpeedy return of his Son *Du Pont* to him from *Diion*. But I write it with truth and grief that *De Lauriers* heart and mind is preoccupated with too many obnoxious apprehenſions, and fears, and taken up with too much doubt and deſpair to the contrary; For as moſt ſickneſſes and diſeaſes are moſt commonly devanced and preceded by their ſymtoms, ſo all that day and all the evening he found a ſwimming in his head, and his ſight obſcured and darkned, as if ſome black ſcarf, or fatall cloud had been drawn and extended before his eyes. His heart likewiſe pants, beats, and trembles within him, as if it and his ſenſes were in a factious mutiny each with other at this their direfull departure and fatall ſequeſtration. For ſtill his fears and doubts inform him, and his apprehenſions and deſpair prompt him, that either Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, or his Hoaſt *Adrian*, or both of them, had conſpired to murther him, the which he once thought to have revealed to Father *Juſtinian*, but yet again he dares not, as holding it more folly than diſcretion, and that it might therefore produce him more danger than ſafety; he neither can nor will eat any thing that day, and his heart and mind is ſo inceſſantly perplexed with fear, that he fears he ſhall not out-live the next enſuing night: And now indeed comes that ſorrowfull and diſmall night, wherein theſe two bloody Villaines have fully reſolved to poyſon him, *Adrian* having in a lower room the poyſon ready, and Father *Juſtinian* above, almoſt ready to call for it: Whiles thus the Candle in *De Lauriers* Chamber burnt dim and obſcure, or diſdaining to ſee, or be acceſſary to ſo cruell a murther; near about twelve of the clock of that night he awakes out of his ſorrowfull diſtracted ſlumbers, and prayes Father *Juſtinian* to give him a little ſpoonfull or two of warm wine, in a ſmall earthen pot wherein he was uſed to drink; when this monſter of men rejoycing for this fit opportunity, he ſteps forth to his bloody companion *Adrian*, takes the poyſoned wafer from him and pours the poyſon from it into this ſmall black pot of wine, and ſo warmes it a little by the fire in *De Lauriers* Chamber, and then gives it to him to drink, the which he is greedily as innocently doth, whereof, after many ſtrong convulſions and ſtruglings, he within one hour after dieth, having neither the means to utter one word, or the power to ſcritch or cry, and yet for fear and doubt hereof, like two furies, or Devils incarnat of Hell, they with the bed-ſtaves ram in a great Holland Towell into his mouth, that he may tell no tales, when God knows that deadly ſtrong poyſon had wrought its operation before, made a full conqueſt of his life, and given up his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer, of whom he had formerly received it.

As ſoon as theſe two wretched miſcreants have diſpatched this lamentable buſineſs, then they tear off his ſecret Leather Girdle full of Gold from his waſt, and then break open his Caſket which was under his pillow, wherein (before his breathleſſe body was half cold) they find this aforeſaid great ſum of Gold and Jewels, the which they preſently divide, and equally ſhare between them, when having curiouſly ſearched his Purſe, Pockets, Dublet, Hoſe, they make a great fire, and immediatly burn it all, as alſo his Riding Coat, Casket, and Leather Girdle yea, and his Hat, Band and Cuffs, that no marks might remain either of it or him, and likewiſe turn his Horſe into the open field and high-wayes, to ſeek for the fortune of a new Maſter-

ſter; ſo wiſe (as they thought) were they in their villany, and ſo induſtrious and cautious in this their deveiiſh cruelty and inhumanity. By this time, as the murthered corps of *De Laurier* grows cold, theſe two Factors of hell likewiſe begin to provide for his buriall; ſo a little after two of the clock, they dig a pit in *Adrians* Orchard, next adjoyning to his houſe, and ſo giving him no other winding ſheet or Coffin but his ſhirt, they ſecretly and ſilently carry down his body between them, and there bury him, and to make all things ſure, they cover over the pit, or his grave with green turfes, that no mortall eye might take ſuſpition or notice thereof. This bloody buſineſs being thus acted and perpetrated by theſe two execrable wretches, Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, who now ſurfet in Gold, and wallow in Jewels, they preſently dight themſelves into new apparell, and coſtly ſutes, and then day and night haunt and frequent the Taverns and Stews, as if they wilfully meant to drown themſelves in all ſorts of ungodly riots, prodigalities and voluptuouſneſs, whereof their Neighbours, yea, all *Salynes* take exact obſervation and knowledge, as wondring at the manner, but far more at the cauſe hereof, or from whence it ſhould proceed.

Some three weeks being paſt over, *Adrian* now holds it fit to ſend home for his Wife *Iſabella* to *Salynes*, the which he doth, who much wondring at her Husbands unaccuſtomed bravery, ſhe preſently enquires of him for *Monſieur De Laurier*, as if ſhe had far more cauſe to and fear of his danger, than any way to aſſure her ſelf of his ſafty. and welfare: When, hee putting on a brazen face, and ſteeling and tempering his tongue with equall falſehood and impiety, tels her that he departed thence ſafe and well ſome ten dayes ſince; that he gave him fifty Crowns for the charges of his entertainment and lodging, and for a token of his love, had likewiſe left her and Father *Juſtinian*, to each of them twenty other Crowns in Gold: But his wife *Iſabella* (void of her goodneſs and piety) deeming theſe ſpeeches of her Husbands to be as falſe as fatall, and verily ſuſpecting and fearing, that he (with the aſſiſtance of Father *Juſtinian*) had ſent that harmleſs good old man to an untimely death and Grave; ſhee burſts forth into immoderate ſighs and tears, as ſuſpecting all was not well, yea fearing nothing more, and beleeving nothing leſſe, than that which he affirmed to her herein. He proffers her the twenty Crowns in Gold, but (good vertuous woman) ſhe fearing it to be the hire and price of innocent bloud, her tender conſcience is too prevalent, and her harmleſſe heart and ſoule too powerfull with God to accept thereof, and therefore ſhe refuſeth it with as much diſdaine and diſcontent, as he endeavoureth to give it her with affection and deſire. And that the Reader may the more fully be informed of her integrity and charity herein, I mean to the preſent memory and well wiſhes of abſent *De Laurier*, whom ſhe ſilently fears is for ever abſent, both from this life and this world; ſhee never goes into the Chamber where he lay ſick, but ſhe ſacrificeth ſome ſighs to ſorrow in his behalf, and her imaginary apprehenſion of his death, makes her mournfully conceive, that either ſhe ſtill ſees his living picture, or his dead ghoſt and repreſentation, ſuch was her charitable care of him, ſuch her Chriſtian fear for him.

We have ſeen this deplorable and cruell murther committed on the harmleſs perſon of old *De Laurier*, by theſe two members of Satan, *Adrian*, and Father *Juſtinian* the Prieſt, and if the truth deceive not my hopes, we ſhall not proceed much farther in this their Hiſtory, but we ſhall ſee Gods juſt Judgements miraculouſly to reſplend and ſhine forth in his puniſhments on them for the ſame: For I may properly tearm murther and puniſhment to be individuals and companions, in regard the one follows the other, as the ſhadow doth the body, as the firſt derives it originall from Satan, ſo doth the ſecond from God, to whom (in a language of blood) it ſtill cries for reſtauration and ſatisfaction. But nevertheleſs God is a ſecret and ſacred in diſpoſing of the manner and time thereof, and in ordaining by whom, when and how he will afflict and execute it: It is no falſe axiom in Philoſophy, but a true tenent and maxime in Divinty; *That God who made all things, ſees and governs all things, and that nothing can be concealed from the eyes of his ſacred Power and divine Providence.* All the four Elements are the Miniſters of his juſtice, yea, Men and Angels, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, the Fowls of the ayre, and the beaſts of the field prove many times the Agents of his revenge; of which laſt ſort and nature, the Reader (to Gods glory, and his owne information and admiration) may here obſerve a lively example, and receive a moſt powerfull preſident; but whether more ſtrange for the truth, or rare for the ſtrangeneſs thereof I know not, and therefore will not define. For the ſame day moneth next after, that *Adrian* and *Juſtinian* had buried the dead body of *De Laurier*, behold a huge and ravening Wolf (being lately arouſed from the adjacent vaſt woods) ſeeking up and down for his prey, came into *Adrians* Orchard next adjoyning to his houſe (purpoſely ſent thither by God as a Miniſter of his ſacred juſtice and revenge) who ſenting ſome dead carrion (which indeed was the dead Corps of *De Laurier*, that

was but ſhallowly buried there in the ground) he fiercely with his pawes and noſe tears up the Earth, and at laſt puls and draggs it up, and there till an hour after the break of day remains devouring and eating up of the fleſh of his Armes, Leggs, Thighs, and buttocks. But (as God would have it) he never touched any part of his face, but leaves it fully undisfigured; When inſtantly ſome Gentlemen hunters of *Salynes*, and the Neighbour Pariſhes, being aſcertained by ſome Peaſants in the fields, that the Wolf was paſt that way, they cloſely follow him with their Dogs and Horns, and ſo at laſt find him in *Adrians* Orchard, eating as they think, of ſome living beaſt or dead carrion; But the Wolf being terrified with the noiſe of the hunters loud ſhouts and cryes, as alſo of their Dogs fierce yawling and bawling, preſently forſakes his prey, and ſaves his life by his flight, although the Dogs and many Peaſants do eagerly purſue him; Whiles all the Gentlemen (as if led by the immediat finger of God) with their Javelins and Boreſpears in their hands, ruſh into the Orchard to ſee and find out whereon the Wolf had preyed, when loe (contrary to their expectations) their amazed eyes are enforced to behold the pitifull ſpectacle, and lamentable object of a mangled dead mans body, miſerably devoured and eaten be that ſavage Wolfe, and the which they ſaw he had digged and torn up, as they fully beleived from his untimely Grave: They therefore at firſt ſtand aſtoniſhed with grief, and amazed for ſorrow at this prodigious and deplorable ſight, and yet ſuch was their living compunction to this dead Corps, and conſequently their zeal to Gods glory and juſtice, as confidently believing that he was proditoriouſly murthered by ſome inhumane perſon or perſons; that the odious ſtinch of this long buried body, could not hinder them from approaching to ſurvey and behold it; They find the greateſt part of the fleſh of his body devoured by the Wolf, but (as before) his face whole and untouched, when they ſee (and extreamly grieve and ſorrow to ſee) that it was a grave old man with a long white beard, but ſo beſmeared with earth and duſt as they could not refrain from ſighs and tears to behold it. Here they ceaſt to purſve the Wolf, and becauſe neither of them knew this poor and miſerable dead carkaſe, they therefore ſtep to the other end of the Orchard, and their conſult what is fit to be done in this lamentable buſineſs and accident, But their opinions as ſo many lines concurre and terminate in this centree, that abſolutely this dead body was cruelly murthered, and there by the murtherers privatly and ſilently buried. They farther vehemently ſuſpect and beleeve, that becauſe it was buried in *Adrians* Orchard, that therefore it was apparantly probable, it was hee with his Wife and Servants who had murthered and buried him there wherefore to keep theſe ſuſpected bloody Birds in their Cages, they (as wiſe and judicious Gentlemen) place a ſtrong Guard of their Servants and Peaſants to watch the doors and windows of *Adrians* houſe, that none iſſue forth thence, and they themſelves go preſently to the Criminall Judges of the Town, and acquaint them with this lamentable object and accident.

In the mean our harmleſs and vertuous *Iſabella*, hearing theſe loud ſhouts and outcries at her doors ſo ſoon in the morning, ſhe in the abſence of her Husband; (who lay forth of his houſe that night a boſhing and revelling with his cups and Queans) fearing that all was not well, and therefore in amazed and ſorrowfull heart, not willing to know that whereof ſhe was infinitly deſirous to be ignorant, ſhe lay ſtill bitterly ſighing and weeping in her bed, becauſe her thoughts and mind, her ſuſpicions and fears told her, that this unſeaſonable alarum and noiſe might deſcend and reflect from ſome fatall news which had betyded *De Laurier*, & if this ſtorm and tempeſt fell not on her, yet alas ſhe extreamly fears and doubts it would fall on *Adrian* her Husband, whom ſhe vehemently thought and feared had imbrued and imbathed his hands in the innocent blood of this honeſt man As for *Thomas* her Oſtler, and *Graceta* her Maid, although this unaccuſtomed noiſe made them ſuddenly forſake their Bees and apparell themſelves to receive their Miſtris commands how they ſhould bear themſelves in this hurly burly, yet becauſe they were white with innocency, yea, ſo innocent as they knew no hurt or thought of danger, they only deemed, that it was either ſome unlawfull aſſembly of Peaſants, or elſe ſome caſt and disbanded Souldiers from Flanders, who came to rob their Maſters houſe or Poultry in his abſence, wherefore meſe fear hereof, kept them from either opening the doors, or looking out at Windows. By this time the Gentlemen hunters bring the criminall Judges on the place to view this dead body, and with them come a great number of the Neighbours and Inhabitants of *Salynes* to do the like, and amongſt the reſt, the Phyſitian *La Motte* (of whom this Hiſtory hath already made mention, and heof all the reſt knows the dead body, and therefore with much paſſion and ſorrow cries out: that it was a Goldſmith of *Dijon* named *Monſieur De Laurier*, who lay long ſick in *Adrians* houſe, and that he had formerly given him Phyſick there, and ſo he ſaid and affirmed that he perfectly knew him to be the ſame, and verily

rily imagined that he was brought to ſome untimely end, and ſo buried there, but by whom he knew not.

The Judges therefore beleeving the report of this honeſt Phyſitian *La Motte*; they cauſe the remainders of the fleſh of this dead body to be ſearched and viſited, the which they find without any wounds. And yet nevertheleſs deeming both *Adrian*, his Wife *Iſabella*, and their Servants, to be the muttherers of this honeſt man, they break open the doors, and miſſing *Adrian* they ſeize on his Wife *Iſabella*, as alſo on her Oſtler *Thomas*, and his Maid *Graceta*, and then bring them to the ſight of this dead body with whoſe murther they flatly charge them, and enquire what is become of *Adrian* himſelf. At this unexpected ſorrowfull news and object, *Iſabella* is all in tears, yea ſhe is ſo extreamly perplexed and afflicted, as wanting all other aſſiſtance and comfort ſhee implores that of God. She tels them that her Husband *Adrian* lay not at home with her the laſt night, and freely and plainly affirms to them; that that dead body was *Monſieur de Laurier* a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, who lay long ſick in her houſe as he came from *Franckford Mart*, but how he came to his end or by whom, ſhe takes Heaven and Earth to witneſs ſhe knows not, and with this her depoſition do her Oſtler and Maid concurr and agree in all proofs and circumſtances. The Judges likewiſe cauſing a curious ſearch to be made in *Salynes* for *Adrian*, it was found out that that night he lay in Father *Juſtinians* houſe the Prieſt, and two whores in their company drinking and revelling all night, and upon the very firſt report they heard of *De Lauriers* unburiall by a Wolf, they both (galled with guilty conſciencies) betake themſelves to their heels, and left both their two Strumpets to their repentance. Their flight proclaims their guiltineſs of this murther to all the world, eſpecially to the Judges. Who upon knowledge thereof to find out the truth of this deplorable diſaſter, they adjudge *Iſabella*, *Thomas*, and *Graceta* to the Rack: as for *Thomas* and *Graceta*, their innocency makes them brook their torments with admirable patience and conſtancy, for they can never be drawn to revale that of which they are ignorant, nor to accuſe themſelves of that whereof they are not guilty. But for *Iſabella*, the inceſſant prayers and importunate requeſts and ſolicitations of many of her honeſt Neighbours, doth ingrave ſuch deep impreſſions of her vertues and piety, and of her ſweet inclination and diſpoſition in the hearts of the Judges, as they chang their reſolutions againſt her and ſo diſpence with her for that torture: when ſending every way abroad to purſue *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*, they content themſelves to keep the Miſtris, the Man, and the Maid cloſe Priſoners. They are ſo adviſed in their judgements, and ſo judicious in their adviſe, as they ſpeedily ſend away Poſt to *Dijon* to acquaint *Du Pont* the Son, with this diſaſterous accident which had betided his Father *De Laurier* here in *Sylynes*, who at the firſt alarum of this ſad unexpected news, ſeems now to drown himſelf in his tears thereat, and ſo thereupon rather to flye then poaſt away from *Dijon* to *Salynes* where he confers with the criminall Judges of that Town, who report to him the flight of Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, as alſo of their impriſoning of his Wife *Iſabella*, of her Maid *Graceta*, and her Oſtler *Thomas*, in whoſe houſe his Father lay ſick. So *Du Pont* viſits the dead ſtinking mangled body, and finds it to be that of his Father, whereas nature and duty preſcribe him ſo powerfull a law, as at the ſight thereof, he burſts forth into many bitter tears and lamentable cryes and paſſions. When giving him a decent and ſolemn buriall in the next Church, he informs the Judges, that to his knowledge, his Father had good ſtore of Gold and Jewels about him, ſo he entreats them, that *Adrian* & Father *Juſtinians* houſe may be curiouſly ſearched for the ſame, which is performed, but finding no part thereof, and both of them fled, he is confident in his heart, that their flight proclaime, them guilty of his Fathers murther, and conſequently that *Iſabella*, her Oſtler, and Maid, infallibly were acceſſaries thereunto. Whereupon he repairs again to the Judges, and with many importunities prayes them that all three of them may be put to the Rack for the ſame, thereby to bolt and find out the truth of this lamentable accident, the Judges approve of *Du Ponts* living affection and zeal to his dead Father, but (as impartiall Oracles and Officers of Juſtice) they tell him that they have already cauſed *Thomas* and *Craceta* to be racked, and that they both have ſtrongly juſtified their innocency of his Fathers murther, by ſuffering their torments with incredible fortitude and patience. And as for their Miſtirs *Iſabella*, they tell him they are fully reſolved and aſſured, that ſhe was abſolutely innocent, as well for that ſhe was many dayes abſent with her Father in the Countrey, when by all likelyhood and circumſtance, his Father was murthered, as alſo becauſe the generall votes and voices of all her Neighbours reported her to be a very vertuous and religious woman, and thattherefore in thir hearts and conſciences, they muſt needs exempt and free her from thoſe torments.

But

But they told him farther, that in honour to juſtice, and to ſee what God and time might produce, they would detaine them all three in Priſon for the ſpace of three or four moneths, in which mean time concurring with him in opinion that Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* undoubtedly were the murtherers of his Father *De Laurier*, they therefore perſwade him with all poſſible ſpeed and diligence to purſue them up and down the Countrey, untill he had detected, apprehended, and brought them to juſtice; the which *Du Pont* doth, but with ſuch extraordinary zeal and haſt, that he forgat a ſingular circumſtance, of no mean impartance, the omiſſion whereof might very well have made his reſearch of them vain. For hee forgat at *Salynes* to take with him their Pictures and Effigies whereby to find them out in the Country with far the more eaſe and facility, whereof hee afterwards much repented himſelf.

As for our two execrable wretches, Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian*, their guilty thoughts and conſciences (like ſo many Ghoſts and blood-hounds) ſo inceſſantly purſued them and ſtupified their judgements, that reſolving to flye and ſave themſelves, from the free County, into Switzerland, they huſh themſelves up the day for ſhelter in ſome thick Grove or Wood, and travelling all night from *Salynes*, they notwithſtanding, the next morning (to their unſpeakable feare and vexation) ſaw themſelves again within a little league thereof, and in this manner they for ſome eight nights following, travelled a foot through unknown wayes & Woods, and yet here let the Reader behold and obſerve the wonderful juſtice of God towards them; for at the end thereof, they are noe as yet fully gone ſeven leagues off from *Salynes*, and they could not aſcend the leaſt hill or hillock, but they looking back behind them, the Towers, and Turrets of *Salynes* were ſtill apparent and conſpicuous to them, as if they purſued and followed them, the which indeed ſtruck extream fear to their guilty hearts, and infinite terrour and amazement to their ſoul and trembling conſciences. But this circumſtance of Gods wrath and revenge towards them, is forthwith ſeconded and followed by another, wherein his divine providence and iuſtice miraculouſly appears and ſhines forth (with infinite luſtre and glory) to all thoſe who ſhall read, or hear this Hiſtory. For the tenth evenig after their flight from *Salynes*, they being extreamly wearied and tired with their foot travels (for horſes they dared not buy any) and within a mile off entring into a great Wood, they in a fair plain, ſeeing no body preſent, they at laſt eſpied an erring horſe, without Rider, Saddle, or Bridle: which reſolving to ſeize on thereby to recreat their wearied limbs and bodies, they approach and ſurprize him. And then *Adrian* knowing him well to be *De Lauriers* horſe, which (we have heard) they had formerly turned off in *Salynes* the ſame night wherein they murthered his Maſter, they extreamly joyfull of this unlooked for good fortune, make a halter of their Girdles and Garters, and ſo caſting their Cloaks under them, they both ride way on him, and night drawing, on they hope to recover the Town of *Pontarlin* before break of day; But God is here ſtrongly bent againſt them, ſo that this horſe which they took for the cauſe of their joy, will very ſhortly prove the matter of their miſery, and that which they thought would be the matter of their ſafety will fall out to produce their inevitable danger and confuſion. For God (in his revenging juſtice) carrying their horſe, and he them a ſtraying and masking that night through contrary wayes and lanes, they the next morning at break of day to their unſpeakable grief, do ſee themſelves three great Leagues off from *Pontarlin*, when their foul facts and conſciences make them ſtill ſo trembling fearfull, that every buſh they beheld, every bird they hear, and every leaf they found wagging, they think are ſo many Serjeants come to arreſt them, as alſo every tree they ſaw, they confidently beleeve are ſo many Judges come to ſentence and condemn them to death for this their cruell murthering of *De Laurier*, ſuch was their prodigious deſpaire, ſuch was their ominous and fatall fear for the ſame.

But here their horſe (orecharged with this foul and monſtrous burthen) begins to fail them; ſo the more he leſſeneth his pace, the more it increaſeth their apprehenſion and fear: And here they conſult what to do, whether to retire with their Horſe into the next Wood till night, or elſe to advance towards *Pontarlin*. But their Bread and Meat failing them, and they ſeeing the coaſt cleer, they therefore reſolve to ride thither, and far the ſooner do they aſſume and imbrace this reſolution; becauſe as yet they knew it was timely in the morning, and conſequently few or no people ſtirring. Now to diſpatch their Journey the ſooner, *Adrian* is content to walk on foot, and Father *Juſtinian* to ride, and both of them are equally reſolved to put cheerfull faces on their perplexed and trembling hearts. And here as I will not ſay it was their bad, but their juſt fortune, which conducted them within leſſe than one League of *PONTARLIN*, without being eſpyed or ſeen of any: So it was likewiſe the providence nnd Juſtice of God, at that very hour and place firſt to

bring.

bring *Du Pont* in ſight of them, who in two dayes was parted from *Salynes*, and in all that time had left no Hamlet, Village, or Town, unſought to find out and apprehend theſe murtherers of his Father; Now as hee draws neer them, his eyes tell him, that the horſe whereon one of theſe two men ride, was of the very ſame hair and ſhape as was that of his Fathers, which ſtruck ſome ſuſpition and apprehenſion in his heart, that ſure theſe were Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian*, and far the more becauſe by his habit he knew that he who rid was a Prieſt. The latter therefore to be fully aſſured hereof, he reſolves to outride them, thereby the more narrowly to obſerve both the horſe and them, the which he doth. He paſſeth by them and views them with his countenance purpoſely compoſed more of neglect than of obſervation towards them. When perfectly knowing the horſe (by his two white feet, and white Star in his forehead) to be his Fathers, and therefore they by all conſequence and appearance to be his murtherers, then I ſay nature and grace infuſed a ſecret reluctation into his heart and ſoul, whether he ſhould more grieve or rejoyce to ſee them? Now as he is loth to leave them behind him, ſo he bethinks himſelf of a pretty policy. For riding ſome hundred paces before them, he deſcends from his horſe, ties him up to the branch of a tree, caſt down his Sword and riding Coat in the high way, untruſſeth his points, and ſteps within the hedge, as if he purpoſely meant to caſe himſelf; but indeed it was to have them paſſe before him, that ſo he might incompaſſe them as two murthering Wolves in a Toyle; At his deſcent from his horſe (as guilty conſciences are ſtill affraid of all things) Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* firſt begin to fear this Stranger, as being ſent to apprehend them, and ſo reſolve to truſt to their heels and the woods for their ſafety, but when they ſee his Sword and Coat in the way; and himſelf within the hedge with his hoſe down, then they again take courage and heart at grace, and ſo proceed on the way towards the Town, but ſtill they look back on him as if the foulneſs of their fact continually made their fears and dangers the more eminent. This is carefully and curiouſly obſerved of *Du Pont*, who (now comes after them a ſoft trot) contenting himſelf to ſee them a flight ſhot before him; as well knowing that his horſe was far nimbler and ſwifter than theirs, and that therefore he might fetch them up at his pleaſure. By this time they two arrive at *Fontarlin*, which they enter; where (being hungry and fearfull, and their horſe weary and hungry) they take up one of the next Inns, which is at the ſign of the *Tygre* where thinking themſelves free of him who followed them, they recommend their Horſe to the Oſtler, and calling for ſome Mutton, Bread, and Wine, they there privatly huſh themſelves up in their Chamber. But the vigilant eye and care of *Du Pont* ſees where they are entered, ſo he puts up his horſe to another Inn cloſe by, and preſently with much ſilence and celerity, trips away to the *Tygre* Inn where they are, and knowing them to be above the ſtairs in their Chamber to break faſt, he cals for the Hoaſt thereof, takes him into a cloſe low room next the door; tels him that the Prieſt and the other man which entred his houſe right now, had cruelly murthered his Father in *Salynes*, and therefore moſt curteouſly and earneſtly prayes him, to ſtep preſently and fetch the Criminall Officers of that Town to apprehend them for the ſame, and till his and their return, that he will give him two of his Servants to guard the doors that they eſcape not away; The Hoaſt of this houſe in deteſtation of this foul fact of theirs, and to the honour and reputation of himſelf and his houſe, ſpeeds away to the Officers who preſently arrive with him, to whom *Du Pont* ſorrowfully and paſſionatly relates, that this Prieſt named *Iuſtinian*, and this *Adrian* who was an Inn-keeper of *Salynes* and now above, had very lately in his own houſe, murthered his Father *De Laurier*, who was a Goldſmith of *Dijon*, ſtript and robbed him of much Gold and Jewels, and then buried him in his Orchard, and therefore (with tears in his eyes) conjures them to do him juſtice by ſpeedily apprehending them for the ſame, the which they as ſoon grant him. So they all aſcend to their Chamber where they find them deeply tipling in their Cups, aſmuch devoid and inſenſible of danger as of grace. Here *Du Pont* (with equall paſſion and ſorrow) ſtrongly chargeth them both with the murther of his Father *De Laurier*, as alſo for robbing of his Gold and Jewels, and for burying of him in the Orchard. But theſe two bloody factors of Hell, with a world of ſtout looks, impious oaths and fearfull aſſeverations, vow and ſwear the contrary. So the Officers take them aſide and examin them ſeverally hereon. But they can receive nothing from them but peremptory denials and prophane execrations.

The which *Du Pont* hearing and underſtanding he (with much affection to his Father, and diſcretion to himſelf) to vindicate and know the truth hereof with the more facility and the leſſe time, entreats the Officers to ſearch them both narrowly for his Fathers Gold

Gold and Jewels, which by Gods direction they do, the one after the other, when they finde quilted up to their doublets and hoſe, ſtore of Gold, and ſome rich Jewels and Rings, and yet theſe two bloody Villains deny this murther of their with much audacity and impudency, ſwearing that they found this treaſure in a Casket in the high way a little League beyond *Salynes*. But this lye of theirs is as falſe, as their murther and robbery of honeſt old *De Laurier* was too true, which God (in his mercy and juſtice) will briefly bring to light and punishment far ſooner than theſe bloody miſcreants either think or fear of.

Du Pont (all this notwithſtanding) conſtantly aſſures theſe Officers, that all this Gold and Jewels, and much and many more were his Fathers, and therefore are now his both by right and propriety, as being his only Son and child, and ſo demands poſſeſſion thereof. But the Officers mildely deny this requeſt of his, tell him they muſt take them by an Inventory, and ſo together with the two Priſoners to ſend them to the Judges of *Salynes* under whoſe juriſdiction they affirmed they were. So for that night they commit Father *Iuſtinian* and *Adrian* to two ſeverall Priſons, where they ſhall find [illegible]re though not enough to repent this foul and lamentable fact of theirs. Which was no ſooner done, but *Du Pont* (having thanked theſe Officers of *Pontarlin*) ſends away a Poaſt to *Salynes* to acquaint the Judges thereof, of his apprehending of theſe the two Murtherers of his Father, whom he earneſtly beſought to haſten their executions; ſo according to his requeſt at the end of two dayes theſe two Priſoners are ſent for, and brought from *Pontarlin* to *Salynes*, and there impriſoned.

The very next morning the criminall Judges ſend for them to one of their houſes, and firſt ſeverally private, and then publickly by confrontation, examine them on this cruell murther and robbery, bu the Devill is ſtill ſo ſtrong with them, that with much courage and vehemency they continue and ſtand firm in their negative reſolution and deniall; but *De Laurier* being now found and known to have layen ſome ſeven weeks ſick in *Adrians* houſe, as well by the confeſſion of *Iſabella* his Wife, of *Graceta* her Maid, and of *Thomas* their Oſtler, as alſo of the *Apothecary La Motte*, then his body found buried in the Orchard, and *Adrian* and Father *Iuſtinian* their ſudden flight upon the ſame, and now laſtly, his horſe, Gold, and Jewels found upon them in *Pontarlin* by the Officers of that Town, and his Son *Du Pont*, were evidences as bright and apparant as the Sun that (in honour to Juſtice and in glory to God from whom all true juſtice is derived) theſe wiſe and grave Judges of *Salynes*, do reject theſe denials of *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinian*, as falſe, prophane, and impious, and therefore that very inſtant adjudge them both to the Rack, at the hearing of which ſentence they ſeem so be appalled and daunted, but they being advertiſed that *Iſabella* his Wife was likewiſe impriſoned for this fact, ſhe for her part, by ſome friends of hers makes ſute to the Judges, that ſhe may be permitted to ſpeak with her Husband, and ſo doth Father *Iuſtinian* that he likewiſe may ſpeak with her. But the Judges hold both of theſe their requeſts to be vain and impertinent, and therefore flatly contradict and deny them.

So *Adrian* is firſt brought to the Rack, who though he be weak of conſtitution yet he is ſtill ſo ſtrong in his villany, as he will not be perſwaded or drawn to confeſs it, but with much courage of body, and animoſity of mind, ſuffers himſelf to be faſtned thereto, whereof the Judges being advertiſed, they in their diſcretion hold it expedient to delay his torments for a time, and ſo firſt to make triall of Father *Iuſtinian*, to ſee if theſe his torments will make him leſs ſtout, and more flexible in the confeſſion thereof. Wherein (I write it with joy) their judgements nothing deceive them, for at the very firſt wrench of the Rack, God is ſo merciſull to his ſoul, and ſo propitious to his new converſion and repentance, that he then and there confeſſeth this lamentable murther, in all its branches and circumſtances (as we have formerly underſtood) affirms only himſelf and *Adrian* to be the Authors and Actors thereof; ſwears that *Iſabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* were every way innocent thereof, and had no hand or knowledge therein whatſoever. Whereupon the Judges ſend again for *Adrian*, and cauſe him anew to be brought to the Rack, but firſt they hold it fit to confront him with his bloody companion Father *Iuſtinian*, who boldly affirming, and conſtantly confirming all his former depoſition to him in his face to be ſincere and true. *Adrian* is amazed and daunted thereat, as alſo at the ſight of the Rack which was again prepared and brought for him, when the Devill flying from him, and he caſting his heart and ſoul at the ſacred feet of Gods mercy, he there very ſorrowfully confirmed all Father *Iuſtinians* confeſſion to be true, and then falling on his knees he (with many bitter ſighs and tears) ſaid again and again aloud; that his Wife, his Man, and his Maid were as truly innocent, as Father *Iuſtinian* and himſelf were alone truly guilty of this foul and cruell murther and robbery of *De Laurier*.

When

When their Judges, atmuch rejoycing at the detection and confeſſion of their their crimes, as they lamented and deteſted their perpetrations thereof; They condemn them both to be hanged the next morning and becauſe Father *Juſtinian* had violated his ſacred Order, and *Adrian* the humane and Chriſtian Lawes of Hoſpitality, their bodies after to be burnt to aſhes.

So as ſoon as Father *Juſtinian* was degraded of his Sacerdotall Order, and habit, and committed to the ſecular powers, he together with *Adrian* were for that night returned to their Priſon after repentance, where two Prieſts, and one Fryer of the order of the *Jacobines* prepare their ſoules for Heaven againſt the next morning. It was a grief to *Iſabellas* heart, to hear that he was guilty of this foul and lamentable murther, but a far greater torment and hell to her mind to underſtand that he muſt ſuffer death for the ſame, and that ſhe ſhould neither ſee nor ſpeak with him any more either in this life, or this world. Again, looking from him to her ſelf, as ſhe could not hope for his life, ſo ſhe thought ſhe had ſome ſmall cauſe, or at laaſt ſcruple to doubt and fear her own, in regard it lay at the curteſie or cruelty of her Husband and Father *Juſtinian*, for that (as we have formerly underſtood) they acquainted her with their intents and deſires to murther *De Laurier*, and ſhe revealed it not. But yet (nevertheleſs) in the purity of her heart, and the candid innocency of her ſoul, ſhe commits the ſucceſs both of her life, and death to God, and not being able to ſleep away any part of that night for ſorrow, ſhe as a religious woman, and a moſt vertuous wife) paſſeth out the whole obſcurity thereof, in the brightneſs of heavenly ejaculations and prayers, which from the profundity of her heart, ſhee prefereth up to Heaven both for her Husband and her ſelf.

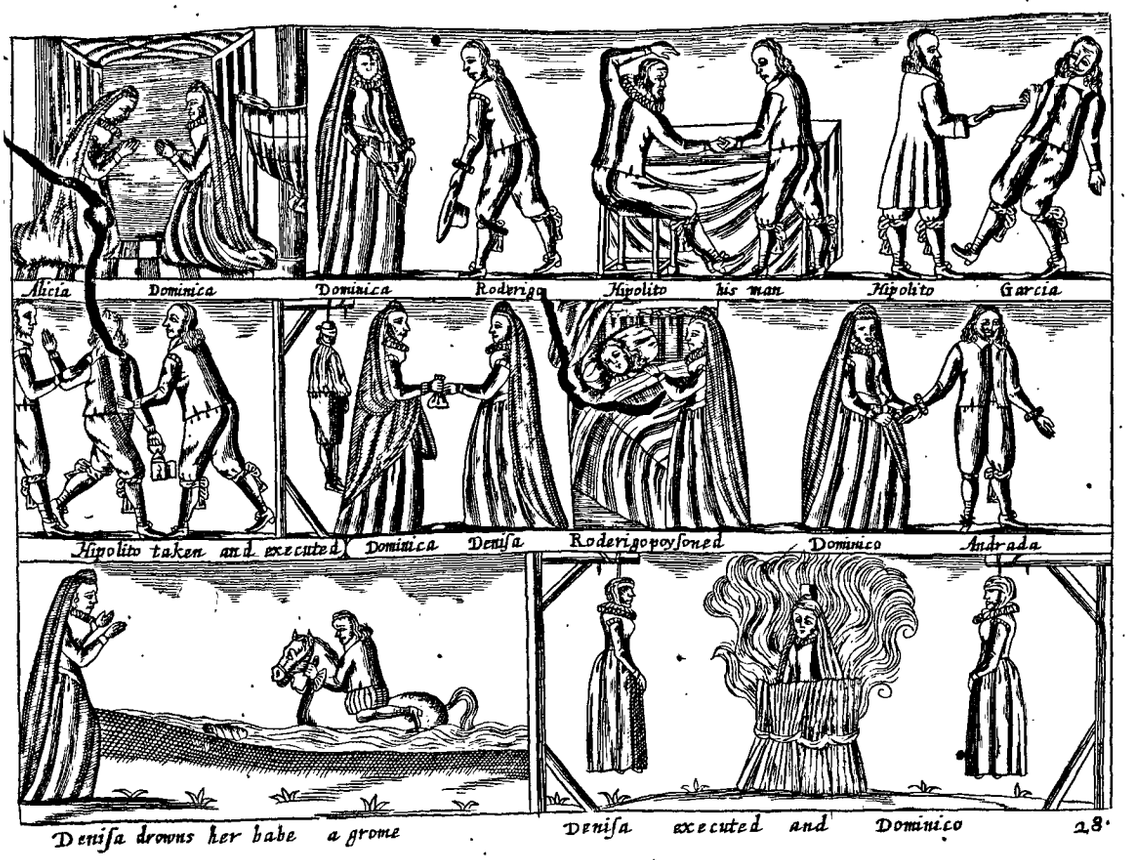
Very early the next morning, before *Juſtinian* and *Adrian* went to their execution; *Du Pont*, and (at his requeſt) the Judges repair to the Priſon to them; where he and they enquire of him, to what valew of Gold and Jewels they had taken from his dead Father, who tell him, that in a Letter which his Father had written to him to *Dijon*, and the which they had ſuppreſſed and burnt, he therein mentioned the valew of one thouſand ſeven hundred Crowns. And being again demanded by him, what and where was become of all that great ſumm in Gold and Jewels, they freely and ingeniouſly tell him, that one third part thereof was taken from them, by him and the Officers of Juſtice in *Pontarlin*, and another third hee ſhould find hidden in ſuch and ſuch ſecret places of their houſes, and for the other third part, they bluſhed not to confeſs and averre, that they had ſince paid ſome old debts and bought ſome new apparell, and ſpent the reſt thereof upon their whores, and other of their voluptuouſneſs and prodigalities. So the Judges and *Du Pont* ſpeed away to *Adrian* and Father *Juſtinians* houſes, where they find the Gold and Jewels according to their confeſſions, the which together with the other former part taken from them at *Pontarlin* (both which amounted to ſome 11 or 1200 Crowns) theſe wiſe and honeſt Judges deliver up unto *Du Pont*, who receives it from them with joy and thankfulneſs, but as a good Son rejoyceth farr more at the now approaching deſerved deaths, of theſe two bloody and execrable wretches, Father *Juſtinian* and *Adrian*, the murtherers of his good old Father *De Laurier*, of whom ſome twenty and five years before, he had the happineſs to receive his life.

Some two hours after, which was about ten of the clock in the morning theſe our two condemned malefactors are brought to the place of Execution, where a great concourſe of people of *Salynes*, and the Countrey thereabouts attend to ſee them finiſh the laſt Scene and Cataſtrophe of their lives. The firſt who aſcends the Ladder is *Adrian*, who ſpeaks little; Only he takes it to his death, that his deer wife *Iſabella*, his Servant Maid *Graceta*, and his Oſtler *Thomas*, are as abſolutely innocent of this murther of *De Laurier*, as he himſelf here again confeſſeth he is guilty thereof. He prayes God to forgive him this foul fact, and beſeecheth all that are preſent to pray to God for him, and for his wretched and miſerable ſoul, the which he knoweth hath great need and want of their prayers, when caſting his Handkerchief over his face, and privatly ending ſome few prayers to himſelf he is turned over. Inſtantly after him Father *Juſtinian* mounts the Ladder, who (in his looks and countenance) ſeems to be very repentant and penitent for this his foul and hainous fact, the which he prayes God to abſolve and forgive him, he here again cleers *Iſabella*, *Graceta*, and *Thomas* of this murther. Hee much lamenteth that he hath ſo highly ſcandalized the ſacred order of Prieſthood in his crime and perſon; and therefore beſeecheth all Prieſts and Churchmen either preſent or abſent to forgive it him; when repeating ſome *Ave Maries*, and often making the ſign of the Croſs, he was likewiſe turned over.

And

And thus was the miſerable life and death of this impious Prieſt, and wicked and bloody Hoaſt, and in this ſharp manner did God juſtly revenge himſelf and puniſh them with ſhame and confuſion for this cruell and lamentable murther. Immediatly after which execution of theirs, the Judges ſet our vertuous and innocent *Iſabella*, and her maid, & Oſtler free from their undeſerved indurance and troubles, whereat all the ſpectators, do as much praiſe God for the liberty of the three laſt, as they deteſt the foul crime, and rejoyce at the juſt puniſhments of the two firſt: If we make good uſe of the knowledg of this ſorrowfull Hiſtory, the profit and conſolation thereof will be ours, and the glory Gods, which God of his beſt favour and mercy grant us. Amen.

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXVIII.

Hippolito *murthereth* Garcia *in the ſtreet by night, for the which he is hanged.* Dominica *and her Chamber-maid* Deniſa *poyſoneth her Husband* Roderigo; Deniſa *afterwards ſtrangleth her own new-born Babe, and throws it into a Pond, for the which ſhe is hanged: On the Ladder ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was acceſſary, with her Lady* Dominica, *in the poyſoning of her Husband* Roderigo; *for the which* Dominica *is apprehended, and likewiſe hanged.*

HOw eaſily doth malice and revenge enter into our hearts; and how difficultly do we expell and baniſh it thence; and what doth this promiſe, or rather threaten unto us, but that it is a wretched ſign and teſtimony, that the Devill hath more power with us than God, that we more dearly affect Nature than Grace, and Earth then Heaven? In many ſins there is ſome pretence or ſhadow of pleaſure, but in murther there is none, except we deſire that it ſhould bring grief and repentance to our hearts, horror and terror to our conſciences, and miſery and confuſion to our ſoules: which indeed, deſpight of our earthly policie and prophane prevention, it will infallibly both ſhew and bring us. But (to ſhew our wickedneſs in our weakneſs) through the ſlye ſubtiltie and trechery of Satan, we think we act and perpetrate it ſo ſecretly, that it cannot be found out of men nor detected or puniſhed of God. Wherein, what fottiſh fools and fooliſh madmen are we, thus to deceive and betray our ſelves with falſe hopes and erroneous ſuggeſtions? for although men may be deluded, and not ſee it, yet can God be mocked, or will he be blinded and deceived? On no, his decrees and reſolutions are ſecret and

ſacred, and though invitible to our eyes, yet our deſignes and actions are tranſparent to his: For he (in his all-ſeeing providence) reſerves to himſelf the manner and time, how and where to puniſh it. As read we this approaching Hiſtorie, and it will confirme as much, in the lives and deaths of ſome bloudie and inhumane perſonages, who were born to honour, and conſequently to have lived more happie, and died leſſe ignominiouſly.

In the rich and populous Citie of *Granado* (which *Ferdinand* and *Iſabella*, King and Queen of *Spain*, *Anno* 1492. ſo famouſly and fortunately conquered from the *Moores*) there (within theſe few years) dwelt an ancient Lady, named *Dona Alicia Cervantella*, who was deſcended of noble parentage, and by her late Husband, *Don Pedro de Cardinas* (dying a chief Commander in the Weſt *Indies*) ſhe had two children, a Son and a Daughter; he named *Don Garcia* and ſhe *Dona Dominica*; he of ſome twentie yeers of age, and ſhe of ſome eighteen; he tall of ſtature, but ſomewhat hard-favoured, and ſhe ſhort, but exceeding fair and beautifull. Their Mother *Cervantella* being not left rich by her deceaſed Husband, did yet bring up theſe her two Children very honourably and vertuouſly, and maintained them exceeding gallant in their apparell, though ſhe clad her ſelf the worſe for it, for their ſakes. She obſerves her Son *Don Garcia* to be of a mild diſpoſition, and very wittie and judicious; but for her Daughter *Dominica*, ſhe ſees with fear, and fears with grief, that her wit will come ſhort of her beauty, and her chaſtity of her wit: in which regard and conſideration, ſhe loves him better than her, and yet bears ſo vigilant an eye over her actions, that as yet ſhe keeps her within the liſts of modeſty, and the bounds of obedience, as holding it far truer diſcretion to make her more beloved than feared of her, or rather that fear and love by turnes might act their ſeverall parts upon the Theatre of her youthfull heart and reſolutions. There is an old rich Gentleman of that City nobly deſcended, tearmed *Don Hippolito Sevino*, commonly known and named only *Don Hippolito*, aged of ſome threeſcore and ten years, and much ſubject to the Gout, a diſeaſe better known than cured, and which loves rich men as much as poor men hate it: And this old *Hippolito*, in the froſt and winter of his age, falls in love with our fair young Lady *Dominica*, and ſo by the Lady the Mother ſeeks her Daughter in Marriage. As for the Mother, ſhe loves *Hippolito's* Gold better than her Daughter doth his age, and affects his Lands as much as ſhee hates his perſonage. But *Don Garcia*, at the often requeſts of his Siſter, being at laſt vanquiſhed by her importunity, ſoon changeth his Mothers opinion and good eſteem of *Hippolito*; and ſo they all three give him the repulſe and deniall. But his affection to this delicate freſh young beauty makes him more perverſe and obſtinate than his age, ſo he will take no anſwer for an anſwer, nor a refuſall for a refuſe from them, but will or nill frequent their companie daily, and their houſe almoſt hourly; they are all three tyred with his ſottiſh incivility, and doting importunacie, eſpecially *Dominica*, who meaſuring his age by her youth, and knowing him to be far fitter for his Grave than a Wife, ſhe therefore ſcorns him as much as he loves her: but yet ſay ſhe what ſhe will, or do her Mother and Brother what they can, yet they cannot free their houſe or ſhift their hands of him; although they many times make him look upon bare walls, content himſelf to converſe with the meaneſt of their ſervants, and ſo to return, without ſeeing either of Mother, Son, or Daughter.

But *Dominica* holding her beauty and years now to be worthie of a Husband, ſhe is ſo incivill and incontinent, as ſhe prayes her Mother to procure and provide her one: For (to uſe her own words) ſhe ſaith, *ſhe is weary to lye alone, and live ſingle, and fully reſolved no longer either to trifle away her time, or to caſt away her youth and beauty.* Her Lady Mother (in moſt vertuous tearms) checks her impudencie blames her impudicity and concludes, that if ſhe forſake thoſe immodeſt humours and inclinations, and ſo ſerve and fear God religiouſly, then there is no doubt but in good time he (of his propitious favour and goodneſs towards her) will provide her one; when turning from her Daughter, the very tears of ſorrow fall abundantly from her old eyes, to ſee her thus immodeſt, thus irregular and wanton, as doubting and fearing that in the end it will prove ominous and fatall to her.

But her laſcivious Daughter *Dominica* is not contented with this generall anſwer of her Mother; for ſhe is yet ſo vainly imprudent, and ſo vitiouſly impudent, as ſhe importunatly prayes her Brother *Don Garcia* effectually and ſpeedily to ſolicite her Mother to provide her a Huſband; whereat he rather laughs, than gives eare. But when again he ruminates and conſiders with himſelf this her fooliſh levitie and wantonneſs, fearing the worſt, and to the end ſhee might not hereafter prove a diſgrace to her ſelf, a ſcandall to their houſe, and a diſhonour to their bloud, he (taking time at advantage) breaks and treats with his Mother hereon: who concurring in opinion with him, returns him rather her conſent than her denyall; the which he reports to his immodeſt Siſter *Dominica*, who is thereat as joyfull as before ſhe was diſcontented.

Not

Not long after it fell out, that *Dominica* with her Mother going on a great Holy-day in the morning to the Church of the *Benedictine* Monks, and being behind her on her knees at her Beads and Oraiſons, her devotion was ſo cold and her zeal ſo frozen towards God, as ſeeing a very proper young Gentleman (richly apparelled) likewiſe there on his knees at his prayers not far from her; ſhe as a poor (I may ſay as a prophane) Chriſtian, beckons her Mothers man to come to her, and whiſpers him in the eare, that he diſcreetly go and enquire what that young Cavalier is, whom ſhe deſcribes to him by his Apparell, and eſpecially by a rich Diamond Ring which he wears on his finger: Her Mothers man demanding of the Gentlemans ſervant, returns ſpeedily to his young Lady, and tells her in her eare, that it is *Don Roderigo*, Son and Heir to *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, whereat her luſtfull affection makes her heart leap and dance with in her for joy; for ſo uncivilly unchaſt is ſhe in her deſires and wiſhes, that at his very firſt ſight ſhe deſires him for her Husband, before any other man of the world, yea, before any other earthly felicity. Whereupon ſhe vows, that her Mother ſhall have no truce, nor her Brother any peace of her, before they powerfully make this motion of marriage for her to *Don Roderigo*; who being often ſolicited and provoked by her importunate requeſts, they conſult hereon, and both of them approve and deſire it, as holding it a match equally honourable to them both. The Son will have his Mother firſt to break the Ice of this motion to *Don Roderigo*, but the Mother will have her Son firſt to performe that office to him, and ſo to take a fair occaſion to invite him home to her houſe to ſpeak with her; the which *Don Garcia* performs, and deals herein ſo effectually with *Don Rederigo* that home he comes with him. The Lady *Cervantella* (after many complements and ſpeeches) preſents this motion to him. He ſees the young Lady *Dominica*, her Daughter, and finding her to be exceeding fair and wittie he likes and loves her, and ſo takes time to adviſe hereon with his Father, for the Lady his Mother was formerly gone to Heaven. *Roderigo* breaks this motion to *Don Emanuel*, his Father; who not pleaſed therewith, ſeeks to divert his Son from it, in regard he knows that her Mother *Dona Cervantella* is very poor and of a weak eſtate, as being much incumbred with the great debts of her deceaſed Husband *Roderigo* alledgeth to his Father, his true affection to the true beauty and vertues of *Dominica*, and that her deſcent and bloud is no way inferiour to his. But his Father being of an exceeding covetous diſpoſition, will have wealth to over ſway beauty, and not beauty wealth, and ſo is reſolute to hear no more of this motion; whereat his Son *Roderigo* bites his lip, and is much diſcontented. Yet nevertheleſſe, he hath caſt his affection ſo deeply and firmely on the freſh end delicate beauty of *Dominica*, that holding it to be the Gold of Nature, and ſhe the Queen and Phœnix of Beauty, he cannot, he will now refrain but very often frequents *Dona Crrvantellas* houſe, and her Daughters company: To whom (notwithſtanding his Fathers diſtaſt of her) he yet gives far more hope than deſpaire, that he will be her Husband, which raviſheth her with delight, her Mother *Dona Cervantella* and her Brother *Don Garcia* with content.

But the order of our Hiſtory invites us for a while to leave *Don Roderigo*, to feaſt his eyes and ſurfeit his thoughts and contemplations on the Roſes and Lillies of his Miſtris beauty, and again to return to ſpeak of our old Dotard *Hippolito*; who now (led by his luſt and voluptuous deſires, as they are by the inſtigation of the Devill) comes to perform and act a bloudy and deplorable part on the ſtage of this Hiſtory. He ſees with grief, and grieves to ſee that he is refuſed of the Lady *Dominica*, whom he loves far dearer and tenderer than his life; and underſtanding that *Don Roderigo de Cortez* doth ſtill frequent her company, hath gained her affection, and ſhall ſhortly marry her, he thereupon turnes his reaſon into rage, converts his judgement into revenge, and ſo reſolves to murther him by night, as ſoon as he finds him to iſſue forth of the Lady *Cervantellas* houſe; the Devill making him ſtrong in the vanity of this belief and confidence, that he being once dead, undoubtedly the fair *Dominica* will fall for his ſhare and Wife. So he is reſolute in this his bloudy and damnable deſign, and conſults with himſelf, whether he ſhould do it by himſelf, or by ſome ſecond inſtrument; but finding it dangerous to effect it by another, becauſe he muſt then commit his life to his courteſie, and ſeeing that his Gout had now forſaken him, he therefore reſolves to do it by himſelf. But firſt hee thinks it not improper, rather pertinent for him, to write *Roderigo* a Letter: the which he doth in theſe tearms, and ſends it him by one of his own confident ſervants.

HIPOLITO to RODERIGO.

VVErt thou informed but of the hundreth part of my dear affection to the fair young Lady Dominica, *and reciprocally of hers to me, thou wouldſt (if not out of honour, yet out of judgment) ſurceaſe thy ſute to her, and not make thy obſtinacy ridiculous, by thinking to obtaine her to thy Wife: and although ſhe feed thee with the Sugar of many ſweet proteſtations and promiſes to the contrary, yet if I have any eyes in my head, or thou Judgment in thine, to diſcern the truth hereof, thou haſt far more reaſon to relye upon the integrity of my age, than the vanity and inconſtancie of her youth: And wert thou not a Genteman whom I love for thine own, and honour for thy Fathers ſake, I had not ſo long permitted thee to frequent her company, nor ſo often to converſe with her to the prejudice of my content and thy diſcretion: And if this friendly Ambaſſadour of my heart, my Letter, will not yet induce thee to leave her to me, whom Heaven and Earth, God and her Mother have given me; I will then, either by thy Father, or by the uſuall courſe of Juſtice, take that order with thee therein, as ſhall redound as much to my honour and fame, as to thy infamie and diſreputation.*

HIPPOLITO.

Roderigo having received and read this Letter of *Hippolito*, he cannot refrain from ſmiling and laughing, to ſee his ſottiſh errour and ridiculous ignorance herein; for hee perfectly knowes, that both *Dominica* and the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother are long ſince reſolved to hear no more either of him or of his ſute, and therefore he holds it more worthy of his laughter than of his obſervation, likewiſe to ſee, that this old Dotard, when Nature is ready to wed him to his Grave, that his luſt ſhould yet be ſo forward, to deſire to marry ſo young and beautifull a Lady as *Dominica*: The which conſidering, once he thought to return him no other anſwer but ſilence; but at laſt, reſpecting his age and quality more than his indiſcretion or power, after he had ſhewn his Letter to *Cervantella*, to *Dominica*, and her Brother *Don Garcia*, who all concur in opinion with him, to make it the publike object, as both it and himſelf were the private cauſe of their generall laughter: he calls for Pen and Paper, and (rather with contempt than choler) by *Hippollito's* own ſervant returns him this anſwer.

RODERIGO to HIPPLITO.

I Have as ſmall reaſon to doubt of thy affection to the young Lady Dominica, *as to beleeve that hers is reciprocally ſo to thee, and therefore I ſee no juſt cauſe in honour or ſolid ground in Judgement to furceaſe my ſute towards her, much leſs to deem my obſtinacy ridiculous in hoping to obtaine her to my Wife; And although it be in thy pleaſure, yet it is not in thy power to make me doubtfull of her fair words, or to call in queſtion, or ſuſpition her ſweet promiſes and proteſtations to mee, ſith that were to prophane the purity of my zeal to her, and of her true and ſincere affection to mee, the which yet to do thee a curteſie, I will rather excuſe than condemn in thee, becauſe I am confident it exceeds thy knowledge, though not thy feare, and in this behalf and aſſurance, thine eyes cannot ſo much prevaile with my Judgement, but that I will more rely upon the integrity of her youth, than the vanity of thy age. As for thy love to me, or honour to my Father, when I find it ſo, I will acknowledge it to be as true, as now I conceive it feigned: but for thy threats to mee in thinking thereby to make me forſake the converſation and company of that fair and vertuous young Lady I do rather pitty than eſteem them, and every way more contemn than care for them, Aſſuring thee that I cannot poſſibly refrain from laughter, to ſee thee ſo devoid of common ſence, as to think to be able, either to ſcar me with the power of the Law, or to daunt me with the prerogative and authority of my Father in making mee to forſake her whom in life and death, I neither can nor will forſake, reſolve therefore henceforth to prevent thy infamy and diſreputation, for I will be left to my ſelf to eſtabliſh mine own content and honour, as I pleaſe.*

RODERIGO.

Hippolito upon the receit and conſideration of this peremptory Letter of *Don Roderigo*, is ſo inflamed and incenſed againſt him to ſee that (perforce) he will make him wear a *Willow* Garland, as (without any more delayes or expoſtulations) underſtanding him to be that very ſame night which he received his Letter, with his Lady *Dominica* at her mothers houſe, the Devill cauſeth him to gather all his malice, wits and ſtrength together about him that night to murther him as he iſſueth forth to go home, which bloody ſtratagem of his to effect and finiſh, he

chargeth

chargeth a piſtoll with three Bullets and he waits his comming thence: but *Don Garcia* accidentally iſſuing forth all alone privatly to go viſit a friend of his not far off, this wretched old villain *Hippolito* taking him to be *Roderigo* lets flye at him, and all three Bullets pierce his body, ſo hee fals down dead to the ground. The blow is heard, and the breathleſs body of *Don Garcia* is found reeking in his blood, whoſe mother, Siſter, and *Don Roderigo* are amazed and aſtoniſhed at this deplorable diſaſter, and ready to drown themſelves in their tears for ſorrow there of. So *Roderigo* leaving ſome Neighbours to comfort them, he takes order to find out the murtherers, and goes himſelf ſpeedily throughout the ſtreet to that effect; When the good pleaſure and providence of God directs his courſe to find out this old execrable wretch *Hippolito* going lirping and limping in the ſtreet, having thrown away his Piſtoll, and only holding his dark Lanthorn in his hand, which then (the better to colour out this dammable fact of his he opened to light him. *Roderigo* meaſuring things paſt by the preſent, and finding *Hippolito* there in the ſtreets all alone, at this unuſue and unſeaſonable hour of the night; God prompts his heart with this ſuſpition, that hee in likelihood was the murtherer of *Don Garcia*, and ſo layes hold of him, and cauſeth him to be committed to the Priſon, notwithſtanding all the entreatics, means and friends, which he could then poſſible make to the contrary. The next day all *Granado* rings and reſonnds of this murther, and of the ſuſpition and impriſonment of *Don Hippolito* for the ſame, when the Lady *Carvantella* goes to the Criminall Judges of the City and accuſeth him for the ſame, and with grief, ſorrow, and paſſion, follows it cloſe againſt him; and although *Hippolito* at his firſt examinatian denies it, yet being by his cleer-ſighted Judge adjudged to the Rack for the ſame, hee at the very firſt ſight thereof confeſſeth it, for the which bloody and lamentable crime of his, hee is ſentenced the next day to be hanged although he proffered all his eſtate and means to ſave his life; But the zeal and integrity of his Judges was ſuch to the ſacred name of Juſtice, as they diſdained to be corrupted herewith.

So the next Morning this old bloody wretch *Hippolito* is brought to the common place of execution, where a very great concourſe of people repair from all parts of the City to ſee him take his laſt farewell of the world, moſt of them pitying his age, but all condemning the enormity of this his foul and bloody crime. He was dealt with by ſome Prieſts and Fryers in Priſon, whoſe Charity and Piety, endeavoured to fortifie his heart againſt the fear of death, and to prepare his ſoul for the life and joyes of that to come. But the Devill was yet ſo ſtrong with him, that he could not be drawn to contrition nor would not be either perſwaded or enforced to repentance, or to ask God, or the world forgiveneſs of this his bloody fact, but as he lived prophanely, ſo he would dye wretchedly and deſperatly, for on the Ladder he made a fooliſh ſpeech, the which becauſe it favoured more of beaſtly concupiſcence and luſt, than of Piety or Religion, I will therefore burie it in oblivion, and ſilence, and ſo he was turned over.

Come we now to ſpeak of *Don Emanuell de Cortoz* the Father, who underſtanding of his Son *Roderigo* his continuall frequenting of *Dona Cervantella's* houſe, and her Daughter *Dominica's* company, and now hearing of this murther at her Son to her door, his own Son being then therein preſent; he is much diſcontented therewith; and becauſe he will ſequeſter him from her ſight and provide him another Wife, he ſends him to *Aſnalos*, a manor houſe of his, ſome ten leagues off in the Countrey, with a ſtrong injunction and charge, there to reſide till his farther order to return: *Roderigo* is wonderfull ſorrowfull thus to leave the ſight of his fair and deer Miſtirs *Dominica*, and (to the view of the world) no leſſe is ſhe, ſo he tranſporteth only his body to *Aſnallos*, but his heart he leaves with her in *Granado*. But a moneth is ſcarce expired after his departure, but the Lady *Cervantella* (by the death of her Son *Don Garcia*, wanting a man to conduct and govern her affairs, eſpecially her law ſutes, wherewith (as we have formerly heard) ſhe is much incumbred, ſhe thereupon (as alſo at the inſtant requeſt of her Daughter) writes *Roderigo* this letter for his returne.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

AS thou tendereſt the proſperity of my affairs, and the content and joy of my Daughter, *I requeſt thee ſpeedily to leave* Aſnallos, *and to return to reſide here in* Granado, *for I wanting my Son* Garcia, *who was the joy of my life, and ſhe her* Roderigo *who art the life of her joy, thou muſt not find it ſtrange, if my age, and her youth, and if my Law ſutes and her love affections and deſires aſſume this reſolution: Thy Father is a Noble man of reaſon, and his Son ſhall find this to be a requeſt both honourable and reaſonable, except thou wilt ſo far publiſh thy weakneſſe to the world, that thou doſt more fear thy Father than love my Daughter, for if thou ſhouldeſt once permit thy obedience*

to him ſo far to give a Law to thy affection to her, thou wilt then make thy ſelf as unworthy to be her Husband, as I deſire it with zeal, and ſhe with paſſion. Shee is reſolved to ſecond this my Letter with one of her own to thee, to which I refer thee; God bleſſe thy ſtay, and haſten thy return.

CERVANTELLA.

Dominica reſolving to make good her promiſe to her mother, and that of her mother to *Roderigo*, ſhe withdraws her ſelf to her Chamber to write, and knowing her mothers Meſſenger ready to depart, chargeth him with the delivery of her Letter to her Lover *Roderigo*, and to caſt the better luſtre and varniſh over her affection, ſhe takes a Diamond Ring from her finger, and likewiſe ſends it him for a token of her love.

DOMINICA to RODERIGO.

AS the death of my Brother Don Garcia *made me extream ſorrowfull, ſo this of thy abſence made mee infinitely miſerable, for as that nipt my ioyes and hopes in their bloſſoms, ſo this kills them in their riper age and maturity. When I firſt received thy love, and gave and returned thee mine in exchange, I had well thought thou hadſt affected me too dearly ſo ſoon to leave my ſight, and to baniſh thy ſelf from my company, but now I ſee with grief, and feel with ſorrow that thou loveſt thy Father far better then me, and delighteſt to prefer his content before mine, for elſe thou hadſt not made me thus wretched by thy abſence, who am as (it were) but entring into the happineſſe of thy preſence. If thou canſt find in thy heart to obey his commands, before thou grant my requeſts then come not to* Granado, *but ſtay ſtill in* Aſnallos, *but if the contrary, then leave* Aſnallos, *and come to me in* Granado, *where I will chide thee for thy long ſtay, and yet give thee a world of thanks and kiſſes for thy ſo ſoon return, and as my heart and ſoul doth deſire it, ſo the proſperity of my Mothers affairs doth likewiſe want, and therefore crave it. Judge of the fervency of my affection to thee, by thine to my ſelf; and then thou wilt ſpeedily reſolve to ſee thy* Dominica, *who deſires nothing ſo much under Heaven as to have the happineſſe of thy ſight, and the felicity and Honour of thy Company.*

DOMINICA.

Roderigo receives theſe their two Letters; reputes that of the mother to much reſpect, and this of her Daughter to infinite affection, ſo as the very knowledge and conſideration thereof makes him rejoyce in the firſt, and triumph in the ſecond, and therefore knowing himſelf to be a man, and paſt a child, and that as he is bound by nature and reaſon to obey his Father, ſo he is not tyed to be commanded by him beyond it, wherefore he reſolves to give content to the Mother for the Daughters ſake, and to the Daughter for his own ſake, and ſo by their own Meſſenger returnes them theſe anſwers; That to the Lady *Cervantella* ſpake thus.

RODERIGO to CERVANTELLA.

I ſo much tender the proſperity of thy affairs and thy Daughters content and ioy, that my reſolutions ſhall ſo diſpoſe of my ſelf towards my Father; as very ſhortly I will ſee thee with reſpect and obſervance, and viſit her with affection and zeal; for this deſire of hers and requeſt of thine, is ſo honourable, ſo reaſonable, as my Father ſhould be guilty of unkindneſſe, to deny the one, and my ſelf of ingratitude not to grant the other; Or if he will yet continue to croſſe our affections, I will then make it apparant to the world, that I will not fear him the thouſand part ſo much as I will love her, and that I cannot receive a greater felicity and honour, than to ſee her my Wife, and my ſelf her Husband. I have given an anſwer to her Letter, and very ſhortly I will give her my ſelf every way anſwerable to her merits, to thy expectation and my promiſe.

RODERIGO.

His Letter to *Dominica* was charged and fraughted with theſe lines.

RODERIGO to DOMINICA.

TO deface thy ſorrows for thy Brothers death and thy miſeries for my abſence, and likewiſe to preſerve thy ioyes in their bloſſoms, and thy hopes in their riper age and maturity, I am fully reſolved very ſhortly to grant thy requeſt in leaving Aſnallos, *to live and die with thee in* Granado,

and

and thou doeſt offer a palpable wrong to the truth, and an unmerited diſparagement to the purity and candour of my affection, to think that I any way prefer my obedience to my Father, before my affection to thee, or conſequently his content to thine. Therefore prepare thy ſelf to kiſſe, not to chide mee, for elſe I will reſolve to chide and not to kiſſe thee at my return. My beſt endeavours ſhall wait on the proſperity of thy Mothers affairs, and my beſt love and ſervice ſhall eternally attend on her Daughters pleaſure and commands, and judge thou if my zeal to thee, do not exceed thine to my ſelf, ſith Earth is not ſo deer to mee, as the Honour of thy ſight, nor Heaven as the felicity of thy company.

RODERIGO.

He hath no ſooner diſpatched theſe two Letters to his Miſtris and her Mother, but the very next day after he enters into a reſolution with himſelf; that he ſhall not do well ſo ſoon to diſoblige and diſobey his Father, by ſo ſpeedily precipitating his return from *Aſnallos* to *Granado*, as urging this reaſon to his conſideration, and propoſing this conſideration to his judgment, , that *Dominica's* affection and beauty can difficultly make him rich, but that his Fathers diſcontent and diſpleaſure towards him may eaſily make him poor; Whereupon reſolving to cheriſh his conſtancy to her, and yet to retain his obedience to him, he holds it no ſin if a little longer he diſpence with his content, and promiſe to temporize for his diſcretion and profit, as grounding his hope upon this confidence, and his confidence upon this preſuming infallibility, that his Lady and Miſtris *Dominica* is as chaſt as fair, and will prove as conſtant to him as ſhe is beautifull in her ſelf. But ſhe is a woman, and therefore ſhe may deceive his hopes, and he is a man, and therefore it is poſſible that her beauty may betray his judgment, the which prediction and propheſie (to his grief and ſorrow, and to her ſhame and miſery) we ſhall ſhortly ſee made true and verified, the manner thus.

Dominica (as we have formerly underſtood) being of a wanton diſpoſition and carriage, and very unchaſtly and laſciviouſly enclined, ſhe finding *Roderigoes* ſtay in *Aſnallos* to exceed his promiſe and her expectation, ſhe cannot live chaſt, ſhe will not remaine conſtant in his abſence, but hath a friend or two, I mean two proper young Gentlemen of *Granado*, to whom ſhe many times privatly imparteth her amorous favours and affection, the which ſhe acteth not ſo cloſely, but the Lady her Mother (being a Lincy-eyed, and curious obſerver of her actions) hath notice thereof, and thinking to reclaime her from this foule ſin of fornication and whordome, which threats no leſs than the ruines of her fortunes, and the Shipwrack of her reputation; ſhe firſt attempteth to perſwade her by fair means with tears and prayers; but ſeeing ſhe could not thereby prevaile with her, then ſhe gives her many ſharp ſpeeches and bitter threats, and menaces, as wholly to deprive her of her Fathers portion, and either to make her ſpend her daies in a Nunnery, or end them in a Priſon. That ſhe is not worthie to tread upon the face of earth, or look up to Heaven becauſe this her foul crime of fornication, makes her odious to God, and an infinite ſhame and ſcandall to all her Parents and friends in generall, and to every one in particular, with many other reaſons looking and conducing that way, the which for brevities ſake, I reſolve to omit and bury in ſilence.

But this lecture of the Mother prevailes not with the Daughter, but rather inflames than quencheth the fire of her inordinate and laſcivious luſt; the which ſhe perceiving, and to prevent her own ſcandall in that of her Daughters, ſhee (as a carefull Mother and a wiſe Matron) meweth her up in her Chamber, where *Dominica* (for meer grief and coller (to ſee her ſelfe thus debard of her pleaſurs in the reſtraint of her liberty) ſhee growes very ſick, looks exceeding wan, pale and thin, and ſo keeps her Bed, the which the Lady *Cervantella* takes for a fit occaſion and opportunity again effectually to write to *Roderigo* to haſten his return to *Granado*, as doubting leaſt her Daughters Belly ſhould chance to ſwell and grow big in his abſence. This her Letter to *Roderigo*, reported her mind, and repreſented her deſires to him in theſe termes.

CERVANTELLA to RODERIGO.

THou doeſt thy ſelf no right, but me and my Daughter infininit wrong, in ſtaying ſo long from Granado, *in regard it is contrary to thy promiſe, to my expectation, and to her deſerts and merits: For her affection is ſo entire and fervent to thee, becauſe ſhe conceives and hopes that thine (in requitall) is ſo to her, that ſhe hath this many moneths languiſhed in expectation of thy return; whereof beginning to deſpair, that deſpair hath ſtruck her into ſo dangerous a Conſumption, that I fear it will ſhortly prove fatall to her: for already the Lillies have baniſhed the Roſes of her cheeks, yea, her cheeks*

are grown thin; and thoſe ſparkling ſtars, her eyes, have loſt a great part of their wonted luſtre and glory: ſo if thy affection will not, yet pity ſhould move thee to haſten thy return, to ſee and comfort her, eſpecially ſith thou wilt ſcarce know her when thou ſeeſt her; in regard I may (almoſt) juſtly affirme, that ſhe is no longer Dominica, *but rather the living Anatomie of dead* Dominica. *How thou canſt anſwer for this her ſickneſſe to thine honour (which is occaſioned by thy unkindneſſe) I know not, but ſure I am if ſhe go to her Grave before thou come to her, thou canſt never ſufficiently anſwer it to thy conſcience, nor thy conſcience to God. In her ſick ſoul, thou art the only Saint to whom ſhe offereth up her devotions; and therefore it will be a miſerable ingratitude in thee, to permit her to dye thy Martyr.*

CERVANTELLA.

At the receit and peruſall of this Letter *Roderigo* is infinitly ſorrowfull, eſpecially when he conſidereth, that it is only *Dominica*'s deer affection to him, and his long ſtay from her, which hath occaſioned her ſickneſs: whereupon his love conſulting with his honour, his honour with his conſcience, and his conſcience with God, he conjureth the Meſſenger to return ſpeedily to *Granado*, to the Lady *Cervantella*, and her Daughter *Dominica*, from him, and to aſſure them, that all buſineſs of the world ſet apart, he will be there with them the next day; and bring them the anſwers of their Letters himſelf; whereat, at the Meſſengers return, they both of them exceedingly rejoyce. *Roderigo* now (according to his promiſe) comes to *Granado*, viſit th *Cervantella*, and ſick Miſtris *Dominica*; ſalutes the one with complements, the other with kiſſes *Dominica* intending to give him her body, but not her heart, diſſembleth her affection to him, and frowns on him exceedingly, as if her love to him, and his to her, were dearer to her then all the world, and far more precious than her life. But contrariwiſe, *Roderigo* intends as he ſpeaks & ſpeaks as he intends; yea, he is ſo ſincere and reall in his affection to her, as ſhe is counterfeit and trecherous to him. So glorying in her beauty, and triumphing in her youth, he with much difficulty obtains his Fathers conſent, and marries her, their Nuptials being ſolemnized in *Granado* with ſtate and bravery, anſwerable to their diſcontents and qualities; but he will find a wanton *Lais* for a conſtant *Lucrece*, and a laſcivious *Phyrne* for a chaſt *Penelope*. Never Husband bore himſelf more reſpectfully, loving and courteouſly to his Wife, than doth *Roderigo* to his *Dominica*; for he thinks that her fare cannot be curious, nor her Apparell coſtly enough for her; yea, ſuch was his tender reſpect of her, and affection to her, that he willingly permitted her to go where ſhe would, and to come when ſhe pleaſed; contrary to the cuſtome of *Spain*, and generally of moſt *Spaniards*, who hold it far more folly than affection to give this licentious freedome and libertie to their Wives, which we do in *England* and *France*; the which we ſhall ſee verified in our young Bride *Dominica*: for the more her Husband *Roderigo* loves her, the more ſhe ſlights him; and the more he reſpects her, the more ſhe neglects and contemns him: whereat he grieves, his Mother in Law *Cervantella* ſtorms, and his own Father *Don Emanuel de Cortez* repines and murmurs. But as it is labour in vaine to think to make an *Æthiopian* white, ſo all of them cannot reclaime *Dominica* to love her Husband, nor ſcarce to lye with him. He conceives infinite grief hereat, which breeds him a lingring Conſumption in earneſt, as his Wife *Dominica* was formerly poſſeſſed of one in jeaſt; whereas ſhe the more hates him, in regard the extremity of his ſickneſs and weakneſs will not permit him to perform the rites and duties of a Husband towards her: but ſhe need not care, much leſſ. grieve thereat, for ſhe takes her obſcene and laſcivious pleaſures abroad, whiles her dear ſick Husband (for grief of body and mind) is ready to dye at home. He bewayles his hard fortune in marrying her; but yet loves her ſo tenderly and dearly, as he will not ſpeak ill of her himſelf, nor ſuffer any other to do it either in his preſence or her abſence. Yea, her love is ſo frozen to him, though his be ſtill conſtantly and fervently inflamed to her, as ſhe difficultly ſees him once in three dayes, nor yet ſpeaks two words with him when ſhe ſees him, and yet when he is ſo happy to obtain her ſight and company, he ſo exceedingly rejoyceth thereat, that it ſeems to him, his pain for that time gives him peace, his ſorrows truce his ſickneſs eaſe, his heart comfort, and his thoughts conſolation. But *Dominica* hath not deſerved the leaſt part of all this true affection and courteſie from him heretofore, much leſſe will ſhe requite it to him hereafter: except in a moſt ingrateſull and bloudy manner, which is thus.

The Devill reſolves to trouble the harmonie and ſerenitie of their marriage, or rather out *Dominica* hath helliſhly derived and drawn this reſolution from the Devill, to poyſon her Husband, and the ſooner ſhe fixeth her mind upon this infernall ingredient, and ſetteth her barbarous cruelty upon this deviliſh Drug, becauſe the violence of his Conſumption having already made almoſt an Anatomie of his body, ſhe therefore flattereth her ſelf with this opinion, that no ſuſpition at all can ſeize upon the beleef of any, that he is poyſoned, much leſſe of his

Father

Father, or her Mother. She cannot procure poyſon her ſelf & therefore albeit ſhe be unwilling to acquaint or imploy any other herein, yet ſhe is enforced thereunto. Of all her acquaintance, ſhe thinks ſhe may more ſafely entruſt and repoſe this great ſecret with her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*; for having formerly made her acceſſary to her ſins of Fornication and Adultery, ſhee thinks ſhe may with leſſe difficulty and more eaſe now draw her to conceale and participate in this Murther with her: the which the better and ſooner to effect, ſhe gives her fiftie Duckats, and adoyning thereunto many ſweet perſwaſions, and ſugred promiſes, of her continuall care and affection for her preferment, this wretched miſerable Wench yeelds her conſent thereto, ſo they give their hands, and ſwear ſecreſie each to other, the Devill laughing at this their bloudie compact and capitulation.

So (without either the grace or fear of God) they are reſolute in this their rage, and outragious in this their barbarous cruelty, thinking every minute a moneth, and every day a yeare, before they have finiſhed & perpetrated this lamentable buſineſſe: So this Furie, this She-devill *Dominica*, being as impatient in her laſcivious luſt to her ſelf, as in her deadly malice to her kind and honeſt Husband *Roderigo*, ſhe makes *Deniſa* ſecretly to procure ſome ſtrong poyſon, from ſome remote unknown Apothecary; & not only cauſeth but ſees her to put it into ſome White-broth for him, which the Chamber-maid brings, and the Wife and Miſtreſſe gives to her Husband, in the morning, before he was out of his Bed, under pretence and colour of ſome comfortable Broth, and hot meat: whereof (O grief to think it! O pittie to report it!) before night he dyed thereof. And *Don Emanuel de Cortez*, his Father, being at that time ridden to the City of *Sevil* in the Province of *Andouleſia*, about ſome important buſineſs of his, ſhe (taking the opportunity and advantage of his abſence, thereby the better to over-veil this her foul and bloudy fact) doth ſpeedily cauſe this his breathleſſe body to be encoffined, and ſo buried ſomewhat privatly, but not in that ſolemn manner as was requiſite, either for his quality, or her reputation, yea, contrary to the opinion of the Lady *Cervantella*, her Mother who much grieved and feared at this ſudden death of her Son in law *Roderigo*, as doubting leſt her Daughter his Wife, had too haſtily and untimely ſent him to Heaven in a bloudie winding ſheet. This mournfull Tragedie thus acted our wretched *Dominica*, of a diſcontented Wife, is now become a joyfull and frolike Widow: and now her exorbitant luſt and laſcivious deſires break pale, and range, both beyond the bounds of chaſtity, and the limits of diſcretion: for ſhe will hearken to no advice nor follow any counſell from the Lady *Cervantella* her Mother, but forſakes her houſe and her ſight the greateſt part of the day, and which is worſe, many whole nights, to keep company with thoſe vitious Gallants and deboſhed young Gentlemen, of her former acquaintance and familiarity, with whom ſhe delighteth to loſe her honour, to caſt away her chaſtity, and to ſhipwrack her reputation, if not her ſoule; when neither thinking of God or her Conſcience, of Heaven or Hell, of her murthering ſelf, or murthered Husband, ſhe ſo inceſſantly (without any intermiſſion or repentance) abandons her ſelf to her prophane and beaſtly whoredoms, that in a very ſhort time ſhe makes her ſelf the laughter of the worſt, and the pitie of the better and moſt vertuous ſort of people of *Granado*; yea, her actions are ſo devoid of Graces, and repleat of impietie, that her own Mother is aſhamed to ſpeak with her, and *Don Emanuell de Cortez*, her Father in law, to ſee her.

And here, Chriſtian Reader, let me requeſt thy curioſity to obſerve, and thy piety to remark; how (by degrees) the indignation and juſtice of God falls upon this deboſhed young Lady, for the foulneſs of theſe her crimes, the very crie and ſent whereof hath pierced the windows of Heaven, and are now aſcended to the ears and noſtrils of the Lord of Hoſts, to draw down condign vengeance on her for the ſame, yea, and at thoſe times when ſhe leaſt dreams or thinks thereof, and when ſhe is in the very prime of her prophaneneſs, and the chiefeſt ruffe of her laſcivious jollity and voluptuous ſenſualitie; The manner whereof is thus.

Two monethsare ſcarce expired, ſince ſhe ſent this her Husband *Rodorigo* thus untimely and cruelly to his Grave, but having as it were drowned her Wits and Senſes, her Reaſon and Judgement, yea, her Heart and Soul in the Ocean of her beaſtly luſts and luſtfull deſires and pleaſures, (but to her own ſhame, to the grief of her Mother, and the contempt and anger of her Father in law *de Cortez*) ſhe marrieth *Don Lewes de Andradn* one of her former Favourits, and Paramours, for her Lover I cannot, and therefore I will not tearm him, a very proper Gentlemau of his perſonage, but every way as deboſhed and vitious as her ſelf; and therefore a fit Husband for ſuch a Wife. That ſhe was honeſt, he knew the contrary; but hoping that her wealth ſhould ſupply his wants, and repair the ruines of his decayed fortunes, was that which ſolely induced him to become her Husband. But at laſt; when he ſaw her wealth to come ſhort of his expectation, and her luſtfull deſires to exceed it, then he thinks it high time to be wiſe, in not imitating the example of his Predeceſſour *Roderigo* in his carriage and conduction towards

wards this his laſcivious Wife *Dominica*; ſo he holds a ſtrict hand over her, and in a manner makes her no better than a Priſoner to her Chamber, and a Scholar to her Book and Needle, in ſuch ſort, that her ranging unchaſt thoughts are now bounded in her new Husbands jealouſie, and pent & immured up in her own grief & diſcontent: For thus he reaſoneth with himſelf, that although formerly he here made his Curtizan, yet now he will not permit that ſhe make him a Cuckold; then he was her friend, now her Husband; and then ſhe was anſwerable for her own life and actions to God, but now he is both for his own and for hers. But this her preſent affliction and miſerie is but the ſhadow and leaſt part of her future: for *Andrada* her Husband being as reſolute in reforming her, as ſhe was neither to digeſt or endure it, he the better to curb her incontinencie, and to debar her from any more returning to her former lewd pranks, and deboſhed life and converſation, he keeps her very ſhort of Money, takes from her moſt of her beſt Apparell, and all her Rings, Chains, and Jewels, which the Ladies of *Spain* (more than any others of the world) hold to be a great part of their earthly felicitie.

Dominica is amazed, yea all in tears, to ſee this ſtrange alteration of her fortune, and difference of her two Husbands, and now (though too late) ſhe ſees *Roderigo's* love in *Andrada's* hardneſs towards her: ſhe ſpeaks to her Mother, to reconcile her to her Husband: but having ſhut up this her ſecond match without her knowledge or conſent, ſhe rejects and abandoneth her from her favour, to ſeek her own fortune, as holding her unworthy of the bloud which Nature, and the education which God and her ſelf had given her. Se was cruell to her firſt Husband, and therefore no marvell if the ſecond prove unkind to her; yet he doubting of her ſecret malice towards him, he apprehends her revenge, as much as he condemns her lubricity. He will not add faith to her diſſembling promiſes, nor hazard belief to her treacherous tears and kiſſes, but keeps her ſtill rather as a priſoner than a Wife, and more like a Criminall than a companion: and yet as cloſe and retired as he kept her in his houſe, his vigilancie and jealouſie was enforced to meet with this unknown misfortune, that he was no ſooner abroad, but ſhe had another friend or ruffian at home, with whom ſhe very often and very diſhoneſtly familiarized, inſomuch, that ſhe had infallibly murthered her ſecond Husband, as ſhe had formerly done her firſt, if God (out of the ineſtimable treaſure of his mercy and goodneſſe) had not prevented her rage, and diſappointed and diſſipated her bloudy deſign and revenge by another accident as mournfull as miraculous, and wherein the juſtice and providence of God doth equally reſplend and ſhine forth unto us, for our inſtruction, with a moſt divine power and Heavenly influence.

For we muſt here know and underſtand, that the fifty Duckats which *Deniſa* had given her of her Lady *Dominica*, for conſenting to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, gave her new apparell, and they likewiſe procured her a new Suitor or Sweet-heart, named *Hugo*, (who made ſhew to marry her, but intended it not) with whom ſhe wantonized ſo often, as in a ſhort time ſhe became guilty of a great Belly, the which ſhe concealed from all the world, except from *Hugo*, the Father of her unborn child; who upon notice thereof, either for fear of preſent puniſhment, or of future danger, or that he ſhould be conſtrained to marry her, and ſo to maintain her and her child, when he had not means to maintain himſelf, he fled from *Granado* to *Muricia*, without taking his leave of *Deniſa*, or any way acquainting her therewith; and now, when it is too late, this wretched wench exceedingly grieves thereat, when knowing his return uncertaine, his affection to her doubtfull, her ſelf poor, and her Lady and Miſtris *Dominica* as then not able to maintain her or her child, ſhe aſſumes another bloudy reſolution, which is, that as ſhe was formerly acceſſary to the poyſoning of her Maſter, ſo ſhe now will be a principall Actor in murthering and making away of her own child as ſoon as it ſhall be born, and neither conſcience nor her fear are able to divert her from this her bloody and damnable purpoſe. For being provoked thereunto firſt by her ſhame, then by her neceſſity, but chiefely and eſpecially by her fatall Counſellor and inſtigator the Devill, ſhe being delivered (almoſt a moneth before her time) of a fair young Son, as ſoon as he had cryed once, to bewaile his own miſery and his inhumane mothers cruelty) ſhe as an execrable fury of Hell ſtrangles it, giving him his mournfull end untimely death in that very ſame hour and inſtant which God and her ſelf gave it life, and the very ſame evening wraps it in a clean white linnen cloth, and with a Packthred ties a great ſtone thereunto, and (the Devill giving her ſtrength) the very ſame night carries it half a mile off to a Pond without the Eaſt gate of the Citie, where ſeeing no body preſent to ſee her, ſhe (not as a mother, no not as a woman, but rather as a fury of Hell) there throws it in, which before her departure thence preſently ſunk to the bottom.

And here let us behold and contemplate on the wonderfull mercie and judgement of God, in ſo ſpeedily revealing this deplorable and cruell murther of this harmleſs and innocent little new-born babe, whom being ſo newly brought from the adulterate womb of his pittileſſe

mother

mother, ſhe maliciouſly caſt into that Pond, giving it death for life, the Pond for its Cradle, a Bank of Mud and Ooze for its Bed and Pillow. For upon the inſtant of *Deniſa's* delivery, and her murthering and throwing of this her infant Babe into the Pond, God (to revenge this foul and bloudie fact of hers) deprived her of diſcretion and judgement to return for that night to her Maſters houſe, for ſhe thinking to make ſure and ſound work for her own reputation and ſafety, ſhe that very night takes up her lodging in the next poor Inn, which was at the ſign of Saint *Johns* head, where to the Hoſt and Hoſteſs ſhe pretends lameneſs by the receit of a fall. But God will give her but ſmall time to reſt and repoſe her ſelf in the guiltineſs of this her cruell ſin of murthering her own innocent new born babe, for within one hour after, a Groom riding to water his horſe in the ſame Pond, his horſe ſnuffeth and ſtarts exceedingly, pawing in the water with his Father fore foot, and many times thruſts down his head therein.

The Groom gives him the ſpur and ſwitch to bring him off, but in vain, for the horſe the more paweth with his foot, and ſnuffeth with his noſe, yea ſo long till at laſt (it ſeems) the packthreed being broken the white cloth appears and floats upon the water, which the Groom upon the ſtrange behaviour of his horſe (but indeed by the immediate providence and pleaſure of God, who then and there was well pleaſed to make this reaſonleſſe beaſt an inſtrument of his glory in the detection of this cruell murther) cauſeth to be fetched a ſhore, where opening the cloth in preſence of ſome others, who flock thither to the Pond ſide to ſee what this may be, They find a ſweet young infant boy, whoſe body was as white as the ſnow, with a flaxen coloured hair, a cheerfull look, a cherry lip, and ſome blackneſſe about his throat and neck, whereby they gueſſed it to be newly born and ſtrangled of ſome Strumpet his Mother, whom to detect and find out, they ſearch all the adjacent houſes, and at laſt find out *Deniſa* in her Inn, when the Offiſers of Juſtice, ſetting a Midwife and ſome three and four elderly women to ſearch her, they (deſpight of her reſiſtance or prayers to the contrary) give in evidence againſt her that ſhe was that day delivered of a child, ſo ſhe is impriſoned, and the next day brought to her arraignement, where (threatned with the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth the ſtrangling of her child, and the throwing of it into this Pond, for the which foul and inhumane fact of hers, ſhee is the next day condemned to be hanged: When deſirous to ſave her ſoul though (through the inſtigation of Satan) ſhe hath miſerably caſt away her body; ſhe entreateth that Father *Euſtace* a Prieſt of her acquaintance may be ſent to her in Priſon, to prepare her ſoule for her ſpirituall journey to Heaven, who is accordingly ſent her. Who after a long and a religious exhortation to her, falling on this point, that ſhe ſhould do well to diſburthen her conſcience of any other capital crime which in all the whol courſe of her life ſhe might have committed, as affirming that the revealing thereof, exceedingly tended to Gods glory, and the felicity of her own ſoule, ſhe (with tears and ſighs) deeply thinks thereof that night in priſon.

Now the next morning ſhe is brought to the place of execution, wher a great number of people flock together to ſee her end, and there on the Ladder after ſhe had again confeſſed the ſtrangling of her Infant and her throwing of it into the Pond, ſhe likewiſe then and there confeſſed, That ſhe was acceſſary and conſented with her Lady *Dominica*, to poyſon her Maſter *Roderigo*, which ſhe affirmed they both effected in the ſame manner as we have formerly underſtood. The confeſſion of this her other foule murther, as alſo of her Lady *Dominica*, doth much amaze her Auditors and aſtoniſh her Judges, who to clear and vindicate the truth hereof, they cauſe her to deſcend the Ladder, and to be confronted with her ſaid Lady *Dominica*, who by this time in the midſt of her ſecurity is likewiſe apprehended and brought before the criminall Judges, where contrary to her expectation being enforced to underſtand the effect and tenour of her Chambermaid *Deniſas* confeſſion and accuſation againſt her for the poyſoning of her Husband *Roderigo*, ſhe with much paſſion and choller tearms her Witch and Devill, and curſeth the hour that ever ſhe foſtered up ſo peſtilent a Viper in her houſe to eat out her own heart and life, when with more confidence and boldneſſe than contrition and repentance (being firſt by her Judges threatned with the torments of the Rack) ſhe confeſſeth her ſelf likewiſe to be guilty of murthering her firſt Husband *Roderigo*. So *Deniſa's* ſentence is altered, for ſhe is condemned to be hanged for her firſt murther, and her dead body after to be burnt to aſhes for her ſecond, and the Lady *Dominica* to be hanged for poyſoning her Husband, which news ſo reſounds and rattles through all the ſtreets and corners of *Granado*, that almoſt all the people of that Citie flock the next morning to the place of execution, to ſee this cruell Miſtreſſe and her bloody Chamber-maid, take their laſt farewell of this World; for the

Lady

Lady *Dominica* muſt likewiſe dye, notwithſtanding her Mother *Cervantella's* tears, and her Husband *Andradas* importunat requeſts and paſſionate prayers to her Judges to the contrary.

And firſt *Deniſa* is cauſed to aſcend the Ladder, (who was a tall and comely young woman) to whom God was ſo mercifull to her ſoul, that there with many bitter ſighs and tears, ſhe was wonderfull ſorrowfull for theſe her two foul murthers, eſpecially for that of her poor Infant Babe, whom ſhe had almoſt as ſoon diſpatched out, as ſhe brought into the World: She earneſtly beſought all her auditors and ſpectators to pray unto God to forgive her, and to be mercifull unto her ſoul; ſhe affirmed that her Lady *Dominicas* enticements and Gold firſt drew her to be acceſſary to the poyſoning of her maſter *Roderigo*, the which again and again from her heart and ſoul ſhe prayed God to pardon her; when entreating all young people, eſpecially all young women, to be more wiſe and religious, and leſſe prophane and bloudy minded, by her example; and now recommending her ſoul into the hands of our Saviour and Redeemer, ſhe is turned over. When immediatly after this our wretched Lady *Dominica* is likewiſe brought to her execution, whom the vanity of her heart, and the impurity and prophaneneſſe of her ſoul had purpoſely dighted in her beſt dreſs, and richeſt Apparel; which was a purple wrought Velvet Gown and a curious great laced Ruff, with all things elſe ſutable to it; but which is lamentable to ſee, and fearfull to conſider, ſhee was as careleſs of her ſoul, as curious of her body; for the Prieſts and Fryers in her Priſon could not abate or beat down her impiety, but as there, ſo here on the Ladder, ſhe enters into many deep execrations and curſes, as well againſt her ſecond Husband *Andrada*, as againſt her Chamber-maid *Deniſa*, who ſhe ſaid was now rather gone to the Devill than to God; but no ſpark of grace, nor ſhew of ſorrow, nor ſign of Repentance could appear in her looks, or be heard in her ſpeeches, for poyſoning of her firſt Husband *Roderigo*, but with much chollet and vehemency, ſhe there uttered many other lewd and laſcivious ſpeeches, the which grieved her Chriſtian Auditors to hear, and therefore I will not defile my Pen, or offend the Readers religious and chaſt hearts with the knowledge thereof; ſo this miſerable and wretched Lady was turned over the Ladder, who made her death anſwerable to the foulneſſe and enormity of her life, being not ſo happy in her death as her bloody Chamber-maid *Deniſa*, and I fear me as exempt of grace and goodneſſe as the Devill could wiſh her. But God is the Lord af Juſtice and Father of mercy, to whom I leave her.

The youth and beauty af this cruell and inhumane Lady *Dominica*, was pitied of many, but her foul fact abhorred and deteſted of all who were preſent at her death; may we who reads her Hiſtory, cheriſh her vertues by the ſight and knowledge of her vices, and fortifie our ſouls with Religion and Piety, as ſhe ruined hers by the neglect and want thereof. *Amen.*

Gods

Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXIX.

Sanctiſiore (*upon promiſe of marriage*) *gets* Urſina *with child, and then afterwards very ingratefully and treacherouſly rejecteth her, and marrieth* Bertranna. Vrſina *being ſenſible of this her diſgrace, diſguiſeth her ſelf in a Friers habit, and with a caſe of Piſtols kils* Sanctiſiore *as he is walking in the fields, for the which ſhe is hanged.*

IT is a poor profit, a wretched pleaſure, for the ſatisfaction of choller and revenge, to imbrue our hands in the innocent blood of our neer kindred, ſith in ſeeking to wound him, we more properly kill our ſelves in ſoule and body; ſtriking him (who is the figurative Image of God) we preſumptuouſly ſtab at the Majeſty of God himſelf, by whom our ſouls muſt, without whom they can never be ſaved. Therefore if we will not know as we are men, yet we ought firmely both to know and believe as we are Chriſtians, that Revenge and Murther are the two prodigious twins of *Sathan*, the laſt being engendred and propagated of the firſt, and both from Hell: For Revenge is not half ſo ſweet in the beginning as bitter in the end, nor murther by many degrees ſo pleaſing as it proves pernicious to her Authors, as this enſuing Hiſtory will verifie, and make apparant unto us.

Let your thoughts be carried over thoſe high hils of Europ, the Alpes, and Appenins, to the noble and famous City of Naples, the head and capitall of that flouriſhing kingdome (and from whence it receives and derives its denomination) a City abounding rich, populous, and faire, and graced and adorned with more Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes, than any other of *Italy* whatſoever. Wherein of very late years (when the Duke of *Ossuna* was Viceroy thereof) there dwelt two rich and beautifull young Gentlewomen, the one named *Dona Vrſina Placedo*, the only Daughter and Child of *Seignior Augustino Placedo*, and the other *Dona Bertranna de Troes* likewiſe the only child and daughteroot *Seignior Thomaſo de Troes*, the firſt native of *Ferenzolo*, in *Pulia*, and the ſecond of *Materana* in *Calabria*, both of them being exceeding rich and well deſcended Gentlemen, who with their Wives and Daughter for the moſt part built up their reſidence in Naples, but eſpecially all the winter time. Now becauſe theſe two young Gentlewomen (whom henceforth we will call by their Chriſtian and not by their Surnames) are two of the chiefeſt Perſonages which give life to this Hiſtory, therefore I hold it not impertinent for me, ſuperficially to give the Reader their different characters and delineations; *Vrſina* was paſt the twentieth year of her age, and *Bertranna* entring into her eighteenth. *Vrſina* was tall and ſlender, *Bertranna* ſhort and ſomewhat crook-backed: *Vrſina* was the fairer of the two, but *Bertranna* by far the ſubtiller and wiſer. *Vrſina* was of a deep Amber hair, but *Bertranna* of a coale black: and to conclude this point, *Vrſina* was affable and curteous, but *Bertranna* coy, proud, and malitious.

The truth and order of this Hiſtory muſt here inform us, that although theſe two rich young Gentlewomen had divers brave Gallants, who were ſutors to them for marriage, yet none of them ſo dearly and paſſionatly loved *Vrſina*, as the Baron of *Sanctifiore* of *Capua*, a very rich young Nobleman; but far more proper than wiſe, and withall far more laſcivious than rich, nor did or could *Bertranna* in her heart and mind affect any other but the ſaid Baron: neither was it poſſible for her Father *De Troes* to perſwade or draw her to deſire any other Nobleman or Gentleman for her Husband then him. Thus we ſee *Sanctifiore* deeply to love *Vrſina*, and *Bertranna* him, but not he her; and we ſhall not go far till we likewiſe ſee what effects theſe their different affections will produce.

Whiles *Vrſina* is aſſured of *Sanctifioros* love to her, *Bertranna* contrariwiſe by her ſelf and her friends makes it her chiefeſt care and ambition to perſwade and draw him to forſake *Vrſina*, and to love and marry her ſelf, but ſhe will finde more oppoſition and difficulty therein then ſhe expects. True it is, that although the Baron of *Sanctifiore* do continually frequent *Placedoes* houſe, and his Daughter *Bertrannas* company, yet underſtanding and conſidering with himſelf, that *Bertranna* honoured him with her conſtant love and affection, he therefore held himſelf in a manner bound ſometimes to ſee and viſit her, although indeed it was every way more to content and pleaſe her, than himſelf, where albeit that her policy to her ſelf, and her affection to him, gives him many quips and jerks of his Miſtris *Vrſina*, yet his reputation and diſcretion makes him comport his actions and ſpeeches ſo equally towards *Bertranna*, that although he give her little cauſe to hope, yet he gives her none to deſpaire of his love and affection to her, in requitall of hers to him, and upon theſe and no other tearms ſtand *Sanctifiore* and *Bertranna*. But as for *Vrſina*, her hopes and heart of *Sanctifiores* affection to her, ſailes on with a more pleaſing and joyfull gale of wind, for ſhe loving him as deeply as he doth her dearly, ſhe accounts her ſelf his, and he hers: as we may the more particularly and perfectly perceive by four Love-letters of theirs, which ſecretly and interchangeably paſt between them; the which for the Readers better ſatisfaction I thought good here to inſert and publiſh, whereof his firſt to her ſpake thus.

SANCTIFORE to URSINA.

THe Sweetneſs of thy beauty, and the excellency of thy vertues have ſo fully taken up my thoughts, and ſo firmely ſurpriſed and vanquiſhed my heart, that I am ſo much thine both by conqueſt and duty, as I know not whether I do more affect or honour, or more admire or adore thee; Wherefore if thou art as courteous as fair, and as loving to me as I am faithfull to thy ſelf, then return me thy heart as I now give and ſend thee mine, and aſſure thy ſelf that my affection is ſo infinite and entire to thee, that I love and deſire thee a thouſand times more than mine own life, and will eſteem my death both ſweet and happy, if thou wilt henceforth live mine by purchaſe, as I am now thine by promiſe. Thy will ſhall be my law, and as there is a God in Heaven, ſo Urſina *hath not ſo fervent a Lover, or conſtant a ſervant on Earth as her.*

SANCTIFIORE.

Vrſinas

Vrſinas Anſwer hereunto was couched in theſe tearms.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

IF thy heart be as full of affection, as thy Letter is of flattery to me, I ſhould then have as iuſt cauſe, thankfully to beleeve that, as now I have to ſuſpect and fear this; For the iniquity of our times and the miſery of many former examples do prompt and tell me, that moſt men love more with their tongues, than with their hearts, and that they all know far better how to profeſs than preſerve their affections and fidelity to their Miſtreſſes. As for me, Judge with thy ſelf how curteous and loving I am to thee, for if I perfectly knew that thy Letter were the true Ambaſſadour, and unfeigned Eccho of thy heart; I would both ſay and promiſe thee, that I would love thee, and none but thee: Make my ſelf thy wife, when and as ſoon as thou wilt pleaſe to be my Husband, for in life and death I hers now promiſe thee to be more thine then mine own: Reſolve me of this doubt, and free me of this fear, and then manage this affection and favour of mine with diſcretion, and requite it with fidelity to thy

URSINA.

The Baron of *Sanctifiores* ſecond Letter to her contained this Language.

SANCTIFIORE to URSINA.

AS I am not guilty, ſo I am not anſwerable for other mens crimes of infidelity, but do as juſtly deteſt and ſcorn, as you uniuſtly fear them in me. That my affection is pure and ſacred, and ſhall be inviolable to thee, be God my Judge, and my heart and conſcience my witneſſes: Therefore to reſolve thy doubt, and to free thy fear thereof, I vow by the pureneſſe of thy beauty, and by the dignity of thy vertues, that both my former Letter and alſo this, are the true Ambaſſadours and Ecchoes of my heart, and which is more, of my ſoule. I will ſhortly kiſs thee for thy love to me, then love thee for thy kiſſes, and afeer embrace and thank thee for both, and when I fail of my affection and fidelity to thee, may God then fail of his grace and mercy to my ſelf I will make my ſelf thy dear Husband, and the my ſweet Wife, what thou pleaſeſt to crown and honour me with that ſweet ioy, and to raviſh my heart with this deſired felicity.

SANCTIFIORE.

Vrſinas anſwer hereunto was traced in theſe termes.

URSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

RElying on the purity of thy affection, and the preſervation and performance of thy conſtancy to me, for the which thou haſt invoked God for Judge, and thy heart and conſcience as witneſſes thereof, I now freely acknowledge my ſelf to be thy wife by purchaſe, and thou to be my Husband by Promiſe, and do therefore wholly take me from my ſelf, eternally to give my ſelf to thee. I deſire the enioyance of thy company and preſence, with as much impatiency as thou longeſt for mine, and thou ſhalt find, that I will make it my chiefeſt care and ambition to love thee, and my greateſt glory to honour and obey thee, and let both of us beware of infidelity each to other, for God will aſſuredly puniſh it with juſtice, requite it with revenge, and revenge it with miſery on the Delinquents and Offenders.

URSINA.

By the peruſall and conſideration of theſe four precedent Letters, we may plainly perceive, what a firme promiſe, and ſecret contract there was paſt between the Baron of *Sanctifiore* and the Lady *Vrſina*, and how fervently and ſweetly they had given themſelves each to other in the

promiſe and aſſurance of marriage, ſo not contented to have gotten the Daughters good will, he in very honourable faſhion and tearms likewiſe ſeek the Father *Seignior Placedoes* conſent thereto, whom though for ſome few moneths he found to be averſe and oppoſit to his deſires therein, yet upon *Sanctifiores* importunat intreaties and his Daughter *Vrſinas* frequent teares, hee at laſt conſenteth to this their marriage, only he delayed the conſummation thereof for ſome ſecret reaſons, and conſiderations beſt known to himſelf, the which I cannot publiſh becauſe I could never gather or underſtand them. Whiles thus the Baron of *Sanctifiore* remaines in *Naples*, his long ſtay, great train, prodigall expenſes there, and his abſence from *Capua* where his lands and means lay, made him be in ſome diſtreſſe and want of mony, and not knowing how to procure it there, thereby to ſupport his fame and reputation with his pretended Father in Law, and alſo with his intended Wife his Daughter, it greatly perplexed and troubled him; but at laſt he ſaw himſelf reduced to this extremity, that he was enforced to borrow of one Nobleman and Gentleman of his friends to pay another; a courſe which he well ſaw could not long endure and ſubſiſt, without clamorouſly calling his reputation in queſtion: The which to prevent, knowing *Seignior Placedo* to be a hidebound, and cloſe fiſted old Gentleman, who loved his Gold far better than his God, and that if he offred to borrow any of him, he wold abſolutely refuſe and deny to lend it him, and that it was not impoſſible, but rather very probable, that hereby the prodigality of the one, and the covetouſneſſe of the other might prove a great blot and hindrance to this his marriage, he therefore as a debоſhed and vicious young Nobleman; deſpairing of the Fathers love, reſolves to make ſure work with the Daughters affection, who with a thouſand amorous ſpeeches, and laſcivious lures, daliances and temptations, he ſeeks to draw her to his luſtfull deſires, and ſo by uſurping on her chaſtity (which is the honour of Ladies and the glory of Gentlewomen) to have carnally knowledge of her before he were marri'd to her. *Vrſina* (who loved her ſweet heart *Sanctifiore* far dearer than the whole world, and yet her honour and chaſtity a thouſand times more deer and precious than her own life) infinitly grieves and wonders at this his intemperancy and obſcenity; when (as a chaſt & vertuous Gentlewoman) ſhe wirh ſighs and tears layes before his eyes and conſideration, and repreſents to his heart and ſoul, the lewdneſſe of his deſire, the impiety of his requeſt, the foulneſſe and odiouſneſſe of this fact both to God and man, the loſſe of her reputation and honour, both with her Father and with all the world, and that in the end it would aſſuredly prove the break-neck of their marriage, and conſequently the ruine of both their contents and fortunes, as alſo that ſhe is ready to be his Wife, but diſdaineth to prove his Strumpet, with many other wiſe and godly reaſons tending that way, and therefore utterly refuſeth to blemiſh or ſhipwrack her chaſtity, by participating with him in the ſhare of this laſcivious and impious ſin of fornication, and indeed it had been a happineſſe and glory, very worthy both of her ſelf, and of her honourable old Father, if ſhe had lived in the purity, and continued in the pie[illegible] this chaſt and vertuous reſolution.

But the laſcivious Baron *Sanctifiore* ſeeing his luſt ſo ſtrongly oppoſed by her chaſtity, he is ſo far from grace and from God, as he redoubleth his violence and impetuoſity thereof, as alſo of his lures and prayers, of his art and policy, to enrich himſelf with her loſſe of that ineſtimable and irrecoverable Jewell her Virginity; ſo that day and night ſhe cannot be in quiet for him, nor he without her; but ſtill he follows her as her ghoſt and ſhadow, and with many falſe oaths and feigned ſighs and tears doth bewitch or rather miuſtralize into her ears and heart, that his deſire of this ſweet pleaſure which he requeſteth from her, proceeds wholly from his tender affection to her, and ſo with a thouſand laſcivious words he makes ſo large and ſo impious an Apology to her for this his obſcene requeſt, that becauſe modeſty cannot, diſcretion will not permit me to relate it; as well knowing that the expreſſion and publiſhing thereof, will every way prove unprofitable to the Reader, and no way pleaſing but diſpleaſing to God, when this weak and inconſiderate Gentlewoman, loving him far dearer than her own life, and confidently relying on his ſworn affection and fidelity to her, which he ſo paſſionatly, and ſo often had reiterated to her, ſhe ſo raſhly and fooliſhly permitted her ſelf to be weighed down, overcome and vanquiſhed with the importunacy of his requeſts and oaths, that it was neither in her power or will to deny him any thing, no not her ſelf, but as ſhe formerly had given him the full command of her heart, now ſhe likewiſe gives him the free uſe and poſſeſſion of her body.

Thus *Sanctifiore* bereaves and unparadiſeth his Miſtris *Vrſina* of the moſt precious Jewell which ever Lady Nature gave her, I mean her chaſtity and honour, but both of them ſhall ſhortly pay dear for theſe their bittter ſweet pleaſures (or rather ſins) of ſenſuality and fornication, and ſhall redeem and ranſome them with no leſſe than ſhame and repentance: The manner whereof is thus,

After

After he had thus defloured and taken his obſcene pleaſure of his young and beautifull Miſtreſs, and ſtayed an hour or two complementing with her, he then takes his leave of her, when triumphing more in the conqueſt of her ſhame, and his folly, than in his own repentance for occaſioning the one and committing the other, he with in a week or two after againe makes her ſo flexible and tractable to his deſires, as he three or four times more familiarly wantonizeth with her in this laſcivious manner, and ſhe with him, as not contented to ſtain and blemiſh, but wholly to defile and pollute themſelves in this their beaſtly ſin of concupiſcence and fornication. But here now begins his infamy, and her grief and miſery: For (as a baſe Nobleman) he forgetting his Oaths and promiſes to her, and her extraordinary love and affection to him, and which is more, his honour and himſelf, and his ſoul, and his God, he (by degrees) now begins to freez in his affection to her, viſiteth her ſeldome, and then but faintly and coldly, and when (with equall bluſhes and tears) ſhe motioneth him to marry her, he is either deaf to her requeſts, or elſe anſwereth her ſo impertinently and ambiguouſly, as (with much perturbation of mind and affliction of heart) ſhe begins to ſuſpect and doubt with her ſelf, that ſhe hath more reaſon to fear, than cauſe to hope of his future affection and fidelity towards her. Neither is her fear vain, or her judgement and apprehenſion deceived of him herein: for as men love Noſegayes in the morn, and throw them away ere night, ſo this ignoble Nobleman *Sanctifiore* after he had ſurfetted and ſatiated his deſire of this his intended and contracted Wife *Vrſina*, he in leſſe than three moneths after, is ſo ingratefull and treacherous towards her as in a manner he abandoneth her Fathers houſe, and forſakes her ſight and company, leaving her nothing to comfort her, but her ſighes, tears, and repentance, and which is worſe, a growing great belly, as the true ſeal of her preſent grief and ſorrow, and the undoubted pledge and preſager of her future ſhame and miſery, which torments and terrifies her heart and ſoul, but how to remedy it ſhe knows not. And now (with as much ſpeed as vanity and infidelity) away goes *Sanctifiore* to his other ſecond ſweet heart *Bertranna*, who not for her beauty, but for her Fathers great wealth, and his own preſſing wants, he now ſeems to affect and court a thouſand more familiarly and tenderly than before, whereof ſhe is infinitely glad and joyfull. For having a long time loved him in her heart and mind, and therefore deſiring nothing ſo much under Heaven, as to ſee him her Husband here on earth, and having to that end her ſecret eyes and ſpies every where abroad upon his life and actions, ſhe is at laſt advertiſed, that there is ſome great diſtaſte and difference fallen out between him and the Lady *Vrſina*, as alſo that being far from his home, he wanteth monies to defray his Port and expences in *Naples*, ſhe being of a ſharp wit and deep judgement, thinks that the laſt of his defects was the cauſe of the firſt, and that peradventure *Sanctifiore* having attempted to borrow ſome mony of her Father *Seignior Placedo*, and received the repulſe, he therefore was fallen out, and become diſpleaſed and diſcontented with his Daughter: And although her conceit and judgement miſſed of the truth herein, yet the better to eſtrange *Sanctifiore* from *Vrſina*, and conſequently the more powerfully and ſtrongly to unite and tye him to her ſelf, ſhe well knowing that her own Father *De Tores* exceedingly loved him, and deſired him for his Son in Law, as much as ſhe did for her Husband: ſhe therefore as much in love to him, as in diſdain and malice to *Vrſina*, doth under hand deal ſo politickly, and yet ſo ſecretly with her Father to lend *Sanctifiore* ſome monies, that he meeting him the very next day in his houſe, he takes him aſide in his ſtudy and told him, that in regard of his abſence from *Capua*, and his long ſtay and great expences here in *Naples*, it was rather likely than impoſſible that he might want ſome monies, and therefore he freely lent, and then and there layd him down 500 double Piſtols: adding withall, that if he needed more, he ſhould have what he pleaſed, and repay it him again when he pleaſed, and that if he would honour him ſo much as to marry his Daughter, he would give him all the Lands and wealth he had.

This great courteſie of *de Tores* to the Baron of *Sanctifiore* he held was redoubled to him in the value, in that he lent it him ſo freely and undemanded, as alſo for that it came ſo opportunely and fitly to pay his debts, and ſatisfie his wants, as after a long and reſpective complement between them, *Sanctifiores* neceſſity ſo eaſily prevailes with his modeſty, that he moſt thankfully takes this Gold of *De Tores*, and likewiſe gives him more hope than deſpair to his motion of Marrying his Daughter the Lady *Bertranna*; wherewith the one reſts well ſatisfied, and the other exceeding well contented. This point of courteſie being thus performed between them, *Sanctifiores* joy thereof was ſo great, I may ſay ſo boundleſſe, as he preſently finds out his new Miſtris *Bertranna*, and with a frolick countenance and cheerfull voice, relates her, how much her Father had obliged him and from point to point what had paſt between them, and immediatly after no leſſe doth her Father, the muſick of which news was ſo pleaſing to her mind, and ſo ſweet to her heart and thoughts, that ſhe hereupon flatters her ſelf

with a confident hope that he will ſhortly marry her, and in this hope doth he ſtill feed and entertain her, being ſeldom or never from her, but ever and anon both together billing and kiſſing, drowning his judgement ſo wholly in her company, and his heart ranging and dreaming ſo fully on her youth and beauty, and on her Fathers great wealth and eſtate, that he hath not the grace, no nor which is leſſe, the will or good nature, once to think of his poor deſolate and forſaken *Vrſina*, of whom in her turn I come now to ſpeak.

We have formerly underſtood with ſorrow, and our ſorrowfull and unfortunate *Vrſina* hath to her grief too too ſoon ſeen, how unkindely *Sanctifiore* hath uſed, and how baſely and treacherouſly abuſed her in the points of her honour, and his infidelity; and yet all this notwithſtanding, her love and affection is ſtill ſo dear and conſtant to him, and her hopes ſo confident of him, that all this diſcourteſie of his to her, is only but to try her patience, and that conſidering what familiarity hath paſt between them, it is impoſſible for him to be ſo cruell hearted towards her, as in the end not to marry her. She hath likewiſe acquainted him, that ſhe is with child by him, and when all other reaſons and perſwaſions fail, ſhe hopes this will prevail to reclaim his affection to her, and to induce him to take pitty of her, and compaſſion of his unborn babe within her. But to refell and diſſipate all theſe her flattering and deceitfull hopes, and which is worſe, to make her loſe all hopes of this her deſired happineſs and good fortune from him, his new contracted and inceſſant familiarity between him and the Lady *Bertranna*, is not ſo privatly carried and huſhed up in ſilence between them, but ſhe hath ſecret and ſorrowfull notice thereof; which ſo inflames her mind with hot jealouſie, and likewiſe afflicts her heart with cold fear and apprehenſion, that ſhe hath ſeduced and drawn his affection from her to himſelf, as alſo that he will utterly forſake her to marry *Bertranna*, that ſhe fully beleeves that the wind of his diſcourteous abſence from her proceeds from this point of the compaſs. Wherefore fearing that which ſhe already knows, but far more that which ſhe knows not of this their familiarity between them, all her hopes of *Sanctifiore* are almoſt vaniſhed and baniſhed, and her heart is as it were wholly depreſſed and weighed down with bitter grief and ſorrow thereof. She dares acquaint no body with her diſgrace, much leſſe her Father, and her looking on her great belly doth but infinitely augment her ſorrows and increaſe her afflictions, in regard that that which ſhould have been the cauſe of her joy and glory, ſhe now knows will ſhortly prove the argument of her ſhame and miſerie. A thouſand times a day, yea I may truly ſay as many times as hours, ſhe wiſheth ſhe had been more chaſte and leſſe fair, and not ſo eaſily to have hearkned to *Sanctifiores* ſugred Oaths and temptations, as to have loſt her honour and fortunes in ſeeking to preſerve them in her affection to him, ſhe would fain draw comfort from all theſe her calamities, or from any one of them, and yet ſhe knows not from whom except from her *Sanctifiore*, when preſently ſhe checks her folly, and reproves her ambition for tearming him hers, when ſhe beleeves ſhe hath far more cauſe to fear than reaſon to doubt, that he already is, or ſhortly will be *Bertrannas* Husband. And yet again, becauſe the exceſſe of her ſorrows hath more eclipſed her joyes than her judgement, and more dulled and obſcured her heart than her underſtanding, therefore judging it a Maſter piece of her policy if ſhe can ſeq ier and reclaim her *Sanctifiore* from *Bertranna*, and ſo retain him to her ſelf in marriage, ſhe to that end, that very morning ſends for *Sebaſtiano* her Fathers Coachman (whom ſhe knew to be faithfull to her) and taking off a rich Diamond Ring from her finger which *Sanctifiore* well knew, ſhe bade him find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* at his lodging, or elſe where, to deliver that Ring as a token of her love to him, and to tell him that ſhe infinitly deſires him to honour her with his preſence at her Fathers houſe ſometimes in the forenoon. *Sebaſtiano* accordingly finds out the Baron, and delivers him his young Miſtris Ring and meſſage, by whom he returns this anſwer; Commend me to the Lady *Vrſina*, and tell her I will be with her immediatly after dinner. Whiles thus our ſorrowfull *Vrſina* (betwixt hope and fear, grief and conſolation) prepares to receive him, he arrives to her in his own Coach, and her Fathers ſervants attending for him, conduct him up to her Chamber, where compoſing her countenance to affection, and yet to ſorrow, ſhe meets him at the door, and conducts him to the Window which anſwereth and looks into the Garden, where he giving her only one ſlight kiſſe, and ſhe abſenting her Fathers ſervants, ſhe burſts forth into tears and ſighs.

She complains of the coldneſs of his affection, of his long abſence from her, of the violation of his Oathes and vowes to her, and of her great belly by him, which ſhe tels him he may better ſee than ſhe conceal, but eſpecially of his deep promiſe to marry her, praying him to ſet down the time and place when he will perform and conſumate it, and that he would infallibly prove his ſhame and infamy, if he forgat himſelf, his honour, and conſcience, to forſake her and marry the Lady *Bertranna*, whom ſhe affirms to him with tears, that ſhe underſtands is the Miſtris of his thoughts and heart, and the Queen Regent of his deſires and affections. When

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this baſe Baron is ſo cruell hearted to her, as (preferring his fury to his affection, and his paſſion to his compaſſion) he replyes not a word to all the former parts and branches of her ſpeeches and complaints, but only to the two laſt he gives her this thundring and heart-killing anſwer: Know *Vrſina* that I have uſed all lawfull and poſſible meanes with my Parents to draw their conſents that I might marry thee, but it is out of my power ever to obtain it of them, and without it I will never marry: as for *Bertranna*, ſhe is not ſo much thy inferiour in beauty, as ſhe is thy ſuperiour in vertues, therefore provide thou for thy fortunes, and ſo will I for mine, when with a look (which ſavoured no way of love, but wholly of contempt and indignation) he haſtily throws her her Diamond Ring, and without once kiſſing her, or bidding her farewell, ſuddenly ruſheth forth her Chamber, wherein he leaves her to her ſelf and her muſes, and ſo takes Coach and away, vowing to himſelf as he went forth the doores, that he will not be Father to a Baſtard, nor Husband to a Whore.

Here let all vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen, and all true hearted and generous Noblemen and Gentlemen judge, if this *Sanctiſiore* did not ſhew himſelf a moſt baſe Nobleman and a cruell hearted tyrant towards this ſweet and unfortunate Gentlewoman, ſith the conſideration of her youth and beauty in her ſelf, of her tender love and affection to him, of his Oathes and promiſes to be her Husband, of the loſſe of her honour and fortunes, yea ſith the ſight of her lean and thin cheeks wherein the Roſes and Lilies of her former beauty were withered with her ſorrows and his infidelities, and the ſight and conſideration of her great belly which he had given her, together with her birth, and quality, and the infiniteneſs of her ſighs, prayers, ſobs, and tears, could draw no more reaſon or compaſſion from him towards her.

And now it is, that at the ſight and conſideration of this his barbarous cruelty towards her, her very heart and ſoul is wounded and pierced thorow with ſorrow; and now it is that ſhe looks back on her former folly and errour, and on her preſent affliction and grief, and on her future ſhame and miſery, and now it is that deeming him loſt to her for ever, and on her ſelfe conſequently ruined without him; that her ſorrows and miſeries are ſo great, ſo infinite, that ſhe is ready to drown her ſelf in her tears, and moſt willingly deſirous to forſake this life and this world to flye up to Heaven and to God upon the wings of her ſighs and prayers. But alas poor ſoul, thou art too unfortunate to be yet ſo happy, becauſe theſe thy afflictions and ſorrows do as it were but now begin; therefore thou muſt prepare and arm thy ſelf to ſuffer them with patience, and to end them in leſſe paſſion, and more repentance and piety.

Although this ignoble Baron triumph in this his cruelty towards his former love *Vrſina*, and ſo ſpeedily poaſt away and acquaint his new one *Bertranna* therewith, who as much rejoyceth, as the other bitterly weeps and laments thereat; yet (according to order) I muſt again ſpeak of our ſorrowfull *Vrſina*, who hath other more mournfull parts, and lamentable paſſions to act upon the ſtage of this her Hiſtory. Who having thus received the repulſe and refuſall from her treacherous lover *Sanctiſiore*, ſhe (within a moneth after) with a ſorrowfull heart and courage, reſolves (as well as ſhe may) to diſpence for a time with her tears, and to provide for her reputation, ſhe hath as yet acquainted none but *Sanctiſiore* with her diſgrace of her great belly, for neither her Kinſfolks, Friends, Neighbours, Father, or his ſervants, do as yet know it; ſhe is of a weak body and feeble conſtitution, and therefore to conceal this ſcandall from her Father, as alſo from all the world, and to provide for the lying down of her great belly, ſhe holds it requiſite to diſcover this great and important ſecret but only to one, and ſo to crave the aid and aſſiſtance of this confident boſom friend. To which end, ſhe thinks none ſo fit for her purpoſe, and therefore makes choice of no other, but of old Aunt of hers, who was her Mothers Siſter named *Dona Mellefanta*, who being a wiſe & rich Widdow woman, dwelt at *Putzeole* ſome ten ſmal miles diſtant from *Napls*, a place ſo famous for its ſubterranean Grots, Vaults and Water-works, when inventing an excuſe to her Father, which was as worthy of her art and policy as ſhe was every way unworthy of theſe her croſſes and afflictions; ſhe tels him that it is not unknown to him how ſhe hath a long time been weak and ſickly, that the aire of *Naples* is neither wholeſome for her, nor pleaſing to her, and becauſe ſhe hath often dreamt ſhe ſhall in a little time recover her former health in *Putzeole*, ſhe humbly beſeecheth him that he will ſpeedily ſend her thither to live ſome ſmall time there with her Aunt *Mellefanta*, her Father *Seignior de Tores*, whoſe age, contentment, and joy, lived chiefly in the youth, proſperity and health of this his only child and Daughter, makes her will and deſire herein to be his, when not knowing any thing of the diſtaſte that had paſt between his Daughter, and the Baron of *Sanctiſiore* or of his affection to the Lady *Bertranna*, he demanded of her when you are at *Putzeole* what ſhall become of the Baron of *Sanctiſiore*, to whom (rather from her apronſtrings than her heart) ſhe returns this witty & ſpeedy anſwer, if *Sanctiſiore* love me, he will then leave *Naples* & viſit me,

or

or if he do not, I will not love him; which reply of hers pleaſed her Father ſo well that he cauſeth her to fit up her Apparell and baggage, and within three dayes after, (attended on by a Chamber-maid, and a Man of his, ſends her away to *Putzeole* in his Coach to his Siſter *Mellifanta*, where being arrived ſhe ſpeedily and privatly with this great ſecret of her great belly, which ſo much imports her reputation, or diſgrace, and alſo with all the circumſtances thereof, and ſo prayes her beſt love and aſſiſtance to her herein; the which ſhe faithfully promiſeth her, adding withall, that becauſe ſhe is of her own blood, ſhe will regard and love her as her own Child, telling her that ſhe highly commended her policy, for thus blinding the eyes of her Father, and for leaving *Naples*, to come lay down her great belly with her in *Putzeole*; yet ſhe could not chuſe but blame her for the cauſe thereof in ſuffering her ſelf to be thus abuſed and betrayed, by ſo baſe a Nobleman as the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, but then againe ſhe excuſeth that errour or this her Neece upon the freſhneſſe of her youth, and beauty, and bids her fear nothing, but to reſolve to be here cheerfull, couragious, and merry with her.

Here we ſee our beautifull *Vrſina* ſafe at *Putzeole*, under the wings and protection of her Aunt *Mellifanta*, and far off from the eyes of the known or ſuſpected rejoycing enemies of her diſgrace; lodged in a dainty houſe, a delicate ayre, having variety of curious ſweet garments, and dainty rancks and groves of Orenge and Lemon-trees to walk in, well attended on, and faring moſt deliciouſly; and who therefore would beleeve, that ſhe would not now quite abandon her former ſorrows and tears, and wholly reject and caſt off that baſe Baron of *Sanctifiore* who ſo ingratefully had ruined, and ſo treacherouſly had firſt forſaken and rejected her; but here in *Putzeole* we ſhall ſee her perform nothing leſſe; for although ſhe yet hold him to be intangled in the lures of *Bertrannas* beauty, and the temptations of her Father *de Tores* wealth, yet judging his heart and affections by her own, and meaſuring him by her ſelf, ſhe ſtill loves him ſo dearly that ſhe nevertheleſſe beleeves he cannot hate her ſo deadly, as to reject and repudiate her to marry the ſaid *Bertranna*, when the more to fortifie her beleef and reſolution thereof, ſhe very often again reads over his two former Letters which we have heard and ſeen, and therein finding, that by his conſcience and ſoul, and by Heaven and by God, he had bound himſelf to marry her, and to live and die her faithfull Husband; ſhe then beleeves that no man, much-leſſe a Nobleman, and leaſt of all a Chriſtian will be ſo prophane and impious (without any cauſe or reaſon) to violate all theſe his great Oathes and promiſes ſo deeply made, and ſo religiouſly atteſt unto God, wherefore although this Baron of *Sanctifiore* were abſent from her, yet ſeeing him ſtill preſent in her eyes and heart, ſhe therefore (in conſideration of the premiſes) doth yet continually ſo plead for him againſt her ſelf, and for his affection and fidelity to her againſt her ſuſpition and diffidence of him, that ſhe yet flatters her ſelf with a conceit that in the end his conſcience will ſo call home his thoughts, and God his conſcience, that he will marry her ſelf, and none but her ſelf. Again, conſidering him to be the Father of her unborn Babe, ſhe thinks her ſelf a very unkind and unnaturall mother, if ſhe ſhould not love him for her Childs ſake as wel as for his own, and that God would neither bleſſe her nor her burthen, if ſhe ſhould any way neglect or omit him; upon the foundations of which reaſons, (truly and courteouſly laid by her, but ſo falſely and treacherouſly by him) ſhe thinks it a good way, and an excellent, expedient, for her, to ſeek to reclaim him to her by a Letter, the proof whereof ſince his defection from her, ſhe had not as yet practiſed or experienced, but as ſhe began to fall on this reſolution, her hope and deſpair of *Sanctifiore* and yet her love and affection to him, make her meet and fall on a doubtfull ſcruple, whether ſhe ſhould write kindly or cholerickly to him, but at laſt her affection to him, declining and excuſing his infidelity to her, and her love and courteſie giving a favourable conſtruction to his cruelty towards her, ſhe holds it more behoveſull for her deſire, and his return, to write to him paſſionatly and effectually, but not harſhly or ſeverely, and ſo to take the ſweet and fair way which ſhe deſired, but not the ſharp and bitter which he deſerved: when flying to her Cloſet ſhe (full of grief and tears) writes him this enſuing Letter, the which without the knowledge of her Aunt *Mellifanta* ſhe ſends him to *Naples*, by her truſty meſſenger *Sebaſtiano* her Bathers Coachman.

VRSINA to SANCTIFIORE.

TO preſerve thine own honour, and prevent mine own diſgrace and ſhame, I have left Naples *to ſoiourn here for a time in* Putzeole *with the Lady* Mellifanta *mine Aunt, where thy preſence will make me as truly joyfull had happy, as I feel and know my ſelf infinitly miſerable without it; For although of late (but for what cauſe, or reaſon, God knows, I know not) it hath pleaſed thee to exerciſe my affection*

affection and patience in thy diſcontent; yet in regard I am thy Wife by purchaſe, ſith thou art my Husband by promiſe, whereof the coppies of thy former Letters will informe and remember thee, that thou madeſt God the Judge, and thy ſoul and conſcience the witneſſes, I cannot beleeve that thou art ſo irreligious, or that thou beareſt me ſo little love, or ſo much malice, to make thy ſelf guilty of ſuch foul infidelity to me, and impiety towards God, and I appeal to them all if my tender and untainted affection to thee have not every way deſerved the contrary at thy hands. Again, as in hoping to marry thee I gave thee my heart, ſo in aſſurance and confidence thereof, thou didſt likewiſe bereave me of my honour, and therefore if the counterpane of that contract do any way fade or dye in thy memory, yet reſt confident that the Originall lives ſtill in Heaven, as the pledge and ſeal thereof doth now in my unhappy womb here on earth; miſtake me not my dear Sanctifiore, *for I write not this out of any malice, but out of true affection to thee, to the end that thou mayeſt thereby ſeriouſly conſider, and religiouſly remember with thy ſelf, what I am to thee, thou to my ſelf, and what that unfortunate innocent unborn babe in my belly is to us both. And although I am thy wife before God, yet I will now in all humility make my ſelf thy handmaid, and with a world of ſighs and tears throw my ſelf at thy feet (and lower if I could) to conjure and beg thee; By my poore beauty which once thou didſt ſo much admire and adore, by the memory of my loſt virginity, which thou wreſtedſt from me with ſo many amorous ſighs and tears, by all thy deep oaths, vows and promiſes which thou ſo religiouſly gaveſt me to remaine ſtill loving to me, by thine honour which ſhould be dearer to thee than thy life by thy conſcience and ſoul which ought to be far more precious to thee than all the lives and honours of the world, yea for thy poor infants ſake, and laſtly for Gods ſake, abandon thy unjuſt diſpleaſure and immerited diſcontent conceived againſt me, and my deer* Sanctifiore *come away to me to* Putzeole, *and there make me thy Wife in the ſight of his Church and People, as I am already in that of Heaven and his Angels, I ſay again, come away to me my ſweet* Sanctifiore, *for thy ſight will delight my heart, and thy preſence and company raviſh my ſoul with joy. It is impoſſible for* Bertranna, *either to love or honour thee the thouſand part ſo dearly as thy* Urſina *doth, and till death reſolve to do; I will freely forget all thy former eſcapes and diſcourteſies towards me, and do attribute them more to her fooliſh vanity, than any way to thy unkind diſpoſition or inclination, yea I will not knit my browes when thou commeſt to me, but will cheerefully and ioyfully prepare my ſelfe to feaſt thee with ſmiles, and to ſurfeit thee with kiſſes: But if contrariwiſe thou wilt not hearken unto me, or this my Letter, or regard theſe my iuſt requeſts and ſorrows, nor obey and follow God and thy conſcience herein, in ſpeedily repairing to me to make me thy ioyfull Wife, then what ſhall I do or ſay, but according as I am bound in affection and duty to thee, I will notwithſtanding ſtill reſolve to love thee dearly, though thou hate mè deadly, and to pray for thee though thou curſe me; yea I will then leave thee to God, and religiouſly beſeech his divine Maieſty, to be a iuſt Judge between both of us, of my firme affection and conſtancy to thee, and of thy cruell ingratitude and treachery to me. Live thou as happy, as thy conſtant* Urſina *knows that without thee, ſhe ſhall aſſuredly live ſorrowfully and die miſerably.*

URSINA.

Her Meſſenger *Sabaſtiano* arives privatly at *Naples* and finds out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* in his Chamber by the fire, to whom he gives and delivers this Letter, who at firſt (knowing from whom it came) ſtood a pretty whiles muſing and conſulting with himſelf, whether he ſhould read or burn it, but at laſt he breaks up the ſeals thereof, and with much adoe affords himſelf the time and patience to peruſe it, which having done, although he no way merited to receive ſo ſweet and loving a letter from *Vrſina*, ye not bluſhing for ſhame, but looking pale with envy and malice thereat, he darting forth a diſdainfull frown, and tearing the letter in peeces, throws it into the fire, when turning himſelf haſtily towards *Sebaſtiano* who ſtood neer him and ſaw all all that he had done, he in great choler ſpake to him thus. Tell that proud and fooliſh gigglet *Vrſina* that I diſdain her as much as ſhe writes ſhe loves me, and that as now, ſo ever hereafter I will return no other anſwer to her and her letters, but contempt and ſilence, when to expreſſe his greater fury, *Sebaſtiano* was no ſooner forth his Chamber, but he very haſtily throws faſt the doar after him, and in this furious and cholerick manner doth this baſe *Sanctifiore* receive the love and entertain the letter of our ſweet and ſorrowfull *Vrſina*.

Sebaſtiano as much grieving as admiring at the incivill choler and rage of *Sanctifiore*, preſently leaves *Naples*, and carries home this poor news and cold comfort to his young Miſtris the Lady *Vrſina* at *Putzeole*, the which he faithfully and punctually delivers to her, who expected nothing leſſe but directly the contrary thereof. She is amazed to underſtand this his diſdainfull, barbarous, and cruell anſwer, and infinitly perplexed in mind, that he ſhould firſt tear then burn her Letter, and for converting his pen into *Sebaſtianoes* tongue for his

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anſwer thereof; But above all that word of his gigglet kild her very heart with ſorrow, to think that for all her former courteſies ſhewed him, he ſhould now at laſt repay her with this foule ingratitude and ſcandalous aſperſion, at the ſorrowfull thought and conſideration whereof, reſolving to make her piety exceed his cruelty ſhe could not refrain from bedewing her roſeat cheeks with many pearled tears, nor from evapouraſing this heavenly ejaculation from the profundity of her heart, and the centre of her ſoul; God forgive the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and be mercifull to me *Vrſina* a great and wretched ſinner, had ſhe continued in this godly mind and reſolution ſhe had done well, but alas (notwithſtanding the wholſome comfort and councell of her Aunt *Mellefanta*) we ſhall ſhortly ſee her run a contrary courſe and cariere.

It is a common phraſe and Proverb that misfortune ſeldome comes alone, which we ſhall now ſee our ſorrowfull *Vrſina* will verifie by her deep ſighs, and confirme by her bitter tears for this diſcourtiſie of *Sanctifiore* towards her, for ſhe hath ſo deeply nailed it in her mind, and rivited it in her heart, that it begins to impaire her health and ſtrength, and conſequenly to pervert and alter the conſtitution of her body, ſo that where as her poor unborn babe had lived but one full moneth within her, ſhe now finds ſo many ſuddain throws, and unacuſtomed convulſions, that ſhe is ſpeedily conſtrained to betake her ſelf to bed, when calling upon her Aunt *Mellefanta*, and withall poſſible haſt ſending away for the Midwife, ſhe after many ſharp torments, and bitter cryes and groans (to the grtat perill and iminent danger of her life) is delivered of a very pretty little ſon, which God ſends into the world dead born: now although ſhe want no curious care, comfort and attendance from her Aunt, in this her ſickneſs and extremity, yet ſhe weeps bitterly, and pittifully for the abortive birth and untimely death of her poor innocent babe, and infant, and becauſe her Aunt ſees, that this laſt affliction aud ſorrow of her Neece doth infinitly encreaſe and revive her former, and that ſhe alſo conceives a wonderfull fear in her heart, and ſcruple in her conſcience that it is only her immoderare griefe and ſorrow which hath killed her Child, therefore as a diſcreet Matron and wiſe Lady, (to remove this Article out of her Neeces belief and memory) tels her plainly and freely, that ſhe is extremely deceived in that point and doubt of fear, and that it is not her ſorrow, but the baſe ingratitude and treachery of her falſe Lover *Sanctifiore* to her ſele which kild her child within her; A tart and yet a true ſpeech, which *Vrſina* neither will ſo ſoon, nor can ſo eaſily forget, as her Aunt *Mellefanta* hath ſpoken it, but ſhall I here tearm this to be affection in *Vrſina* towards *Sanctifiore*, or a needleſſe vanity or ſuperfluous ceremony in her ſelf: For ſhe deſires to kiſſe her breathleſſe innocent babe for his ſake, which ſhe doth, when giving it a thouſand kiſſes, then waſhing his face with her tears, and lamenting and grieving that ſhe could not breath life into it with her ſighs, ſhe recommends it again to her Aunt, and ſhe the ſame night to its ſecret and decent buriall.

Whiles thus *Vrſina* remaines very weak and ſick in her bed, yet ſtill her heart and affection looks conſtantly on *Sanctifiore* as the needle of the compaſſe doth to the North, notwithſtanall his baſe ingratitude, and cruelty from time to time ſhewed towards her, and becauſe it is a thouſand griefs and pittes that ever he ſets his eyes on her, or ſhe on him, and as many ſhames for him, firſt to ſeduce and then to betray her, therefore who would any way commend her, for continuing of her love to him, or rather eſpecially who would not infinitely blame her of folly, and condemn her for want of wit, and judgement, ever any more either to hope or hearken after him: And yet this ſilly yong Lady is ſo bewitched to him as in the very middeſt of her ſickneſs and ſorrows, and contrary to all ſence and reaſon here breaks forth a ſparkle and flaſh of her policy in her ſelf, and of her affection towards him; She neither can, nor dare truſt any other but *Sebaſtiano* her Coachman, with this great ſecret which ſo much imports her honor or diſgrace, or with this her meſſage with *Sanctifiore* from whom (though in vaine) ſhe expects ſome hope and content, when exempting all from her Chamber ſhe cals him to her Beds ſide, and ſwearing him to ſecreſie, for want of ſtrength to write chargeth him preſently to ride Poaſt to *Naples* again to find out the Baron of *Sanctifiore* and to tell him from her, that ſhe her ſelf is extream ſick, and not like to live, that ſhe is delivered of his and her Son who is dead born and therefore that ſhe begs him, that for Gods ſake he will ſpeedily come over to her, becauſe for his good, and her content, ſhe infinitly deſireth to diſcharge her mind and conſcience to him before ſhe go to Heaven; So *Sebaſtiano* (in diſcharge of his duty, and his Ladies command ſeems rather to fly than poaſt to *Naples*, where ariving to *Sanctifiores* houſe, and finding him within; he ſends him his name by one of his men, as alſo that he moſt earneſtly deſires to ſpeak a word with his Lordſhip: but *Sanctfiore* knowing who it was, and therefore imagining from whom he came, bids his man carry *Sebaſtiano* back this anſwer that he will neither ſpeak with him, nor ſee him. *Sebaſtiano* is perplexed with this his ſhort and ſharp reply, but becauſe his Meſſage is of great importance, as alſo for that he exceedingly reſpecteth and honourth his young Lady and Miſtris, he reſolves not to returne to her as a fool; to which end,

at the foot of the ſtairs he enquires of another of his ſervants when he thinks his Lord will go forth, who tels him he will take Coach within half an hour, whereof *Sebaſtiano* being exceeding glad, he thinks it beſt to ſtay for him in the ſtreets, where (with much vigilancy and impatiency) he attends his comming, ſo at laſt he ſees him iſſue forth his gate; when preſently *Sebaſtiano* placeth himſelf betwixt him and his Coach, and with his hat in his hand, very reſolutely and orderly delivereth him his miſtris her Meſſage at full, the which *Sanctiſiore* underſtanding, he at firſt ſmiles thereat, but then preſently again entring into choler, he rounds *S. baſtiano* this anſwer in his eare, tell that ſtrumpet thy miſtris *Vrſina* from me, that I wiſh ſhe were buryed with her baſtard, and that they were both with the Devill, and ſo without ſpeaking any one word more, in a mighty fume of anger and diſdain he throws himſelf away from *Sebaſtiano* into his Coach, and ſpeedily hurries away to his ſweet heart *Bertrauna*, from whom he is ſeldome or never abſent, to whom he revealed all that had paſt in this paſſage, endeavouring as much as in him lies to make it to be as well her laughter, as his own contempt and ſcorn.

Now here ere I proceed farther, I know there is no Chriſtian whatſoever, but that his very heart and ſoule, will yearn within him, at the reading of theſe cruell, barbarous and helliſh ſpeeches of this baſe hearted Nobleman, againſt our ſorrowfull and unfortunat *Vrſina*, and her poor harmleſs deceaſed babe, and no leſſe doth *Sebaſtiano* in hearing and my ſelf in penning and relating them: do I tearm him Nobleman? O let me (with reſpect and repentance) revoke that noble title from *Sanctiſiore*, and to give him his due, let me tearm him as he is a monſter of men, or if he will, a noble deboſhed vilain, or whether he will or no, a meer Tyrant, or elſe a Devill in the ſhape of a man, to uſe ſuch ingratefull cruelties, and helliſh actions and ſpeeches againſt theſe two innocent perſons, who contrariwiſe in the higheſt degree, deſerved from him all manner of affection, reſpect, charity, piety and compaſſion; but let him look to himſelf as well as he can, yet (God being as juſt as mercifull) it is not impoſſible for him in the end to pay dear for theſe his foul infidelities and cruelties.

Return we now to *Sebaſtiano* who (by this time) is returned to *Putzeole* whereof he preſently ſends up notice to his young Lady and Miſtris *Vrſina* who ſtill keeps her bed through diſcontent and ſickneſs, but at the news of his arrivall, or rather hoping that he had brought her ſome good news from her *Sanctiſiore*; ſhe without any regard to her weakneſſe and ſicknes) riſeth from her bed by the fire, and calls her Chamber-maid for her night Gown, which having drawn on; ſhe bids her for a while to abſent her ſelf, and to ſend up her Coach-man *Sebaſtiano* to her, and although in his ſorrowfull looks and countenance ſhe may already tacitly read a large lecture of the bad news he brings her from *Sanctiſiore*, yet ſhe cals him to her, and bids him ſpeak on; but alas he ſpeaketh too ſoon for her, for (with a faltring and trembling voice) he tels her the harſh entertainmant, which *Sanctiſiore* gave to him and his meſſage in *Naples*, and the inhumane and cruell anſwer which he bad him return to her in *Putzeole*, without any way adding or diminiſhing a word thereof; the which as ſoon as ſhe underſtood, ſhe for the extremity of her grief and ſorrow hangs down her head, and croſſing her armes uttereth this paſſionate ſpeech: good God is it poſſible that *Sanctiſiore* will thus abuſe me, or is this the favour which I muſt expect of him in requitall of thoſe extraordinary courteſies he hath received from me; when walking up and down her Chamber, ſhe thanks *Sebaſtiano*, and giving him ſome Gold for his pains, bids him to leave her, and to ſend up her Aunt *Mallefanta*, and her Chamber-maid to bring her to bed; who thereupon running up haſtily to her, her Aunt chides her for tht little care ſhe had of her own health, but more for her fooliſh tears, and indiſcreet ſorrows:. Now afrer they had laid her in her bed, and that *Vrſina* had purpoſly ſent awey her maid, ſhe prayes her Aunt to ſhut her Chamber door, and then to ſit down by her bed-ſide for that ſhe had ſome ſecrets of importance to reveal unto her; when with a thouſand ſighs and tears, bedewing the Roſes and Lillies of her freſh and lovely cheeks, ſhe acquaints her from point to point, what had now again paſt between *Sanctiſiore* and her ſelf, in this ſecond journey of *Sebaſtiano* to him at *Naples*. Her Aunt *Mellefania* laughs as much as this folly of her Neece *Vrſina*, as ſhe her ſelf weeps at her own ſorrows and affliction; and having as much wit as the other had weakneſs, ſhe makes bold to call her ſot, and fool, to care for him who contemned and ſcorned her, and for ſetting that to her heart which he did at the heel, yea ſhe advanced further in this her paſſionat choler to her and ſaid, fie, fie Neece, ſell your ſorrows to buy more courage and wit, and ſo becauſe that baſe Baron *Sanctiſiore* deteſts and defies you, pay him in his own coyn, and do the like to him, a ſharp and bitter ſpeech which *Vrſina* (amidſt her ſorrows) now conveys to her heart, and it may be we ſhall hereafter ſee her to remember it, when her Aunt *Mellefanta* hath forgotten it: for poor Soul, ſhe being as it were depreſſed and weighed downe, with the multitude of *Sanctiſiores* affronts and diſgraces,

and

and of his treacheries and cruelties to her, ſhe hath wept ſo much as ſhe yet weeps becauſe ſhe can weep no more thereat; as if the difference of their conſtellations and horoſcopes were ſuch, that as *Sanctifiore* was born to hate her, ſo was ſhe notwithſtanding, (as yet) to affect and love him.

Alas *Vrſina*; It is true indeed, that the leaſt of theſe treacheries, and cruelties of *Sanctifiore* to thee, are cauſes enough of all thy tears and ſorrows; but yet the conſideration and comparing of thoſe with theſe, conducts and leads me to this dilemma; that I know not whether he be more to be blamed for committing the firſt, or thou for permitting the ſecond, in regard they are every way more worthy of thy ſcorn than of thy care, and of thy contempt than of thy affliction. His ingratitude, and crimes to thee I know are many in quantity, and very baſe and odious in quality, yea their number is ſo great and their nature ſo foul, that their recapitulation cannot be drawn within a ſmaller, nor their repetition contracted in a leſſer or narrower volume than this; he hath betraid his love, violated his faith, and falſified his Oaths and promiſes to thee, he hath bereaved thee of thy Virginity, torn and burnt thy Letters, diſdained to ſee thee, called the giglet and whore; thy innocent Babe baſtard, and which is worſt of all, he hath wilfully and cholerickly wiſhed both of you to the Devill; ſo judge with thy ſelf *Vrſina*, if all theſe be not fair motives for thee ſtill to love *Sanctifiore*, or rather if they be not juſt reaſons and provocations for thee now at laſt to hate him, or if thou think they be not enough to work and eſtabliſh this metamorphoſis in thee, have but a little patience, and it is not impoſſible for thee to find more to affect and finiſh it; for now whiles her Aunt *Malefanta* is rating and ratling her for not caſting off her heart and hopes from *Sanctifiore*, and *Vrſina* (in counter-exchange) chiding her Aunt becauſe ſhe cannot endure that ſhe ſhould eternally love him, here falls out an unexpected accident (within a moneth after ſhe had pretily recovered her health and ſtrength) which we ſhall preſently ſee will work and produce ſtrange effects both in her heart and mind as alſo in her affections and reſolutions towards her *Sanctifiore*, for as yet (privatly to her ſelf) ſhe many times ſo tearms and ſtiles him.

On a fair afternoon, when the Sun (that glorious lamp of Heaven) had in his fiery gliſtring Chariot taken leave of the South, and was poaſting towards the Weſt, to view the Atlantick Seas, as the Lady *Malleſanta* carried her Neece *Vrſina* forth in her Coach to take the ayre, and to recreate her ſorrowfull ſpirits, in a great walk of Orenge trees, orderly and pleaſntly growing upon the bancks of a fine Chriſtall brook about a mile from Putzeole, they a far off (in the Boot of the Coach) eſpied to Horſemen gallopping directly towards them, when *Vrſina* flattering her ſelfe with hope, and therefore bluſhing for joy, that it was her *Sanctifiore*, who was purpoſly come from Naples towards Putzeole to ſee her, ſhe therefore cries out to her Coachman *Sabaſtiano* to ſtay the Coach and to attend and expect them; when preſently ſhee ſees her hopes deceived, and her joyes ended as ſoon as began, for the one was a ſervant of *Melleſantas* who from Putzeole conducted thither to *Vrſina* a ſervant of her Father *Placedo's* who came from Naples with a letter from him to her, whereupon the Aunt much wondring, and the Neece far more what this ſuddain buſineſſe might be, they both deſcend the Coach, and *Vrſina* taking her Fathers Letter from his man, ſhe ſteps a little aſide from her Aunt *Malefanta*, and breaking up the ſeal thereof; (directly contrary to her expectation and deſires) finds theſe lines therein.

PLACEDO to URSINA

HOping that by this time the ſweet ayre of Putzeole hath recovered thy health, my will and order therefore to thee now is, that thou ſpeedily returne home to me to Naples (in thy Coach) by the bearer hereof, whom I have purpoſely ſent to conduct thee thither. I beleeve that thy Country abſence hath loſt thee a good fortune here in the Citty, for yeſterday morning the barren of Sanctifiore *was (in the Auguſtines Church) married to* Dona Bertranna, *Daughter to* Seignior de Tores, *with great ſtate and ſolemnity, whom I had well hoped ſhould have been thy Husband, I remember my beſt reſpects to my Siſter, thy Aunt* Mallefanta, *and my beſt prayers to God for thy vertues and proſperity, as being thy loving Father*

PLACEDO.

Vrſina hath no ſooner read this Letter, but every member of her body trembles for grief and vexation thereat, yea her ſorrows are ſo great, as ſhe cannot ſpeak a word, when being ready to fall to the ground, her Aunt *Mellofanta* ſteps to her aſſiſtance and ſo do the two men, but they have all of them much ado to ſupport her up, when at laſt wringing her hands, and looking up ſtedfaſtly to Heaven, ſhe throwing her Letter to her Aunt to read, utters forth this bitter exclamation againſt *Sanctifiore*; and hath this baſe Nobleman at laſt requited all my love, with this monſtrous ingratitude and treachery! O why do I live to ſuffer it? and O wherefore ſhould he live for offering it to me? her Aunt reads her Letter and in deteſtation of *Sanctifiores* baſeneſs, ſhe ads fuell to the flame of her Neeces choler againſt him, but ſhe needs not, for this very laſt act of his marriage with *Bertranna*, ſets her all in fire and revenge againſt him, yea her heart is abſolutly diverted, and taken away from him, as heretofore ſhe never loved him ſo much as now ſhe hates him; ſhe ſwears to her ſelf, that ſhe will make him pay dear for this his ingratitude and treachery towards her, and limits her revenge with no leſſe than his death for ſo baſely abuſing and deceiving her, ſhe but now threw away his Letter for ſorrow, but now ſhe again takes it up for joy, becauſe it calls her home to *Naples*, where as ſoon as ſhe arrives, ſhe again and again reſolves and vows with her ſelf that ſhe will murther him her ſelf, or cauſe him to be murthered by ſome others; her Aunt *Mellefanta* by all ſweet means and perſwaſions ſeeks to pacifie her diſcontent and fury, and ſo to appeaſe and cool the raging tempeſts of her heart, but ſhe ſpeaks to a deaf woman, who is not capable, either of counſell, conſolation or reaſon, for her malice and revenge againſt *Sanctifiore* have ſo fully taken up her heart and ſoul, and ſo abſolutely ſurpriſed her thoughts and poſſeſſed her reſolutions, that ſhe neither reſolves nor thinks of any thing elſe, but how and in what manner ſhe may murther him; to which end ſhe takes Coach for *Putzeole*, there packs up her baggage, conceals her bloody intents and reſolutions towards *Sanctifiore* from her Aunt *Mellefanta*, thanks her moſt lovingly and courteouſly for all her care of her, and affection to her, the remembrance whereof ſhe affirms ſhe will bear to her Grave, and from thence to Heaven, and ſo within three dayes takes leave of her, and returns to *Naples* to her Farher, who receives her with much content and joy, and is very glad of the recovery of her health, and yet perceives ſome ſecret diſcontent lie lurking in the furrows of her brows; but ſhe diſſembleth it both to him and the world, and ſo bears her ſelf fairly, modeſtly, and temperatly towards him in her ſpeeches and actions, who all this while is every way ignorant of her diſgracefull great belly, as alſo of the birth and buriall of her infant child. She is no ſooner come to *Naples*, but her deadly malice and revenge to *Sanctifiore* will give no truce to her thoughts, nor peace to her reſolutions, for her heart having conſpired with the Devill, and both of them againſt God to diſpatch him to Heaven; ſo now from the matter ſhe fals to the manner, and from her conſultation to the practiſe thereof. She firſt thinks it beſt to get him poiſoned, to which end within ten dayes after her arrivall to *Naples* ſhe ſends for her own Apothecary named *Antonio Romancy*, and having ſworn him to ſecrecy, profers him two hundred Duckatons to poyſon her mortall enemy the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, but *Romancy* is too honeſt a man and too religious a Chriſtian to undertake it, and ſo utterly refuſeth her, and rejecteth her profer; and then and there with many Godly reaſons and pious ſpeeches, endeavoureth to diſſwade her from this fowl and bloody fact, but he ſpeaks either to the wind or to a deaf woman, for ſhe is reſolute not to retire but to advance in this her cruell and inhumane deſign, only ſhe here again ſtrongly conjures this honeſt Apothecary to ſecrecy, the which he ſolemnly promiſeth.

Vrſina is ſtill implacable in her malice and revenge againſt *Sanctifiore*, the which revives with more violence, and flames forth with the greater impetuoſiti, when ſhe (by her ſecret ſpies) is given to underſtand that he triumpheth in her affliction and ſcandall, and reputes it his chiefeſt content and felicity to have erected the trophees of his joy upon the ruins of her honour and the demolitions of her reputation and fame, as alſo that ſhe and this her diſgrace is now become the publike laughter and private ſcorn, and glory of his proud and ambitious wife *Bertranna*: ſo ſhe cannot endure the thought, muchleſſe digeſt the remembrance and conſideration hereof, and therefore ſhe ſpeedily reſolves to reduce her malitious contemplation into bloody action towards him, and to trie another experiment and concluſion thereof. She in a pleaſant morning ſomewhat ſooner than accuſtomed, walks alone with her waiting maid in her Fathers curious and dainty Garden but not to pleaſe her eyes with the delicious ſight and fragrant ſmell of the great variety, of rare and fair flowers, wherewith it was richly adorned and diapred; or to recreat and delight her ears with the meliſluous ditties and madrigals of thoſe ſweet quiriſters of the Air, the Nightingals, Thruſhes, and Lennots, who ſat chanting of ſome ſweet diviſion in ſome trees of this Garden, and on ſome

branches of theſe trees; or to preſerve her ſelf from the intemperate heat of the ſcorching Sun beams; and therefore either to paſſe her time, either in ſome ſhaddowed walks and Arbours, or to ſit her ſelf down by ſome curious Chriſtall fountain, with all which delights and raritics this her Fathers Garden was delicioufly inriched and embelliſhed; O no, nothing leſſe, for ſhe was reſolute to make her ſelf more miſerable, and no more happy, becauſe her thoughts were wholly bent on blood, and her reſolutions, on the murther of *Sanctifiore* at what price or rate ſoever. Having therefore formerly miſt of her Apothecary *Romancy* to poyſon him, ſhe now knows not any ſo fit or proper to diſpatch him as her truſty Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, who (as we have formerly underſtood) was both an eye and an ear witneſs of this his baſe and ignoble cruelty towards her, wherefore ſhe by her waiting maid, ſends for him into the Garden to her, and with many ruthfull looks, aud ſorrowfull ſighs, having firſt commended and applauded his fidelity to her, and then ſworn him to ſecreſie to what ſhe ſhould now relate and deliver unto him, ſhe tels him, that ſhe cannot live except that baſe Lord *Sanctifiore* dye, and therefore ſhe profereth him an hundred Spaniſh double Piſtols of Gold, if he will either murther him by night in the ſtreets with his Rapier, or Piſtoll him to death abroad in the fields, at his firſt ſeeing and meeting of him, to the which ſhe very earneſtly praies and requeſts him. *Sebaſtiano* as amazed at this bloody propoſition and entreaty of his young Lady *Vrſina*, whom he ever held to be more charitable, and not ſo cruell hearted to any one of the world, and although he be poor, yet he is ſo honeſt, vertuous and religious, as he highly refuſeth to diſtain his heart, or dip his hands in innocent blood for any ſilver or gold whatſoever. So in humble (and yet in abſolute) tearms, he gives her the deniall, and (with tears in his eyes) praies her to deſiſt from this her cruell purpoſe, becauſe he affirms to her, that the end of murther proves moſt commonly but the beginning of ſhame, repentance, miſery, and confuſion to their authors; ſo ſhe bites her lip, and hangs her head for ſorrow at this his repulſe and refuſall; and yet is ſo cautious and wary in her actions, as ſhe makes him again ſwear ſecrecy to her in all things, which now doth, or her after may concern this buſineſs, the which he faithfully promiſeth her provided, that her command and his ſervice be every way exempt of the effuſion of innocent blood, and the perpetration of murther, to the which he conſtantly vowes to her, it is impoſſible for him ever to be ſeduced or drawn, and ſo he takes leave of her and leaves her ſolitary alone in the Garden to her muſes; but yet as he was iſſuing forth ſhe again calls him to her, and ſtrictly chargeth him firſt carefully and curiouſly to inform himſelf, and then he her, of *Sanctifiores* moſt frequent haunts, and walks without the City, the which he likewiſe promiſeth her to perform.

Our malicious and revengfull *Vrſina* is not contented to receive the deniall from her Apothecary *Romancy*, and the repulſe from her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, about the finiſhing of this deplorable buſineſſe, but without making any good uſe of their honeſt and religious diſſwaſions of her from it, or without once looking up to God, or thinking of Heaven or Hell, ſhe as a fatall member, and prodigious agent of *Sathan*, is ſtill reſolute to proceed therein; for he is ſtill ſo ſtrong with her heart, becauſe her faith and ſoul are ſo weak with God, that ſhe ſees not her ſelf ſo often in her looking Glaſs with delight, as ſhe both ſees, and finds *Sanctifiore* in her heart and mind with deteſtation; for her malice to him hath quite expelled all reaſon, and baniſhed all charity and piety in her ſelf, and conſequently now made her memorative and capeable of nothing but of revenge and blood towards him; which takes up every part, and uſurps every point both of her time, and of her ſelf, and works ſo ſtrange (I may rather truly ſay ſo miſerable) a metamorphoſis in her, as if ſhe were now wholly compoſed of one, or both of theſe two impious and diabolicall vices, ſo that every moment ſeems a year, and every day an age to her, before ſhe hath diſpatched him for Heaven: ſhe now ſees that ſhe cannot (with ſafety) employ any other herein but her ſelf, and therefore day by day calling upon *Sebaſtiano* to know of him, where *Sanctifiores* uſuall haunts and walks were out the City, he at laſt tels her that he is fully aſſured, that moſt mornings and evenings he takes his Coach and ſometimes his page, but many times alone, and ſo goes a mile out of the City beyond the Gate which looks towards Saint *Germaines*, and there in a dainty Grove of Olives and Orenge trees (neer a ſmall River ſide) he with his book in his hand, and his Spaniel Dog at his heels paſſeth an hour or two alone in his privat contemplation, his Coach being ſometimes out of his ſight from him, and ſometimes returns to the City, and ſo comes and fetcheth him back again; which report is no ſooner heard and underſtood of *Vrſina* from her Coachman, but ſhe receiveth it with much joy, and entertaines it with infinit content and delectation; ſhe is therefore ſo cruell in her thoughts, and ſo determinate and bloody in reſolutions, as ſhe will protract no time but ſhe ſpeedily bethinks her ſelf of a helliſh ſtratagem and policy (no leſſe ſtrange than cruell) which the Devill himſelf ſuggeſted, and found out for her, to wreak her inveterat malice and infernall revenge in murthering of *Sanctifiore*, the manner whereof is thus. She

She very ſecretly provides her ſelf of a Friers compleat weed, as a ſad ruſſet Gown and coule, with a Girdle of a knotty rope, and woodden ſandalls, proper to the order of the *Bonnes homes* (which is the reformed one of that of Saint *Francis*) with a falſe negligent old beard, and hair for his head ſutable to the ſame, and in one of the pockets of this Frock, ſhe put a ſmall begging box, ſuch as thoſe Friers uſe to carry in City and Country when they crave the charitable almes and devotion of well diſpoſed people; as alſo a new breviary (or ſmall Maſs book) of the laſt edition and form of *Rome*, bound up in blew Turkie Leather richly guilt, but in the other pocket thereof ſhe puts a couple of ſmall ſhort Piſtols which ſhe had ſecretly purloined out of her Father *Placedo*'s Armory, and had charged each of them with a brace of Bullets, faſt rammed down, with priming powder in the pans, and all theſe fatall trinckets, ſhe (with equall ſilence and treachery) packs and tyes up cloſe in the Gown, expecting the time and hour to work this her cruell and lamentable feat on innocent *Sanctifiore*, who little thinks or dreams what a bloody Banquet his old love, and now his new enemy *Vrſina* is preparing for him.

And here I write with grief that it was the Tueſday after Palm Sunday, (a time and week which the bleſſed paſſion of our Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt*, makes ſacred and famous, and which all true Chriſtians in his commemoration ought to keep holy, and not to polute or defile it with barbarous and bloody ſacrifices) when our maſculine monſter, rather our femall fury *Vrſina* being aſſured by *Sebaſtiano* that the Baron of *Sanctifiore* was that day about three of the clock after dinner gone out alone in his Coach to his aforeſaid uſuall place of walking a mile off the City in the fields; ſhe infinite glad of this deſired occaſion and longed for opportunity, bids *Sebaſtiano* make ready his Coach, and ſilently to leave him without the Poſtern Gate of her Fathers Garden, and ſo preſently to come up to her Chamber to her, the which he as ſoon performs; to whom ſhe now (prophanely and treacherouſly ſayes) *Sebaſtiano*, (by the favor and mercy of God) I have now exchanged my cruelty into courteſie towards the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, and do therefore preſently reſolve to give him a merry meeting in the Fields, whereat before our departure and return, I know thou wilt rejoyce and laugh heartily at the ſight hereof; the which indeed was very welcome and pleaſing news to *Sebaſtiano*, to whom ſhe then gives this little fardell, and ſo purpoſely leaving her waiting-maid behind her, ſhe cheerfully and ſpeedily follows him to the Coach, wherein being ſeated and the little fardell likewiſe within by her, ſhe bids him drive away withall ſpeed to find out *Sanctifiore*, the which (armed with his innocency) he joyfully doth. Now as they are come within two flight ſhots of him, *Vrſina* bids *Sebaſtiano* not to proceed farther, but to drive in the Coach into ſome cloſe ſhadowed place out of the high way, where they might ſee *Sanctifiore*, but not (as yet) to be either ſeen or eſpied of him; which accordingly he doth, where ſhe deſcends her Coach, draws off her own apparell, and ſo puts on her falſe Friers apparell, as alſo the hair and beard, having made and prepared all things fit and ready before, and here likewiſe ſhe foldeth up the treſſes and tramels of her own hair under it, and hath purpoſely ſhaved away the hair of a little part of the crown of her head, and all this whiles her Coach man *Sebaſtiano* turns her Chamber maid here in the fields to make her ready, where he cannot refrain from exceedingly ſmiling and laughing to ſee what a ſtrange metamorphoſis this now is, that his young Lady *Vrſina* is here become an old Frier, but ſtill ſhe hides and conceals her two Piſtols carefully in her pocket from him, as alſo her bloody deſigns and intents towards *Sanctifiore*, and whereof he was every way as innocent, as ſhe her ſelf and only her ſelf is guilty thereof. Now being all in a readineſſe, ſhe out of her other pocket takes her alms box and holds it in one of her hands, and her howrs (or breviary) in her other, and ſo taking leave of her Coach-man, and (with a diſſembly cheerfull countenance) charging him to pray for her good fortune, and ſpeedily to bring up her Coach to her, as ſoon as ſhe ſees her wave her white Handkircher towards him; ſo, as a jolly old Frier, away this ſhe Devill ſoftly trips toward *Sanctifiore*, having piety in her looks, but prophaneſs and barbarous cruelty in her heart and intentions, and all the way as ſhe goes, *Sebaſtiano* cannot refrain from laughing to ſee this great change, and alteration in his young Lady and miſtris, but directly beleeving that ſhe in meriment went a Maying or Masking, ſuch was his ignorance that he leaſt thought, or dreamt that ſhe went to commit murther, or what Devill was here vailed and ſhrouded under this Friers weed.

So (with more aſſurance than fear, and with far more impiety than grace) ſhe goes on towards *Sanctifiore* who was there alone walking and reading, to whom approaching, and giving him a duck or two, ſhe holding up her begging box, and counterfeiting an old Friers voice prayes him for the bleſſed Virgin *Maries* ſake, and alſo for holy Saint *Francis* ſake to beſtow ſomething on him for their ſociety and order; which *Sanctifiore* (being alone, as having ſent back his Coach to the City (reſolving to do, he ſeeing that fair new breviary

in the Friers hands, he fairly takes it from him, and carefully vieweth and peruſeth it, which being that which *Vrſina* aimed and looked for, ſhe for manners ſake (but indeed purpoſely and maliciouſly) ſteps behind him, and very ſoftly drawing out one of her Piſtols out of her Pocket which was already bent; ſhe levels it at the very reins of his back, and ſo lets flye at him, whereof he preſently was falling to the ground, when (the Devill making her nimble and dexterous in her malice) in the turning of a hand, ſhe whips out the other Piſtoll out of her Pocket, and to make ſure work with him likewiſe diſchargeth it in his breſt, and to make her inveterate malice and revenge to him the more conſpicuous and apparant to all the World, as neer as ſhe could gueſſe to his very heart, of which mortall wounds made by her four bullets *Sanctifiore* fell immediatly dead to the ground, having neither the power, grace, or happineſs to ſpeak a word; and ſhe pulling off her falſe Beard, diſcovered her ſelf to him as he was dying, and ſpurning him moſt diſdainfully and maliciouſly with her foot gave him this cruell farwell, ſuch deaths ſuch villains deſerve, who triumph and glory to betray harmleſs and innocent Ladies; which having acted and ſaid, ſhe waving her hand-kercher to her Coachman, he comes up to her with her Coach as ſwift as the wind, who is all amazed and in tears to behold this wofull accident and lamentable ſpectacle; for deſcending ſpeedily from his Coach, he finds the Baron of *Sanctifiore* dead, and his ſoul already fled and aſcended from Earth to Heaven, to whom his Lady *Vrſina* in a graceleſs inſulting bravery) ſayes, rejoyce with me *Sebaſtiano*, that I have now ſo bravely and fortunatly revenged my ſelf on this baſe and treacherous Baron *Sanctifiore*; but honeſt *Sebaſtiano*, (being as full of true grief, as ſhe was of falſe joy) replyes and tels her, Oh Madam! what have you done? for this is no cauſe, and therefore no time to rejoyce but rather to lament and mourn for this lamentable fact and crime of yours, and not to diſſemble you the truth, as much as you (in this fatall Friers frock) did me your bloody intentions, I have far more reaſon to fear than cauſe to doubt, that your murthering of the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, will prove the ruine and confuſion of your ſelf, except God be graciouſly pleaſed to be more merciſull to you, than you have been to him; therefore look from his danger and misfortune ſpeedily to provide for your own ſafety; which as ſoon as he had ſaid, he (in the Friers weeds) ſpeedily takes her up in the Coach, and then drives away a full gallop to the ſhadowed thicket from whence ſhe came, where ſhe caſts of her Friers Apparell, Beard, Hair, Box and Book, as alſo the two Piſtols, the which they two wrap up all in the Gown, and throw it into a deep Ditch or precipice, and ſo he helps her to put on all her own Apparrell and attire and then with more haſt than good ſpeed drives home amain toward *Naples*, and it was a diſputable queſtion, whether our bloody and execrable wretch *Vrſina* more rejoyced, or her honeſt Coachman *Sebaſtiano* lamented and grieved at this unfortunate and deplorable fact.

We have ſeen with what a malicious courage, and a deſperate and prophane reſolution, this cruell hearted Gentlewoman *Vrſina* hath in the habit of a Frier) murthered this unfortunate Baron *Sanctifiore*, and the Reader ſhall not go much further in this Hiſtory before (if not in the ſame moment, yet in the ſame hour) he ſee the ſacred Juſtice of God will ſupriſe and bring her to condign puniſhment for the ſame, as if the laſt (as indeed it is) where co-inſident and hereditatory to the firſt, or as if it were wholy impoſſible for her to reioyce ſo much here on earth for that, as God and his Angels do both triumph and glory in Heaven for this.

Gods Judgements are as juſt as ſacred; and as miraculous as juſt: ſo that all people ſhould rather admire it with awfull reverence, than any way neglect it with a prophane preſumption. But our wretched *Vrſina* will not make her ſelf ſo happy to be of the firſt, but rather ſo miſerable to be of this ſecond ranck; for ſhe wholly deſpiſeth Gods Juſtice, and ſo abſolutely forgets God himſelf, as ſhe neither thinks of what ſhe hath now done, what ſhe now is, or which is worſt of all what hereafter ſhe may be; but rather (as an inconſiderate and wretched Jipſie) laughs in her ſleeve for joy, to have thus happily bereaved *Sanctifiore* of his life, who ſo lately and ſo treacherouſly had bereaved her of her honor and chaſtity. While thus ſorrowfull *Sebaſtiano* is hurrying away his joyfull murtherous yong Miſtriſſe the Lady *Vrſina* in her Coach towards her Father *Seignior Placedo's* houſe in *Naples*, as thinking to make his way the ſhorter and ſecurer) he drave his Coach on a narrow path by the ſide of a hill, it ſo pleaſed God (in his ſacred providence) as of his two Coach horſes, that of the out ſide fell ſhear over the path, and drew his fellow horſe, the Coach, the Lady *Vrſina*, and her Coach man *Sebaſtiano* down the hill after him; with which ſuddain terrible fall the Coach was ſhattered and torn in peeces, ſhe brake her right arm (wherewith ſhe had diſcharged theſe two Piſtols) and he his left leg, ſo that ſhe had the power but not the will, and he the will but not the power to ſtep to her aſſiſtance, only ſhe leaps from the Coach-box to the ground on his right leg, and with his Knife cuts of the ſtaies and trappings of his horſes, that they in their amazed fury

not draw the Coach and themſelves after them; and yet ſuch is her impenitency and his affection, as ſhe here was not half ſo much terrified, as he perplexed and aſtoniſhed at this their misfortunat diſaſter; the which though ſhe ſleighted, as only looking down to her ſelf, yet he deemed and conceived it to be no leſſe than a blow from Heaven, as looking up to God, and therefore that it was a fatall Omen portending ſome diſmall calamities and afflictions which were immediatly to ſurpriſe and betide them.

As thus diſtreſſed *Vrſina*, and her lame and ſorrowfull Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, ſate down on the bare ground, rather able to behold, than to know how to help one the other; and they both grieving to ſee their Coach lye torn on the ſea ſide and ſhore of the hill, and their two Coach-horſes (without hurt or fear) licentiouſly playing their frisks and figaries below in the vallies, neither he nor ſhe knew what courſe to take for their preſent conſolation and ſafety, and ſo to prevent the imminency of their danger, but at laſt ſhe taking ſome ten double Piſtols of Spaniſh Gold out of her pocket, and giving it him, ſhe again makes him ſwear ſecrecy, never to reveal what he had ſeen her perform to *Sanctifiore*, the which (with more reluctancy than willingneſſe) he doth. Then as it was agreed between them, he by ſome loud cryes and holla's ſhould call in ſome contadines (or Country labourers) to their aſſiſtance, whom they ſaw a good diſtance off very buſily working in the vines, the which as he was about to do, lo God (in his ſacred providence) ſo ordained, that the Baron of *Sanctifiores* Coach came ratling above them, where they two ſate comfortleſs & ſorrowfull upon the ground; and in the Coach was his Page *Hieronimo*, who therewith was going to fetch home the Baron his Maſter, who perfectly ſeeing and knowing the Lady *Vrſina*, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, and ſeeing her Coach lye by her all reverſed, and ſhattered and torn to peeces, grieving at this her diſaſter, he for the reſpect he bore her for the Baron his Maſters ſake, (whom he knew formerly loved her) takes his Coachman with him, and ſo deſcends down to her aſſiſtance, where being more fully acquainted, of the breaking of her arme, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*'s leg, he very humanely and courteouſly proffers her his Lords Coach, and his beſt ſervice to conduct and carry them both home to her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s houſe in the City, little thinking or dreaming, that ſhe came from ſo cruelly murthering his kind Lord and Maſter *Sanctifiore*, or that his breathleſſe body lay now expoſed as a prey to the fowls of the ayre in the field.

Sebaſtiano is much perplexed and grieved, but his Lady *Vrſina* infinitly more at this unexpected encounter, and ominous meeting of *Sanctifiore*'s Page, Coach and Coachman which threatned her no leſſe than fear, and this fear no leſſe than imminent danger and confuſion, eſpecially to her ſelf, if not to him, when looking wiſtly and ſorrowfully each on other, they know not how to bear themſelves in the unfortunacy of this accident, neither dare ſhe accept, or well knows how to refuſe this proffered courteſie of the Page *Hieronymo*. But at laſt (deſpight of her ſelf) ſhe is enforced to imbrace this opportunity, when making a vertue of neceſſity, ſhe (though much againſt her will) is conſtrained, very thankfully to accept, and make uſe of this kindneſſe of *Hieronymo*, who leading the Lady *Vrſina* by her left arme, and his Coachman, hers by his right, they ſoftly bring them up the Hill to the Baron their Maſters Coach, and ſo convey her home to her Father *Seignior Placedo*'s houſe in the City, who was then gone forth to ſup with the Prince of *Salerno*, (who by the Mothers ſide, was his Coſen Germane) where *Vrſina* (ſetting a good face upon her bad heart) gives the Page many hearty thanks, and the Coachman three Duckatons for this their courteſie, ſo they take leave of her, and ſpeedily return with their Coach into the fields to fetch home the Baron their Maſter, to whom they reſolve at full to relate this accident; when *Vrſinas* fears far exceeding her hopes, and knowing upon what tickliſh tearms and dangerous points both her ſelf and her life now ſtood, ſhe (in the abſence of her Father) ſpeedily reſolves to provide her a ſwift Coach and ſo to fly from *Naples* to her Aunt *Mellefantas* houſe in *Putzeole*, where ſhe promiſeth her ſelf far more ſafety and leſſe danger than here at home with her Father; but contrariwiſe, we ſhall ſee that *God is* now reſolved to deceive both her hopes, and her ſelf herein, to her utter ſhame and confuſion.

The Page *Hieronymo* being ſorrowfull for his Lady *Vrſina's* misfortune, & yet exceeding glad that he had the happineſſe and good fortune to perform her this faire office, and friendly courteſie to her, he now bids his Coachman drive away o're the fields to that pleaſant grove to find their Lord and Maſter *Sanctifiore* where being arrived he deſcends his Coach, and with his vigilent eye lookes about every where for him, when alaſs he hath ſcarce gon forty paces off, but (directly contrary to his expectation) he finds him there dead on the ground, and moſt lamentably all gored, and engraned in his own blood, at the ſight whereof he burſts forth

into many bitter tears and out-cryes, yea he throws away his hat, and tears his hair for grief and ſorrow hereof, and no leſs doth his Coachman. They are here both of them ſo amazed with grief and aſtoniſhment with ſorrow at this lamentable ſpectacle and accident; as they (for a quarter of an hours time) know not what to think or ſay hereof, as whether this their Lord and Maſter had here killed himſelf, or were murthered and robbed by Thieves, but at laſt this ſorrowful Page *Hieronymo*, will ſtay alone weeping by the breathleſs body of his Lord and Maſter, and ſo ſend away the Coachman in his coach ſpeedily to *Naples*, to acquaint their Lady *Dona Bertranna*, and her Father *Seignior de Tores* with this ſad and ſorrowful news, whereat ſhe almoſt drowns herſelf in tears, and he very bitterly laments and ſorroweth for it; ſo (being incapable of any hope, comfort or conſolation) they both of them take coach and drive away into the field, where ſhe almoſt murthereth her eyes with her tears, to ſee her dear Lord and Husband lie thus murthered in his blood. They here ſee none in ſight of him, neither do they know any body but themſelves that hath ſeen him; ſo by whom, or how he is killed they cannot as yet either conceive or imagine, when the father leaving his daughter to waſh and bedew her dead husbands cheeks with her tears, he himſelf gallops away in his coach to *Naples*, and brings thence along with him the criminal Officers of Juſtice, firſt to know, and then to be eye-witneſſes of this ſad and deplorable accident; at the hearing and ſight whereof (in nature and juſtice) they cannot refrain from equally wondering and grieving at it, when (to act the part and duty of themſelves) they cauſe the Coachman to ſpread his cloak on the ground, then to remove the dead corps from his blood, and to lay him thereon, and ſo they make a Chyrurgion (whom they had purpoſely brought with them) to unapparrel and ſearch his body for wounds, who findes and ſhews them, that he was ſhot with two piſtol bullets in his back, and other two in his breſt (when miſſing likewiſe of his purſe, they all of them do confidently believe, that undoubtedly he was murthered and robbed by Thieves. The which the better to diſcover, the Judges ſend their Sergeants and Servants, and *De Tores* likewiſe ſends the Page and his Coachman ſearching and ſcouring all over the adjacent fields, to apprehend and bring before them all thoſe whom they finde there; who are ſo far from meeting of many perſons, as they all of them bring in but one poor ragged Boy (of ſome twelve or fourteen yeers old) who ſome two hundred paces off, kept a few Cows (which yielded milk to the City) and him they finde ſitting within a hedge in a ditch, whom they bring along with them to the Judges, where he ſees this dead body lying on the ground before them, whereat poor ſilly Boy he ſhakes and trembles for fear.

The Judges demand his name of him, who tells them he is called *Bartholomeo Spondy*, they further enquire of him what his father is, and where he dwells: who replies, that his father is a poor Butcher, named *Pedro Spondy*, and dwells at *Naples* in Saint *Iohn's* Suburb, (which the Judges afterwards finde true) then theſe grave Judges perceiving the poor Boy to be baſhful and timorous, they therefore bid him be of good cheer, and to fear nothing, for the which he thanks them both with cap and knee. Then they enquire of him if he ſaw any one to come neer and kill the Gentleman, to whom in plain and ruſtick tearms he anſwered them, that from the hedge within which he kept his Fathes Cows, he ſaw this Gentleman walk alone by himſelf at leaſt an hour with a book in his hand reading, and that then he ſaw an old Frier come to him, who as he thought begged ſome alms of him, whom he ſaw did ſhoot off two piſtols to him, and therewith killed him, for he then, and thereupon preſently ſaw the Gentleman fall to the ground: they again demand of him what afterwards became of this Frier; who tells the Judges, that a Coach came up inſtantly to him and carried him away, but where he knows not. They ask of him why he had not cryed out againſt the Frier, when he ſaw he had killed this Gentleman, to whom he makes anſwer, that he dared not do it, for fear leaſt he would then likewiſe have killed him with his piſtols. The Judges farther demand of him, whether this were a white, a black or a gray Frier, to whom he anſwers that he was neither of them, but that he wore a minime, or ſad ruſſet gown and hood. Thereupon they thought it fit again to demand of him how many horſes this Coach had, and of what colour they were: to whom he affirms that they were two black coach horſes: when the Judges to conclude this quere and his examination, they demand of him what coloured cloak this Coachman wore, who tels them he wore a red cloak, and as he thought ſome white laces upon it, the which this pregnant poor little Boy *Bartholomeo* had no ſooner pronounced and ſpoken, but *Sanctifiores* Page *Hieromymo* cryes out and relates to the Judges, to his Lady *Bertranna*, and her father *Seignior de Tores*, where, and in what maner and accident he ſome two hours ſince found the Lady *Urſina*, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, whom he ſeriouſly affirmed wore a red cloack with white laces, and that her two coach horſes, which they ſaw ſtarying

ſcraping below in the valley were coal black, right as *Bartholomeo* had deſcribed them; adding further, that her coach was broken with a fall, as alſo her right arm, and his left leg, and that out of reſpect and pity to her, he had carried both her, and him, home to her father *Seignor Placedo*'s houſe, but he affirmed he ſaw no Frier either in their fight or company; all which relation of his, was likewiſe there confirmed to the Judges by the Baron of *Sanctifiores* own Coachman, who was alſo there preſent; the which evidence of theirs as ſoon as the Ledy *Bertranna* over heard, ſhe with a world of ſighs and tears, (as if ſhe were ſuddenly inſpired and prompted from heaven) paſſionately cryes out firſt to her father, and then to the Judges, that God and her conſcience told her, that doubtleſs *Vrſina* was this deviliſh Frier, and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* the very ſame damnable fellow who had here thus cruelly murthered her Lord and husband, when throwing her ſelf on her knees to their feet, ſhe very earneſtly begs juſtice of them, againſt them for the ſame, who partly concurring in the opinion and belief with them, they do here moſt ſeriouſly and ſolemnly promiſe it her.

To which effect, theſe reverend Judges, leaving her father, her ſelf, and her Page and Coachman decently to convey her husbands dead body home to their houſe in *Naples*, they themſelves make great haſte thither before, and preſently ſend their Officer and Sergeants to *Seigniors Placedo*'s houſe, there to apprehend the Lady *Vrſina* his daughter, and their Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, whom they both opportunely finde iſſuing forth his gate in a freſh hackney coach ſpeedily flying to Putzeole to her Aunt *Mellefanta* for protection and ſanctuary, ſo theſe fierce and mercileſs Sergeants do preſently divert and alter their courſe, yea they furiouſly and ſuddenly ruſh upon them, apprehend and conſtitute them cloſe Priſoners in the common Goal of that City, placing them in two ſeveral chambers, to the end they ſhould not prattle or tell tales each to other; where they ſhall finde more leiſure then time, both to remember what they have done, and likewiſe to know what hereafter they muſt do.

Whiles thus all Naples generally reſound and talk of this mournful fact, and deplorable accident, and *Seignior Placedo* particularly grieves at theſe his daughters unexpected croſſes and calamities, as alſo of thoſe of his Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, the which he fears, he can far ſooner lament then remedy; our ſorrowful widow *Bertranna* (with the aſſiſtance of her father *De Tores*) gives her husband the Baron of *Sanctifiore* a ſolemn and ſtately burial in the Fucillantes Church of Naples, correſpondent to his noble degree and quality. And then within two days after, at her earneſt and paſſionate ſolicitation to the Judges, *Vrſina* and her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, are ſeverally convented before them, in their chief Forum (or Tribunal) of Juſtice, and there ſtrongly accuſed by her, and charged to be the authors and actors of this cruel murther, committed on the perſon of *Sanctifiore* her husband, the which both of them do ſtoutly deny with much vehemency and confidence, and when the little Boy *Bartholomeo*, is face to face called into the Court, to give in evidence againſt them, he there maintains to the Judges, what he had formerly depoſed to them in the fields, but ſays he thinks not that this Lady was that Fryer, nor can he truly ſay that this was the Coachman who carried him, although when his cloak was ſhewed him, he could not deny but it was very like it, but *Bertranna* having now ſecretly intimated and made known to the Judges, all the paſſages that had formerly paſt between *Vrſina* and her husband *Sanctifiore*, as his getting other with child, and then (contrary to his promiſe) refuſing to marry her, they do therefore more then half believe, that it was her diſcontent which drew her to this choler, her choler to this revenge, and her revenge to this murthering of him, as alſo (that in favour of ſome gold) ſhe had likewiſe ſeduced and drawn her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* to be conſenting and acceſſary herein with her: Whereupon the next day they will begin with him, and ſo they adjudge him to the Wrack, the torments whereof he endures with a wonderful fortitude and patience, ſo that (remembring his oath of ſecreſie to his Lady *Vrſina*) he cannot thereby be drawn to confeſs any thing, but denies all, whereof ſhe having ſecret notice, doth not a little rejoyce and inſult thereat, now the very next enſuing morning, *Vrſina* her ſelf, is likewiſe adjudged and expoſed to the wrack, the wrenches and torments whereof, as ſoon as ſhe ſenſibly feels, God proves then ſo propitious and merciful to her ſoul, that her dainty body, and tender limbs cannot poſſibly endure or ſuffer it, but then and there ſhe to her Judges and Tormentors, confeſſeth her ſelf to be the ſole author and actor of piſtolling to death, the Baron of *Sanctifiore*, in the ſame manner and forme, as we have already underſtood in all its circumſtances, but in her heart and ſoul ſhe ſtrongly affirms to them, that her Coachman *Sebaſtiano* was not acceſſary with her herein, upon which apparent and palpable confeſſion of hers, her Judges (in honour to ſacred Juſtice, and for expiation of this her foul crime) doe pronounce ſentence

of

of death againſt her, that ſhee ſhall the next morning be hanged at the place of common Execution, notwithſtanding all the power and teares of her Father, and Kinsfolks to the contrary.

So ſhe is returned to her Priſon, where her Father (not being permitted to ſee her that night) ſends her, two Nuns, and two Friers, to prepare and direct her ſoul for Heaven, whom in a little time, through Gods great mercy, and their own pious perſwaſions, they found to be wonderfull humble, repentant and ſorrowfull. She privatly ſends word to her Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, that ſhe is thankfull to him for his reſpect and fidelity to her on the Rack, and wills him to be aſſured and confident, that ſhe being to dye to morrow, her ſpeech at her death, ſhall no way prejudice, but ſtrongly confirm the ſafety and preſervation of his life. Thus grieving far more at the foulneſs of her crime, than at the infamy and ſeverity of her puniſhment, ſhe ſpends moſt part of the night, and the firſt part of the morning in Godly prayers and religious Meditations, and ejaculations, when, although her ſorrowfull old Father Seignior *Placedo*, by his noble Kinſman the Prince of *Salerno*, made offer to the Viceroy, the Duke of *Oſſuna*, the free gift of all his Lands to ſave this his Daughters life, yet the ſtrong ſolicitation of the firſt, and the great proffer of the laſt proved vain, and fruitleſs, for they found it wholly impoſſible to obtain it.

So about ten of the clock in the morning, our ſorrowfull *Vrſina*, is (between two Nuns) brought to her Execution place; clad in a black wrought Velvet Gown, a green Sattin Petticoat, a great laced Ruff, her head dreſſed up with Tuffs and Roſes of green Ribbon, with ſome artificiall Flowers, all covered over with a white Ciffres Vail, and a pair of plain white Gloves on her hands: when aſcending the Ladder, ſhe, to the great confluence of people who came thither to ſee her take her laſt farwell of this life, and this world, (with a mournfull countenance, and low voice) delivered them this ſorrowfull and religious ſpeech.

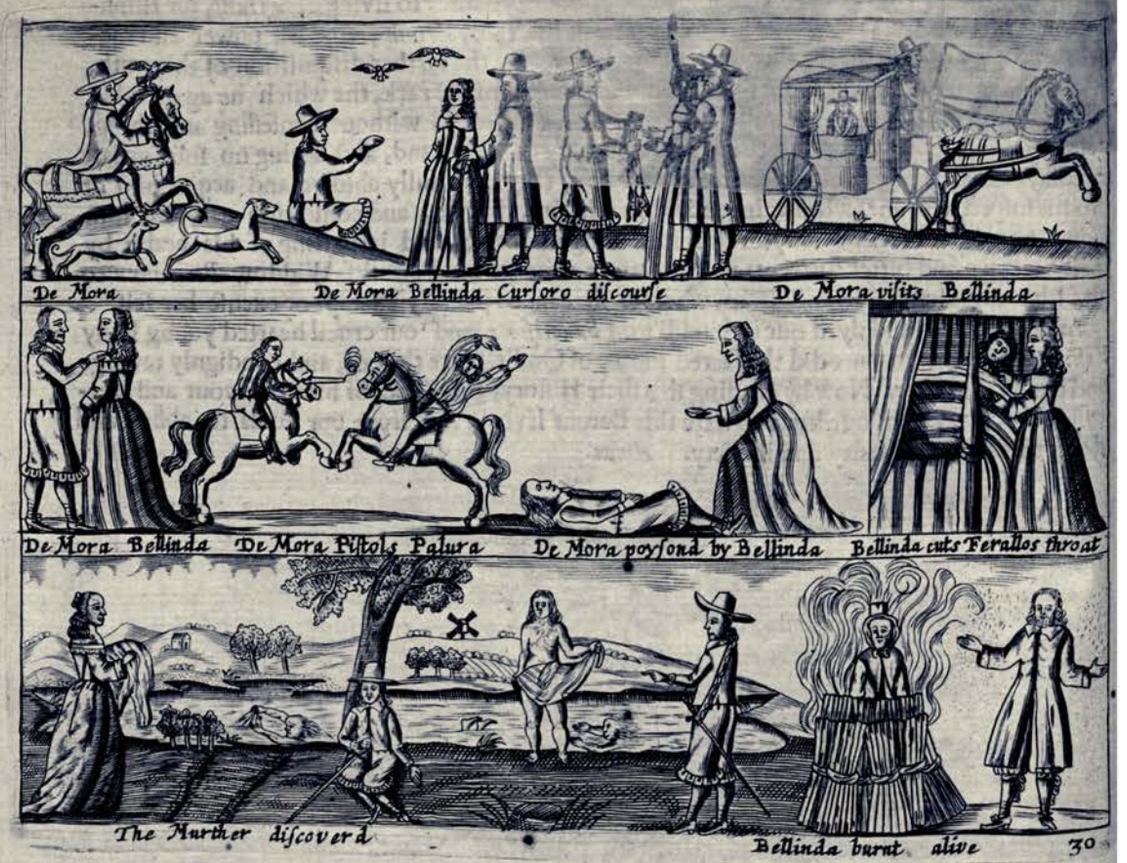
Good people, I want words to expreſs the grief of my heart, and the anxiety and ſorrow of my ſoul, for imbruing my hands in the innocent blood and death of the Baron of *Sanctifiere*, although not to diſſemble, but to confeſs the pure truth, he betrayed his promiſe to me of Marriage, and me of my honour and chaſtity without it, whereof I beſeech Almighty God, that all men (of what degree or quality ſoever) may hereafter be warned by his example, and all Ladies and Gentlewomen deterred and terrified by mine. I do likewiſe here confeſs to Heaven and Earth, to God and his Angels, and to you all who are here preſent, that I alone was both the Author and Actor of this foul Murther, and that my Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, is no way conſenting or acceſſary with me herein; and that albeit I once promiſed and proffered him a hundred double Piſtols of Spaniſh Gold to perform it, yet he honeſtly and religiouſly refuſed both me and it, and ſtrongly and pathetically diſſwaded me from it, whoſe good and wholſom Counſel, I now wiſh to God (from the depth and center of my ſoul,) I had then followed, for then I had lived as happy, as now I dye miſerable. And becauſe it is now no time, but bootleſs for me either to palliate the truth, or to flatter with God, or man, the worſt of his crime, I being his Miſtreſs, which (after with my own hands I had committed that deplorable fact) was to bring me home from the fields to my Fathers houſe, and for aſſiſting mee to caſt the Friers Frock, the falſe Beard and Hair, the Alms box, Breviary, and two Piſtols, into the next deep Pit, or precepice thereunto adjoyning, where (as yet) they ſtill lye; for this my haynous offence, (the very remembrance whereof is now grievous and odious unto mee) I ask pardon firſt of God, then of my own dear Father, and next of the Lady *Bertranna*, and if the words and prayers of a poor dying Genlewoman have any power with the living, then I beſeech you all in generall, and every one of you in particular, to pray unto God, that he will now forgive my ſins in his favour, and hereafter ſave my ſoul in his mercy, the which as ſoon as ſhe had ſaid, and uttered ſome few ſhort prayers to her ſelf, ſhe (often making the ſign of the Croſs) takes leave of all the World, when pulling down her Vail, in comly ſort, over her eyes and face, and erecting her hands towards Heaven, ſhe was turned over. Now, as ſome of her ſpectators rejoyced at the death of ſo cruell and bloody a female Monſter, ſo the greateſt part of them, in favour of her birth, youth and beauty, did with a world of tears, exceedingly lament and pitty her, but all of them do highly deteſt and execrate the baſe ingratitude, infidelity and treachery of this ignoble Baron of *Sanctifiore* towards her, which no doubt was the prime cauſe, and chiefeſt motive which drew her to theſe deplorable and bloody reſolutions.

As for her honeſt Coachman *Sebaſtiano*, although his own tormen[illegible] on the Rack, and now this ſolemn Confeſſion of his Lady *Vrſina* at her death had ſufficiently proclaimed and

and vindicated his innocency in this murther of *Sanctifiore*; yet ſuch was his Widdow *Bertrannas* living affection to her dead Husband, and her deadly malice to living *Sebaſtiano*, for thinking him to be guilty, and acceſſary hereunto with his Lady *Urſina*, that her power and malice ſo far prevailed with the integrity of the Judges, for the further diſquiſition of this truth, as they now again ſentence him to the double torments of the rack, the which he again likewiſe endureth with a moſt unparalleld patience and conſtancy, without confeſſing any thing, the which his Judges wondring to ſee, and admiring to underſtand, and having no ſubſtantiall proofs, or reall and valable evidences againſt him, they now fully abſolve and acquit him of this his ſuſpected crime, when being moved in Charity, Juſtice, and conſcience to yeeld him ſome reward, and ſatisfaction, for thus infeebling his body, and impairing of his health by theſe his ſharp and bitter torments they therefore adjudge the Plaintiff Widdow *Bertranna* to give him three hundred Duckatons, whereof ſhe cannot poſſibly exempt or excuſe her ſelf.

And thus lived and dyed our unkind Baron *Sanctifiore*, and our cruell hearted young Lady *Urſina*, and in this manner did the ſacred juſtice of God requite the one, and condignly revenge and puniſh the other. Now by reading this their Hiſtory, may God (of his beſt favour and mercy) teach us all, from our heats to hate this Barons levity, and from our ſouls to abhor and deteſt this Ladyes cruelty and impiety. *Amen.*

Gods



Gods revenge againſt the Crying and Execrable Sinne of Murther.

HISTORY XXX.

De Mora *treacherouſly killeth* Palura *in a duel with two Piſtols. His Lady* Bellinda *with the aid of her Gentleman uſher* Ferallo, *poyſoneth her Husband* De Mora, *and afterward ſhee marrieth him: and then murthereth her ſaid Husband* Ferallo *in his bed, ſo ſhe is burnt alive for this her laſt murther, and her aſhes thrown into the air for the firſt.*

IN the generall depravation of this age, it is no wonder, that many ſinfull ſouls are ſo transported by *Sathan* and their own out-ragious paſſions, to imbrue their guilty hands in innocent blood of their Chriſtian brethren; and it were a great happineſſe and felicity to most Countries and Kingdoms of Europ, if they were not ſometimes infected with the contagion of this bloody and crying ſin, which with a preſumptuous hand ſeems to ſtrike at the Majeſty of God himſelf, in killing man his creature, but becauſe wiſhes availe little, and for that examples are more powerfull and prevalent, and prove the beſt precepts to the living; therefore I here produce a lamentable one of ſo inhumane a condition, that by the knowledge and conſideration thereof, we may know how to deteſt the like, and to avoid the temptations in our ſelves.

In the famous Kingdom of *Portugall*, and within a very little league of *Stremos*, one of the ſweeteſt and faireſt Cities thereof, there (within theſe few years) dwelt a Noble Gentleman of ſome fifty ſix years old, named *Don Alonſo De Mora*, Iſſued and deſcended from one of the beſt and famous houſes of that Kingdom, as being Nephew to that great and wiſe *Don Chriſtopher de Mora*, of whom the Hiſtories of *Spain* and *Portugall* make ſo often, and ſo honourable mention: and although he were by his Anceſtors and Parents, left very rich in Lands and poſſeſſions, yet his ambition and generoſity carried him to ſerve his King, *Philip* third of *Spain*, in his wars of *Affrica* and *Flanders*, wherein he ſpent the greateſt part of his time, and of himſelf, won many renowned Laurels, and Marſhall Trophees of honour, and as an excellent Cavalier left behind him many approved marks and teſtimonies of his true valour and magnanimity. But (as all men are naturally conſtant in unconſtancy, and ſubject and co-incident to mutations, and that the world ſtill delights to pleaſe us with changes, and to feed our fancies and affections with different enterpriſes and reſolutions) ſo our *De mora* at laſt, cals home his thoughts and himſelfe from warr to peace, and now reſolves to ſpend the remainder of his age, in as much eaſe and pleaſure as formerly he had done the heat and ſtrength of his youth in tumults and combuſtions, he now ſees that there is no life nor pleaſure comparable to that of the Country, for here the ſweetneſſe of the imbalmed air, the delicacy of the perfumed and enameled fields, the unparaleld paſtime of hawking and hunting, and the free and uninterrupted acceſſe which we have to arts in our ſtudy, and to God in religious prayers and meditations, makes it to be no leſſe, then either an earthly Paradiſe, or a Heaven upon Earth. For the camp (deſpite of Commanders) abounds with all kinds of inſolencies, and impieties, the City (deſpite of Magiſtrates) with all ſorts of Vice, Deceit, Covetouſneſs and pride, and the Court (deſpite of good Kings and Princes) too often with variety of hypocriſie, perfidiouſneſſe and vanity. To his own great manner houſe neer *Stremos*, therefore is our *De Mora* retired, with a reſolution for ever, there to erect and build up his reſidence, making it his greateſt delight to have his hounds and Gray-hounds at his heels, and ſee his Hawk on his fiſt. Now the Alarums of War no longer take up his thoughts and time, neither do the Drums and Trumpets, and the ratling peals of thunder of Muskets and Canons, diſtract his dayes pleaſures, or cut his nights ſweet ſleeps and ſlumbers in pieces. He is not addicted to women, but hates them as much as they love men, he ſpurns at love, and (in a diſdainfull contempt thereof) tearms *Venus* Whore, and her ſon *Cupid* a boy, and which is worſe a Baſtard: in a word, he profeſſeth himſelf to be as great, and as mortall an enemy to beauty, as beauty is many times to chaſtity, and never thinks himſelf happy, but when either he is out of womens Company, or they not in his. He is ſo far from affecting any marriage, as he pittieth it in others, and for ever abjures and deteſts it in himſelf, he compares ſingle life to Roſes and Lillyes, and wedlock to bryars and thyſtles, and therefore in the higheſt and ſublimeſt degree, ſcorns to have any wife or Miſtris in his houſe, to over maſter him.

But it is not for men to preſume to point out their own deſtinies: ſith we are but the ſlaves of time, as the ſervant of God, and therefore (in this regard) our actions are ſubject to Heaven, not to earth, and to Gods appointment, rather than to our purpoſes; or to preſuppoſe and think the contrary, is a preſumption, every way unworthy of a man, but far more of a Chriſtian ſith nature is ſubject to grace, and our earthly paſſions and reſolutions muſt ſtill ſtoop to a ſacred power, and ever ſubmit and proſtrate themſelves to a divine providence, and ſupernaturall predominancy: it is therefore folly, not wiſedom and ſimplicity nor diſcretion in *De Mora* generally to proclaim hate to women, for that he is the Son of a woman, or to malign and diſdain marriage, in regard he is the fruit and offſpring of marriage, for thus to violate and pull down the temples and altars of Love, is obſtinatly to oppoſe nature, and prophanly to ſubvert the inſtitution of God himſelf in Paradiſe, but he ſhall not continue long in the mids of this error.

Upon a clear and ſweet morning (as ſoon as Aurora lept from the watry bed of *Thetis* and purpoſely retired herſelf to give way to approaching *Phœbus*, (who in his fiery Chariot, with his gliſtring beams began to ſalute and guild the tops of the higheſt Woods and Mountains) *De Mora* attended by half a dozen of his domeſtique ſervants, goes into the fields to Hawk and hunt, where having killed one hare, and ſet up another, all his ſervants left him alone, and with the hounds purſue the hare, who tripping through the launes and thickets, the hils and valleys, at laſt leads them ſuch a dance, that in leſſe than an hour, his Servants and his Dogs were a litle league out of his ſight, whereat being exceedingly offended and angry, and far the more, for that he was left all alone, he not knowing how to paſſe or delude away the tediouſneſſe of the time, ſate himſelf down upon the ſide of a fair hill, at the foot of a pleaſant grove

of

of Beech, and Cheſnut Trees, whoſe curled tops ſheltred him from the ſcorching rayes of the Sun, and there takes delight to behold how many frequent windings, and turning meanders, the Neighbouring Chryſtall River made in that pleaſant valley, as alſo to ſee how ſweetly the Troops of Snow-white feathered Swans, proudly ruffled their plumes, and diſported themſelves therein, in their Majeſticall and ſtately bravery, and how many malitious Fowlers, both in boats and on the banks of that ſweet River, were curiouſly watching with their fiery pieces to murther theſe innocent watry gueſts, who frequented there, and alſo how the patient Anglers (with their treacherous hooks and baits) betrayed many harmleſſe fiſhes, to their undeſerved deaths. When *De Mora*, (impatient of his ſolitarineſſe) liſtening with his ear, if he might either hear the loud cry and voyces of his hounds, or elſe the ſhrill rebounding ecchoes of his ſervants hunting horns: he looking up toward the skie, beheld a Heron, ſoftly loaring, and proudly hovering over his head, as if ſhe came purpoſely to bid defiance to *De Mora*, and his Goſhauk which he held on his fiſt, and conſequently to dare and challenge it to an airy combat; whereat *De Mora* being exceeding glad, and diſdaining that his Hawk and himſelf ſhould be thus outbraved by ſo ill ſhaped and unmannerly a Sea fowl; he ſpeedily riſeth up, and (betwixt choler and pleaſure) lets flye his Hawk at her: but the Heron ſtrecheth her pinnions, and packs on her feathered ſails ſo nimbly and proudly, that ſometimes ſoaring aloft in the aire, ſometimes deſcending, and ſtill looking back with ſcorn on the Goſhawk, as if ſhe purpoſely took delight and ſport, to ſee what infinite toyl and pain, this malicious and ravenous Hawk took to ſurpriſe and devour her, ſo the ſwifter the Heron flew from the Hawk, the ſwifter the Hawk redoubled her flight, and tugged away after her, when it being unpoſſible for *De Mora* to reclaim his Hawk, either with his Hola's or lure, at laſt both Hawk and Heron flew quite out of his ſight, and which is worſe, he was ſo unfortunate, as never after he could ſee either of them again.

De Mora being firſt highly diſpleaſed and offended for the abſence of his ſervants & hounds, he is now doubly enraged with grief and choler for the loſſe of his Goſhawk, and therefore curſeth the Heron for thus ſeducing and betraying her away from him; when wearying himſelf to run from hill to vale to have news of her, and in the end, ſeeing both his labour and Hawk loſt, he betakes himſelf to the aforeſaid Grove, and (with much diſcontent and choler) firſt caſting his Hat and Lure to the ground, he then likewiſe caſts himſelf thereon to repoſe him, ſtill attending and expecting his hunters.

He had not remained there above half an hour, but cloſe by him paſſed an aged Countrey Gentleman, and indifferently well apparelled, with a very beautifull young Gentlewoman following him, clad in a crimſon Taffeta Peticoat, and Waſte-coat trimmed with ſilver lace, with a large cut-work plain band, her flaxen hair adorned with many knots of white and crimſon Ribbon, covered with a black Ciffers vail, having a roling amorous eye, (the true index of deſire and luſt) her Snow white painting breaſts open, but only a little hidden and overvailed with curious Tiffney, whoſe white purity, her pure white paps (enterveined with azure) infinitely out-brayed and excelled. She had her waiting maid attending on her, and he a ſerving man bearing his Cloak and Rapier after him, who that morning were ſome three leagues from his own houſe to take the freſh aire in that pleaſant and delicious Grove, without the hedge whereof he had left his Coach, this Country Gentleman I ſay, paſſing by *De Mora*, and well and perfectly knowing him, he according to his duty, and the others merits, reſpectfully ſaluted him by his name, and the young Gentlewoman who followed him, likewiſe gave him a low and graceſull courteſie. *De Mora* ſurpriſed with the ſuddenneſſe of their arrivall, and the ſweetneſſe of theſe their ſalutations, riſeth up, and having firſt ſaluted him, and kiſſed her, he prayes his name, who tels him that he is a Gentleman that dwelt ſome three leagues off, tearmed *Emanuel de Curſoro*: *De Mora* demands of him if this young Gentlewoman be his Kinſwoman or his Daughter, who tels him ſhe is his Daughter; when *De Mora* again enquires of him, if ſhe be married or no, and what name and age ſhe is off, *Curſoro* replies that ſhe is unmarried, of ſome twenty years of age, and her name *Bellinda*. *De Mora* again tels him, that he is very happy in having ſo ſweet and fair a young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, whereat the Father ſmileth for joy, and the Daughter bluſheth for baſhfulneſſe and modeſty. *De Mora* again queſtioneth *Curſoro*, if any buſineſſe brought him thither that morning, who tels him he had no buſineſſe, but only came thither with his Daughter to take the air, and that he had left his Coach without the hedge, ſo they walk together ſome turnes in this pleaſant Grove, and from thence *De Mora* could not poſſibly refrain from gadding and gazing his inamoured eyes on the Roſes and Lillies of *Bellindas* ſweet and delicate beauty; when *De Mora* acquaints *Curſoro* with his misfortunes, how that morning he came forth a hunting, that he had loſt his men, his hounds, and his Hawk, and that this three hours he was there left alone, and had no news

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of them, they together make many walks, turnes and returnes. When *De Mora*, led by the luſtre of *Bellindas* lovely attractive, and rolling eye, he ever and anon proffereth to lead and conduct her by the arm, the which *Curſoro* modeſtly, and reſpectfully excuſeth, as holding it too great an honour for *De Mora* to give, and his daughter to receive: here *Curſoro* profereth *De Mora* to lend him his coach to carry him home to his houſe, but *De Mora* freely and thankfully refuſeth it, and in counterexchange of this courteſie, proffereth *Curſoro* and his daughter to accompany and conduct them to their coach, the which undeſerved kindneſs, *Curſoro* modeſtly refuſeth of him. Thus (in point of honour and courteſie) they along time ſtand ſtriving and complementing, till at laſt *De Mora* hearing the cry of his hounds, his importunity vanquiſheth *Curſoro's* modeſty, and ſo, will or nill, he conducts him to his coach, and likewiſe leads his daughter *Bellinda* by the arm and hand, and by the way doth at leaſt uſurp, and ſteal many amorous kiſſes from the cherries of her ſweet lips, and damask Roſes of her pure and delicate cheeks, whereat ſhe is more admired then pleaſed. As they are thus going towards *Curſoro's* coach, *De Mora's* hounds and ſervants arive all ſweating and blowing, who (in redemption and requitall of their long ſtay) do preſent their Lord and Maſter with a brace of hares, and a wilde white fawn which they had kild, whereof he being exceeding glad, he very joyfully beſtows the hares on *Curſoro*, and the white fawn on his fair daughter *Bellinda*, who from thenceforth, he ſwears ſhall be his miſtreſs, and his love; *Curſoro* is too modeſt, and his daughter too baſhfull to accept hereof, ſo they a long time refuſe theſe his preſents, with many dilatory and complementall excuſes.

But at laſt *De Mora* findes out a means and medium to reconcile this difference, according to his own will and deſire; for he peremptorily ſwears to *Curſoro*, and his daughter *Bellinda*, that they ſhall receive theſe poor preſents from him, and that in requital hereof, he will to morrow come over to his houſe, and eat his part of them to dinner with them; upon which condition and termes, *Curſoro* thankfully receives the hares, and likewiſe cauſeth his daughter *Bellinda* to do the ſame by the fawn, the which (with a very low and obſervant courteſie) ſhe doth: ſo he conducts them on to their coach, and by the way wrings her by the lilly white hand, plaies with the looſe treſſes of her ſweet hair, her bluſhing cheeks, dimpled chin, downy paps, and Alabaſter neck, when taking leave of *Curſoro*, and a ſolemn conge of his daughter *Bellinda*, which he again ſeals and confirmes with many new kiſſes, they take coach and away, and *De Mora* with his ſervants and hounds returnes home to his houſe.

Thus in a little time we ſee an extraordinary alteration, yea a wonderful change and metamorphoſis in *De Mora*, but whether more ſtrange or ſudden I know not, for in the morning he went forth a free-man, and now before night, comes home a ſlave, and a captive. Heretofore he ſpurned at love, and diſdained beauty, and now the very firſt ſight of our fair *Bellinda* ſets fire to his blood, and flames to his heart: ſo that his old blood is paſſionately and amorouſly inflamed with this new beauty, formerly he (in deriſion) termed *Cupid* a little boy, now he holds him to be a great God; then he called *Venus* a Whore, but now he recants that Atheiſm, and repents himſelf of that blaſphemy, vomited forth againſt her diety; and termes her a celeſtial and ſacred Goddeſs; yea now in his heart and thoughts, he erects altars to the firſt, and conſecrates all his vows to the ſecond. The ſmal and ſtrait waſte of his honoured *Bellinda*, together with her ſparkling eyes, and ſweet cheeks and bluſhes, do amaze his mind, act wonders in his heart, and caſts his thoughts into a confuſion of many amorous raptures and extaſies, yea the conſideration of her ſweet youth, and the remembrance of her freſh and delicate beauty, do (in his conceit) ſeem to make his age young, and to give the lye to thoſe infinite number of white hairs, which time had ſnowed on his head, and ſhowred on his beard. He a thouſand times repents himſelf of his former error and crime in living ſo long ſingle, and is now aſſured and confident, that there is no earthly pleaſure, or heavenly delight, comparable to the heart-raviſhing kiſſes and embraces of his ſweet *Bellinda*: he is ready to lay down all his lands, and life at the feet of her commands and ſervice, and eſteems both of them too poor, for the purchaſing of ſo ineſtimable a jewel; whom (in his determinations and reſolutions) he hath already adopted the Queen of his heart, and confirmed and crowned the Soveraign Empreſs of his ſoul, and the ſacred Goddeſs of his deſires and affections. He thinks not of the great diſparity and Antitheſis betwixt his declining age, and her fragrant and flouriſhing youth; nor what an unequal difference,

ference, and diſproportion there is betwixt his fifty and ſix, and her twenty years. He will not conſider what a poor Sympathy and palpable Antipathy there is between ſuch a *January* and ſuch a *May*, but diſdains to enter into conſideration with himſelf, that he is every way fitter for his grave, than for her bed, and for death, than marriage; yea he flatters himſelf ſo far in his affection to her, as he hopes he ſhall be the joyfull Father of many pretty Children by her, ſo that he is ſo deeply enamoured with the ſweet youth of our *Bellinda*, and his heart ſo faſt chained and entangled in the treſſes of her hair, and the lures of her alluring beauty, that he upon his firſt ſight of her, inceſſantly thinks of her by day, dreams of her by night, and neither thinks nor dreams of any think but of her, and of his love to her: ſo now he advanceth and raiſeth the ſtandards of *Venus* and *Cupid*, as high as ever he formerly dejected them, and delights in nothing more, yea I may truly ſay, in nothing elſe, but in feaſting his eyes, and ſurfeiting his heart upon the heavenly *Idea* of her Angelical face and feature, he thinks ſo much of love, as if he were now wholly compoſed of love, and therefore purpoſely made to love *Bellinda*, and none but her. His hawkes and hounds are now as far out of his mind, as he is out of himſelf, and no other delight or recreation whatſoever can take up any place in his heart or thoughts, becauſe love hath already tane up all. He revokes to mind how *Macareus* was transformed into a Bird, for ſpeaking againſt *Venus*, and that it is not his caſe alone to be ſo deeply plunged and tormented in love. but that the greateſt Captains, Philoſophers, and Kings of the world, (and as Poets affirm, the Gods themſelves have been ſubjected, and vanquiſhed with this paſſion, and ſo conſtrained them to make it their chiefeſt delight and glory to adorn the temples and altars of *Cupid*, with the oblations of their ſighes, and the ſacrifices of their tears.

Thus our *De Mora* being (at the firſt wholly enflamed with love towards his fair and beautifull intended Miſtriſs *Bellinda*, he to ſeem farre younger than he is, he is ſo vain in his affection, as (contrary to his cuſtom) he ſhaves his beard, delights himſelf in an aſh colour ſatin ſuit and cloak, with a white Beaver hat, and a harband of Diamonds, a rich plain cut-work band, and a pair of green ſilk ſtockings, with garters and roſes laced with ſilver, ſutable thereunto, and ſo to perform his promiſe to *Curſoro*, takes coach the next morning, and rides over to him, but not ſo much as taſte of his good cheer, as to feaſt his enamoured eyes on the delicious rarities and dainties of his daughter *Bellinda's* beauty, where he finds his entertainment and good cheer, at leaſt to equalize, if not to exceed his birth, rank, and expectation; but this is not the end, and object of his viſit, nor the ſum and period of his deſires; dinner being ended, he acquaints *Curſoro* with his affection to his daughter *Bellinda*, and his ſuit to ſeek and obtain her for his wife. *Curſoro* wonders that ſo great a Lord ſhould deſcend ſo low from himſelf to ſeek ſo mean a young Gentlewomrn as his daughter in marriage. But finding *De Mora* to be in earneſt, and not in jeſt, and underſtanding that his age was deeply and paſſionately enamoured of her youth and beauty, he therefore thanks him for that undeſerved honour of his, promiſeth him his beſt aſſiſtance towards his daughter, and gives him no deſpair, but all hope and aſſurance, that he ſhall ſhortly obtain and enjoy her for his wife. *De Mora* having thus won the affection and conſent of the Father, he now ſeeks that of the daughter, he takes her apart in his parlour, where, of an old man, he playes the young oratour and lover, and in ſweet tearms, and ſugered phraſes and ſpeeches ſeeks to gain her for his wife, but *Bellinda* more conſidering *De Mora* his age, than the greatneſſe of his Nobility or eſtate, ſhe bites the lip, and hangs the head at this his motion, yea, and ſeems to be as averſe, as he was forward in this his reſearch, and purſuit. Her father layes his commands on her to embrace this match and no other, he conjures her now to confirm, and not to caſt away her good fortunes in marrying this great Nobleman, and vows that he will for ever renounce her for his daughter, if ſhe diſobey him herein, ſo he conducts her into the arbour of his garden, and there freely and courteouſly again gives *De Mora* the opportunity and benefit to ſpeak with her, and the deſired happineſs to kiſs her, but *Bellinda* is as much perplexed in mind, as they are obſtinate in their motion towards her, when (compoſing her countenance, rather to ſorrow than joy, and to mourning than mirth) ſhe makes a modeſt excuſe to her father, gives no abſolute or peremptory deniall to *De Mora*, but fairely and diſcreetly craves of both of them a moneths time of reſpite to reſolve on this great buſineſs, which ſhe ſaith, ſo much imports her happineſs. or her miſery, her content or her affliction, which anſwer and requeſt of her, both her father and *De Mora* finding ſo full of diſcretion and reaſon, they ſeverally grant, and joyntly conſent to give her, but in all this interim, ſuch was *De Mora's* dear and tender af-

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fection to *Bellinda*, that he viſits her many times in perſon, and very often with his rich gifts and preſents, as holding it no irregular way, but a pertinent and prevalent courſe, firſt to make a breach in a young Ladies mind and affection, and then to enter and take poſſeſſion, both of her body and of her ſelf.

But before I proceed further in the narration and progreſs of this hiſtory, I muſt here unlock and reveal a ſecret myſterie to the Reader of no ſmall conſequence and importance; for he muſt underſtand, that our *Bellinda* is not ſo chaſte as fair, nor ſo honeſt as her education, youth and beauty preſuppoſe and promiſe her to be, for her mother being dead, and her father giving her too much liberty, and too little vertuous counſell and exhortation, ſhe for two whole years hath been in love with a poor, yea with a very proper and reſolute young Gentleman, of ſome twenty five years of age, being a neighbour of her fathers, named *Don Fernando Palura*, who being deeply enamoured of her, had lain ſo cloſe, ſo conſtant and ſo ſtrong a ſiege to her chaſtity, as (not to conceal the truth) firſt unknown to her father, then to *De Mora*, and next to all the world, he had unparadiſed her of her maiden-head, and under colour and hope of marriage, had very often tane his luſtful uſe and pleaſure of her body; but his means being very ſmall, and her belly not growing great, ſhe was not yet fully reſolved, but therefore ſtill delayed to marry him; true it is, that her father *Curſoro* was formerly acquainted with *Palura's* affection and deſire to marry his daughter, but as heretofore his poverty made him reject him for his ſon in law, ſo now the conſideration of *De Mora's* great wealth and nobility, makes him fully to diſdain him, and commands his daughter likewiſe to do the ſame. But ſhe not conſidering the premiſes, and loving *Palura's* youth, as much as ſhe hated *De Mora's* age, ſhe was nevertheleſſe ſo inconſtant by nature, and ſo proud and ambitious by ſex, as ſhe could find in her heart and reſolution, rather to be a rich Lady, than a poor Gentlewoman, and ſo to leave *Palura* to eſpouſe, and marry *De Mora*: but firſt her crime and her conſcience makes her ſend for *Palura*, and ſeriouſly to conſider and debate hereon with him, which they do, ſo *Palura* perceiving by *Bellindas* looks, and obſerving by her ſpeeches that *De Mora's* wealth was far more powerful with her, than his poverty; and that ſhe notwithſtanding ſtill aimed to keep him for her husband, and himſelf for her friend, he at laſt tels her, that he will conſent and content himſelf that ſhe ſhall marry *Don Alonſo de Mora*, conditionally that ſhe will firſt faithfully promiſe him, to grant and perform him three requeſts, and articles. So ſhe bids him propoſe them to her, the which he doth to this effect. Firſt, that he ſhall ſtill have the uſe and pleaſure of her body, as heretofore, and as often as he pleaſeth: Secondly, that from time to time ſhe ſhall beſtow ſome competency of *De Mora's* wealth on him, to ſupport his weak eſtate and poverty; and thirdly, that if *De Mora* dye before him, that within three moneths after his death, ſhe ſhall then marry him.

Which three unjuſt demands, and ungodly conditions of *Palura's*, his ſweet-heart *Bellinda* (betwixt ſighs and ſmiles) immediately grants him, yea, ſhe ſeals them with many oaths, and confirms with a world of kiſſes, and to adde the more piety (I may truly ſay, the more prophanneſs) to this their contract and attornment, they fall to the ground on their knees, and invoking God and his Angels for witneſſes hereof, they with their hands and kiſſes, again ratifie and confirm it: but poor ſinfull ſouls, how doth Satan abuſe you, and your intemperate and laſcivious luſts betray you? for God will not be mocked, and his holy Angels cannot be deluded by theſe your blaſphemies and impieties, for you ſhall in the end ſee with grief, and feele with repentance, that this wiſcious league, and obſcœne contract of yours, will produce you nothing but ſhame, miſery, and confuſion of all ſides.

By this time is *Bellinda's* moneth expired, which ſhe gave her Father and *De Mora* for her reſolution of marriage; and now do they both of them repair to her, to underſtand and receive it, when her pride and ambition, having far more prepared and diſpoſed her tongue, than her affection, ſhe (as if ſhe were a pure Virgin, yea, a *Diana* for chaſtity) making a low reverence to her Father, and a great reſpectful courteſie to *De Mora*, delivers her reſolution to them in theſe termes: that in humble obedience to her Father, and true affection and zeal to *Don Alonſo de Mora*, God hath now ſo diſpoſed her heart and mind, that ſhe is reſolved to wait on his commands, and to be his hand maid and wife, whenſoever he ſhall pleaſe to make himſelf her Lord and husband. This anſwer of *Bellinda* is ſo pleaſing to her Father, and ſo ſweet and delicious to *De Mora*, that in acceptation of her love, and requitall of her conſent, he gives her many kiſſes, and then claps a great chain of pearl, enterlaced with ſparks of Diamonds, about her neck, and an exceeding rich Diamond ring on her finger, and ſo moſt ſolemnly contracts himſelf to her, and within eight dayes after, in great pompe, ſtate and bravery marries her, whereat his kinſfolks and friends, and all the Nobility

and Gentry of theſe parts do very much admire and wonder, ome condemning his folly, in marrying ſo poor and young a Gentlewoman, others praiſing and applauding her good fortune, in matching with ſo great and rich a Noble-man.

Here we ſee the mariage of *De Mora* and *Bellinda*, but we ſhall not go far before we ſee what ſharp and bitter ſweet fruits it produceth; for here truth gives a law to my will, and ſo commands me to relate and diſcover, that he is too old for her youth, and ſhe too young for his age, yea here I muſt crave excuſe of modeſty to affirm, that ſhe is ſo immodeſt, as ſhe finds him not to be ſo bold, and brave a Cavalier as ſhe expected; in regard his beſt performance to her, conſiſts only in deſire. Thus being in bed together, whiles he turns to his reſt, ſo doth ſhe to her repentance, but ſhe knows how to repair and remedy this her misfortune, for whiles her husband *De Mora* only kiſſeth her, ſhe in her heart and mind, kiſſeth and embraceth her young and ſweet *Palura*, who many times comes over in ſhew to viſit her husband, but in effect to ſee her, and as formerly, ſo now he laſciviouſly diſports and wantonizeth with her, and (in a word) very often performs and acts that part of love to her, which her old husband cannot. Now within leſs than two moneths of their marriage, *De Mora* ſeeing that he is not capable to deſerve, much leſs to requite the dainties of his wives youth and beauty, and obſerving alſo, that by degrees ſhe begins to diſreſpect and ſleight him, and yet ſhe is very pleaſing, and pleaſant to all Gentlemen who abrood and frequent his houſe, as firſt he doted on her, now he grows jealous of her, and ſo far forgets his diſcretion and himſelf, that he curſeth all thoſe who (in right of the laws of hoſpitality, civility and honour) comes to kiſs her, but more eſpecially *Palura*, who he ſees is ſo often at his houſe, and ſo frequently converſing with his young Lady, as at laſt his ſuſpition makes him jealous, and his jealouſie confident, that, with too much liberty and diſhoneſty, he uſurps upon his free-hold, and diſhonoureth him in diſhonouring his bed, and defiling his wife, the which to diſcover, he begins to reſtrain her of her liberty, ſo that ſhe ſees, and grieves to ſee her ſelf to be in a manner as much her husbands priſoner, as his wife, yea he ſets many eyes over her, as ſo many ſentinels to watch her and her actions, and for himſelf, his jealouſie gives him more eyes, than ever *Argus* had, to eſpy out what familiarity paſt between her and her ſweet-heart *Palura*. *Bellinda* takes this diſcourteſie and hard meaſure of her husband in very ill part at his hands, yea ſhe bites the lip thereat, and though outwardly ſhe ſeem to grieve and ſorrow, yet inwardly ſhe vows to requite and revenge it; he is ſo jealous of her, and ſo fearful that ſhe playes falſe play with him, that as ſoon as ever *Palura* comes to his houſe, he carries his eye and ear every where, to ſee if he can eſpy and hearken out, his, and his wives love-tricks together, yea he is ſo curious in this queſt, and ſo vigilant and turbulent in this his reſearch and diſputation, as if he delighted to know that, whereof it were his happineſs to be ignorant, or as if he had an itching deſire to make his glory prove his ſhame, and his content his affliction and miſery. But as milde and ſweet perſwaſion is evermore capable and powerful to prevail with women than conſtraint, ſo our fair *Bellinda* is ſo diſtaſted with the Lunacy, and with the phrenzy and madneſs of this her husbands jealouſie, that ſhe no ſooner ſees her *Palura* arive in her ſight and preſence, but (deſpight of his ſuſpition and fear) ſhe is ſo obſcene in her luſt, and ſo laſcivious in her affection towards him, that ſhe takes pleaſure to ſeek pleaſure, and extremely delighteth to ſeek and find delight with him, which (according to her former lewd promiſe, and ungodly contract) ſhe often doth. Now this fooliſh young couple (being the obliged ſcholars of *Cupid*, and the devoted votaries of *Venus*) think to be as wiſe as they are laſcivious in theſe their amorous pleaſures, for knowing that diſcretion makes lovers happy, and that ſecrecy is the true touchſtone, yea the very life and ſoul of love, they therefore eſteem and keep the ſecrets thereof as if they were ſacred, and that no mortal eyes but their own can ſee or know it; But yet notwithſtanding all this, *De Moras* jealous fears in the detection, are ſtill as great as their care in the prevention thereof, for the very next night after *Paluras* departed from his houſe, he purpoſely abſenteth and excludeth his wife from his bed, and the next morning calling her into the Garden after him, and cauſing the door to be ſhut, he then and there, (with lightning in his looks and thunder in his ſpeeches) chargeth her of adultery with *Palura*. But this young ſtrumpet his wife *Bellinda*, at the very firſt hearing of this ſad and unexpected news, diſſembles ſo artificially with her husband, and ſo prophanely with God, as ſeeming to diſſolve and melt into tears, ſhe purgeth her ſelf hereof, with many ſtrong vows, and cleareth *Palura* with many deep aſſeverations. But this fanatick Tyrant, and frantick Monſter jealouſie, (which for the moſt part, we can ſeldom or never kill, before it kill us) had wrought ſuch ſtrange impreſſions in the brains, and ingraven ſuch extravagant chimœra's in the heart and belief of old *De Mora*, that (notwithſtanding his wives oaths and tears to the contrary) yet he ſtill vows to himſelf, and her, that ſhe is guilty of adultery with *Palura*, and therefore chargeth her that henceforth ſhe dare not

ſee

ſee him, or receive him into her houſe or company. *Bellinda* hereat (to give her husband ſome content in her own diſcontent) makes a great ſhew of ſorrow, and an extreme apparition and exterior apparance of grief: ſhe ſends for her father *Curſoro*, acquaints him with the unjuſt wrong and indignity which her Lord and Husband hath offered her, and prayes him to interpoſe his Authority and judgement with him for their reconciliation; who ſeeing himſelf ſolicited and ſought to by his own blood, and by his daughters hypocriſie, believes her to be as innocent as her husband *De Mora* thinks her guilty of this foul crime of adultery with *Palura*, and ſo undertakes to ſolicit and deal with his ſon in law *De Mora* to that effect, which he doth, but with no deſired ſucceſs, ſo that finding it to be a knotty and difficult buſineſs, and upon the whole no leſs than a *Herculean* labour, becauſe of *De Moras* wilfull obſtinacy, and perverſe credulity: he therefore prayes for both of them, and thus leaves them and their difference to time and to God: and upon theſe unfortunate terms doth old *De Mora*, his young wife *Bellinda*, and their marriage now ſtand.

In the mean time *Bellinda*, (who ſuffers doubly both in her pleaſure and her reputation) is not yet ſo devoid of ſenſe, or exempt of judgement, but ſhe will ſpeedily provide for the one, and ſecure the other. To which effect (ſeeming ſorrowfully obedient to her Husband) ſhe thinks it not fit that her *Palura* ſhould for a ſeaſon approach her houſe or her ſelf; wherefore by a confident meſſenger ſhe ſends him this Letter.

BELLINDA to PALURA.

MY Husband hath diſcovered our affections, and is confident that I love thee far better than himſelf, wherein as he is nothing deceived, ſo I conjure thee by the preſervation of thy fidelity and honour, to forbear my houſe and ſight for ſome two moneths, in which interim I will uſe my chiefeſt art, and the utmoſt of my poſſible power to calm the ſtorms and tempeſts that jealouſie hath raiſed in him. So, be thou but as patient as I will be conſtant, and I hope a little time ſhall end our languiſhing, and again work our contents and deſires; for though thou art abſent from me, yet I am ſtill preſent with thee, and albeit my Husband De Mora *have my body, yet* Palura, *and none but* Palura *hath my heart, as knoweth God, to whoſe beſt favour and mercy, I affectionately and zealouſly recommend thee.*

BELLINDA.

Palura receives this Letter, and although he fetch many deep ſighs at the reading thereof, yet he gives it many ſweet kiſſes for her ſweet ſake who writ and ſent it him, he knows not whether he hath more reaſon to condemn *De Mora's* jealouſie, or to commend his Lady *Bellinda's* affection and conſtancy himſelf, and becauſe he reſolves to prefer her content and honour equally with his own life, therefore he will diſpenſe with his luſtful, and laſcivious pleaſures for a time, purpoſely to give her beauty and merits their due for ever, ſo in requital of her affectionate Letter, he (by her own meſſenger) returns her this kind and curteous anſwer.

PALURA to BELLINDA.

I Am as ſorrowfull that thy husband De Mora *hath diſcovered our affections, as truly joyful that thou loveſt me far better than himſelf, wherefore to prevent his jealouſie and equally to preſerve my fidelity with thy honour, and thy honour with my life, know ſweet and dear* Bellinda *that thy requeſts are my commands, and thy will ſhall eternally be my law, in which regard I will refrain thy houſe all thy long prefixed time, and ſo forbear to ſee thee, but never to love thee, becauſe thy ſweet and divine beauty, is ſo deeply ingraven in my thoughts and imprinted in my ſoul, that the farther I tranſport my body from thee, the neerer my affection brings my heart to thee. I will adde my chiefeſt wiſhes to thy beſt art, and my beſt prayers to thy chiefeſt power, that a little time may work our content and deſires: but becauſe there is no torment nor death to languiſhing, nor no languiſhing to that of love, therefore I ſhall think every moment a moneth, and every hour a year before we again kiſs, and imbrace: conceal this Letter of mine from all the world with as much care and ſecreſie, as I ſend it thee with fervent zeal, and tender affection.*

PALURA.

The peruſal of this Letter and the affection of *Palura* demonſtrated in this his reſolution, makes *Bellinda* as glad, as the jealouſie of her Lord and Husband *De Mora* ſorrowful & now ſeeing his rage ſo reaſonleſs, and his malice and obſtinacy ſo implacable towards her, ſhe abandoneth her ſighs & tears, reſolves to make trial of a contrary experiment, & ſo under a female face aſſuming a maſculine courage & reſolution, ſhe ſlights him & his jealouſie, as much as he doth her

and her levity, and bears her ſelf more highly and imperiouſly towards him than ever ſhe did heretofore, but this animoſity of *Bellinda* produceth not that good effect which he expects from her Husband *De Mora*, for he attributing this pride of hers to proceed from ſome bad counſell given her by *minion Palura*, it doth the more inflame his jealouſie, and exaſperate and ſet fire to his indignation, both towards her and him.

Whiles *Bellinda* ſtands upon theſe terms with her Husband *De Mora*, his brains (as ſo many wheels and ſphears) are inceſſantly rolling and wheeling about the Orb of jealouſie, to find out the marrow and myſterie of this laſcivious league between his Wife and *Palura*, in the agitation and conduction whereof, he is as ſecret, as ſhe ſimple and inconſiderate, his Policy is to find out any letter or letters of *Palura* to her, and her Cloſet and Casket are the only places as he ſuppoſeth for her to hide and conceal them in. So on a Monday morning, as his Lady *Bellinda* is gone to the Pariſh Church to hear Maſs, he purpoſely ſtayes at home to effect this his ſecret intent and purpoſe, and then very privately enters her Chamber, and his jealouſie makes him ſo induſtrious of lock-ſmiths hooks, and inſtruments to open any lock. So he firſt reſolves to try and open that of her Cloſet, which when he was on the very point to do, caſting aſide his eye, he ſees the Tawny Damask Gown which his Wife wore the day before, wherefore he flies to it to ſearch and riffle the pockets thereof for her keyes. Now *Bellindas* haſt and devotion to the Church was ſo great, as both ſhe and her waiting Gentlewoman, had forgotten the keyes of her Cloſet and Cabinet, and left them in one of the pockets of her ſaid Gown, where her Husband *De Mora* finds them, whereat being exceeding joyful, he claps up his hooks and inſtruments, and (with equall jealouſie and haſt) opens firſt her cloſet, then her cabinet, wherein leaving nothing unſearched, he at laſt finds the very ſame Letter of *Palura* to his Wife *Bellinda*, which we have formerly ſeen and underſtood, the which (as the richeſt relique of her heart and the moſt precious jewel of her content and affection, ſhe had ſecretly enſhrined and treaſured up in a ſmall crimſon ſatin purſe embroydered with gold. He reads it over again and again, but for that which ſaid, I ſhall think every moment a moneth, and every hour a year before we again kiſs and embrace; this line, I ſay, his extreme jealouſie makes him to reade over at leaſt as often as it hath ſyllables, for this Letter and this branch of this Letter confirmes his jealouſie, and now makes him fully aſſured and confident, that his Wife and *Palura* have defiled his honour, and his bed, by committing adultery together; when vowing a ſharp and ſpeedy revenge hereof, he (with a panting heart, and trembling hand) layes the velvet purſe again in the Cabinet, then locks it, as alſo her cloſet and chamber door, having firſt left the keyes again in the pocket of his Ladies gown, and ſo comes down into the Hall, among his ſervants, as if he were happy to know that, which it is his miſery, becauſe he cannot be ignorant thereof.

By this time his Wife the Lady *Bellinda* is returned from Church; he dines with her, and yet he cannot diſſemble his diſcontent and malice againſt her ſo artificially, but that ſhe obſerves ſome diſtember in his looks, and extravagancy in his ſpeeches, but ſuch is her pride, as ſhe is no way either curious or carefull thereof, nor as much as once ſurmiſeth of what he had now performed and acted. Dinner being ended, as ſoon as ſhe betakes her ſelf to walk in the allies, and arbours of her delicate garden, her Husband *De Mora*, and his jealous and bloody reſolutions are walking a contrary way; he is ſo netled with jealouſie, and ſtung to the heart with malice and revenge; as he aſcends to his armoury, takes down an excellent ſword and belt, a caſe of pocket Piſtols, each whereof he chargeth with two bullets, cals for *Emanuel de Ferallo* his Ladies Gentleman-uſher, who was a very proper young man, both of his perſon and hands, bids him to cauſe two of his beſt great ſaddle horſes ſpeedily to be made ready, and wils him to accompany him to the Town of *Arraiallos*. *Ferallo* performs this order of his Lord, and then tels him that he will go into the Garden, and acquaint his Lady and Miſtriſs with his abſence, and to receive her commands before his departure, but his Lord commands him to the contrary, and neither to ſee or ſpeak with her; ſo they take horſe and away. Now within half an hour after, the Lady *Bellinda* returns from the Garden, and underſtanding of their departure, who (in regard of the ſuddenneſs and unexpectation thereof) knows not what to ſay or think thereof, or whither, or about what buſineſs they are gon; but ſhe neither once dreams nor conceives ſo much as a thought, that her husband *De Mora* had found her ſweetheart *Palura's* Letter, much leſs that he had any malicious or deſperate attempt, ſo ſuddenly to put in execution againſt him for her regard and cauſe, as to ride to *Arraiallos* to him, to fight with him.

The youth and beauty of his young Wife and Lady *Bellinda*, arming him with jealouſie, and this jealouſie with irreconcileable malice and revenge againſt *Palura*, he cruelly reſolving to make his body and life pay dear for it, rides away towards his houſe neer *Arraiallos*,

and

and ſtaying ſome half a quarter of a League from it in a fair green meadow, ſends his man *Ferallo* to him, and prayes him ſpeedily to take his horſe, and come ſpeak with him there, about a buſineſs which much imports his good. *Ferallo* (knowing leaſt of this quarrel, whereof his Lord and Maſter *De Mora* thought moſt) finds out *Don Palura* at his houſe, and in reſpectfull terms delivereth him his meſſage, which *Palura* underſtanding, his guilty conſcience makes him exceedingly to doubt, and wonder of *De Mora's* intention and reſolution herein; but his luſtful heart and affections, looking more on the young Lady *Bellinda* his wife, than the old Lord *De Mora* her husband, he ſpeedily (without any ſervant of his) takes horſe and rides away with *Ferallo* to him in the meadow, where *De Mora* (on horſe-back) impatiently attended his coming. Salutations being here ended between them, which *Palura* obſerves in *De Mora* to be more ſhort than cerimonious, and more abrupt than reſpectfull) *De Mora* calls his Man *Ferallo* to him, and privately commands him to ride a meadow or two off, and not to dare offer either to ſtir or draw, whatſoever he ſee paſs betwixt him and *Palura*, the which his Man *Ferallo* obeyes, but with much wonder and admiration what this buſineſs might mean or produce between them. Here *De Mora* very paſſionately and cholerickly, chargeth *Palura* for abuſing and diſhonouring of him, by committing adultery with his wife *Bellinda*, the which *Palura* retorts to him as a foul ſcandal, and falſe aſperſion, and (as an honourable Gentleman) in his ſpeeches and anſwer, to *De Mora*, makes his own innocency, and his wife the Lady *Bellindas* chaſtity very apparent and probable: but theſe feigned excuſes and falſe oaths and ſpeeches of *Palura* do no way ſatisfie, but rather the more incenſe the jealouſie and inflame the malice and revenge of *De Mora* againſt him; whereupon he ſhews him his own Letter, and with much bitterneſſe and vehemency demands him if that his own hand-writing do not palpably convince him of adultery with his Lady. *Palura* is amazed at the ſight of this his Letter, ſo that bluſhing for ſhame, he cannot here yet refrain from looking pale with grief and anger thereat, nevertheleſs he will not be ſo ingrateful to the beauty and affection of *Bellinda* to think that ſhe hath betrayed him, by delivering up this his Letter to her Husband, but rather (giving a good interpretation and conſtruction to the purity of her intents and affections towards him) he believes with confidence, that he had ſiniſterly and ſurreptitiouſly betrayed her thereof, whereupon to fortifie her reputation, and to vindicate and cleer his own innocency, he (with high words and loud cracks) proteſteth his Letter to be falſe, ſuborned, none of his, and that it was written by ſome Witch or Devil, and ſent by ſome treacherous enemy of his, purpoſely to affront him, and to diſgrace his vertuous, chaſt, and innocent Lady *Bellinda*; but theſe feigned palliating excuſes of his, cannot paſs currant with the jealouſie and revenge of *De Mora*, who now (to reduce contemplation into action) tels *Palura* that nothing but his death can expiate and ſatisfie this his crime, and therefore (on horſe-back as he was) draws his ſword, and bids *Palura* do the like. The which *Palura* hearing and ſeeing, he equally for the preſervation of *Bellindas* honour, and his own life (as a brave and generous Gentleman) likewiſe draws as highly diſdaining to have his youth and courage outbraved by this old Cavalier; but here before they begin to fight, *Palura* with many ſtrong reaſons, and pathetical perſwaſions, again and again prayes *De Mora* to deſiſt from the combat, and to reſt ſatisfied with the truth of his Lady *Bellindas* honour, and his own innocency in this their ſuppoſed and pretended crime of adultery: but he ſpeaks to the wind, for *De Mora* returns him blows for words.

The event and fortune of this their combat on horſe-back is, that in two ſeveral meetings and incounters, *Palura* hath received no wound, but given *De Mora* two, the one in his neck, and the other in his left arm, whereof he bleeds ſo exceedingly as he begins to diſpair of the victory, and with his Piſtols to provide for his own ſafety and life; they by a mutual conſent divide themſelves a little diſtance off to breath. When *Palura* reining his horſe a little too ſtrait, and his horſe being hot and furious, and by meer ſtrength and force turning round, *De Mora* with his watchful and vigilant eye taking the advantage of this favourable accident, (when *Palura* never once dreams or thinks of Piſtols) ſpeedily puls his two Piſtols forth his pocket, and moſt baſely and treacherouſly, with the firſt ſhoots him thorow the head, and with the ſecond into the reins of his back, of which mortal wounds he preſently fell off from his horſe dead to the ground, having neither the power to repent his ſins, nor the grace or happineſs to pray unto God for the ſalvation of his own ſoul, and thus was the untimely end, and lamentable death of this valiant young Cavalier *Palura*.

De Mora ſeeing *Palura* dead, and having more reaſon outwardly to rejoyce in this his victory, than inwardly in the cauſe and manner thereof, he waves his hankerchief to his Man *Ferallo* to come to him (who was an eye witneſs and ſpectator and Co-mate) which he preſently doth to whom he ſpeaks thus, firſt acquaint *Paluras* ſervants in his houſe, that I have ſlain

their

their Maſter in a duel, then ride home and tell my Wife the Lady *Bellinda*, that I have ſent her Ruffian and adulterer *Palura* to Heaven, and within ſix dayes after come away to me to *Lisbone*, whither I am now poaſting, when throwing him ſome gold to for his journey he takes leave of him and away, and at the verry next Town dreſſeth his wounds which prove hopefull and not dangerous.

Now doth *Ferallo* (according to his Lords commiſſion and order) inform *Palura's* ſervants of his death, and of his ſaid Lord and Maſters victory, but (for his honour and reputations ſake) conceals that he baſely and treacherouſly kild him with his Piſtols: they are extremely ſorrowful for this his misfortunate end: ſo whiles they fetch home his breathleſs body, and prepare for his decent burial; *Ferallo* returns home and truly and punctually relates to his Lady *Bellinda* the iſſue of this combat; as alſo of his Lord *De Mora's* ſpeeches which he commanded him to tell her, whom poor Lady is all in teares for the death of her lover *Palura*, and well ſhe might in regard ſhe loved him a thouſand times dearer than her own life, ſo upon the receit of this ſorrowful news, ſhe ſhuts her ſelf up in her chamber, and for many dayes together, her grief and lamentations for his death are ſo infinite, as ſhe will admit of no company, counſel, or conſolation whatſoever, ſhe conſidereth how deeply the misfortune of this diſaſter will ſcandalouſly reflect on her honour, and fall on her reputation, and therefore vows to requite *Paluras* death ſeverely, and to revenge it ſharply on the life of her Husband *De Mora* who was his murtherer, at leaſt when ſhe ſhall be ſo happy, or rather ſo miſerable to ſee him return to her from *Lisbone*. She exceedingly wondreth at his ſecret malice, and ſudden indignation and reſolution towards *Palura*, but more at the cauſe thereof, and from what point of the compaſs, or part of hell this furious wind ſhould proceed, when at laſt having nothing elſe capable to comfor her, or to give truce to her tears, but the ſight of *Paluras* aforeſaid Letter ſent to her, the which in tender affection to him, ſhe for his ſake had ſo often peruſed and kiſſed; ſhe therefore paſſionately and penſively flies to her cloſet and with affection and ſorrow to her cabinet to feaſt her eyes with the ſight, and to delight and comfort her heart with the peruſal thereof, when (conrrary to her expectation) ſhe finds the letter taken away, her other papers diſplaced, and her jewels reverſed in her cabinet, and then ſhe knows for certain, that it is her husband *De Mora*, who had thus rifled her cabinet, and who had bereaved and robbed her of this ſweet Letter, which (next to *Paluras* ſight and preſence) was the chiefeſt joy of her heart, and the ſweeteſt felicity and content of her mind, the which conſidering, ſhe therefore abſolutely believes, that the detection and peruſal of this Letter, was the ſole cauſe of her Lord and Husbands jealouſie, as that was of her ſweet *Paluras* death, wherein indeed ſhe is nothing deceived, for ſome ſix weeks after, he returns home to her from *Lisbone*, where (in favour of his Noble birth and deſcent, of his many great friends, and of a huge ſum of mony) he (in abſence of the *Viceroy*) had obtained his pardon, from the Chamber of that City, and the very firſt ſalutations that he gave his Lady *Bellinda*, (the which, I know not whether he delivered to her with more contemp, or choler) was thus.

Minion (quoth he) how many prayers and orayſons haſt thou ſaid for the ſoul of thy Ruffian and adulterer *Palura*? when ſhe being exceedingly galled to the heart with theſe his ſcandalous ſpeeches, ſhe yet to juſtifie her own honour and innocency, diſſembles her grief for *Paluras* death, as much as her jealous Husband triumphs and inſults thereat, and ſo frames him this ſhort reply, that *Palura* was not her adulterer, but a Gentleman of honour, and therefore ſhe beſought God to forgive him his own heynous ſin and execrable crime for ſo foully and baſely murthering of him. *De Mora* netled with this his Ladies apology and juſtification, which he knew to be as falſe as her, and *Paluras* crime of adultery was true, he produceth this letter to her, then reads it her, and in a great rage and fury immediately tears and burns it before her face; now although the ſight and knowledge of this letrer, as alſo her husbands burning thereof doth exceedingly vex and perplex our Lady *Bellinda*, yet ſhe was herewith no way daunted, but again very boldly tels him; that ſhe cannot prevent any Gentleman to write and ſend her a Letter. and although in the concluſion of this his Letter to her had ſimply and ſiniſterly mentioned kiſſes and embraces, yet ſhe peremptorily vowed and ſwore to him, the firſt had not exceeded the bounds of civility, nor the laſt violated the laws and rules of honour, ſo wiſe and politick was ſhe in her anſwers, and ſo falſe and hypocrital in her juſtification towards her husband.

The which he well obſerving, and underſtanding, as alſo with what a pleaſing grace ſhe ſpake it, his own luſtfull age, yet ſtill doting on the freſhneſs of the youth and beauty of this his young wife, ſeeing that *Palura* (who was the cauſe and object of his jealouſie) was now removed and dead, he therefore for the preſervation of his own honour and reputation in that

of

of his Ladies, doth content himſelf ſo far as to bury the greateſt part of his diſcontent and jealouſie againſt her, in the duſt of oblivion, or in that of *Palura's* grave, and to that end he affords her his table ſtill, and his bed ſometimes, as if that obligation of courteſie, would reclaim her laſcivious thoughts, and again call home her wanton deſires to chaſtity and honour, nevertheleſs the better to effect and compaſs it, he much reſtrains her of her former liberty, and debars her the company and ſight of all Gentlemen whatſoever that come to his houſe. A peeviſh cuſtome, which the husbands of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, tyrannically uſe towards their Ladies, whereas contrariwiſe the Ladyes and Gentlewomen of *England* and *France*, are far more happy, becauſe more chaſte and honourable towards their Husbands in uſing, and not abuſing this their liberty and freedom.

Bellinda with a watchful eye, and a wanton heart obſerves theſe paſſages and comportments of her husband *De Mora* towards hers and in obſerving laughs at them; but becauſe her laſcious minde inceſſantly tels her, that there is no hell to that of a diſcontented bed, therefore hating his age as much as he loves her youth, her *Palura* being dead, ſhe forthwith reſolves to make joice of another lover, and at what rate ſoever not to trifle away her time, and her youth idely, but to paſs it away in the amorous delights of carnal voluptuouſneſs and ſenſuality. To which effect miſſing of other Gentlemen (and therefore enforced to make a vertue of neceſſity) ſhe forgetting her ſelf and her honour makes choice of *Ferallo* her own Gentleman-uſher, a man every way as proper as ſhe is fair, and as well timbred as ſhe is beautiful, and neer of her own years, which as yet had not exceeded one and twenty: to *Ferallo* therefore ſhe freely imparts her affections and favours, who as freely receives and as joyfully and amorouſly entertains both her and them, ſo that, to write the beſt of truth and modeſty, I muſt here affirm, that as he was formerly his Ladies Uſher, now he makes himſelf his Lords follower; and (unknown to him) very often ties her ſhooe-ſtrings, and takes up her maſk and gloves for her, and many times when the old Nobleman is aſleep, then this ignoble couple of unchaſte lovers are waking to their obſcene pleaſures, and ſecretly ſacrificing up their laſcivious deſires to wanton *Cupid* the Son, and to Juſtful *Venus* the Mother, but they ſhall finde worm-wood intermixed in this honey, and gall in this ſugar.

For three moneths together our *Bellinda* the Miſtriſs, and *Ferallo* the Man, drown themſelves in the impiety of theſe their carnal delights and pleaſures, as if they made it their felicity and glory to continue the practiſe and profeſſion therof, but at the end and expiration of this time, as cloſe as they bear this their adulterous familiarity from *De Mora*, it comes to his knowledge by an unexpected accident and means, for the Reader muſt underſtand, that *Ferallo* was heretofore diſhoneſtly familiar, with his *Bellindas* waiting Gentlewoman named *Herodia*, who (under pretext and colour of marriage) he had many times uſed, at his laſcivious pleaſure, ſo that *Herodia* ſeeing that *Ferallos* affections were now wholly tranſported from her ſelf to her Lady *Bellinda*, and that he ſlighted and diſdained her, to embrace and adore the other, ſhe is ſo inraged with jealouſie at the knowledge and conſideration thereof, as ſhe cals a counſel in her heart and thoughts, what to do herein, how to prevent it, and again how to reclaim, and regain *Ferallo* and his affection, from her Lady to her ſelf, and ſhe is ſo inflamed with jealouſie towards them, as ſhe can reap no peace by day of her mind, nor reſt by night of her heart before ſhe have effected it; to which end, having ran over a whole world of remedies and expedients, ſhe at laſt reſolves on this, to acquaint her Lord and Maſter *De Mora* with this unchaſte and obſcene familiarity, between his Lady *Bellinda* and her lover *Ferallo*, and her rage is ſo outragious as with infinite malice and celerity ſhe performs it. At which unexpected and unwelcomed news, our old Lord *De Mora* hath now his heart a new ſet on fire with jealouſie and malice both towards his Lady, and her uſher *Ferallo*, ſo that he as ſoon believes as underſtands this their adultery without ever making a ſtand either to conſider the truth, or to examine the circumſtances thereof, whereupon to make ſhort work, and to provide a ſpeedy remedy for this unfortunate diſaſter, and diſeaſe; he without ſpeaking word of it, either to his Lady *Bellinda*, or to *Ferallo*, ſuddenly caſhiereth him from his houſe and ſervice, and in ſuch diſgraceful manner, as he will not ſo much as permit him to know the reaſon hereof, or to ſee, or take leave of his Lady and Miſtriſs, and from thencefore *De Mora* looks on her with infinite contempt and jealouſie. For it gals him to the heart, firſt to remember her diſhonour, and diſhoneſty with *Palura*, and now far more to know that ſhe is doubly gulity thereof with her own domeſtick Servant and Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*; wherefore he again reſtrains her of her liberty, and his jealouſie ſo far exceeds the bounds of judgement, and the limits of reaſon, as he will difficultly permit her to ſee any man, or any man to ſee her, but as Rivers ſtopped do ſtill degorge with more violence, and overflow with more impetuoſity, ſo *Bellinda* takes this new jealouſie of her old husband, and this ſudden exile and baniſhment

niſhment of *Ferallo* her lover and Gentleman-uſher in extreme ill part, and (after ſhee hath wept and ſighed her fill thereat, ſhe then believes the prime and original cauſe thereof, to proceede from the malice and jealouſie of her waiting Gentlewoman *Herodia*: wherefore being infinitely deſpighted and incenſed againſt her; ſhe (in her dear love and affection to *Ferallo*) to requite her husbands courteſie, very diſcourteouſly turns her away, and for ever baniſhed her, her houſe and ſervice, and to write the truth, *Ferallo* likewiſe in hatred and malice to *Herodia*, will from thenceforth neither ſee nor ſpeak with her more. But to verifie the Engliſh Proverb, that love will creep where it cannot go, although *De Mora* baniſheth *Ferallo* from his houſe, and reſtraineth his Lady *Bellinda* of her liberty in his houſe, yet ſometimes by day and many times by night, they (by the aſſiſtance of ſome ſecret Agents or Ambaſſadours of love) do in the arbours of the Gardens, and in ſome other out rooms of the houſe very amorouſly meet, and moſt laſciviouſly kiſs and embrace together. They hold many private conferences on their unlawful affections, and many ſecret conſultations upon their unjuſt diſcontents: ſo at laſt both of them joyning in one wicked heart and minde, and (as matters are ſtill beſt diſtinguiſhed by their contraries) finding each others company ſweet, and their ſequeſtration and ſeparation bitter, they ſo much forget their ſelves and their ſouls, and ſo much flie from Heaven and God, to follow Satan and Hell, as both of them believe and reſolve, they can have no true or perfect content on Earth before *De Mora* be firſt ſent to Heaven; now upon this bloody deſign they agree, and upon this helliſh plot they fully reſolve, only the gordian knot which muſt combine and linke faſt this foul buſineſs is, that *De Mora* being dead, *Bellinda* muſt ſhortly after marry her Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*, whereunto with as much joy as vanity ſhe cheerfully conſenteth, when they are ſo prophane as they ſeal this their ungodly contract with many oaths, and ratifie and confirm it with a world of kiſſes, and then of all violent deaths, they reſolve on that drug of the Devil, poyſon, ſo without either the fear or grace of God, they of Chriſtians metamorphoſe and make themſelves Devils, and *Ferallo* buying the poyſon, *Bellinda* very ſecretly and ſubtilly in diet drink and broath adminiſtreth it unto her Lord and Husband *De Mora*, which being of a languiſhing vertue and operation, he within leſs than four moneths dies thereof; when with much coſt and a wonderful exteriour ſhew of grief and ſorrow, ſhe gives him a ſtately-funeral, very anſwerable to the luſtre of his name, and the quality of his dignity and honour, but God in his due time will pull off the mask of this her monſtrous hypocriſie, and infernal prophaneſs. Our jealous old Lord *De Mora* being thus layed and raked up in the duſt of his untimely grave, his joyfull ſorrowful widow the Lady *Bellinda*, according to her promiſe, to the grief of her Father *Gurſoro*, to the wonder of *Stremos*, and the admiration of all *Portugal*, marries with this her Gentleman-uſher *Ferallo*; but ſuch luſtful and bloody marriages, moſt commonly meet with miſerable ends.

For ſix moneths together, *Ferallo* day and night keeps good correſpondency in the performance of his affections to his old Lady and Miſtriſs, and now his new wife *Bellinda*, and although they are unequal in birth and rank, yet marriage having now made them equal, they mutually kiſs and imbrace with as much content as deſire; but at the end of this ſmall parcel of time; ſatiety of his uxorious delights and pleaſures makes him neglectful, and which is worſe contemptible thereof, (a baſe ingratitude, but too often ſubject to men of his inferiour rank and quality, and which the indiſcretion of Ladies of honour, very often payes dear for, as buying it many times with infamy, but ſtill with repentance) ſo that for ten nights, and ſometimes for fifteen together he never kiſſed or imbraced her; which unkinde ingratitude of his, and reſpectleſs unvaluation of her youth and beauty, as alſo of her rank and means makes the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to be as hot in choler towards him, as he is cold in affection and love towards her. But to aſcend to the head-ſpring of this his diſcourteſie towards her, and ſo to fetch and derive it from its own proper original, we muſt know that *Ferallo* was ſo vitious, inconſtant, and baſe, as now he is deeply in love with a new waiting Gentlewoman of his Ladies named *Chriſtalina*, a ſweet young Maiden, of ſome eighteen years of age, tall of ſtature and ſlender of body, and whoſe beauty was every way as clear and pure as her name, and yet whoſe maiden-head (with a few rich preſents and many poor flattering oaths and falſe promiſes) he had ſecretly purchaſed and gotten from her; yea his affection was ſo fervent to her, that part of the day could not content his luſtful deſires, but he forgets himſelf ſo far, as before his Ladies noſe, and almoſt in her ſight, he muſt lye with her whole nights, and which is worſe, almoſt every night without ſo much as once thinking of his own wife the Lady *Bellinda*, or either loving what ſhe cared for, or caring for what ſhe loved.

But *Bellinda* eſteems her ſelf too good a Gentlewoman, and too great a Lady to be thus out-braved and diſgraced by a Taylors Son (for ſo was *Ferallo*) and therefore conſequently her

her heart is too well lodged, and too high fixed and ſeated in the degree of her high diſcent thus to receive and ſuffer an affront, by a man of ſo low a beginning and ſo ignoble a quality and extraction as he was, and whom ſhe had raiſed from nothing, and conferred and honoured him with her affection, and bed, and of her ſervant made him her husband, when for the ſpace of ſix moneths together having continually uſed the beſt of her art, and the chiefeſt of her power, her ſweeteſt perſwaſions, and her moſt furged prayers and ſolicitations to make him abandon her Maid *Chriſtalina*, and ſo again to reclaim him and his affection from her to her ſelf, but ſeeing all her care vain, and her prayers and intreaties towards him to prove frivolous, ſhe at laſt (conſulting with Satan, and not with God) begins to aſſume bad thoughts and revengeful malice againſt him, for this his foul diſloyalty, and baſe ingratitude and infidelity towards her: but firſt before ſhe attempts it, her turbulent and reſtleſs jealouſie, makes her reſolve to try another concluſion, which is to put off this her waiting Gentlewoman *Chriſtalina* from her ſervice and attendance, in hope that *Ferallo* her husband would then thereby likewiſe put off himſelf and his affections from her, but this project and reſolution of hers reaps no ſucceſsful iſſue according to her deſires, but receives end, as ſoon as beginning. For he is ſtill ſo deeply enamoured, and ſo conſtantly effected to *Chriſtalina*, as he will neither permit nor ſuffer it, but in diſpite of his Lady *Bellinda*, and of all her ſighs, tears, and prayers to the contrary, he kiſſeth her in her ſight, and (cuſtome now making him licentiouſly bold and impudent) he in this his ſottiſh familiarity with her, ſets her at table with himſelf and his wife, and in her preſence, and before her face, termes her his dear, his love, and his ſweetheart: a diſgrace of ſo unkind a nature, and diſcourteous a quality, as ſhe highly diſdains long to ſuffer or digeſt it at his hands. So that ſeeing no hope of amendment, and therefore deſpairing of any reformation thereof in him, ſhe reſumes her former bad and bloody thoughts againſt him, and ſo peremptorily and definitively reſolves to murther him. Her jealouſie makes her thus malicious, her malice thus revengefull, and her revenge thus bloody hearted and handed towards him. She cannot be content to pace, but ſhe will ride poaſt to her confuſion, by heaping crime upon crime, and murther to murther, ſhe hath formerly poyſoned her firſt husband De *Mora*, and now ſhe reſolves to ponyard to death *Ferallo* her ſecond, as if one of theſe two bloody ſins and crimes were not enough capable, to make her as truly miſerable, as ſhe falſly thinks her ſelf happy, in the performance and execution thereof. But theſe are the bitter fruits of jealouſie, and the ſharpe effects and choler, malice, and revenge which moſt commonly ſtream and proceed from it.

Whiles thus her quondam Gentleman-uſher, and now her unkind and diſloyal husband *Ferallo* (without fear or care) is wallowing in his beaſtly pleaſures and ſenſuality with his ſtrumpet *Chriſtalina*, this his ungodly wife, and revengeful Lady *Bellinda* (with as much ſecreſie as treachery) is in requital thereof preparing of him a bloody bandquet; yea ſo haſty is ſhe in her rage, and ſo outragious in this her revenge towards him, as ſhe will no longer be abuſed or defrauded by him, but thinks every hour an age, before ſhe have diſpatched him for heaven. She will no more be controuled and over-maſtered by him who was formerly her ſervant, and who firſt reputed it his greateſt happineſs to kiſs her hand, before ſhe vouchſafed him the honour to kiſs her lips, or which is more, the felicity to imbrace her in her bed. She now ſees with grief, that he hath betrayed her in betraying, and conveying his affection from her to her Maid *Chriſtalina*, and therefore although ſhe hath caſt away her favours on him, yet of the two, ſhe vows rather to caſt away him than her ſelf. No grace, no religion, not her conſcience, not her ſoul, nor the conſideration of heaven or hell can diſſwade or keep her from this her bloody purpoſe, or divert her from the perpetration of this inhumane and cruel murther; but the very firſt night that he leaves her maid *Chriſtalina*, and lies with her ſelf, ſhe (being purpoſely provided of a very ſharp and keen razor, which ſhe put in one of her gloves, and clapt it under her pillow) at break of day as he lay in bed ſoundly ſleeping and ſnoring by her, ſhe as a devil incarnate cuts his throat, and leaves him ſtruggling in the bed, and weltering in his blood, without once having the power to think, to ſpeak of God.

Thus we have ſeen the bloody malice, and infernal fury and revenge of this execrable young Lady *Bellinda*, in ſo lamentable and cruel murthering her firſt and old husband De *Mora*, and now her young *Ferallo*, and becauſe the perpetration of theſe her inhumane crimes and facts are ſo odious to God, that their knowledge hath already pierced the clouds, and their ſight aſcended to the ſacred preſence and tribunal of God, therefore his all-ſeeing, and all-potent glorious Majeſty, being as impartial in his judgements, as divine in his decrees, hath already ſharpned high ſword of juſtice, and made ready his arrows of revenge, ſpeedily to inflict and give her condigne puniſhment for the ſame, yea and far ſooner than either ſhe thinks or dreames thereof.

She having thus diſpatched this bloody buſineſs, and ſeeing her husband *Ferallo* lies breathleſs in the bed by her, ſhe riſeth up, and the better to colour out, and overvaile this her inhumane and monſtrous villany, ſhe takes this her dead husbands knife out of his pocket, and goring it all in his blood, ſhe leaves it on his pillow by him thereby (with as much hypocriſie as treachery) to inſinuate a belief and confidence in the opinion of all men, that he had there murthered himſelf, and that infallibly he was the author and actor of this his own deplorable death, which having performed, ſhe takes on a fine clean holland ſmock, and puts off her cambrick one that ſhe wore, which as a fatal mark of her cruelty, and a prodigious banner of her inhumanity, was all ſtained and engrained over with her husbands blood, and wrapping it up very cloſe together, ſhe therein likewiſe envellops and enwraps her bloody razor, and alſo a two pound braſs weight, thereby the better to make it ſink, for ſhe reſolves that very morning to throw it into a pond: ſo ſecret is ſhe in contriving, and ſo politick in the concealing of this her cruel fact. The morn advancing to ſix of the clock, which was dark, cloudy and obſcure, as if (by the ſecret appointment, and ſacred providence of God) that the Sun (with his gliſtering beams) abhorred to behold ſo pittiful and lamentable a ſpectacle. *Bellinda* hath no ſooner apparelled her ſelf, but triumphing in this her falſe victory and bloody conqueſt, and giving the murthered body of her husband a farewell, compoſed of many curſes and execrations, ſhe ſoftly iſſueth forth, clapping her bloody ſmock and razer in her pocket, the which (to make ſure work) ſhe had tied faſt with one of her blew ſilk garters, then locks the chamber door, and very ſecretly and ſurely conveys and throws in the key within ſide, and then deſcends to the garden, where calling *Hellena* (another of her waiting Gentlewoman to her) ſhe bids her fetch her prayer book, and thus away ſhe goes towards their pariſh Church of St. *Julians* on foot, which by computation was ſome half a ſmall league off their houſe, and forbids any man ſervant to wait or attend on her thither. She is not a furlong off, but the more cloſely to finiſh her deſign, ſhe there purpoſely ſends away her maid *Hellena* to the pariſh Church before her, with this invented and colourable errand, to ſeek out her own Prieſt, father *Sebaſtian*; and to prepare him then to ſay Maſs to her, the which *Hellena* doth. Now the midway between her houſe and the Church is a great deep pond, by the which ſhe is to paſs; but a little before ſhe draws neer it, a poor old maimed Souldier, being caſhiered from the Gariſon of the Caſtle of *Caſtcayes* (named *Roderigo*) travelling towards his home, and ſeeing this Lady all alone, and obſerving the ſweetneſs of her beauty, and the richneſs of her apparel and attire, his poverty inforceth and incourageth him to requeſt and beg an almes of her, the which with much humility he doth. But the Lady *Bellinda's* heart and thoughts, were ſo much ſurprized and taken up with cruelty, as ſhe knew not what belonged to charity, and therefore having other buſineſs and wind-miles in her head, ſhe is offended with *Roderigo's* begging importunity, as flatly refuſing to give him any almes, ſhe forgets her ſelf ſo far, as inſtead thereof, ſhe gives him many harſh words, and at laſt ſends him away with ſome unkind and foul ſpeeches; the which poor *Roderigo*, took ſo ill at her hands, that (in the fumes of a Souldier) he once thought to have requited it either on her perſon, or her apparel; but then again (by her port and bravery) deeming her to be ſome great neighbouring Lady, who that morning had purpoſely left her followers to take the ſweetneſs of the air, and therefore fearing his danger more than he loved his profit, he abandoneth that cholerick and inſolent reſolution of his, when taking his leave of her, he ſome two buts length from her, betakes him to ſit down at the foot of a great Pine apple Tree, where he might ſee her, but not ſhe him; and there looking after her with an eye of diſcontent and indignation, he bewailes his wants and hard fortune, and alſo condemneth the obdurateneſs of this unknown Ladies uncharitable heart towards him, and inquiring afterwards of a milk-maid which paſſed by what ſhe was, he is informed that ſhe is the Lady *Bellinda*, widow to the dead Lord *Alonſo de Mora*, and now wife to *Don Emanuel de Ferallo*, who hereat doth not a little both grieve and wonder, that ſo rich and great a Lady was guilty of ſo much uncharitableneſs. By this time ſhe being arived to the pond, looking about her, and believing that mortal eye had ſeen her, ſhe therein throws her bloody ſmock and razer (which as formerly I have ſaid ſhe tyed faſt together with one of her blew ſilk garters) and the ponderoſity of the braſs weight made it inſtantly to ſink to the bottom, whereof ſhe being infinitly joyfull, away ſhe trips to the Pariſh Church, and there hears Maſs, and mumbles out many *Ave Maries*, and *Pater noſters* to her ſelf; but the whole world in general, and the Reader in particular may imagine with what a foul conſcience, and ulcerated ſoul, ſhe then and there performes this her devotion.

Now although this our wretched Lady *Bellinda* have murthered this her ſecond husband *Ferallo*, with wonderful ſecreſie, and buried theſe bloody evidences thereof in the pond, with

ſuch

ſuch admirable care and privacy, that ſhe thinks it wholly impoſſible for all the earth to reveal it; loe if earth cannot, yet now heaven will. So here before I proceed further, let me in the name and fear of God, requeſt the Chriſtian Reader here to admire and wonder with me, at the mercy and goodneſs, and at the providence and pleaſure of God in his miraculous detection, and condigne revenge and puniſhment thereof; for he muſt know and underſtand, that it ſeems God had purpoſely brought, placed and ſeated this poor old weary maimed Souldier *Roderigo* at the foot of this Pine Tree, to be a happy inſtrument of his praiſe, and a true Sentinel, and diſcoverer both for his ſacred juſtice and divine honour: for here although *Bellinda* carried away her heart and charity from him, yet (as if guided by ſome heavenly power and celeſtial influence) *Roderigo* could not poſſibly carry away his eye from her, but as cloſely as ſhe threw this bloody cloth into the pond, he eſpies it, and which is more, very plainly and palpably diſcernes the whiteneſs and redneſs thereof; when conſidering and thinking with himſelf that this gallant proud Lady *Bellinda* might be as unchaſte and laſcivious as ſhe was fair, and as vitious as ſhe was young; God (with his immediate finger) imprinted in his thoughts, and ingraved in his heart and mind, that either her ſelf, or ſome one of her waiting Gentlewoman had had ſome baſtard, and that ſhe had murthered it, and now thrown it into the pond, and was ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed of this conceit and belief, that neither day or night, nor nothing under Heaven could poſſibly beat him from it, but for a whiles he reſolves to conceal this conceit to himſelf, as referring the truth thereof to time, and the iſſue to God.

And here the order of our Hiſtory cals us again from *Roderigo* to *Bellinda*, who as ſoon as Maſs is done, (with her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*) returns home to her houſe, and by that time they arive there it is nine of the clock, where (putting a pleaſant face upon her falſe heart; and a ſweet countenance upon her ſoyled and ſinful ſoul) ſhe preſently inquires for her husband *Don Ferallo*, her ſervants make anſwer that they have not ſeen him to day, and that they think he is ſtill in bed; whereat ſhe muſing and wondering, in regard he was not accuſtomed to ſleep at ſo high an hour, ſhe therefore ſends ſome of her ſervants to his chamber to ſee if he be ſtirring, but finding his chamber door locked, & calling aloud to him they can get no anſwer from him, the which they return & report to their Lady *Bellinda*, who ſeeming exceedingly to doubt and grieve thereat, ſhe (far more perplexed in countenance than heart) aſcends with them again to her husbands chamber, where they all call and knock aloud at the door to him, and ſhe far louder than them all, but in vain, for ſtill they hear no news either of him or from him, whereat ſhe begins (outwardly) to tremble with apprehenſion and fear, and ſo commands them to force open the door of his chamber, which they inſtantly do, where they ſee their Lord, and ſhe her husband *Ferallo* to lie breathleſs in his bed, all begored and recking in his hot and warm blood, with his throat cut, whereat his ſervants for true grief, and his Lady *Bellinda* for falſe ſorrow, make a lamentable crie, and a pittiful out-cry in his chamber, which is over heard in all the houſe, but eſpecially the Lady *Bellinda* her ſelf, who ſo artificially diſſembled her joy, and ſo paſſionately makes demonſtration of extreme grief and affliction, for this deplorable death of her Lord and husband, both to her ſervants and to God, that ſhe is all in tears, and cannot, becauſe ſhe will not be comforted thereat: they find the chamber door locked, the key within-ſide, and his own bloody knife on his pillow, and therefore they eaſily reſolve and conclude that this their Lord and maſter *Ferallo* hath wilfully made himſelf away, and is undoubtedly the author of his own death; which opinion and reſolution of the ſervants, their Lady and miſtriſs *Bellinda* (ſecretly to her ſelf) reliſheth with much applauſe, and approbation, and to make her afflictions and ſorrows the more apparant to them, and in them conſequently to the world, ſhe doth not refrain from exceſſive weeping and ſighing. They leave the dead corps untouched in the bed, to acquaint the criminall *Corigidores* of *Stremos* with this pittiful accident, who come, and being amazed at this bloody diſaſter and accident of *Ferallo*, they viewing the infinity of his Ladies tears, and the ſorrowful complaints and exclamations of his ſervants, as alſo conſidering their ſerveral depoſitions and examinations, and ſeeing they found his chamber door faſt locked, the key within-ſide, and his own bloody knife by him on his pillow, they all concur with them in opinion about the manner and quality of his death, and do abſolutely

believe and affirm, that he hath deſperately made himſelf away, which opinion of theirs is preſently received, voiced, and rumored in *Stremos*, and in all the adjacent pariſhes and country: and yet many curious wits (in regard of *Bellinda's* youthfull affections, and wanton diſpoſition) ſpeak very differently hereof. And now doth this our ſorrowful young widdow, (the better to ſupport her fame and reputation to the world) bury this her ſecond husband *Ferallo* with all requiſite ceremony, and decency.

But as the juſtice and judgements of God (conducted by his divine pleaſure, and inſcrutable providence) doth many times go on ſlowly, but ſtill ſoundly and ſurely, ſo we muſt here again produce and bring forth our lame old Souldier *Roderigo* to act another part on the ſtage and Theatre of this hiſtory. He is ſtill the ſame man, and ſtill retains his former ſame opinion, that undoubtedly it was ſome dead child, or baſtard which he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* to throw into the pond, and his heart inceſſantly prompted by his ſuſpition, doth ſtill confidently ſuggeſt and aſſure him, that that bloody cloth of hers contained ſome ſecret, and invelloped ſome ſhameful myſterie towards her, which he thinks all the water of the pond could not deface or waſh away: ſo that he now underſtanding of her husband *Ferallo's* diſaſterous bloody end, doth no way diminiſh, but rather every way augment this his ſuſpition and jealouſie hereof. We muſt further underſtand, that *Roderigo* (the better to refreſh his body, to repleniſh his purſe, and to repair his apparel, ſtaies ſome three weeks in *Stremos*, and although he be a Souldier, and have his ſword by his ſide, yet being out of action and pay, he is not aſhamed to beg the almes and courteſies of the Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlewomen both in and neer about that City. Amongſt the reſt underſtanding of the Lady *Bellinda's* great wealth and dignity, he therefore hopes, that her new ſorrows and mourning for the untimely death of her husband will now make her as compaſſionate to his poverty in her houſe, as lately ſhe was diſcourteons and uncharitable to him in the fields: whereupon he repaires thither to her, but for three daies together, he is not ſo happy to ſpeak with her, or to ſee her, but being ſtill preſt by his poverty, and again emboldned by the conſideration of what he ſaw her caſt into the pond, he the fourth day finds her walking in the next meadow adjoyning to her houſe, attended by two of her men-ſervants, and two waiting Gentlewomen all clad in mourning apparel: when (with a boldneſs worthy of a poor diſtreſſed Souldier) he advanceth to the Lady *Bellinda*, where (interrupting her private walks, and diſtracting her ſecret thoughts and meditations) he with much obſervance again begs ſome charity of her, whereat ſhe being offended, becauſe her heart and mind neither thought, nor cared for an old Souldier, but were wholly fixed on ſome deſired new Gallant young husband, ſhe very cholerickly diſdains him and his requeſt, and with much paſſion and indignation (to uſe her own words) commandeth her ſervants to ſee this bold beggerly Souldier depart and pack away, both from her and her houſe. *Roderigo* hearing theſe her hatſh and diſcourteous ſpeeches, and ſeeing her ſervants unkind uſage and enforcements towards him, he with much diſcontent and choler leaves her houſe, but in requital thereof) vows that his revenge ſhall not ſo ſoon leave her: for this her ſecond affront to him puts him all in choler and fire towards her, ſo that he vows to God, and ſwears to himſelf to uſe the beſt of his power, and to work the chiefeſt of his wits to perpetrate her diſgrace. When ſecretly and effectually informing himſelf from others, that *Don Gaſpar de Mora*; who was nephew, and generall heir to her firſt Lord and husband *Don Alonſo de Mora*, was at great variance, and bitter contention in ſuit of law with his Aunt *Bellinda* about ſome lands, and much rich moveables and Utenſils which ſhe unjuſtly detained from him, and therefore that he would be exceeding glad to entertain any invention or propoſition whatſoever, which might heave her out of the quiet enjoying and poſſeſſion thereof, and thereby procure her utter diſgrace and ruin. He repairs to him, and ſecretly (yet conſtantly) acquaints him; that ſome three weeks ſince, and the very morning, that *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed, he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* his wife to throw a white and bloody linnen cloth into the pond, which was ſome half quater of a league from her houſe: wherein God and his conſcience told him, ſhe had wrapt and drowned ſome baſtard-infant, either of hers, or one of her waiting Gentlewomans, adding withall, that he could not poſſibly have any peace

of

of his thoughts before he had imparted it to him, to the end, that he might reveal it to the criminal Judges (or Corigidores) of *Stremos* to hunt out and examine the truth thereof.

Don Gaſpar de Mora doth as much rejoyce as wonder at this unexpected news, and becauſe his inveterate malice to his Aunt (in Law) *Bellinda* perſwades him rather to then doubt it, therefore (as malice is ſtill naturally ſwift and prone to revenge) being confident of the truth hereof, he leaves all other buſineſs, rides over to *Strem* and acquaints the Corigidores herewith, and taking *Roderigo* likewiſe along with him, he alſo fails not very reſolutely to affirm, and moſt conſtantly to confirm it to them; which theſe wiſe and grave Judges underſtanding, they in honor to Gods ſervice and glory, and in true obedience to his ſacred juſtice (without any delay or procraſtination) take *Don Gaſper de Mora*, the old Souldier *Rodedigo*, and ſome three or four expert Swimmers along with them, and with haſte and ſecreſie ſpeed away to the pond; wherein after thoſe Swimmers had been a quarter of an hour, and curiouſly busked and dived in moſt places thereof to find out this cloath, at laſt (by the mercy and providence of God) one of them diving far better then the reſt, ſees and findes it, and ſwimming with his left hand, brings it aſhore in his right hand to the Corigidores, who much admiring and rejoycing thereat, cauſe it preſently to be opened, where (contrary to all their expectations) they finde no dead childe, but (as we have formerly underſtood) a cambrick ſmock, as yet all ſpotted and ſtained with blood, and tyed faſt with a blew ſilk garter, and in it a very ſharp and bloody razor, with a braſs weight tied in all this, purpoſely to ſink it in the pond. The Corigidores, *Gaſper de Mora*, and all the reſt, are amazed and aſtoniſhed at the ſight of theſe bloody evidences, when *Roderigo* again conſtantly ſwearing to them, that he ſaw the Lady *Bellinda* (with her own hands) throw this little linnen fardel into that pond, the very ſame morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed; and the malicious curioſity of *Gaſper de Mora* here finding the very two firſt and laſt letters of her name in the cambrick ſmock, the Corigidores then concur in one opinion (as ſo many lines which terminate in one Centre) that yet infallibly it was ſhe and no other, who had ſo cruelly murthered her husband *Ferallo* in his bed. Whereupon taking this bloody ſmock, razor, and garter with them, they with much zeal and ſpeed poſt away to the Lady *Bellinda's* houſe, to apprehend her for this foul and lamentable murther, where cruel hearted and laſcivious Lady, ſhe is ſo far from the conſideration of grace, or the thought and apprehenſion of any fear, as ſhe fears none, and which is worſt of all, not the power and juſtice of God himſelf; for ſhe is ſo immodeſt in her heart, ſo luſtful in her converſation, as (notwithſtanding her black mourning attire and apparel) that her firſt husband was ~~but lately~~ dead, and now her ſecond not as yet cold in his grave, yet (with great variety of muſick) ſhe is here now in her houſe ſinging, dancing, and revelling with divers young Cavaliers, and Gallants, both of the City and Countrey, as if ſhe had no other care, thought or buſineſs, but how to make choice of a third husband, who might amorouſly pleaſe her luſtful eye and heart, and of no leſs then a pair of Paramors and favorites who ſhould laſciviouſly content her wanton deſires and affections.

But theſe wanton vanities, and vain and laſcivious hopes of the Lady *Bellinda* will now deceive her: for now the Lords appointed due time is come, wherein for theſe her two horrible murthers committed on the perſons of her two husbands, his divine and ſacred Majeſtie is reſolved to pour down his puniſhments, and to thunder forth his judgements upon her, to her utter ſhame and confuſion. The Corigidoes reſolutely enter her houſe, and then and there cauſe the Sergeants to apprehend her priſoner, whereat being ſuddenly amazed, and infinitely terrified, ſhe weeps, ſighs, and cries extreamly. But thoſe Cavaliers (I mean thoſe her ſuppoſed lovers, and pretended favorites) who were there ſinging and dancing with her, neither can or dare either aſſiſt, or reſcue her. Now the plumes of her pride and jollity are ſuddenly dejected and fallen to the ground, yea her muſick is turned to mourning, her ſinging to ſighs, and her dancing triumphs to tears. The enormity of her crime cauſe theſe Officers of juſtice, to ſee her conveyed to priſon, without any reſpect of her beauty, or regard of her ſex and quality, where ſhe hath more leiſure given her to repent, then means how to remedy theſe her misfortunes.

The next morning ſhe is ſent for before her Judges, who roundly charge her for cruelly murthering her husband *Don Ferallo* in his bed, the which with many tears and oathes ſhe ſtoutly denies: then they ſhew her thoſe bloody evidences, her cambrick ſmock, the razor, her blew garter, and the braſs weight, and alſo produce and confront *Roderigo* with her; who as before he had affirmed, now he ſwears, he ſaw her throw this bloody linnen fardel into the pond, the very morning that her husband *Don Ferallo* was found murthered in his bed: and although at the ſight and knowledge hereof, ſhe is at firſt wonderfully appalled and daunted therewith, yet her courage is ſo ſtour, as ſhe again denies it with many prophane and fearful aſſeverations, and delighteth to hear her ſelf make a tedious juſtification, and a frivolous apology to her Judges for her innocency. But thoſe grave and prudent Magiſtrates of juſtice, who (in zeal to Gods glory) have eyes not in vain in their heads, will give no belief either to the ſweetneſs of the Lady *Bellinda's* youth, or to the ſugar of her ſpeeches and proteſtations, but for the vindication of this crime, and of this truth, they adjudge her the very next morning to the wrack, where (ſuch is her female fortitude) as ſhe permits and ſuffers her ſelf to be faſtned thereunto, with infinite conſtancy and patience, as diſdaining that the torments thereof, ſhould extort any truth from her tongue, to the prejudice of her reputation, and to the ſhipwrack of her ſafety and life, but herein ſhe reckons too ſhort of God, and beyond her ſelf; for ſhe conſidereth not that theſe torments are truly ſent her from God, and this her courage falſly lent and given her from *Satan*; for at the very firſt wrench of the wrack, and touch of the cord, finding it impoſſible that her tender body, and dainty limbs, can endure the cruelty of thoſe tortures, God puts this grace into her heart, that with many ſighs and tears, ſhe prays her Judges and tormentors to deſiſt, and ſo publikely confeſſeth that it was ſhe, and onely ſhe, who had murthered her hutband *Ferallo*, and cut his throat in his bed with that very ſame razor.

Upon which confeſſion of hers; her Judges (glorifying God for the detection of this cruel murther) they (for expiation thereof) do forthwith adjudge and ſentence this wretched and bloody Lady *Bellinda*, to be the next morning burnt alive without the walls of *Stremos*, at the foot of the Caſtle, which is the deſtined place of death for the like crimes and offendors, ſo ſhe being by them then again returned to priſon, that night (in Chriſtian charity) they ſend her ſome Prieſts and Nuns, to direct and prepare her ſoul to heaven, for this her bloody and unnatural crime was ſo odious to men, and ſo execrable to God, that ſhe could hope for no pardon of her life from her Judges, although her ſorrowful old father *Curſoro*, with a world of tears threw himſelf to their feet, and offered them all his lands and means to his very ſhirt, to obtain it for her.

All *Stremos* and the Countrey thereabouts reſound and talk of this cruel murthering of *Ferallo*, as alſo of his Lady *Bellinda's* condign condemnation to death for the ſame, and the next morning at eight of the clock, they all repair under the Caſtle wall to ſee this execrable and unfortunate Lady there in flames of fire, to act the laſt ſcence and cataſtrophy of her life; ſhe is conducted thither by a S. *Claires* Nun on her right hand, and a S. *Francis* Frier on her left, who joyntly charge her upon peril of damnation, to diſburthen her conſcience and ſoul before ſhe dye, of any other capital crime whereof ſhe knows her ſelf guilty, the which ſhe ſolemnly and religiouſly promiſeth them: about nine of the clock ſhe is brought to the ſtake, where ſhe ſees her ſelf empaled and ſurrounded firſt with many fagots, and then with a very great concourſe and confluence of people, here ſhe is ſo irreligious in her vanity, that ſhe had caſt off her blacks and mourning, and purpoſely dighted her ſelf in a rich yellow Satin Gown, wrought with flowers of ſilver, a large ſet Ruff about her neck, and her head covered with a pure white Tiffeney vail laced and wrought with rich cut-work, as if ſhe cared more for her body then her ſoul, as if her pride and bravery would carry her ſooner to heaven, then her prayers and repentance: or as if the prodigal coſt and luſture thereof, were able to diminiſh either her crime, or her puniſhment in the eyes and opinions of her ſpectators. But contrariwiſe, the very firſt ſight of her ſweet youth, and pure freſh beauty, and then the conſideration of her foul crim, for murthering her own husband, do operate and work differently upon all their affections and paſſions, ſome pittying her for the firſt, but all more juſtly condemning her for the ſecond. When as ſoon as their clamorous ſobs and ſpeeches were paſt, and blown over, and that both the Frier,

and

and Nun had tane their laſt leave of her, then (after ſhe had ſhed many tears on earth, and ſent and evaporated many ſighs to heaven) ſhe wringing her hands (whereon ſhe had a pair of ſnow white gloves) and caſting up her eyes towards God, at laſt with a faltering, and fainting voice ſpake thus.

It is my crime and your charity good people which hath conducted you hither to ſee me a miſerable Gentlewoman here to dye miſerably. And becauſe it is now no longer time for me, to diſſemble either with God or the world, therefore to ſave my ſoul in heaven, though my body periſh here in earth, I (with much grief, and infinite ſorrow) do truly and freely confeſs both to God and you, that I am not only guilty of one murther, but of two: for as I now lately cut my ſecond husband *Ferallo's* throat, ſo I was ſo vild and wretched heretofore, as to poyſon my firſt Lord and husband *De Mora*. At which report and confeſſion of this execrable Lady *Bellinda* (in regard of the greatneſs of her Lord *De Mora's* deſcent and Nobility) all this huge concourſe of people (who are ſencibly touched with grief and ſorrow) make a wonderful noiſe and out-cry thereat, and now in regard of this foul and double crime of hers, they look on her with far more contempt, and far leſs pitty than before. But ſhe being as patient as they are clamorous hereat, and ſeeing their cries, now again cried down, and well nigh drowned and huſhed up in ſilence, recollecting her thoughts, and again compoſing her countenance, ſhe again very ſorrowfully continueth her ſpeech to them thus. I well know, and indeed I heartily grieve to remember, that theſe two foul and cruel murthers of mine, make me unworthy either to tread on the face of the earth, or to look up to that of heaven, and in the middeſt of theſe my miſeries I have this conſolation left me, that in favour of my true confeſſion and religious repentance thereof to God, that God can be as indulgent and merciful to me, as I have been impious and ſinful to him; the which that I may obtain, I beſeech you all who are here preſent, to joyn your prayers with me, and to God for me, and this is the laſt charity which I will begge and implore of you. Now becauſe example is powerfull, and no example ſo ſtrong and prevalent, as the words of the dying to the living, therefore (to Gods glory, and mine own ſhame) give me leave to tell you that two things eſpecially brought and induced me to commit theſe foul murthers, as they have now juſtly brought me hither to ſuffer death for committing them; firſt my neglect of prayer, and omiſſion to ſerve and fear God duly as I ought to have done. Secondly, the affecting and following of my laſcivious and luſtfull pleaſures, which I ought not to have done. The neglect of the firſt proved the bane of my ſoul, and the performance and practice of the laſt, the contagion and poyſon of my life, and both theſe two ſins conjoyned and linked together, enforce me now here to dye, with as much miſery and infamy, as ~~without them I might have lived~~ (and perchance lived long) in earthly happineſs and proſperity. O therefore good people, beware by my woeful example, let my crime be your integrity, my fall your riſing, and my ſhipwrack your ſafety. As I bear not hypocriſie in my tongue, ſo I will not bear malice in my heart. Therefore from my heart I forgive *Roderigo* for telling *Gaſper de Mora* he ſaw me caſt ſome bloody linnen in the pond. I alſo forgive *Gaſper de Mora* for informing the Corigidores thereof, and they for ſo juſtfuly condemning me to death. I alſo pray my father and parents to forgive me theſe my foul crimes, and both to pardon and forget the diſhonour and ſcandal which the infamy of my death may reflect and draw on them. And now I recommend you all to Gods beſt favour and mercy, and my ſoul to receive ſalvation in his bleſſed Kingdom of glory.

The Lady *Bellinda* having finiſhed this her ſpeech, the hearing and conſideration thereof engendred much pitty and compaſſion in the hearts, and cauſed a world of tears in the eyes of the beholders, and now ſhe prepares her ſelf for death. Here ſhe takes off her rings from her fingers, and her pearl bracelets from her arms, and (as a token of her love) gives them to her waiting Gentlewoman *Hellena*, who is preſent and not far from her, moſt bitterly ſobbing and weeping becauſe ſhe can weep no more for the death of this her dear Lady and Miſtriſs, who now repeats many private prayers and *Ava Maries* to her ſelf, when taking a ſolemn, and ſorrowful farwel of all the world ſhe puls down her vail over her ſnow-white cheeks, and then often croſſing her ſelf with the ſign of the Croſs, and ſaying her laſt *in manus tuas*, the executioner (with a flaming torch) ſets fire to the ſtraw and fagots, where-

of

of ſhe preſently dies, and in leſs than an hour after, her body is there conſumed and burnt to aſhes, at which all that great concourſe of people and ſpectators, (in favour to her youth & beauty) as much affecting the piety of her death, as they hate & deteſt the cauſe thereof, I mean the infamy and cruelty of her life, do with far more ſorrow than joy give a great ſhout and out-cry. When the judges of that City now upon knowledge of this Ladies firſt horrible crime of poyſoning her firſt Lord and husband *Don Alonſo De Mora*, they in deteſtation thereof, being not able to adde either worſer infamy, or more exquiſite, and exemplary torments to her living body, they therefore partly to be revenged on her dead aſhes, do cauſe them curiouſly to be gathered up, and ſo in the ſame place (by the common hang-man) before all the people, to be ſcattered and thrown in the air, whereat they rejoice and praiſe God, to ſee the world ſo fairly rid of ſo foul and bloody a female monſter.

And thus was the untimely, (and yet undeſerved) end of this laſcivious and cruel hearted Lady *Bellinda* and in this ſharp manner did the Lord of Heaven and earth triumph in is juſt revenge and puniſhments againſt her, for theſe her two foul and inhumane crimes of murthering her two husbands. May God (of his beſt and divineſt mercy) make this her hiſtory and example, to ſerve as a chryſtal mirror for all men, and eſpecially for all women, (of what condition and quality ſo ever.)

And now Chriſtian Reader, having by Gods moſt gracious aſſiſtance and providence) here finiſhed this entire, and laſt (volume of my ſix books of tragical Hiſtories, if thou find that thou reap any profit, or thy ſoul any ſpiritual benefit by the reading and peruſal thereof, then (in the name and fear of God) I beſeech thee to joyn thy prayers and piety with mine, that as in Chriſtians religion and duty we are bound, ſo for the ſame, we may joyntly aſcribe unto God, all poſſible power, might, Majeſty, thankſgiving, dominion, and Glory both now and for ever. *Amen, Amen.*

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